




# phoenix

## FUTURE

OSAMU TEZUKA

vol.2





# phoenix

FUTURE

BY OSAMU TEZUKA





Also by Osamu Tezuka available from Viz Comics:

*Adolf: A Tale of the Twentieth Century*

*Adolf: An Exile in Japan*

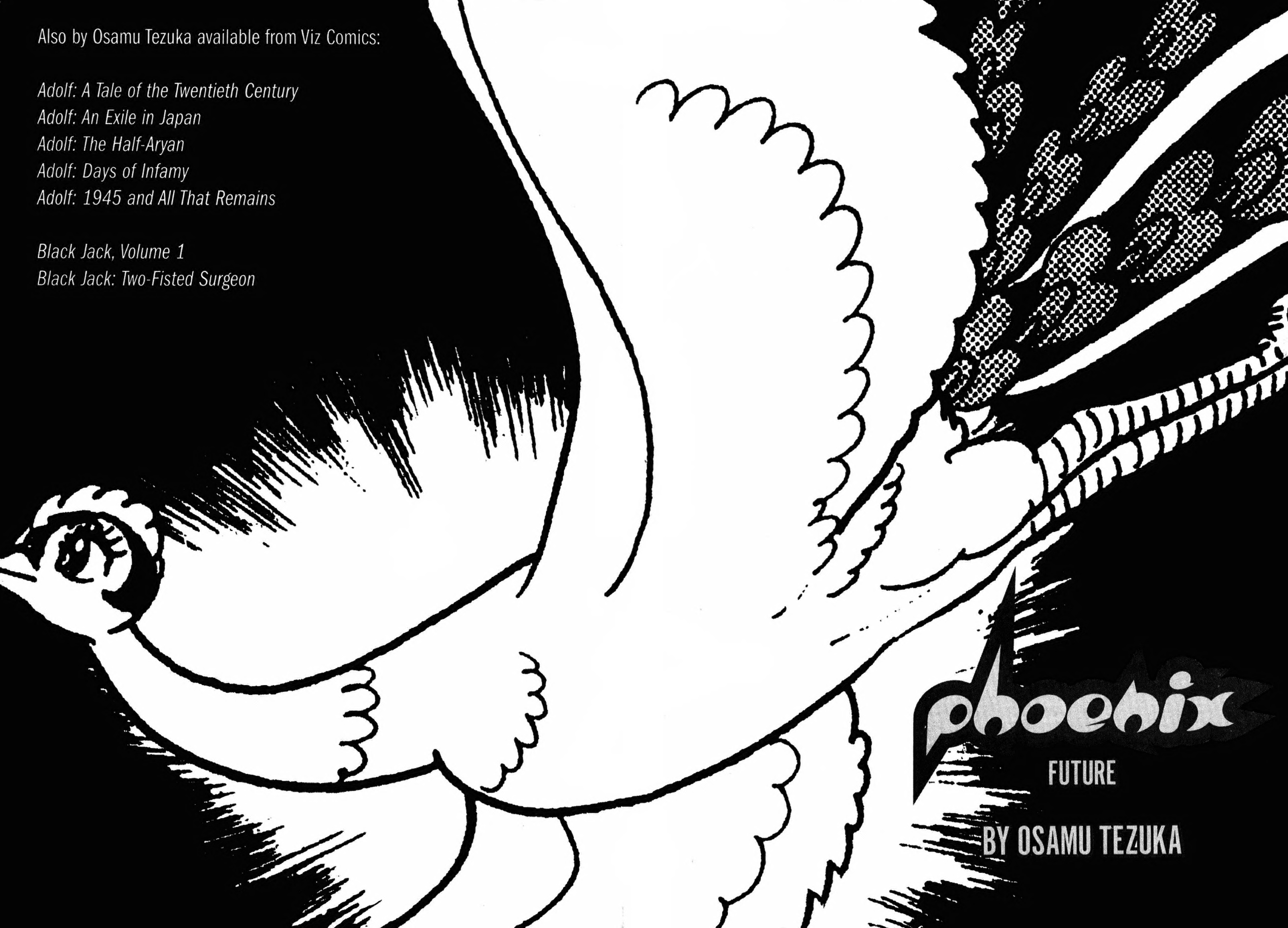
*Adolf: The Half-Aryan*

*Adolf: Days of Infamy*

*Adolf: 1945 and All That Remains*

*Black Jack, Volume 1*

*Black Jack: Two-Fisted Surgeon*



**phoenix**  
FUTURE

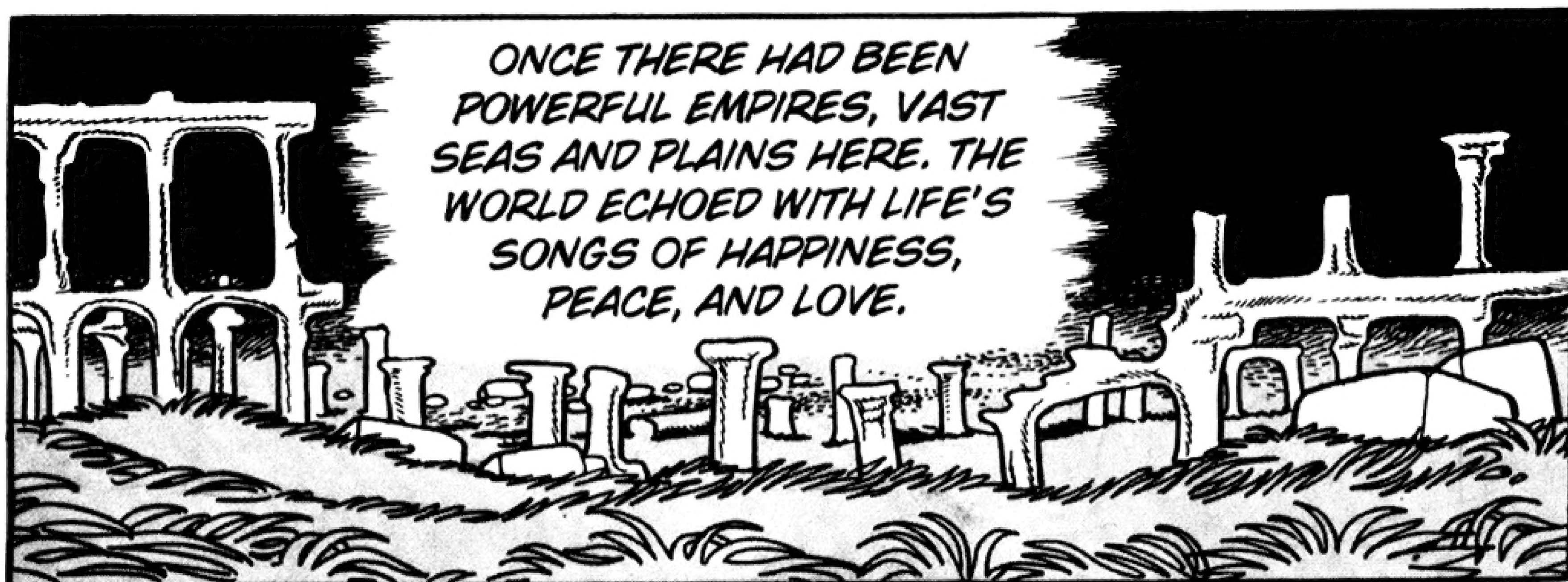
BY OSAMU TEZUKA





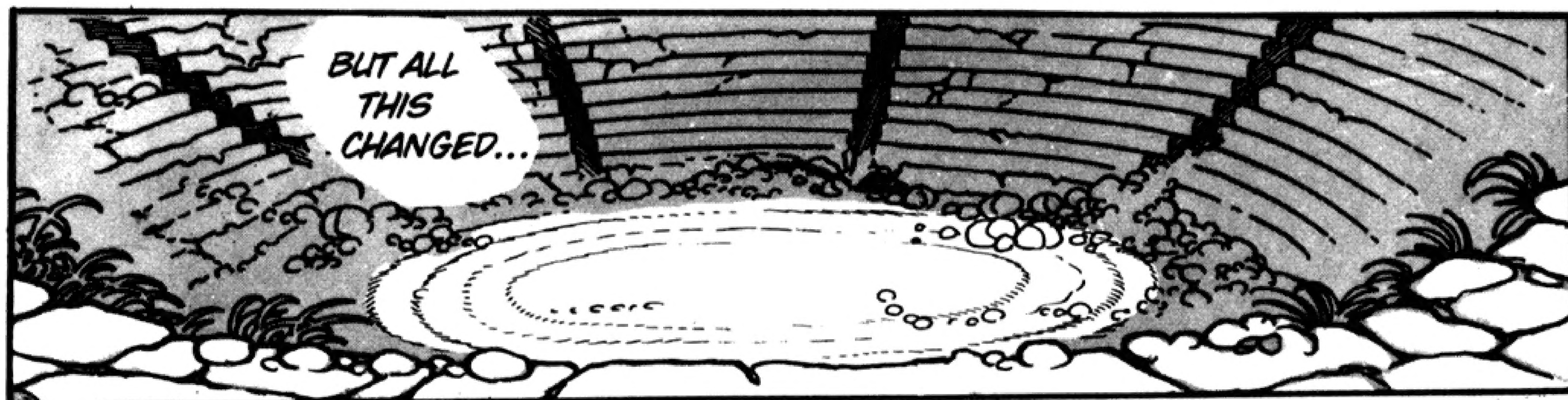
3404  
A.D.

THE  
EARTH  
WAS  
RAPIDLY  
DYING.

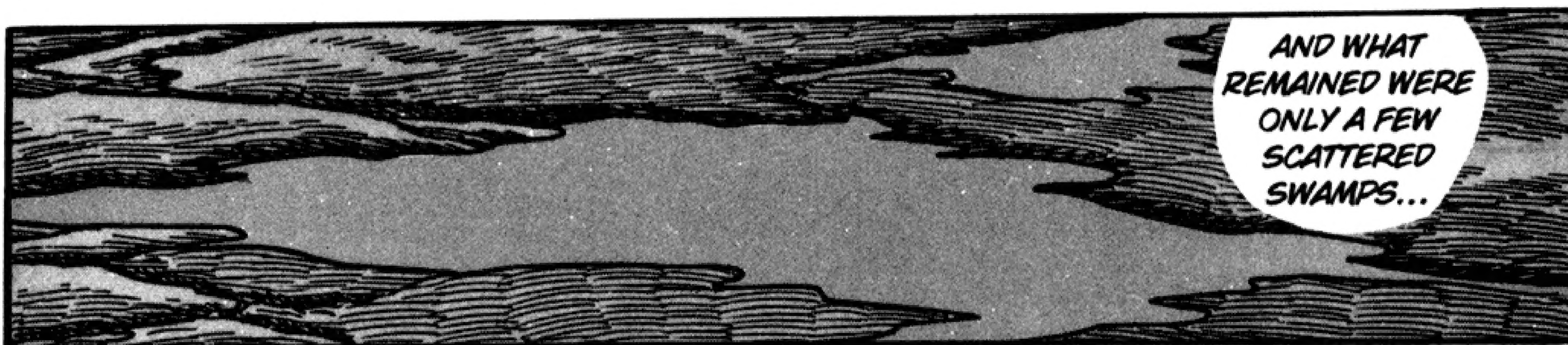


ONCE THERE HAD BEEN  
POWERFUL EMPIRES, VAST  
SEAS AND PLAINS HERE. THE  
WORLD ECHOED WITH LIFE'S  
SONGS OF HAPPINESS,  
PEACE, AND LOVE.





BUT ALL  
THIS  
CHANGED...



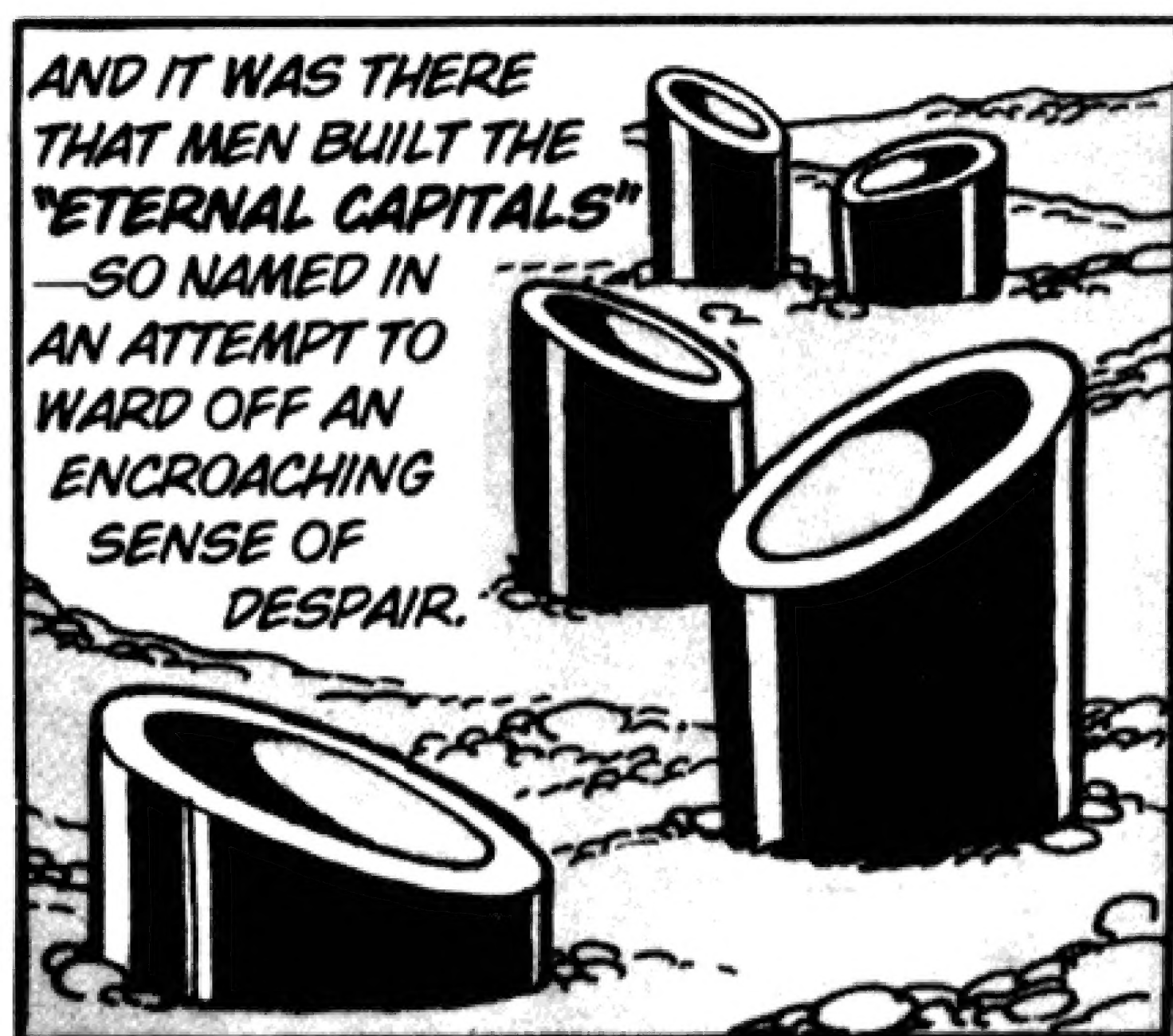
AND WHAT  
REMAINED WERE  
ONLY A FEW  
SCATTERED  
SWAMPS...



AROUND WHICH  
CLUSTERED  
LISTLESS  
ANIMALS...



...AND  
BARREN  
PLAINS OF  
WITHERED  
GRASS.



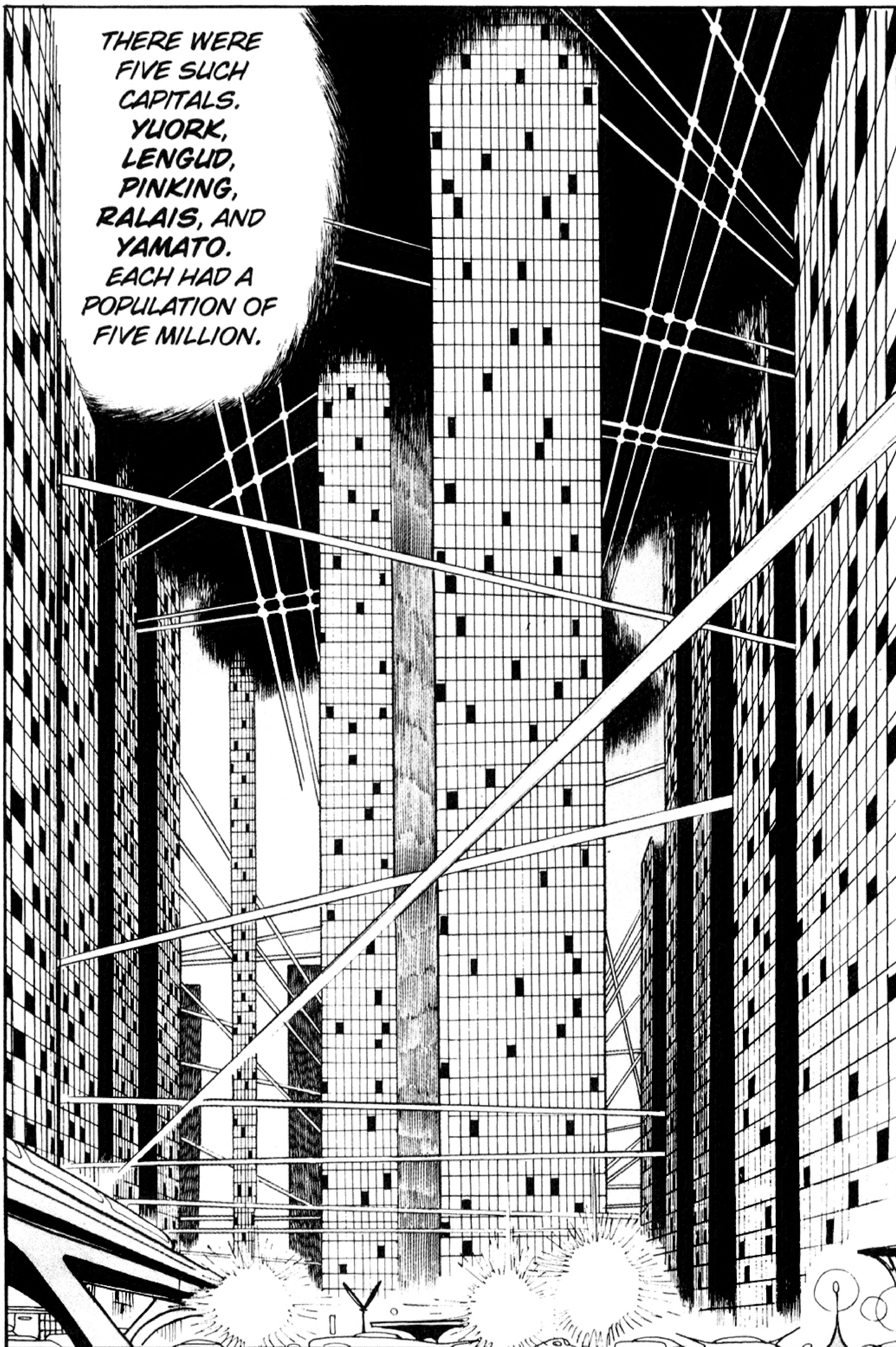
AND IT WAS THERE  
THAT MEN BUILT THE  
"ETERNAL CAPITALS"  
—SO NAMED IN  
AN ATTEMPT TO  
WARD OFF AN  
ENCROACHING  
SENSE OF  
DESPAIR.

MAN HAD TAKEN  
EVERYTHING  
WITH HIM  
UNDERGROUND  
—AND THAT  
REMAINED  
HIS LAST  
FORTRESS.





THERE WERE  
FIVE SUCH  
CAPITALS.  
YUORK,  
LENGUD,  
PINKING,  
RALAIS, AND  
YAMATO.  
EACH HAD A  
POPULATION OF  
FIVE MILLION.





HERE IN THE CAPITAL SQUARE AT THE CENTER OF YAMATO MEGALOPOLIS, WHITE-COLLAR WORKERS ARE DISGORGED FROM EACH OFFICE BUILDING. BUT THE FACES OF THE CROWD SOMEHOW APPEAR DRAINED, PALE, AND LIFELESS.

HEY, TONITE ON T.V. THE WORLD PINKY FINGER WRESTLING CHAMPIONSHIP IS ON Y'KNOW!

OH YEAH? THAT'S A REAL ENDURANCE SPORT!

WHERE'S TODO?

YOU KNOW, I'VE BEEN USING A ROBOT MASSEUR FOR OVER TEN YEARS NOW...

REALLY? YOU TOO? I'M KEEPING A RARE INSECT CALLED A COCKROACH AS A PET. IT'S CUTER THAN A BUG'S EAR.

MY KID'S ONLY 3 MONTHS OLD BUT HE CAN ALREADY DO DIFFERENTIAL AND INTEGRAL CALCULUS!

IS THAT SO? MINE ISN'T EVEN BORN YET AND SHE KNOWS HOW TO TIE HER SHOES!

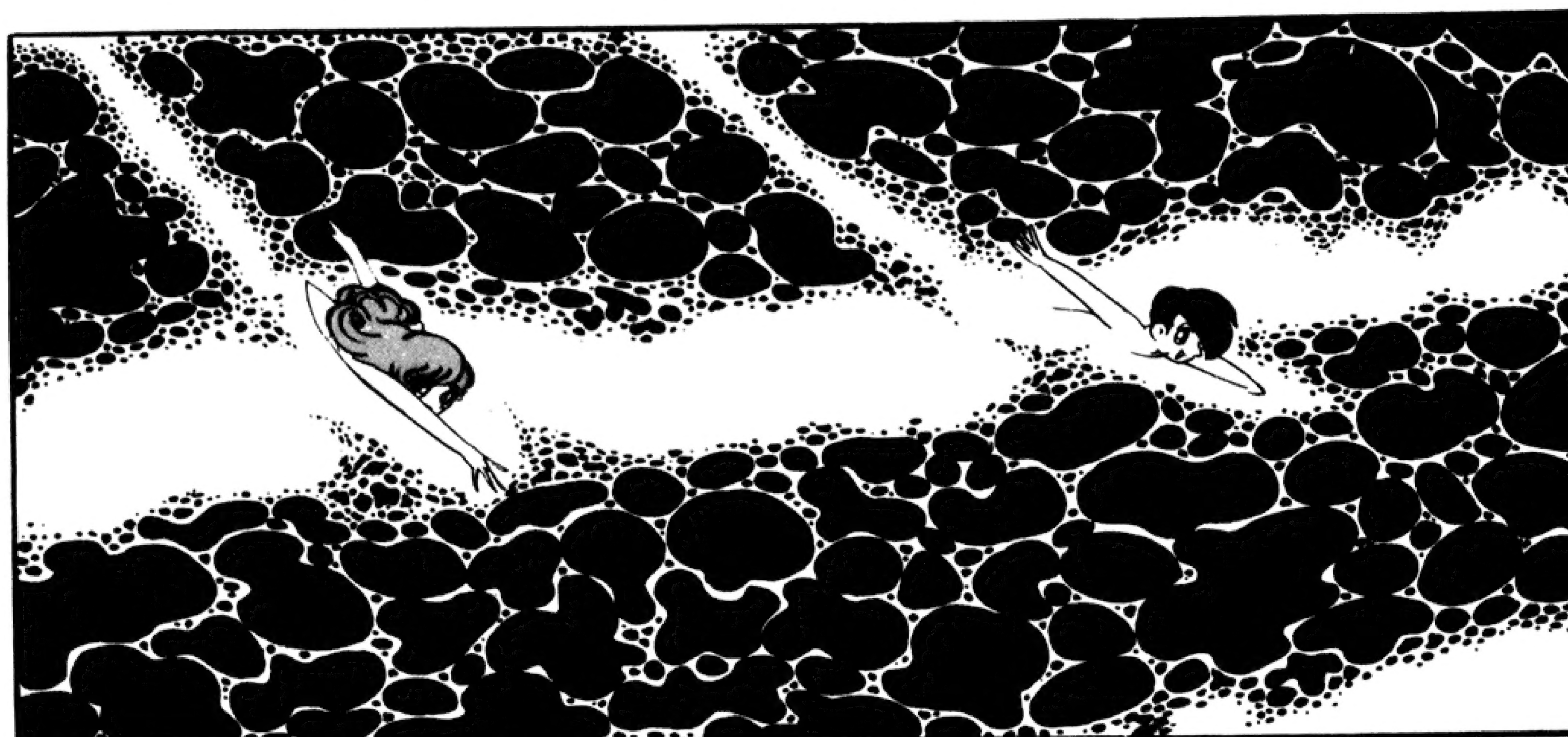
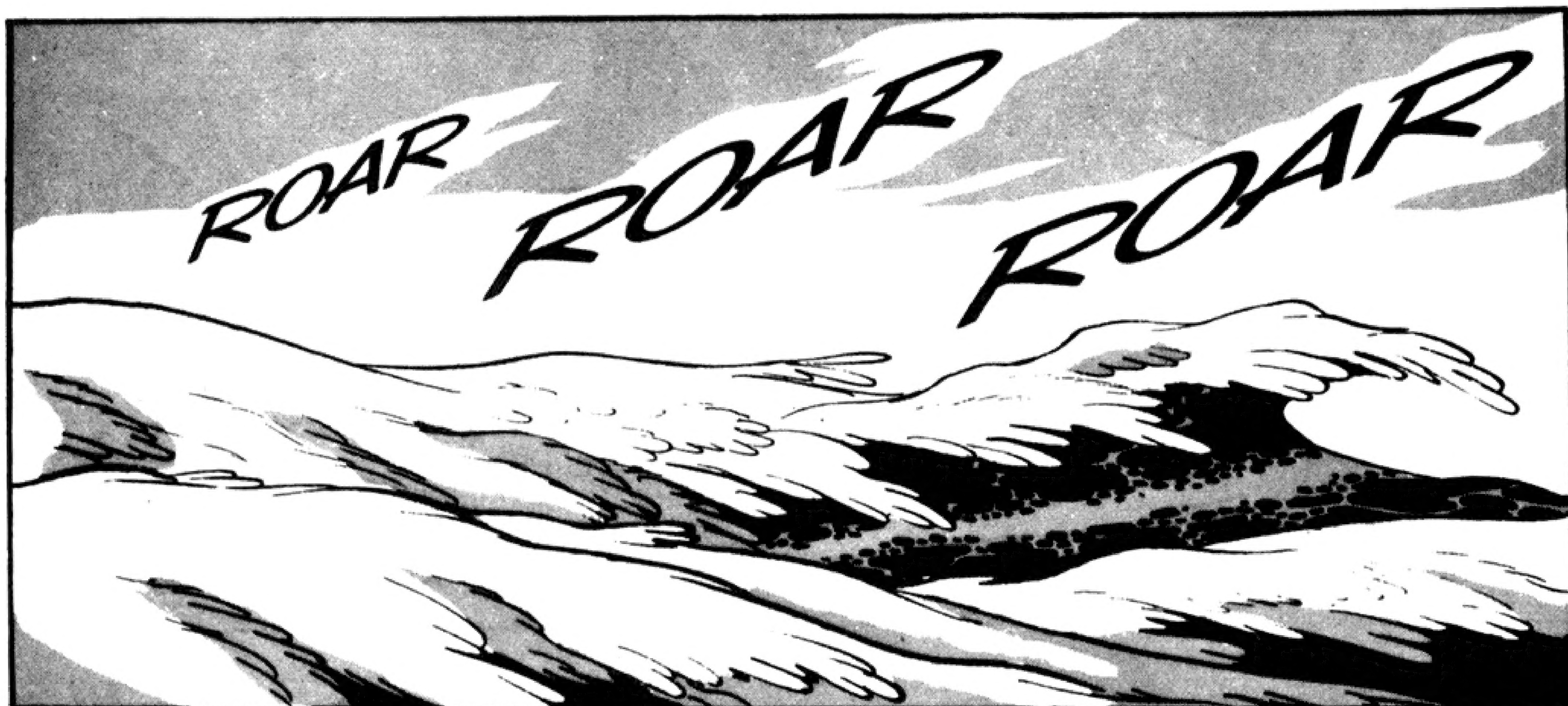
THAT AUTO-WALK MUST BE RESERVED FOR THE ELITE SPACE CORPS!

BY THE WAY BOSS, HOW ABOUT HAVING SOME MARTIAN LEGS AT THE NEXT MARTIAN RESTAURANT?

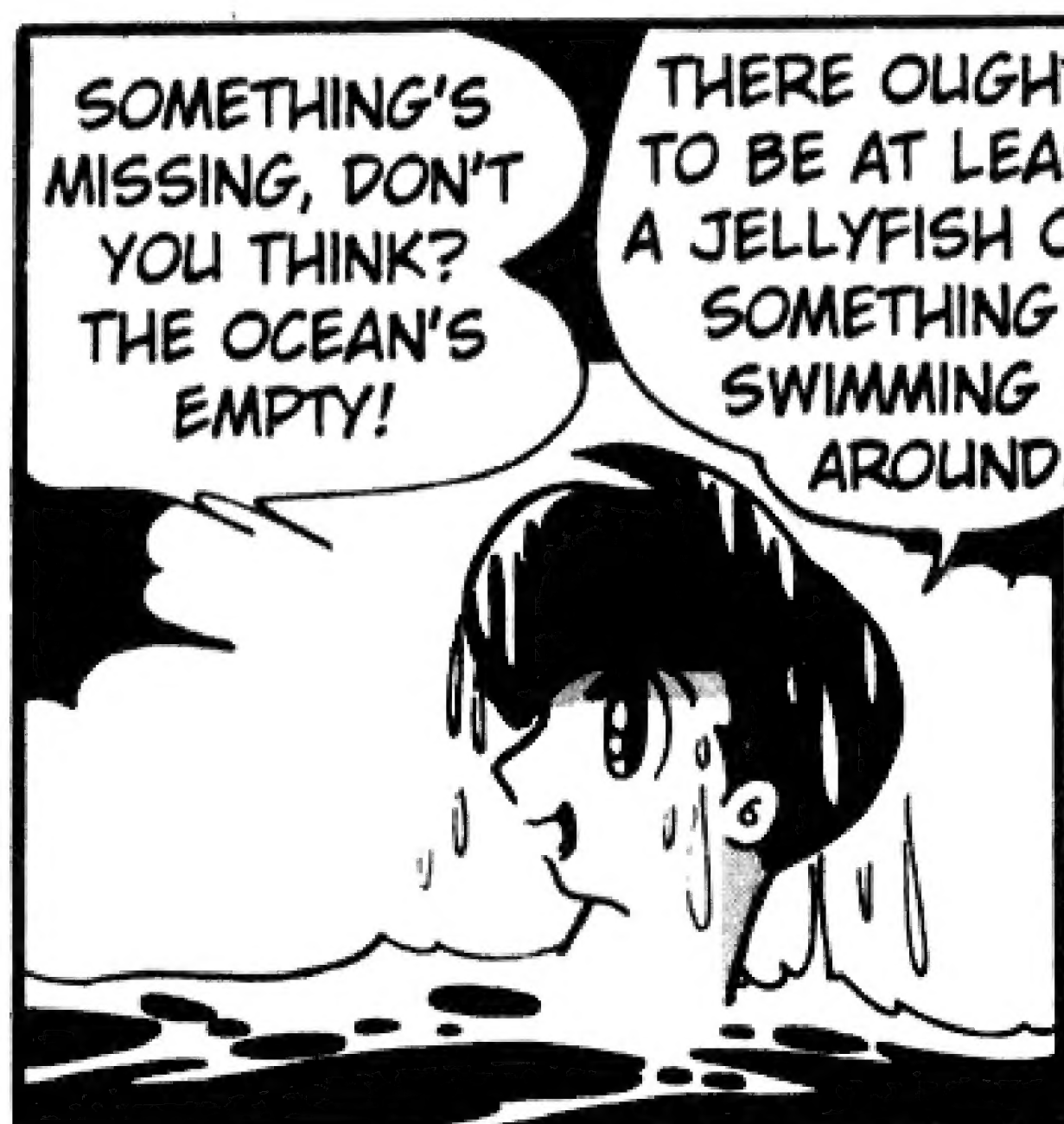
30TH-GENERATION OFFSPRING OF OSAMU TEZUKA

THE WAY I LOOK AT IT, MEN'S CLOTHES HAVEN'T CHANGED A BIT IN THE LAST 1000 YEARS!

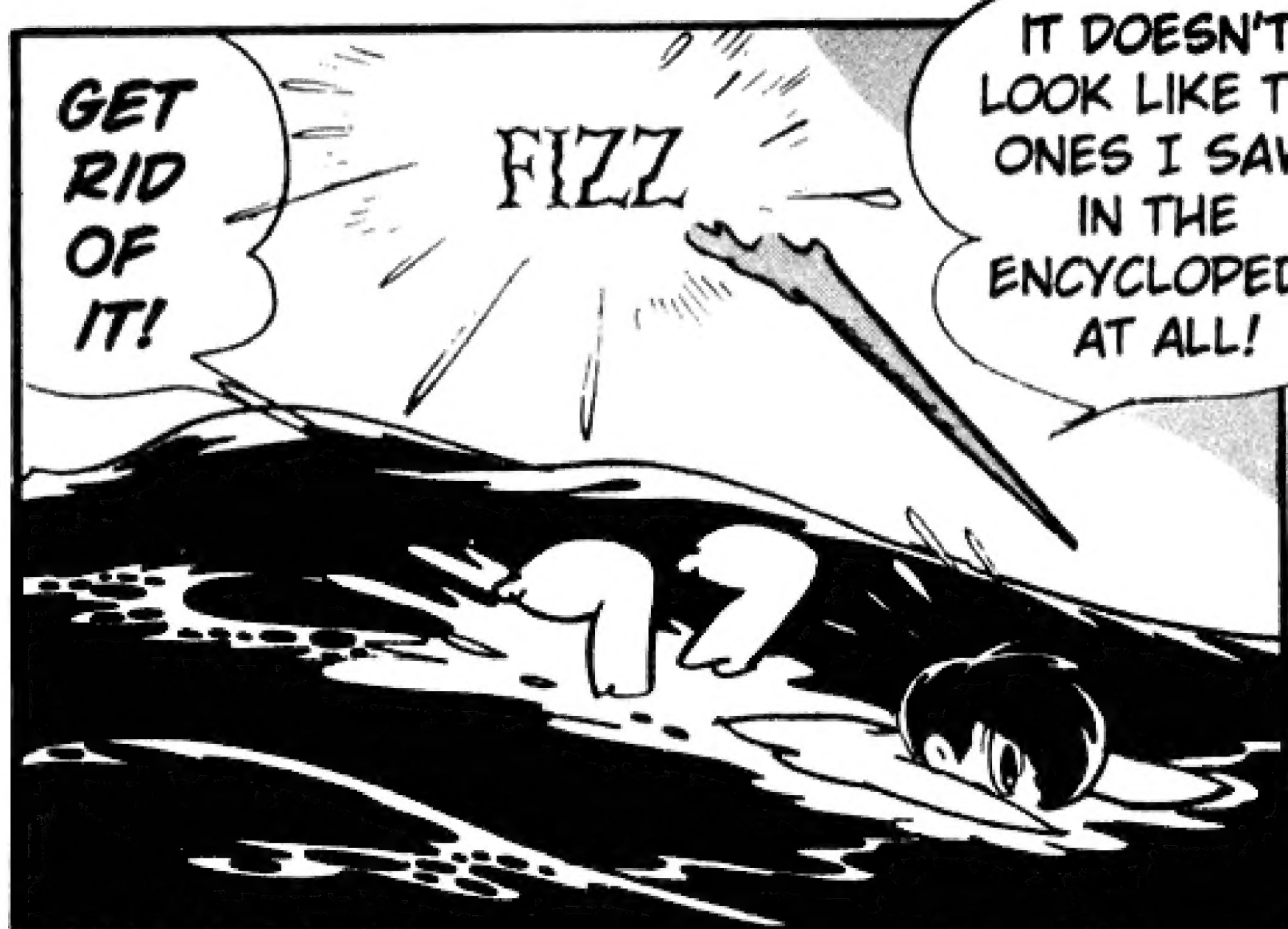
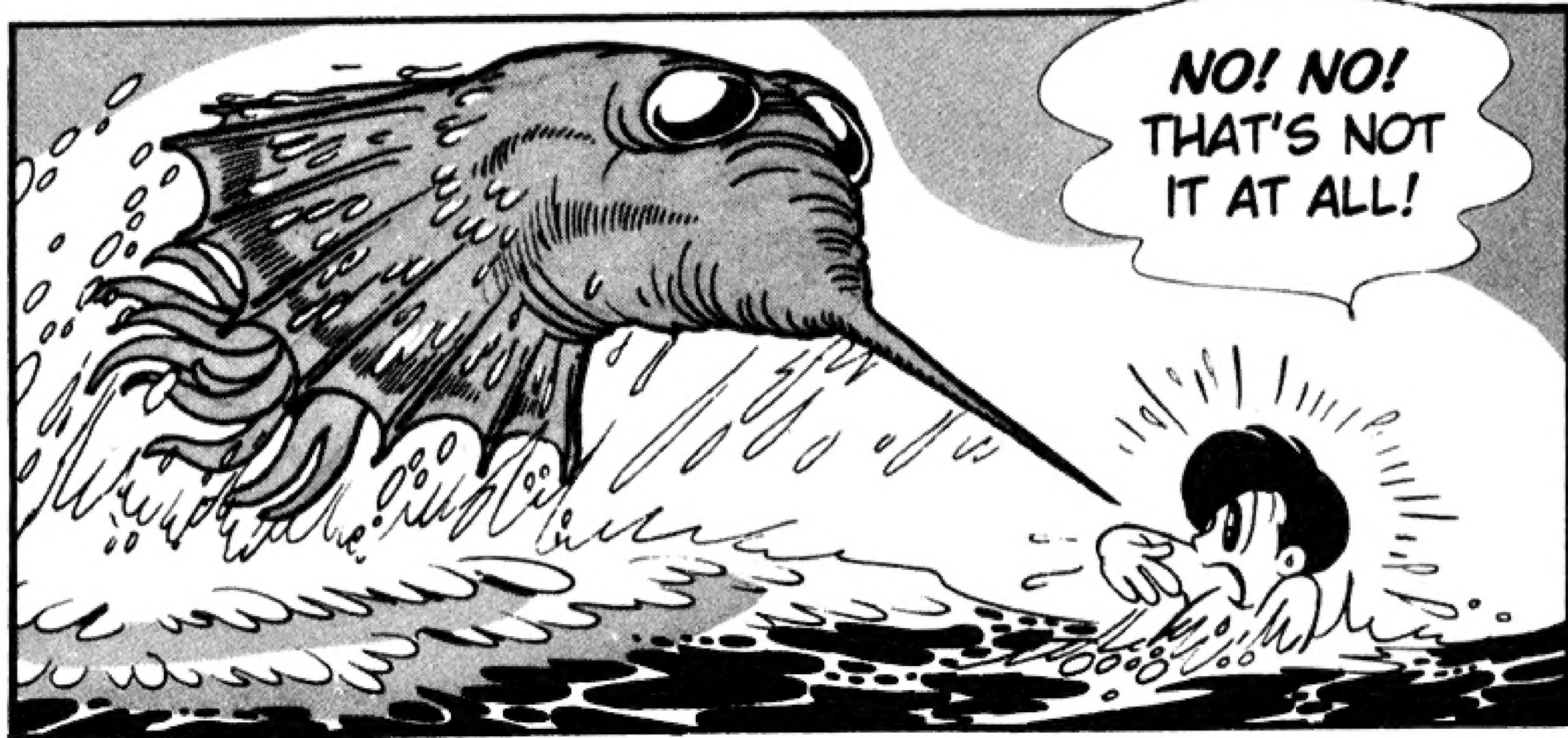
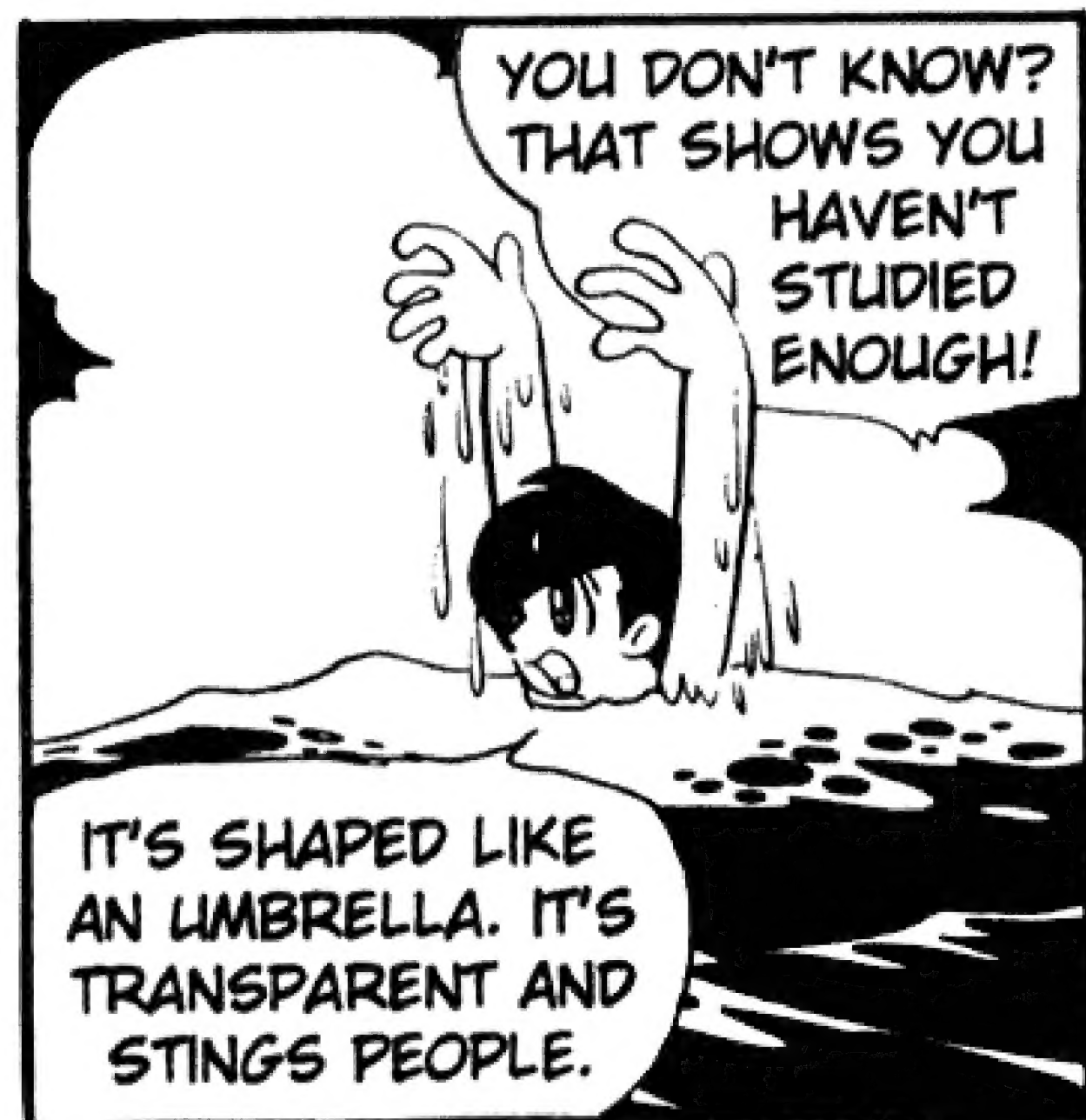
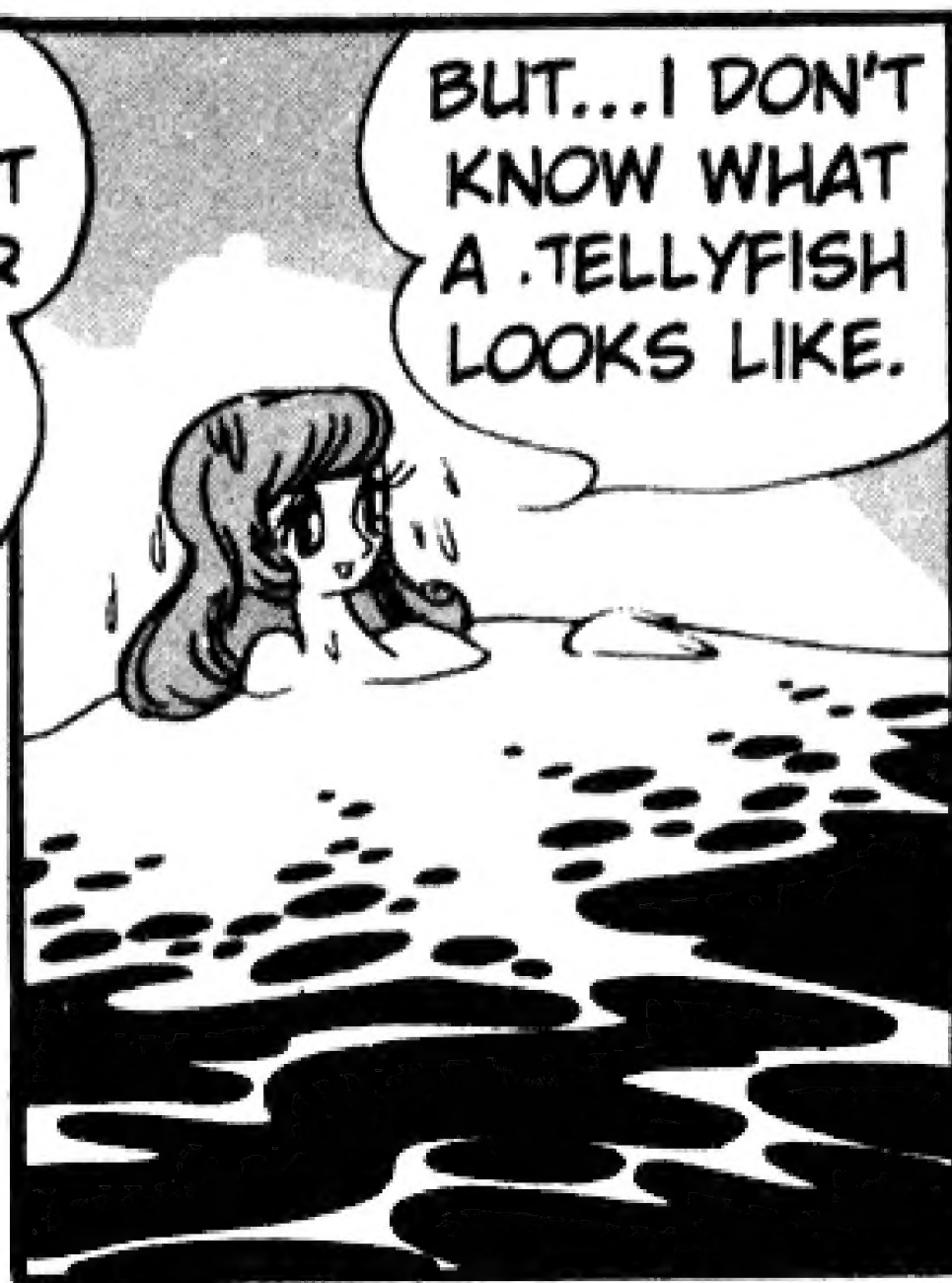




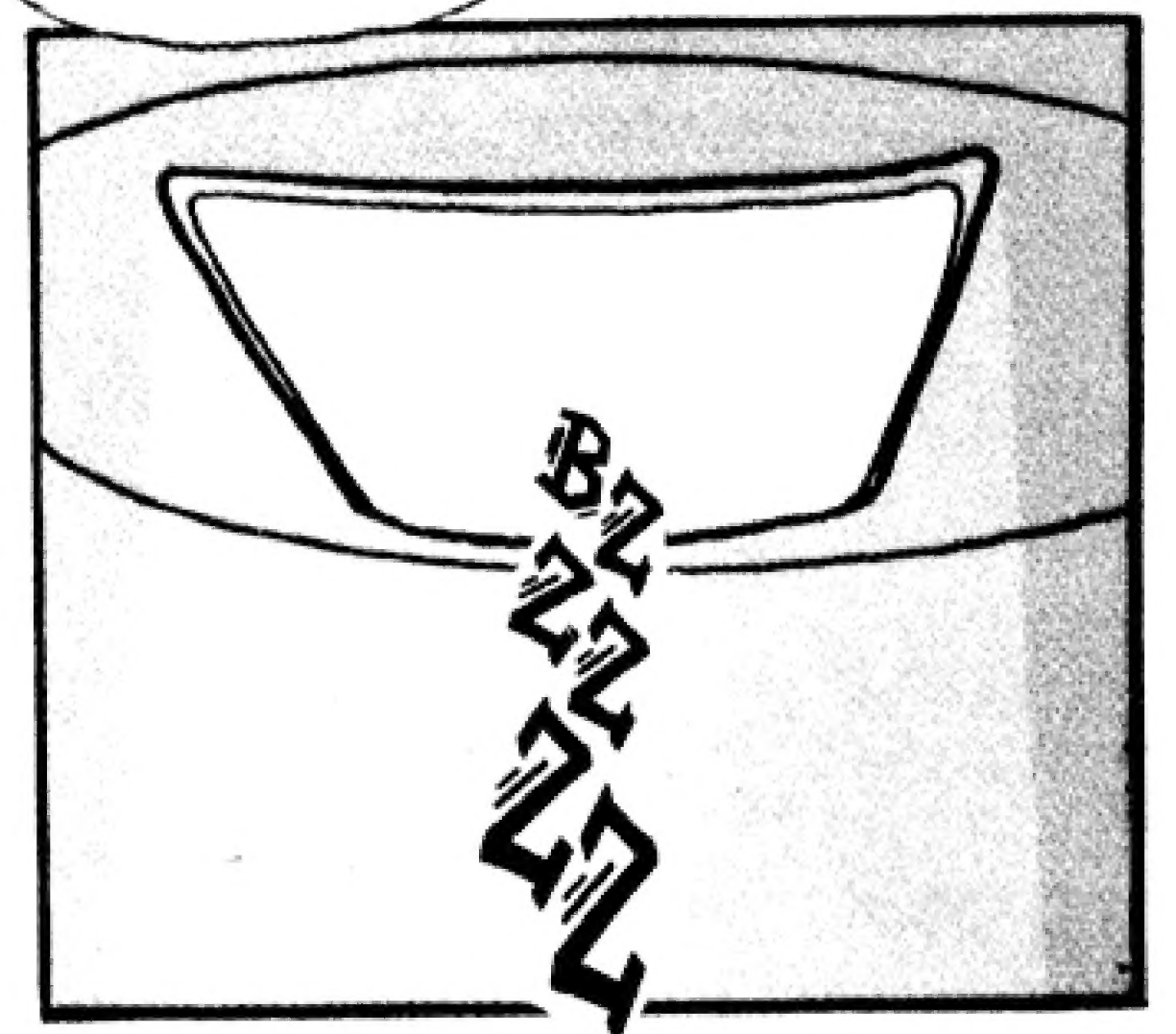
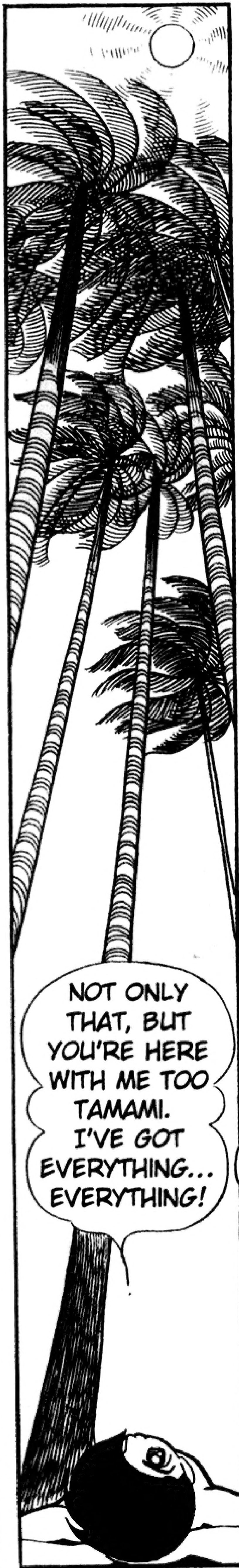
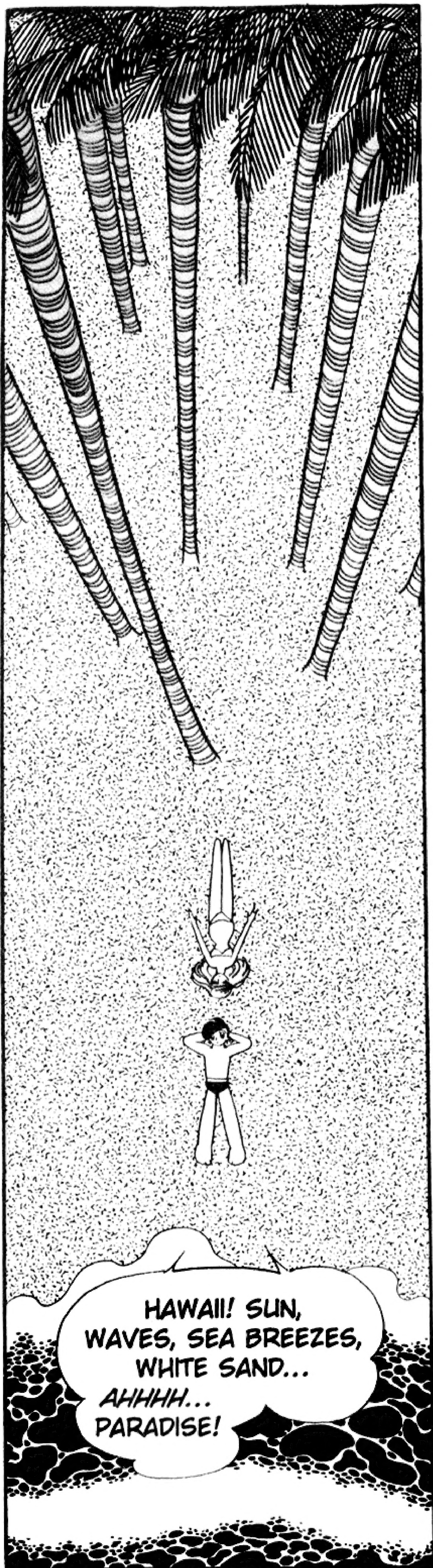




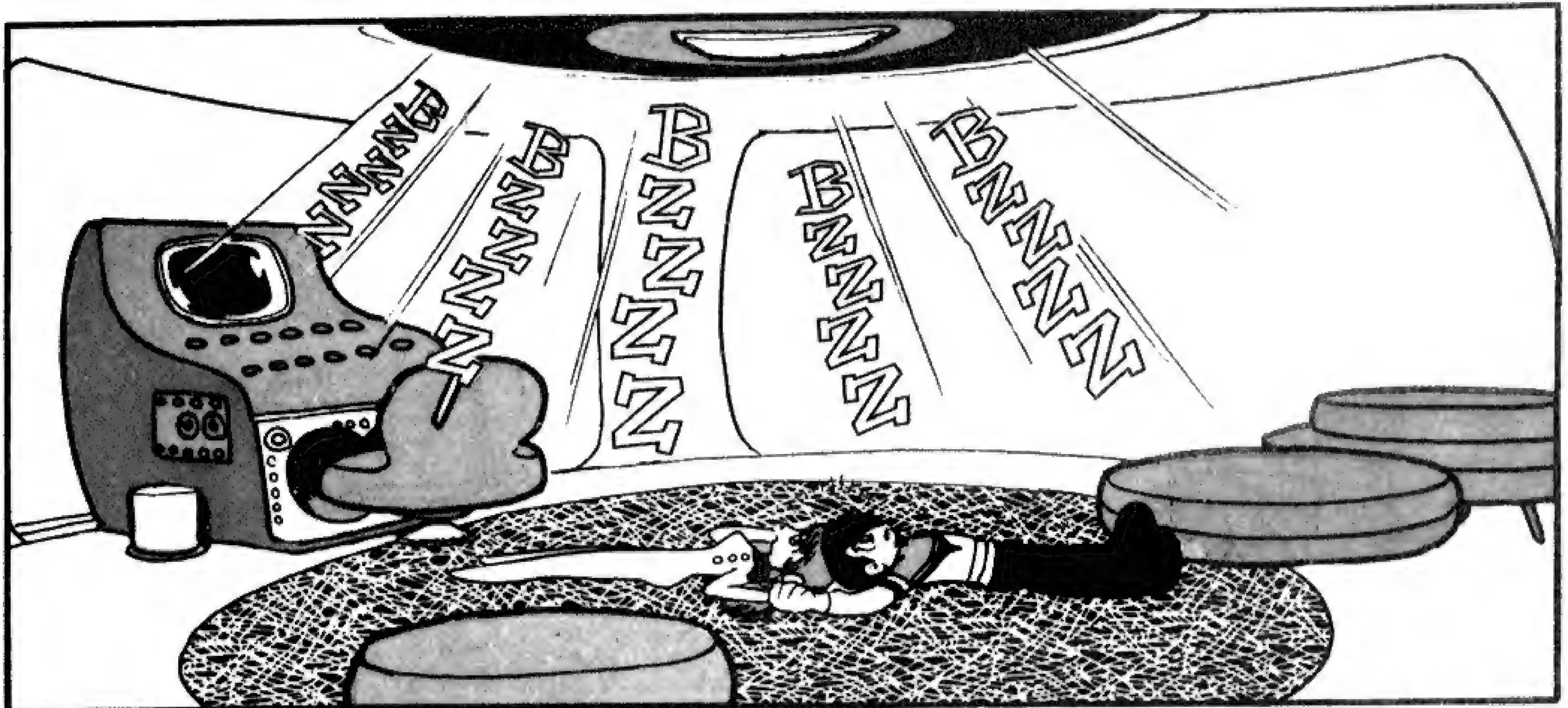
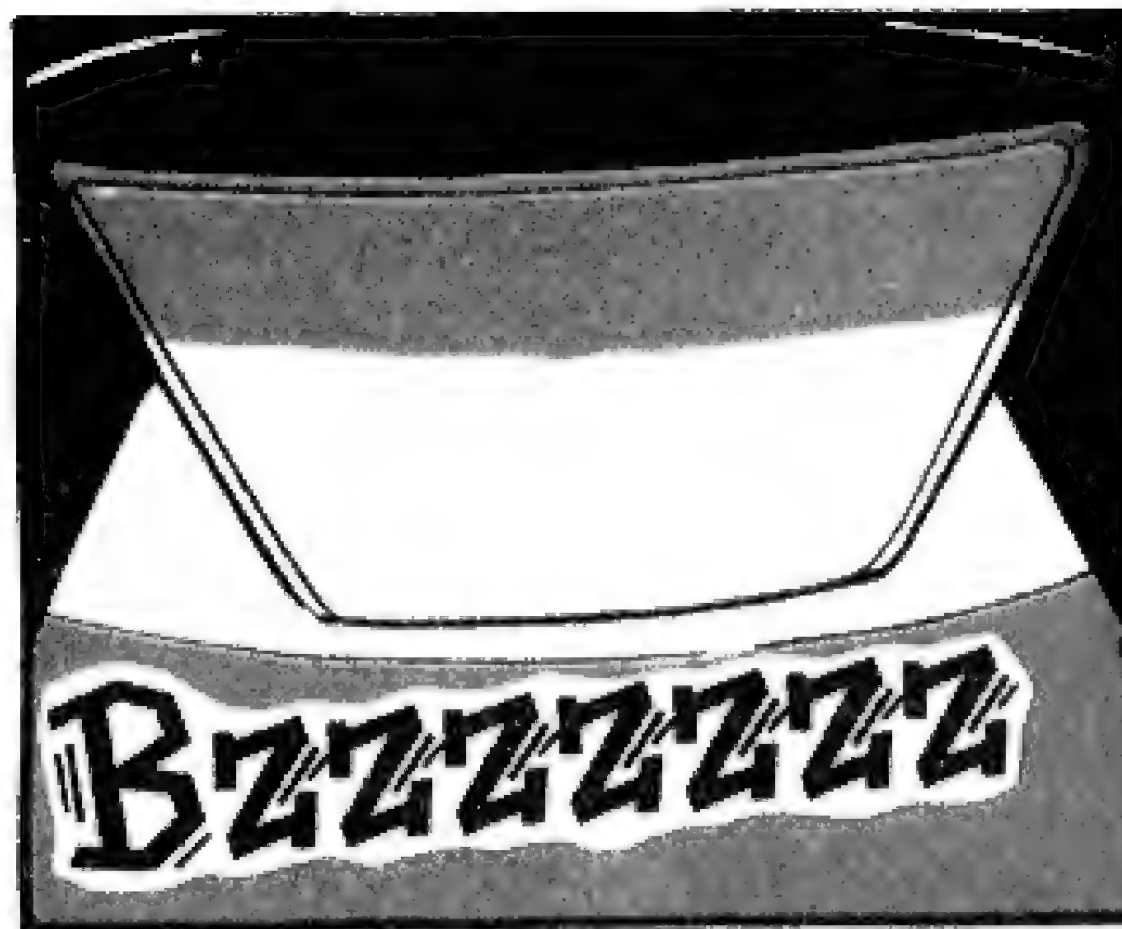
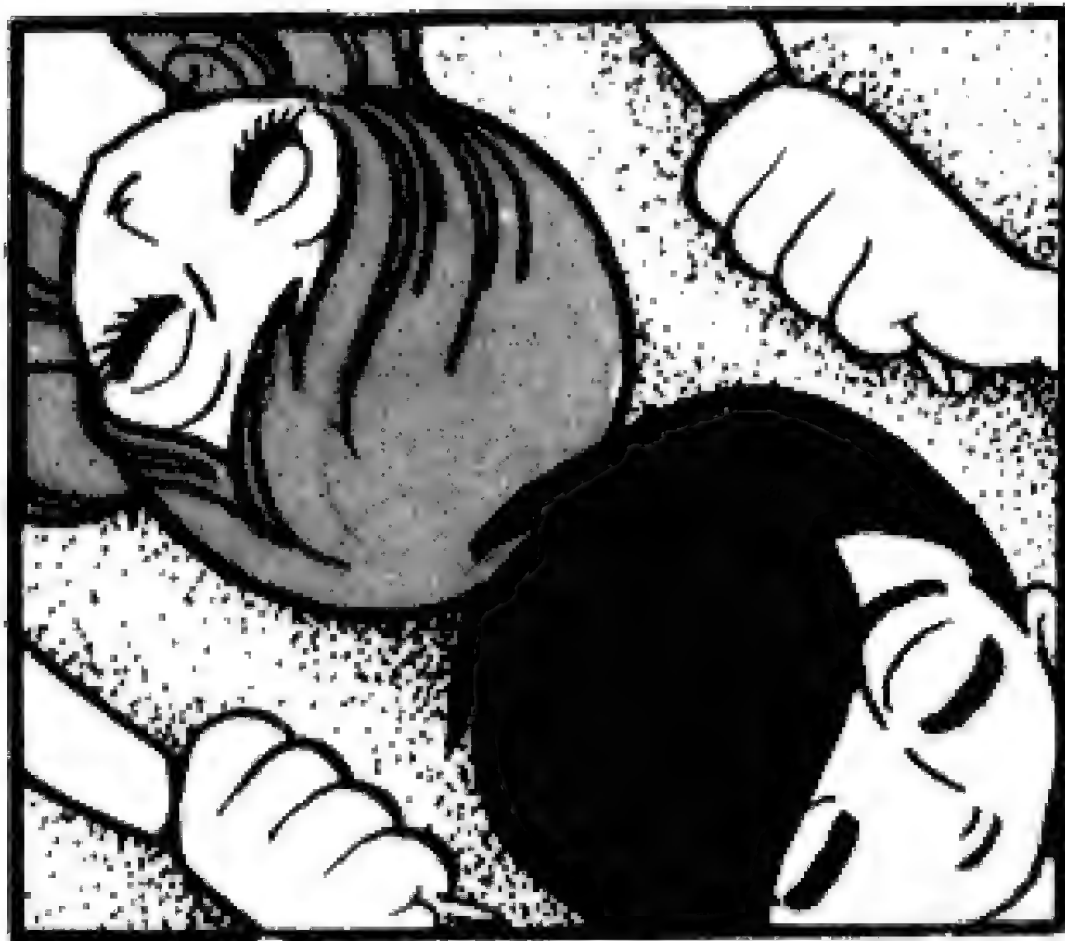
THERE OUGHT TO BE AT LEAST A JELLYFISH OR SOMETHING SWIMMING AROUND.



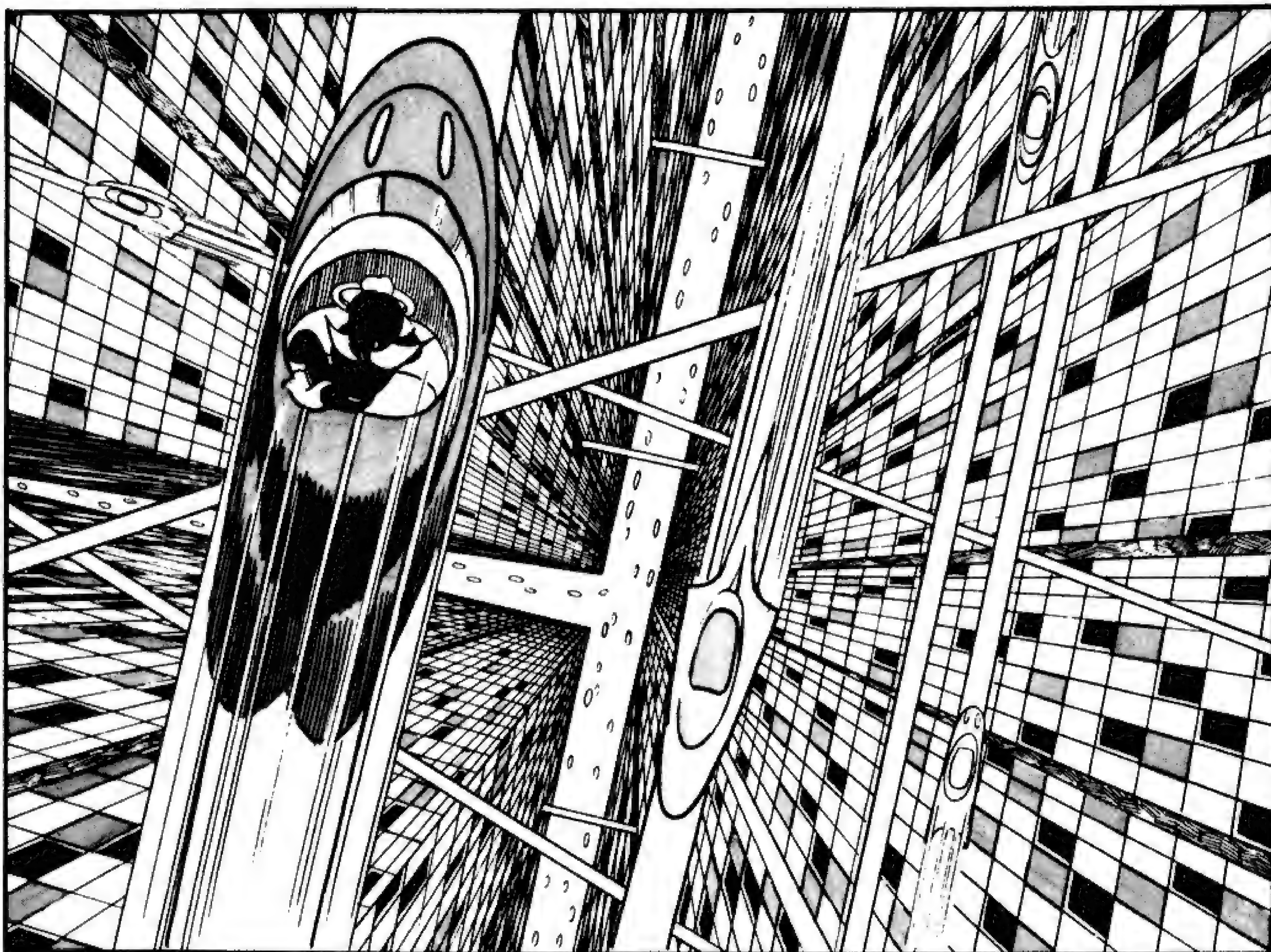
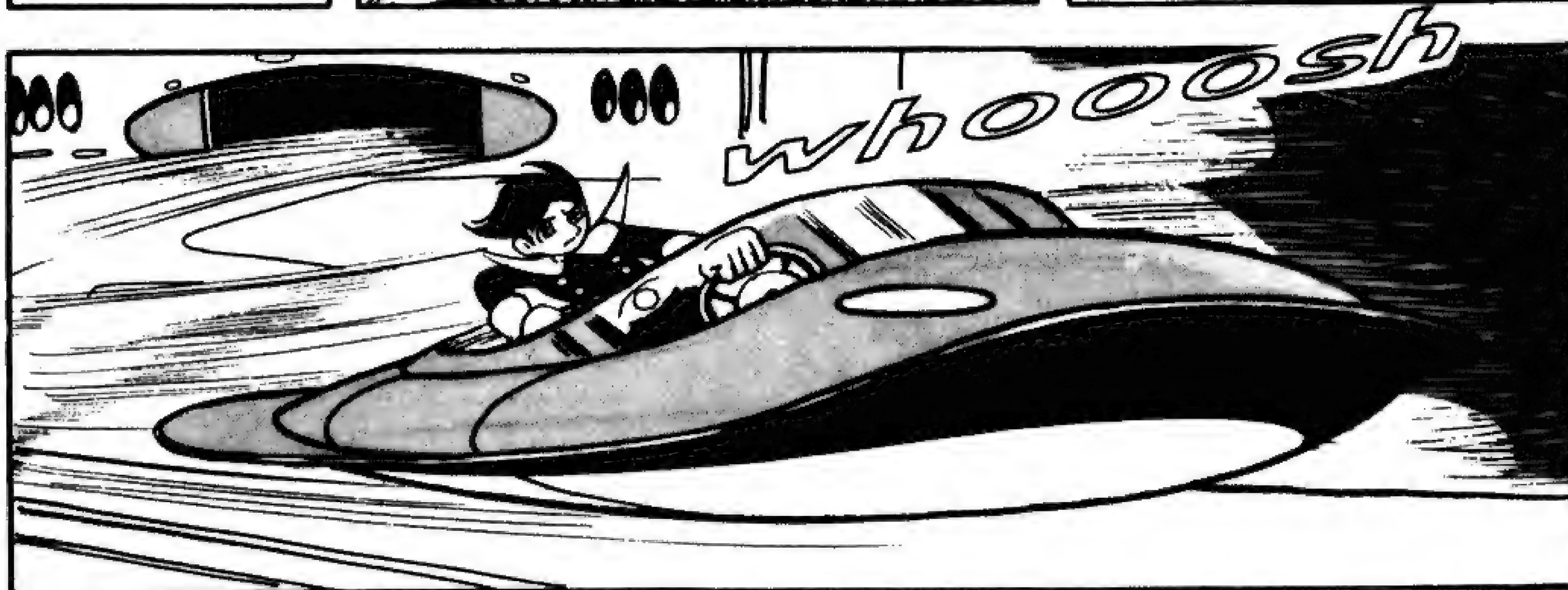




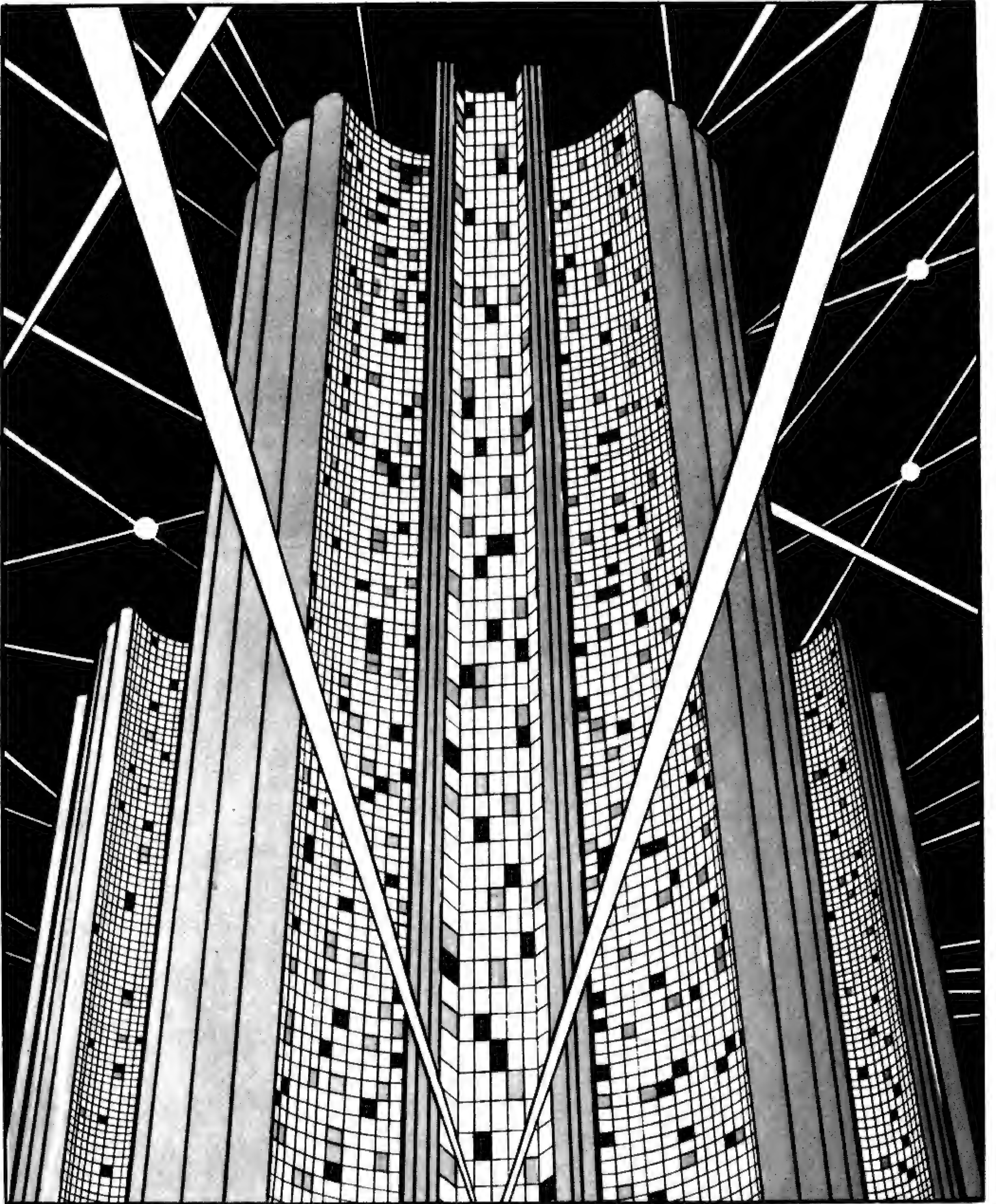
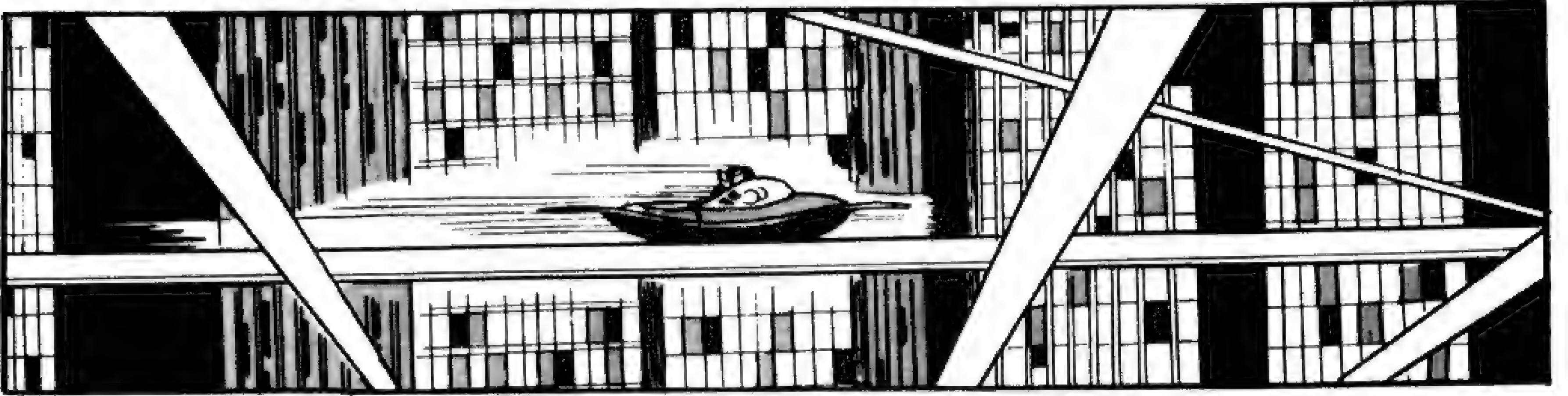




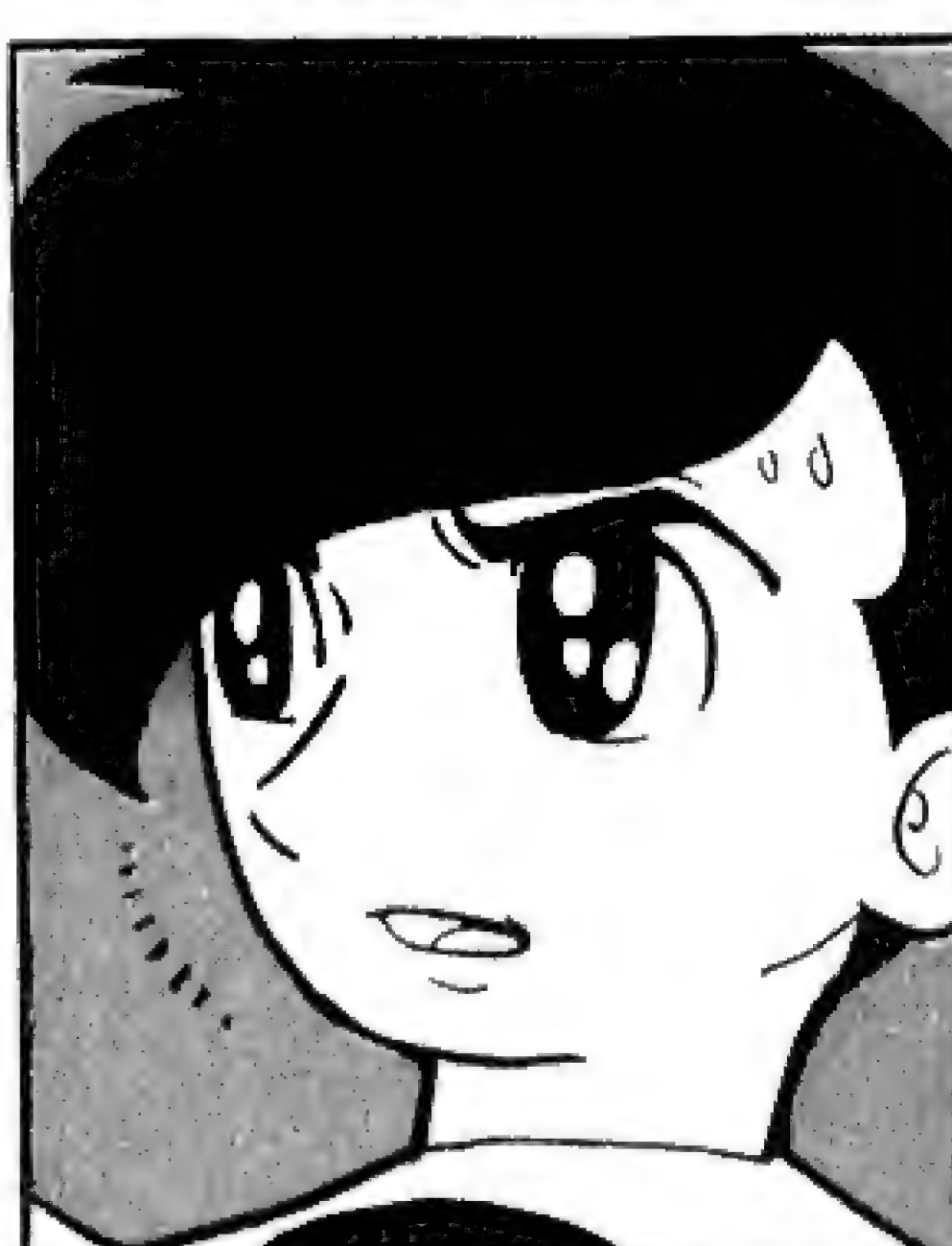
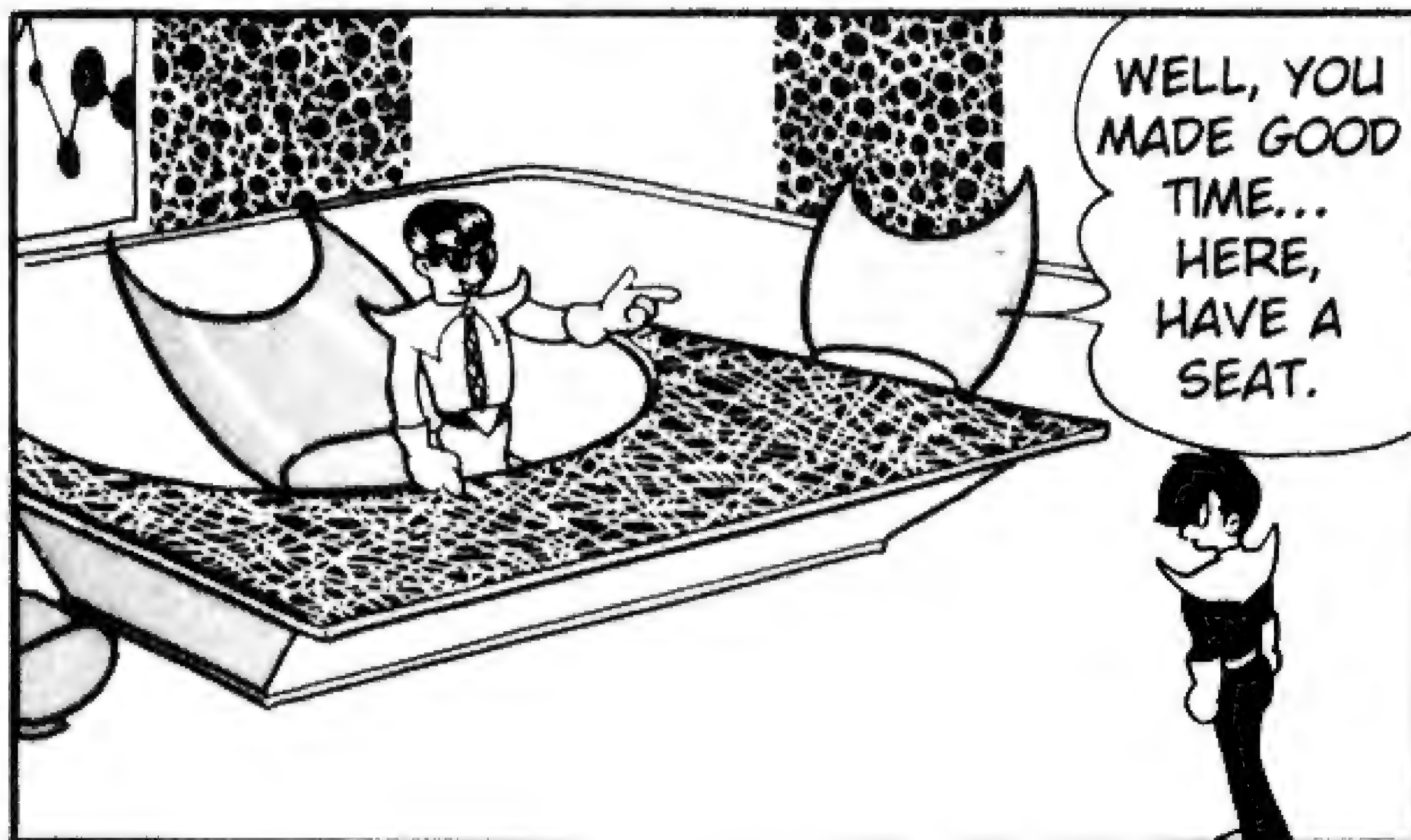
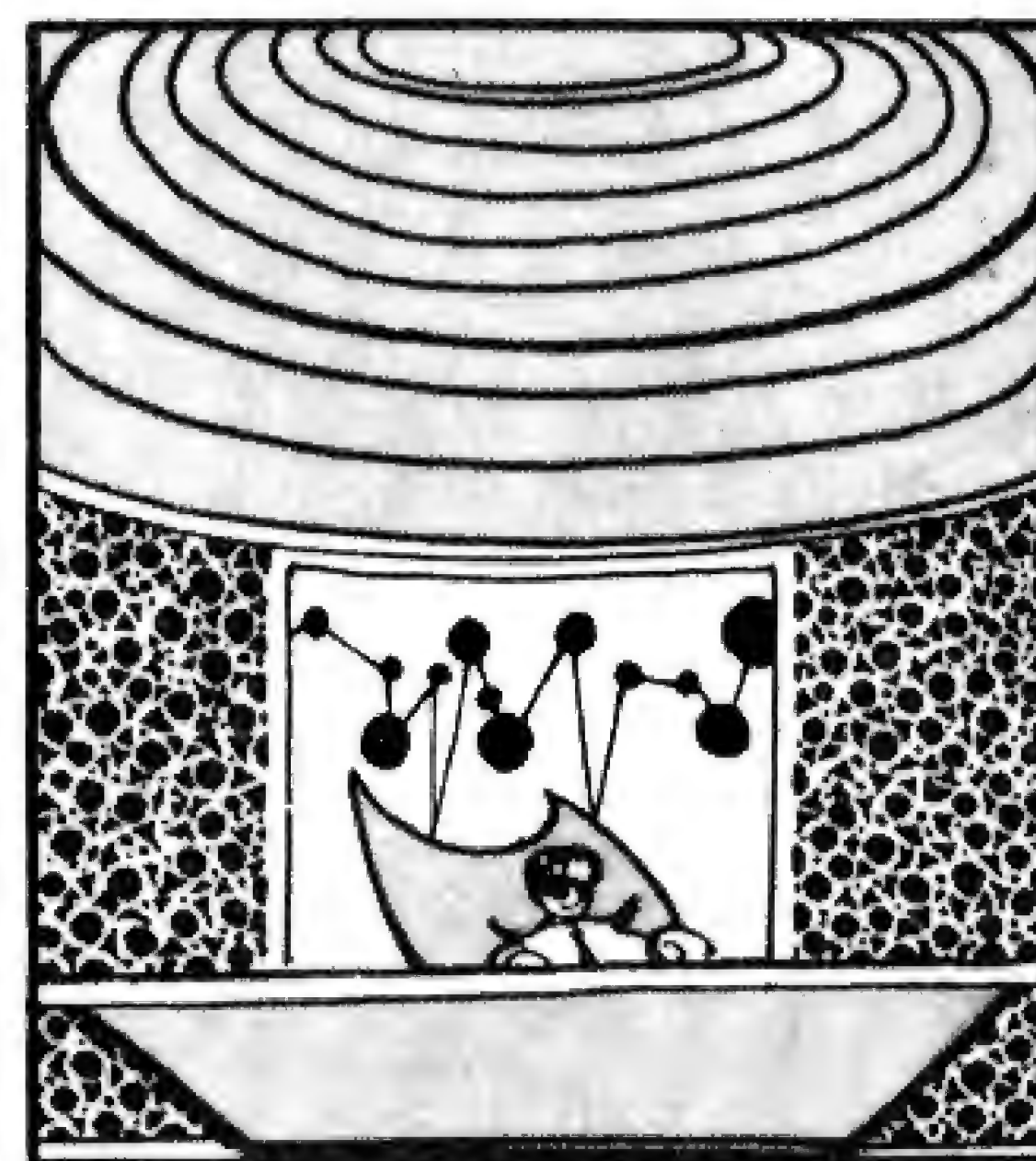
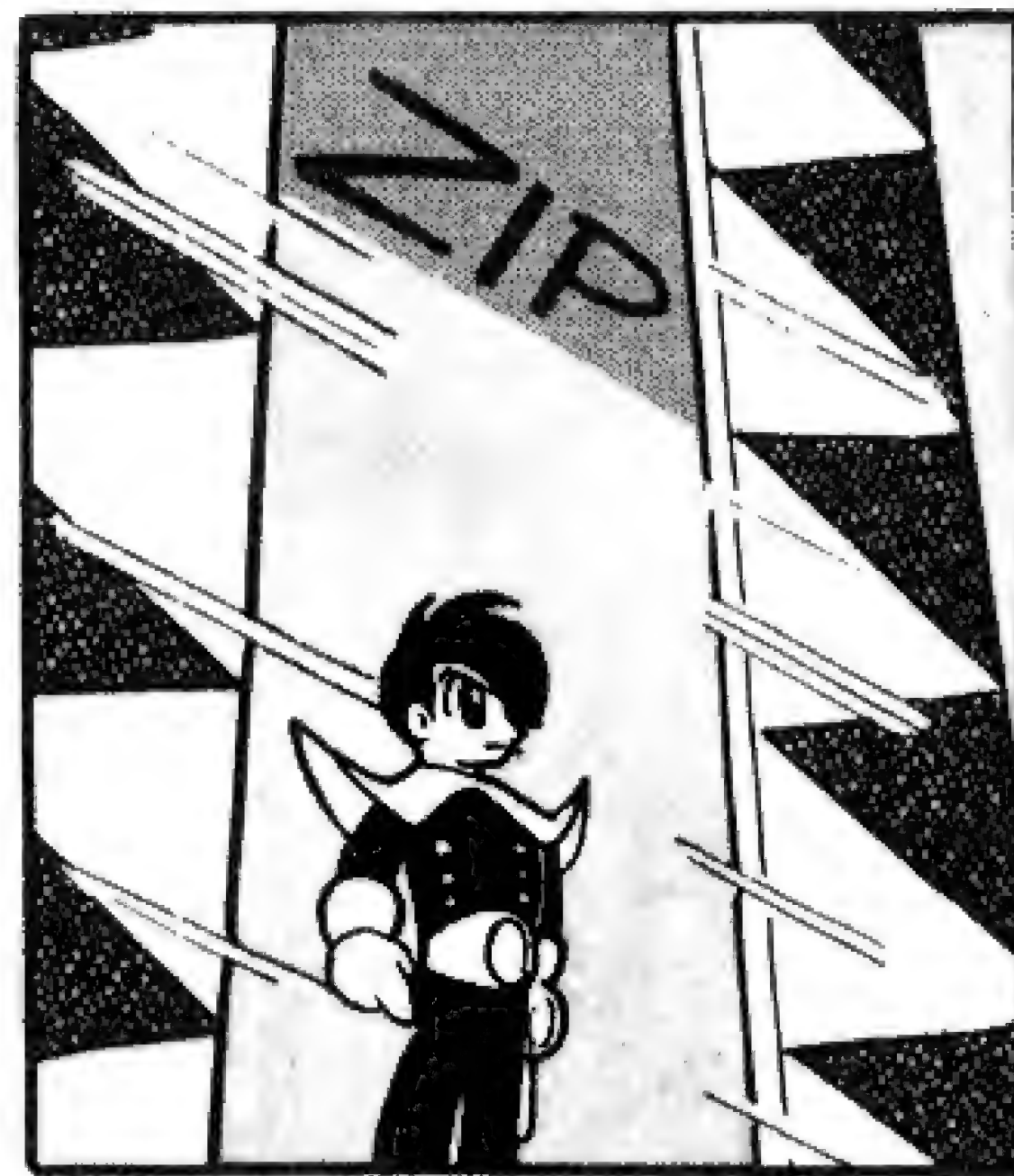




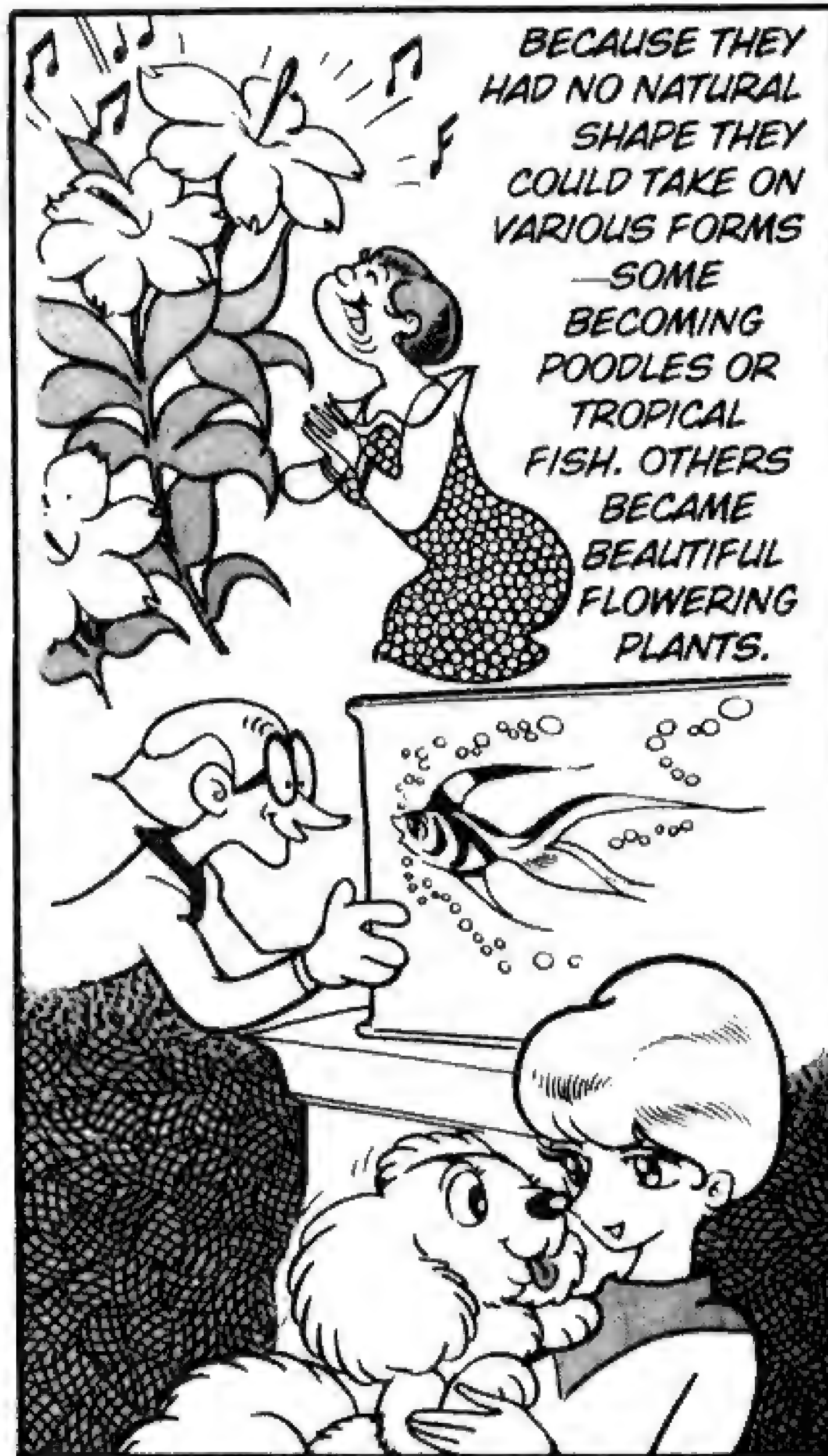
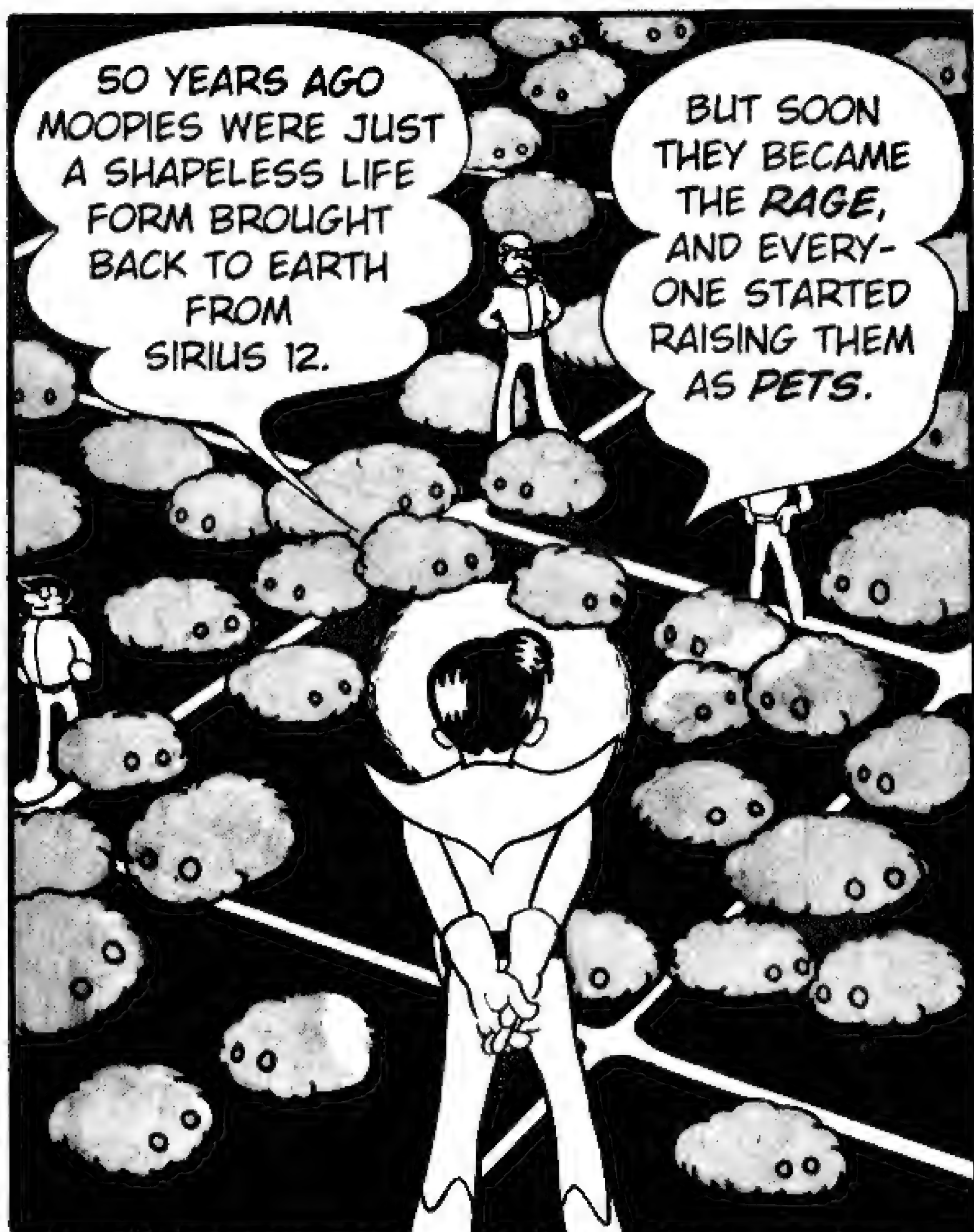
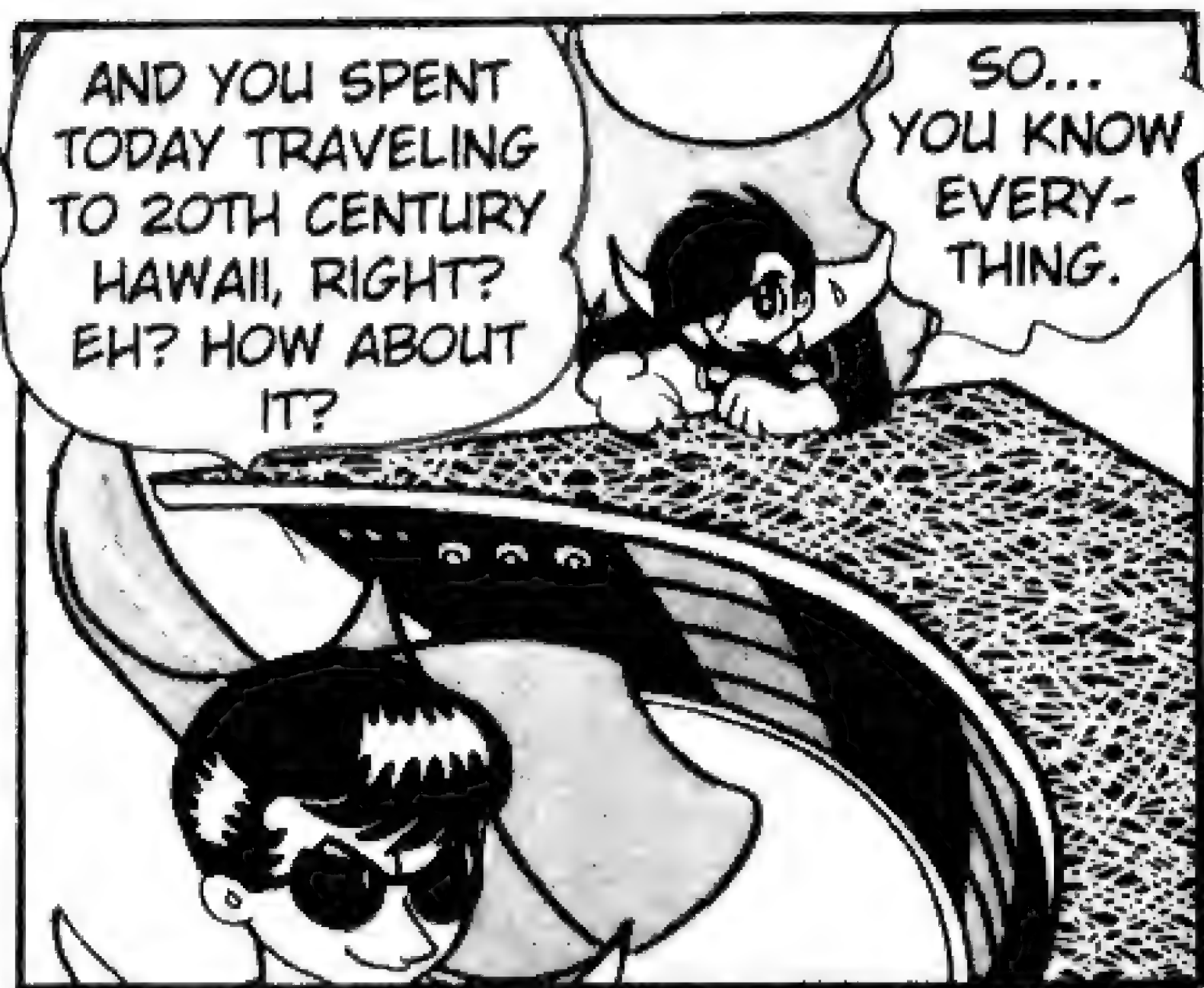
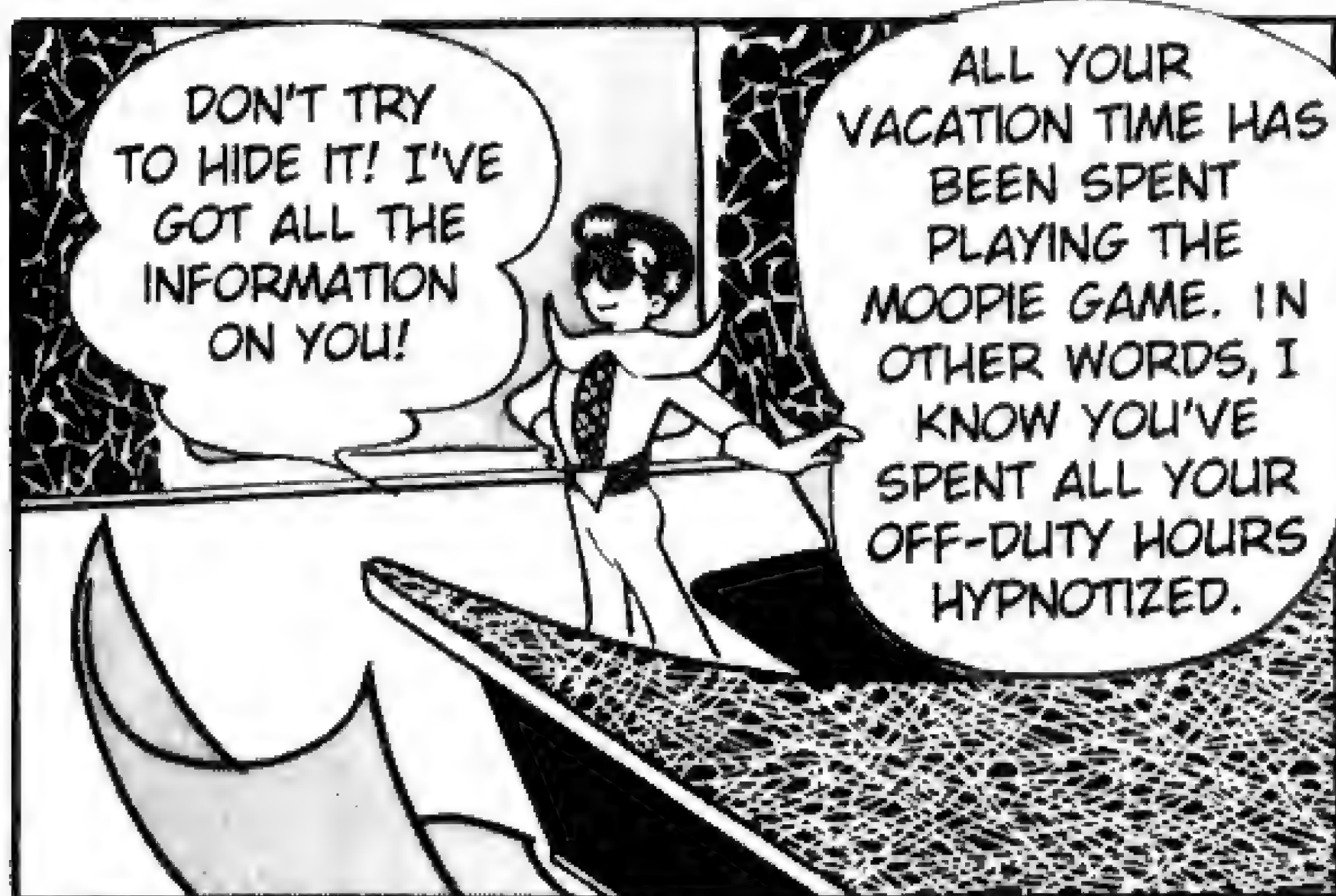




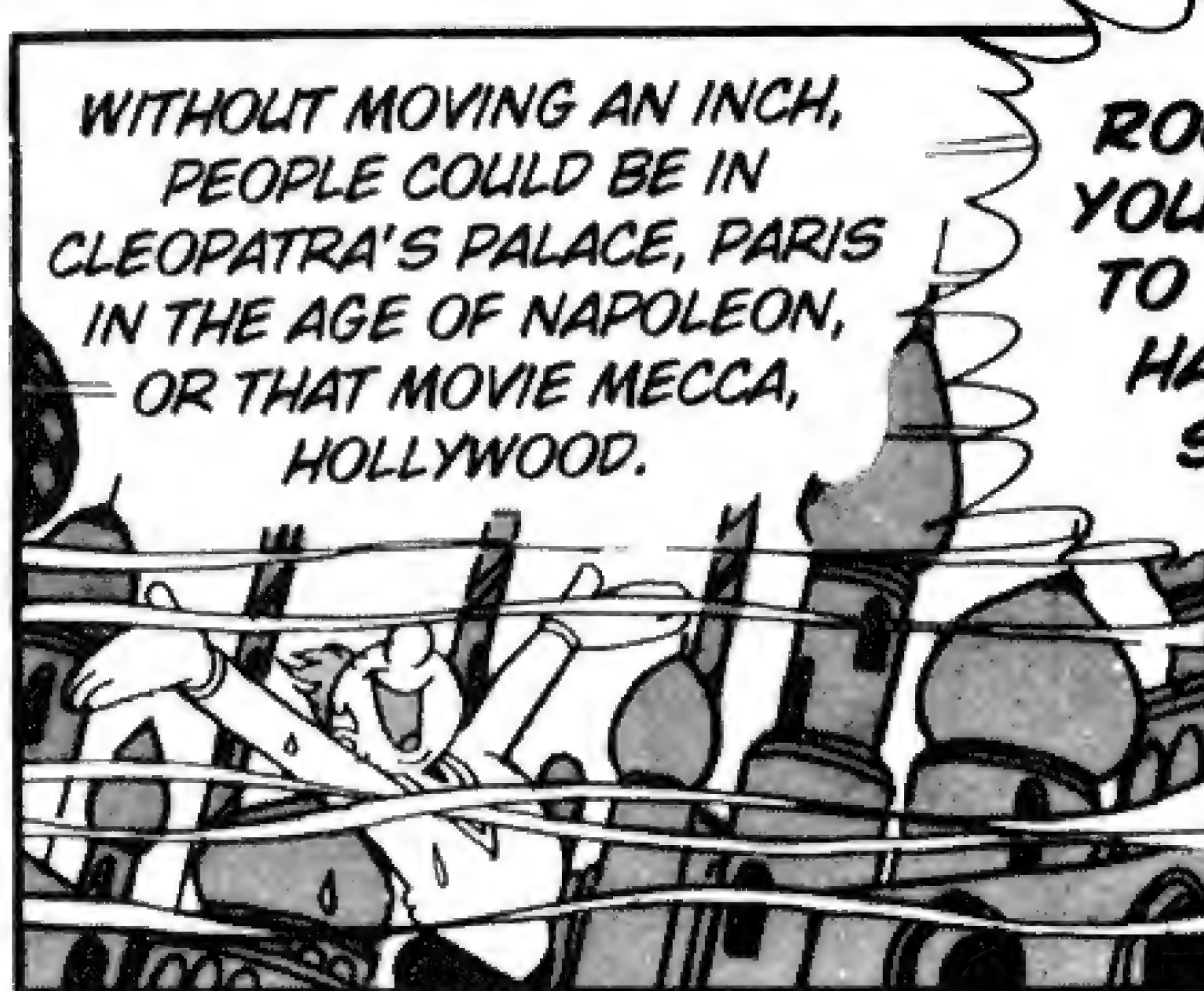
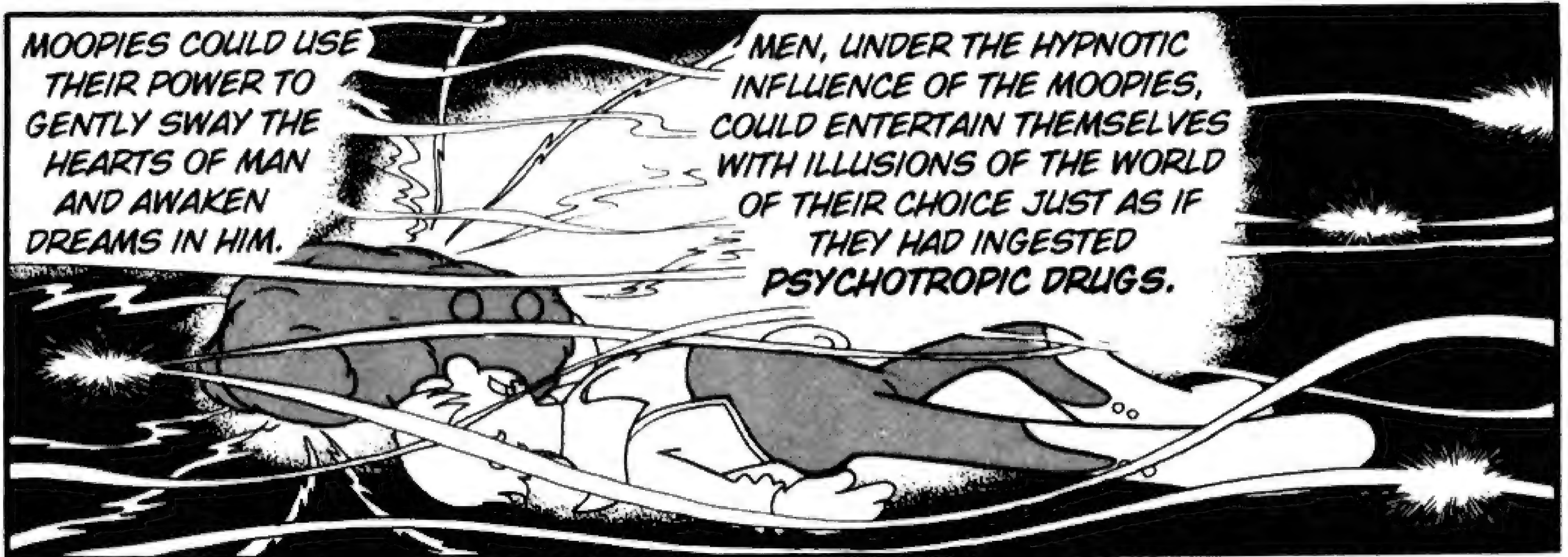
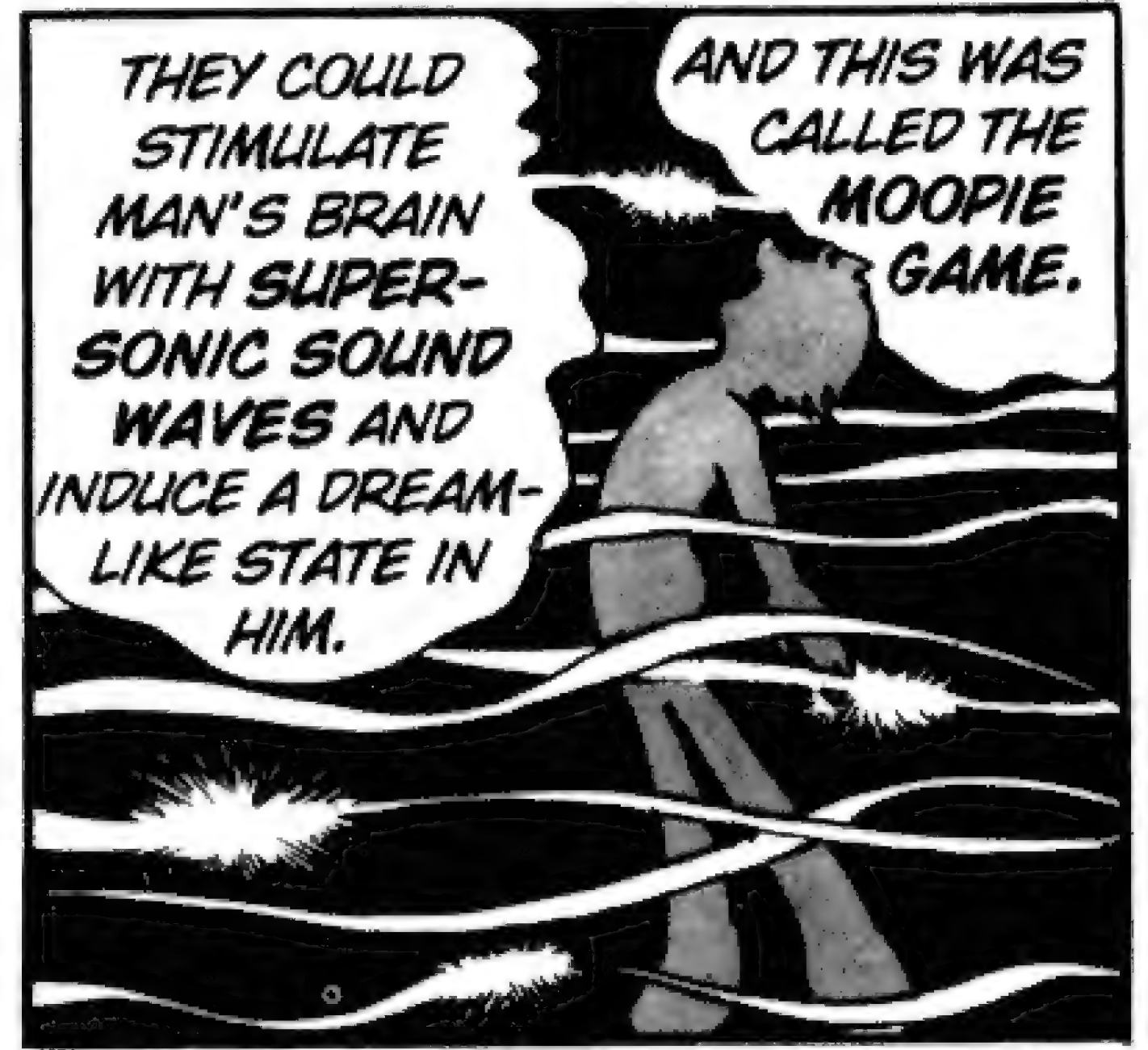




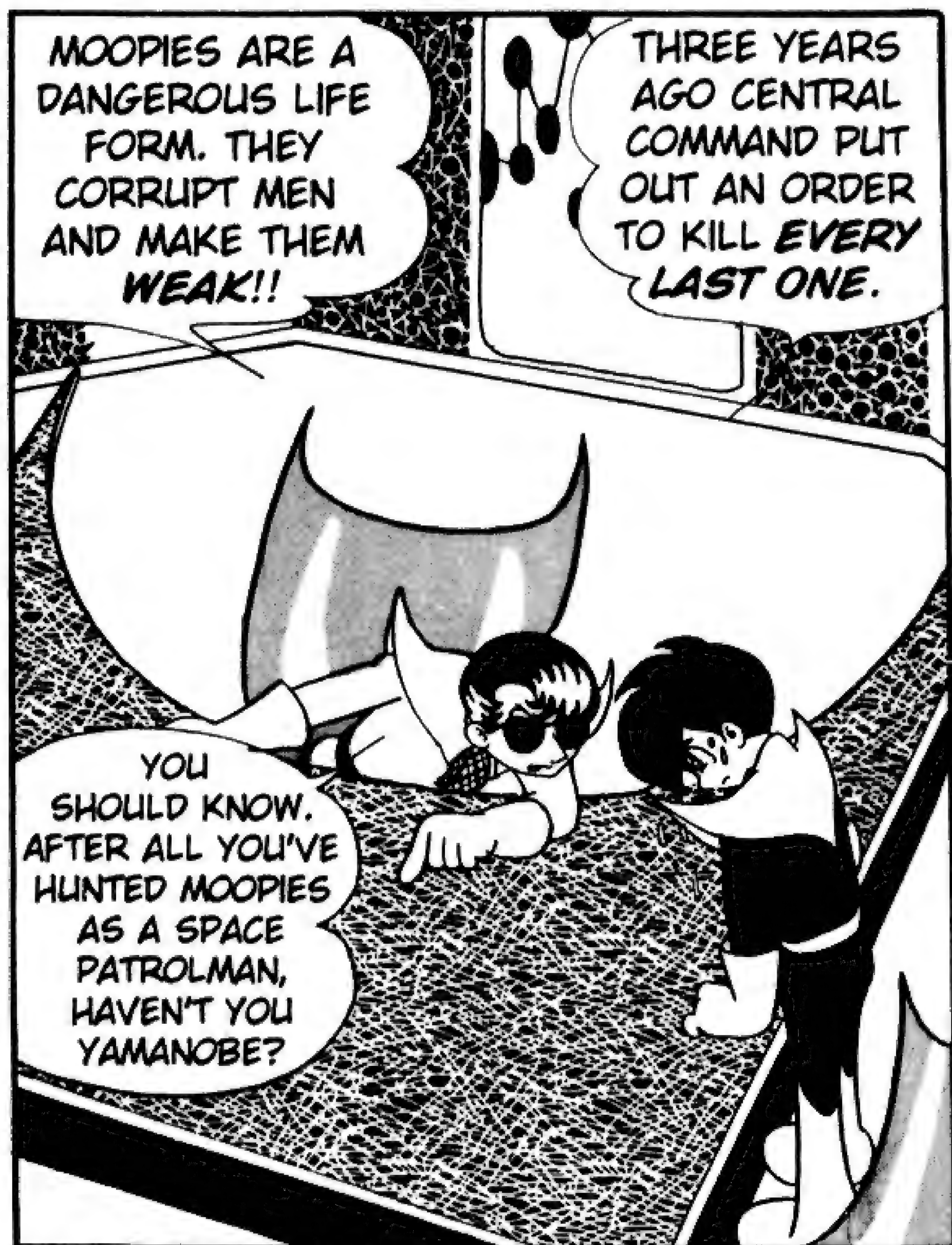












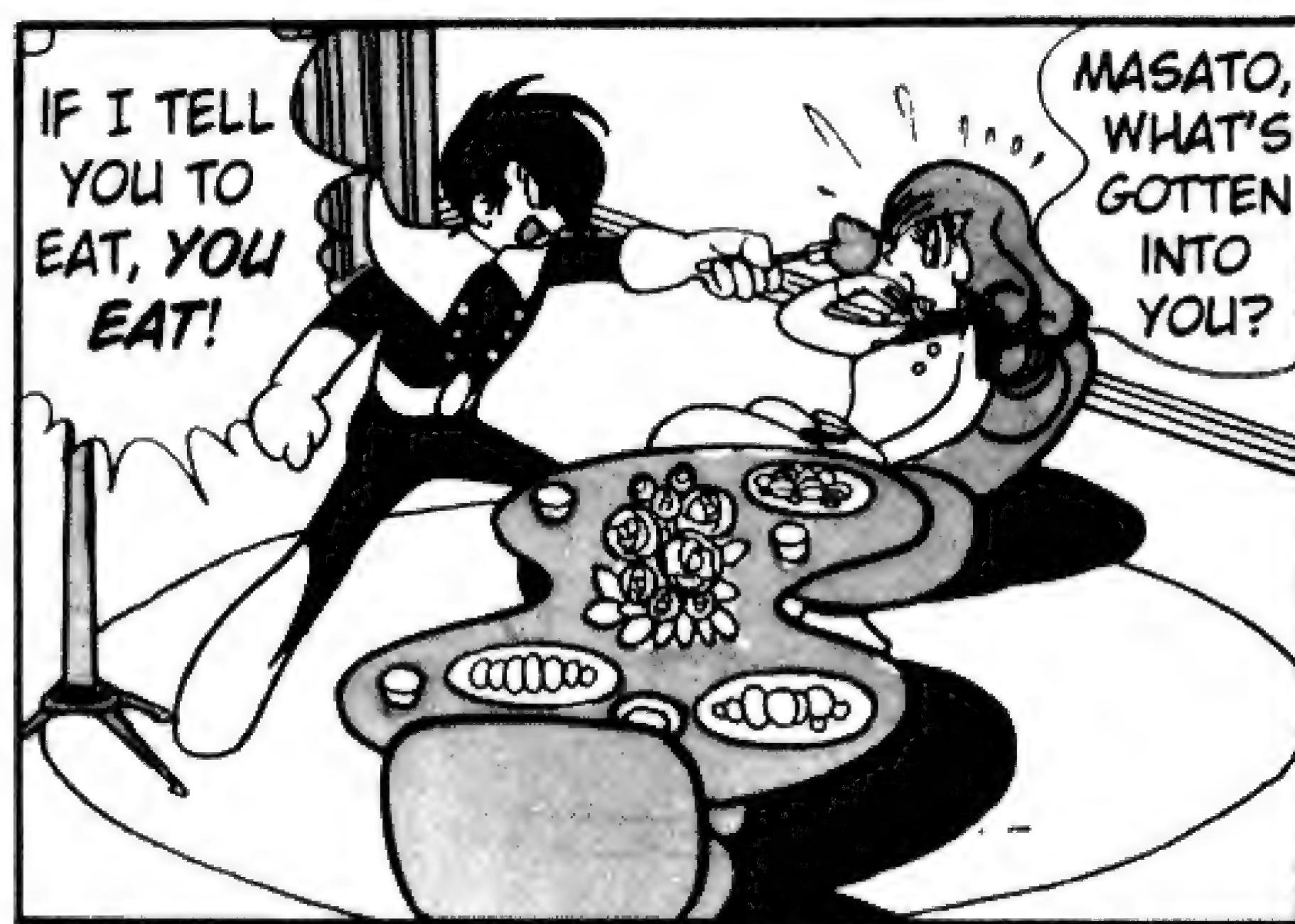
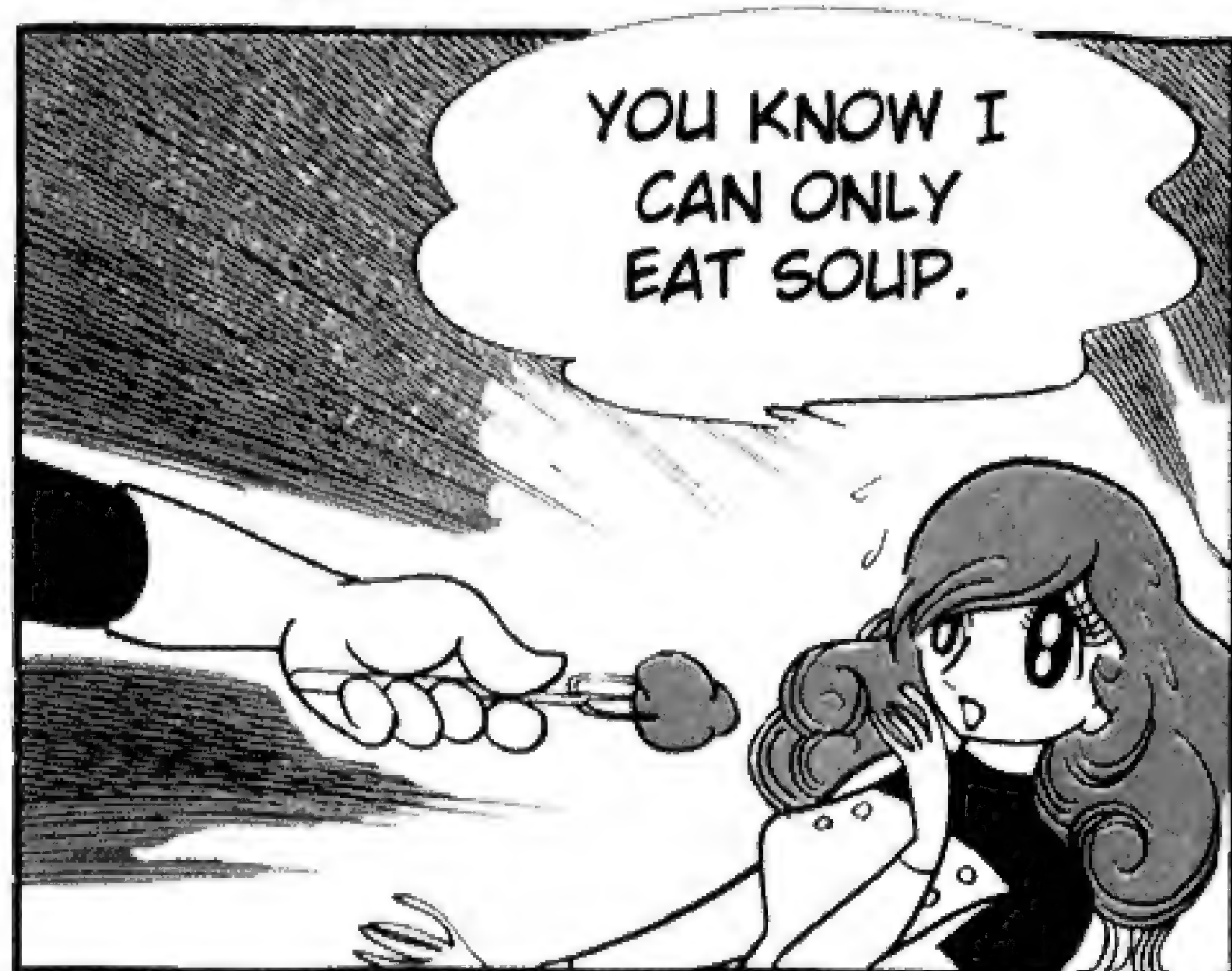
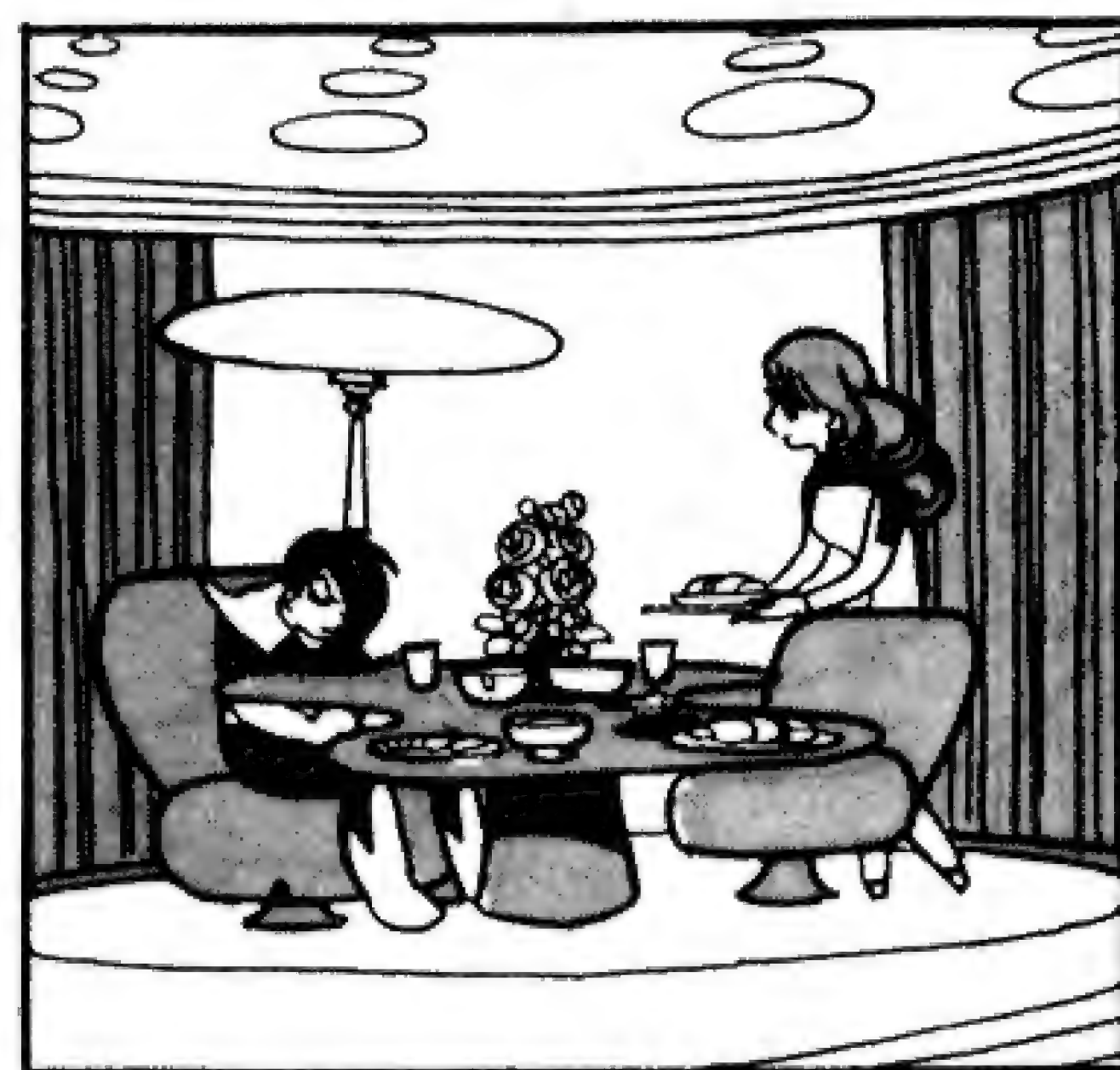




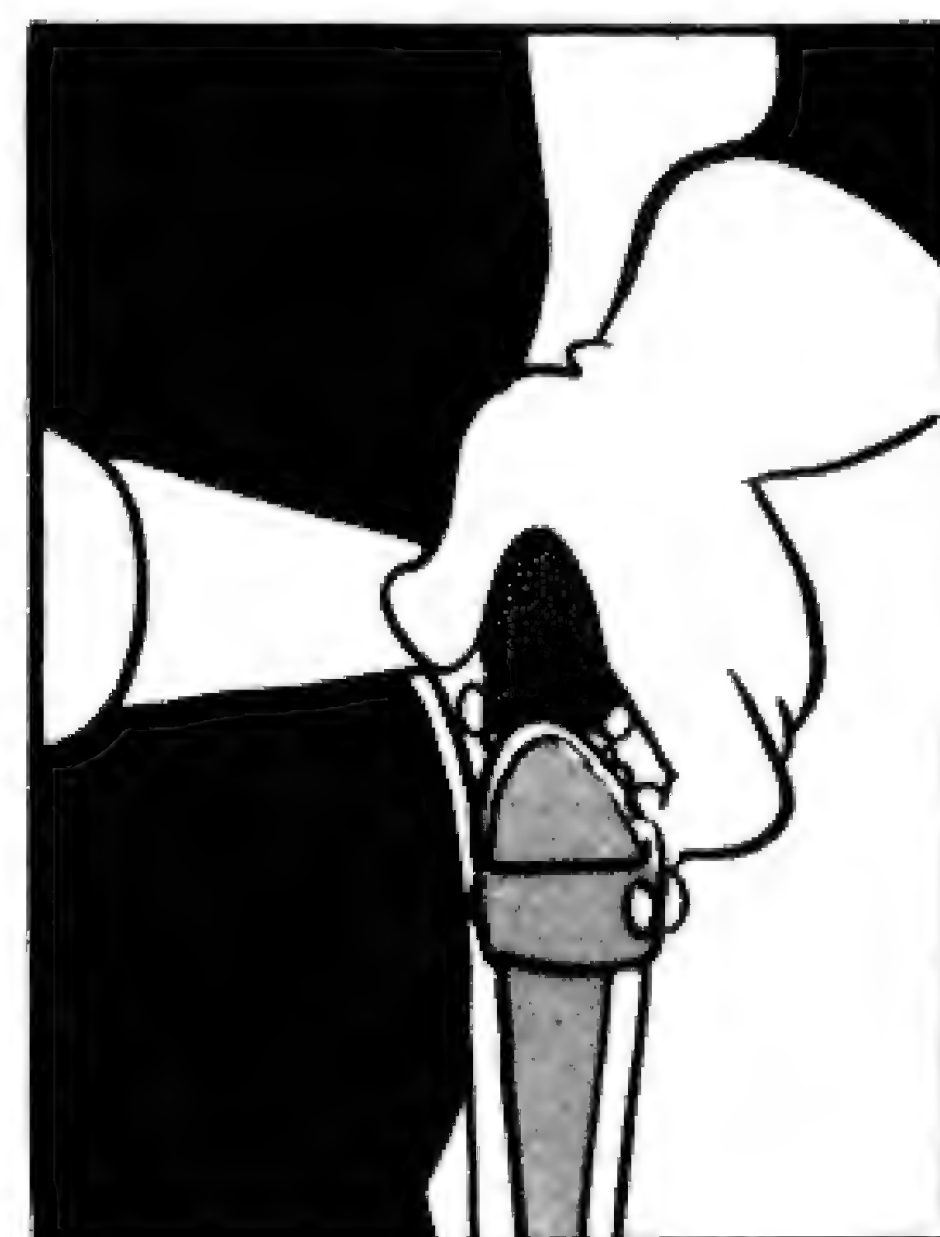
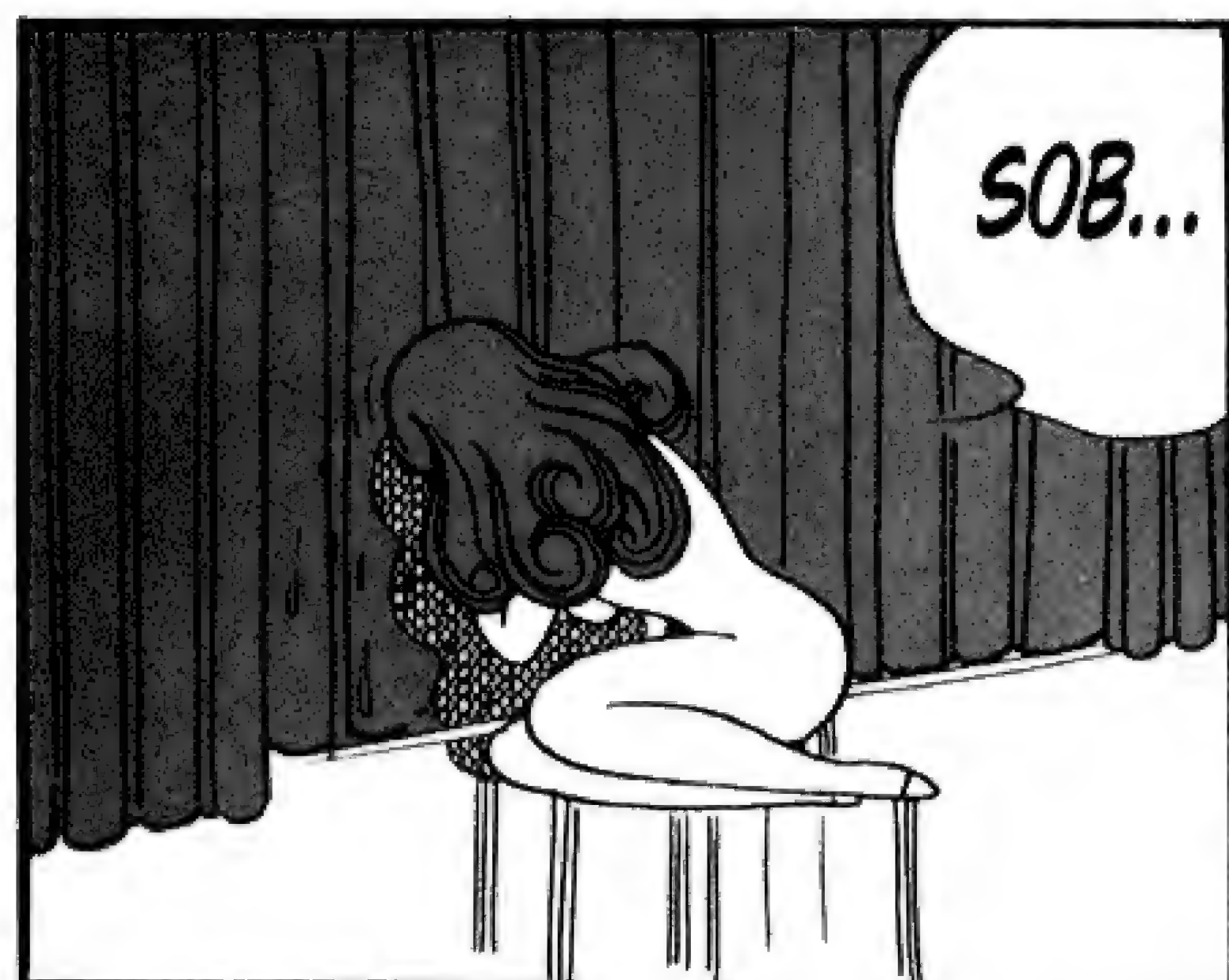




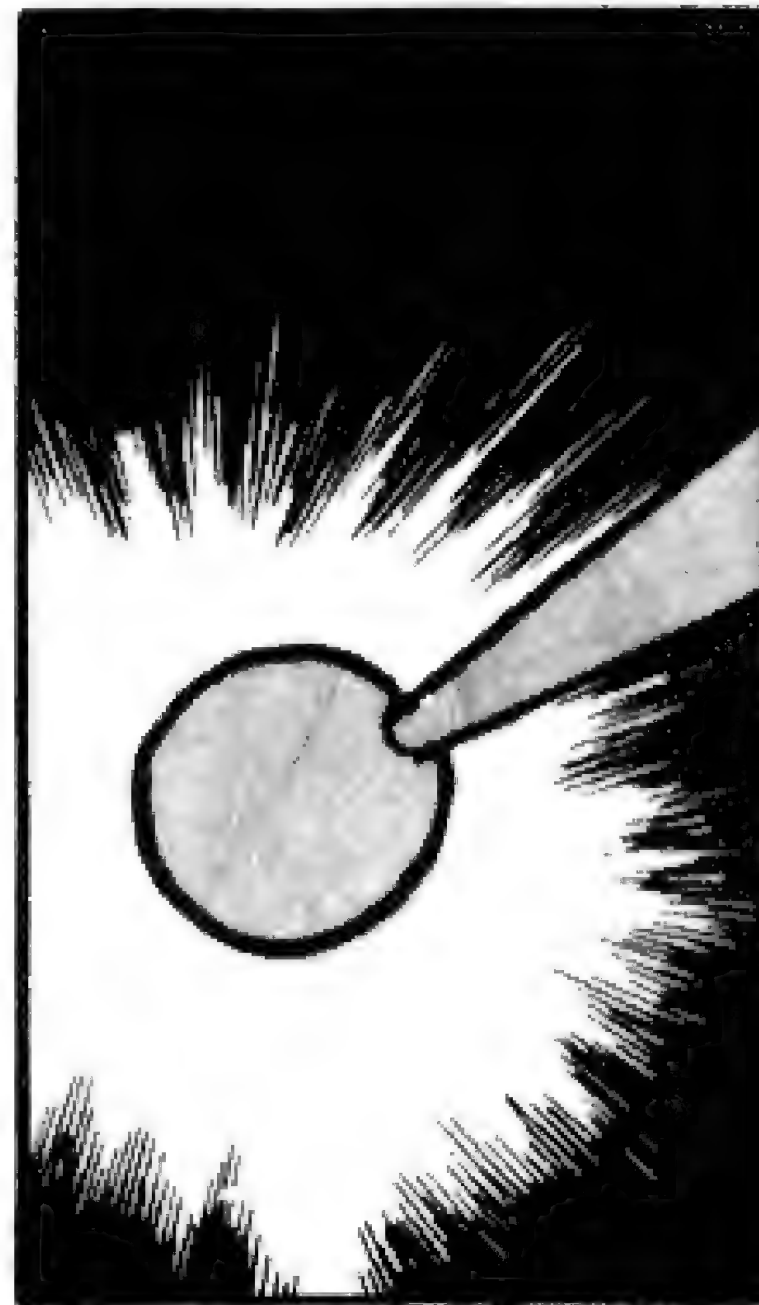




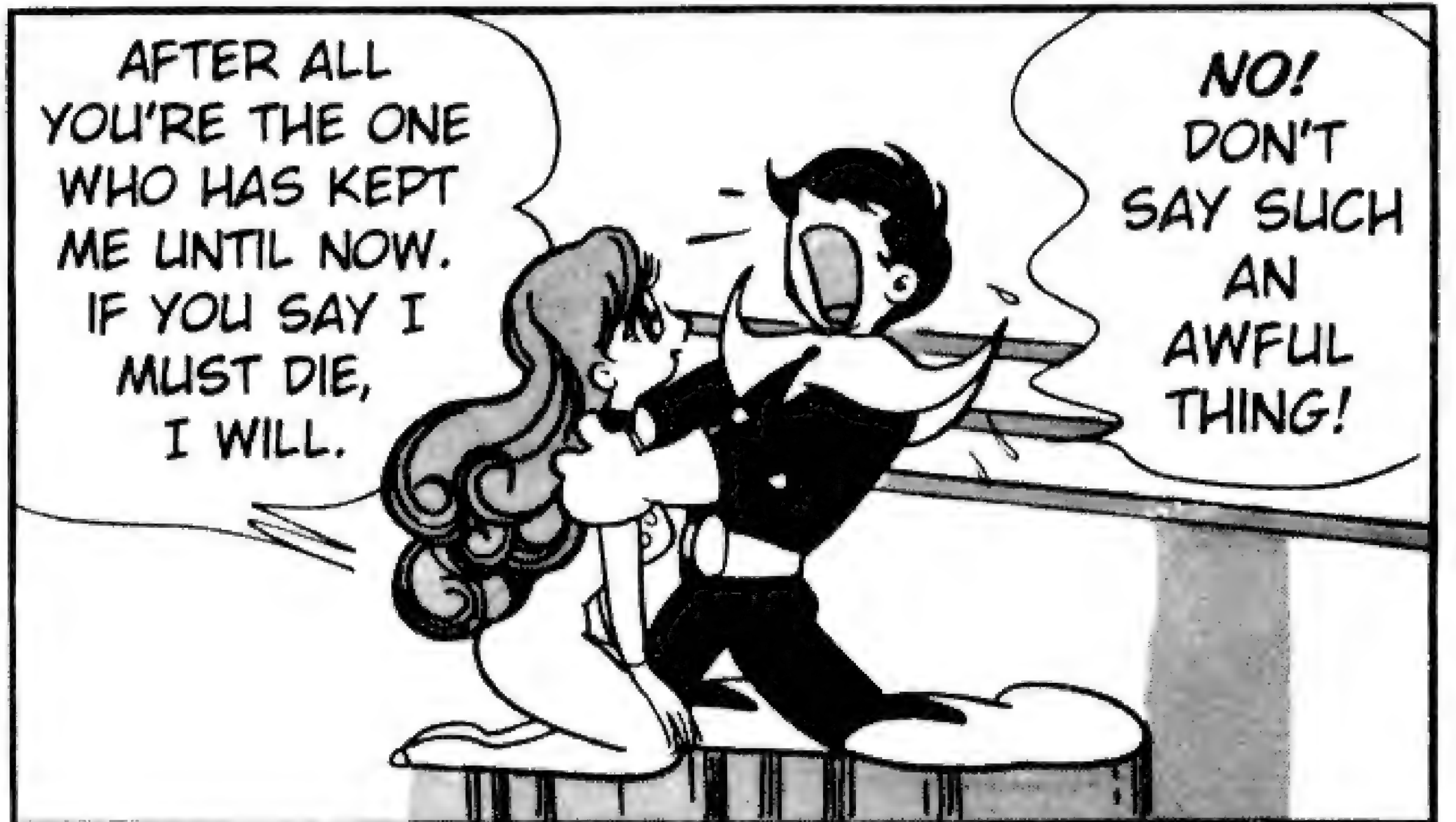
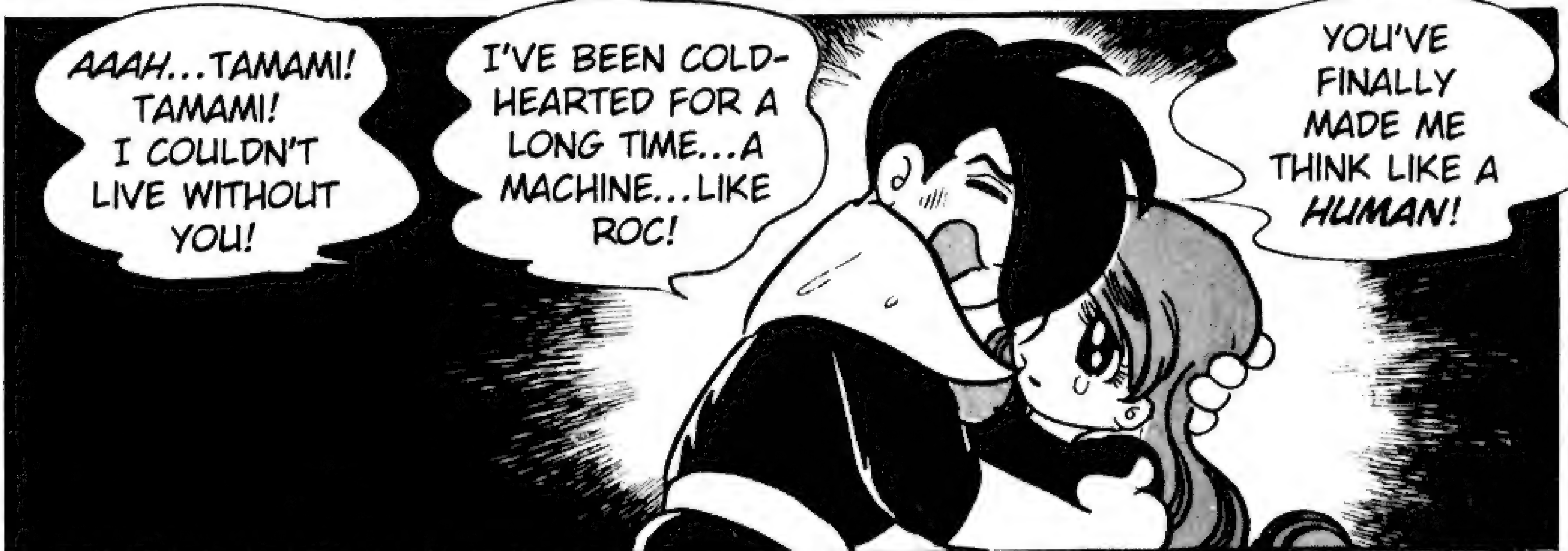
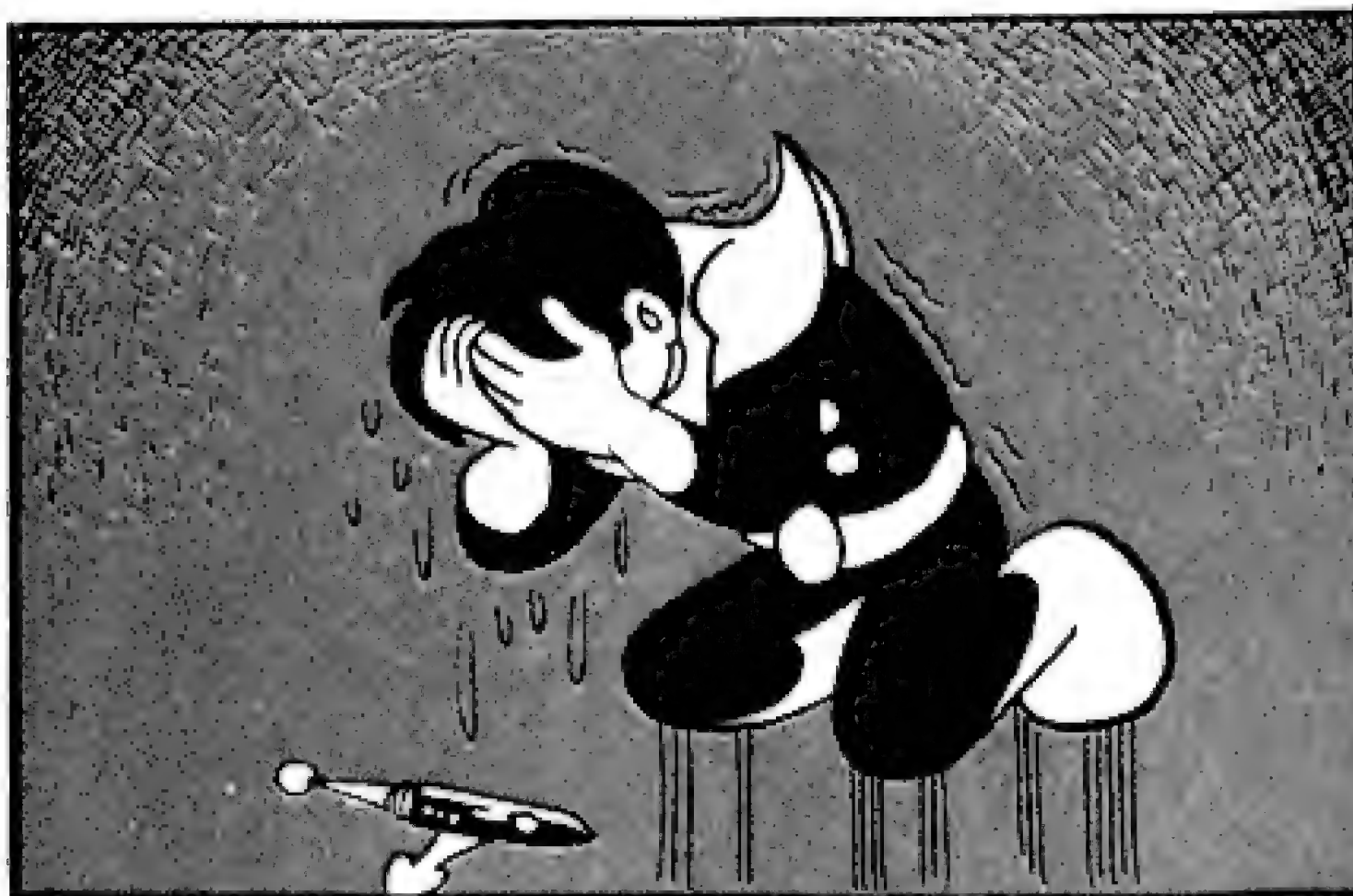
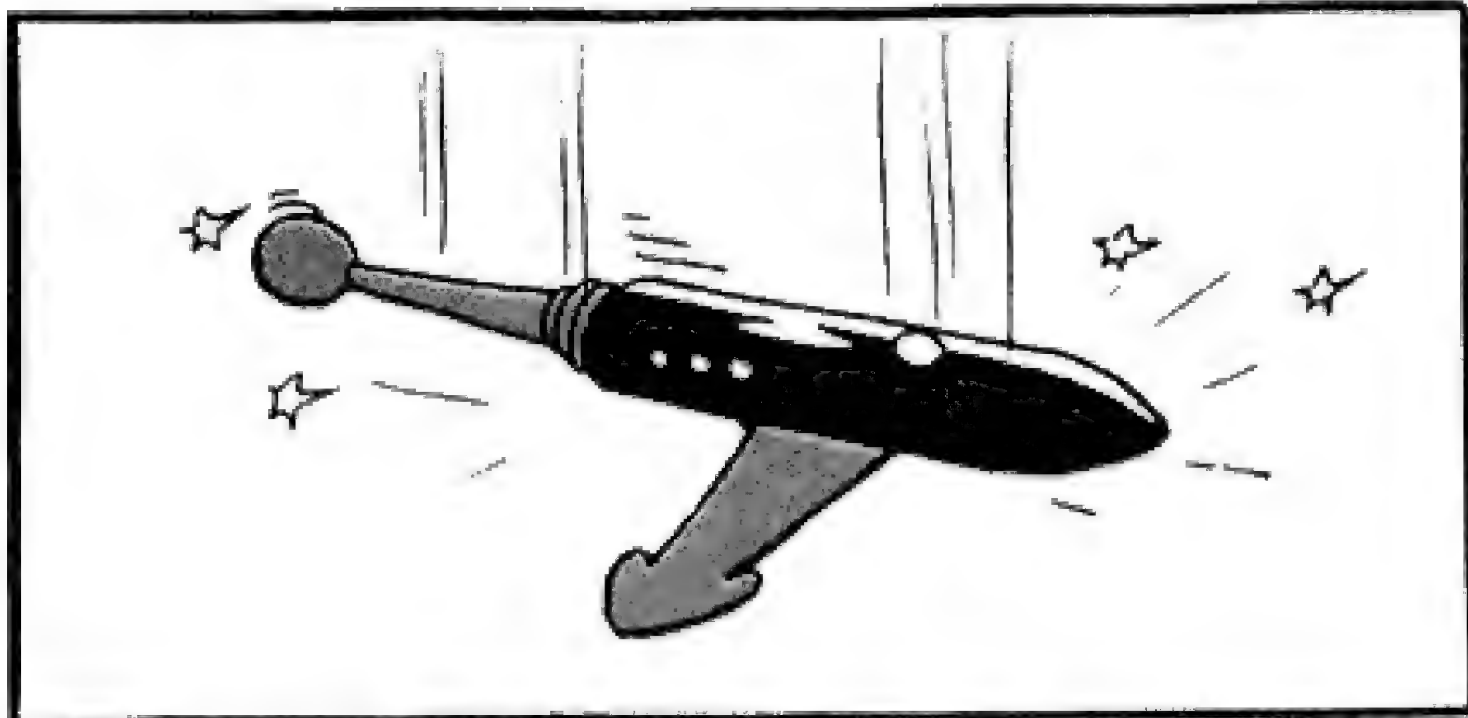
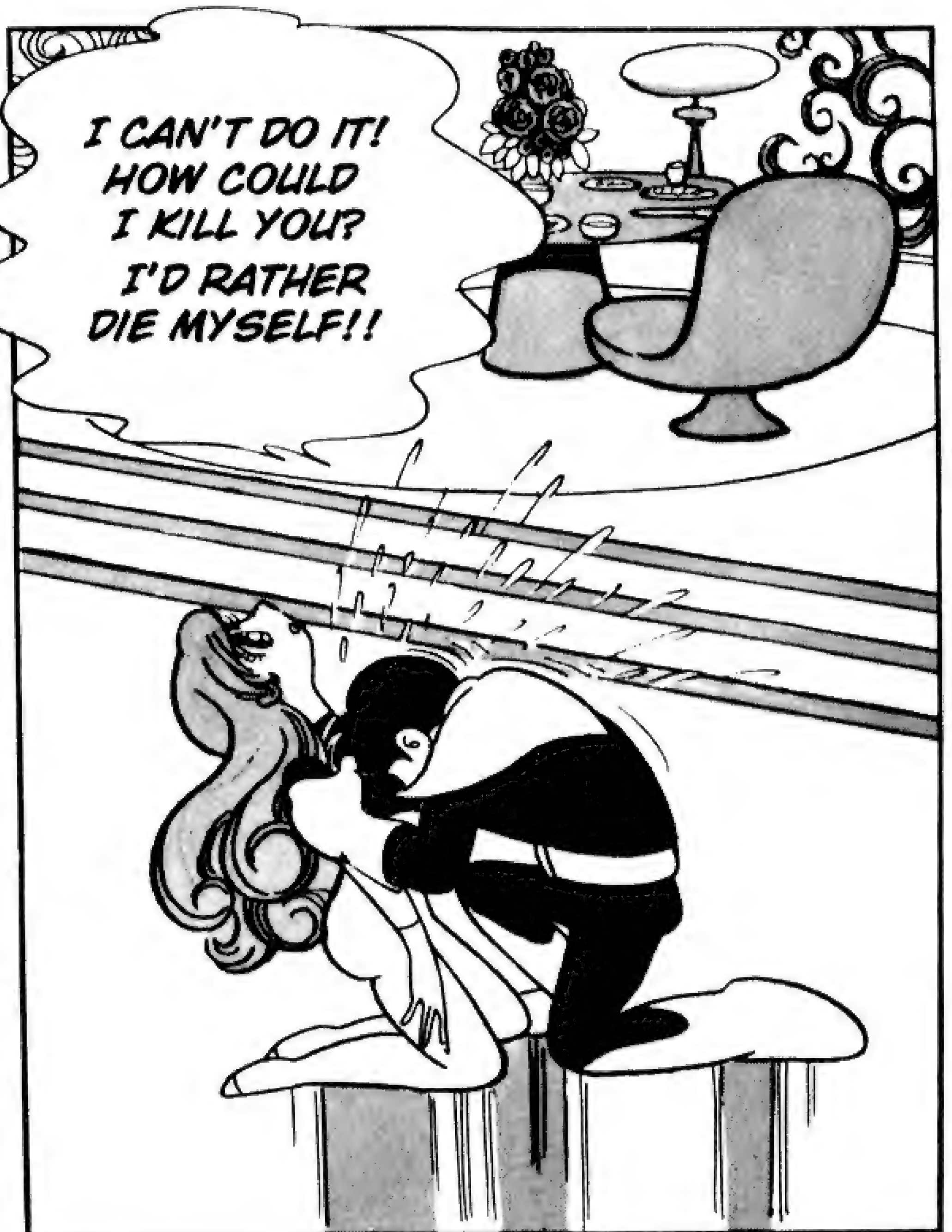




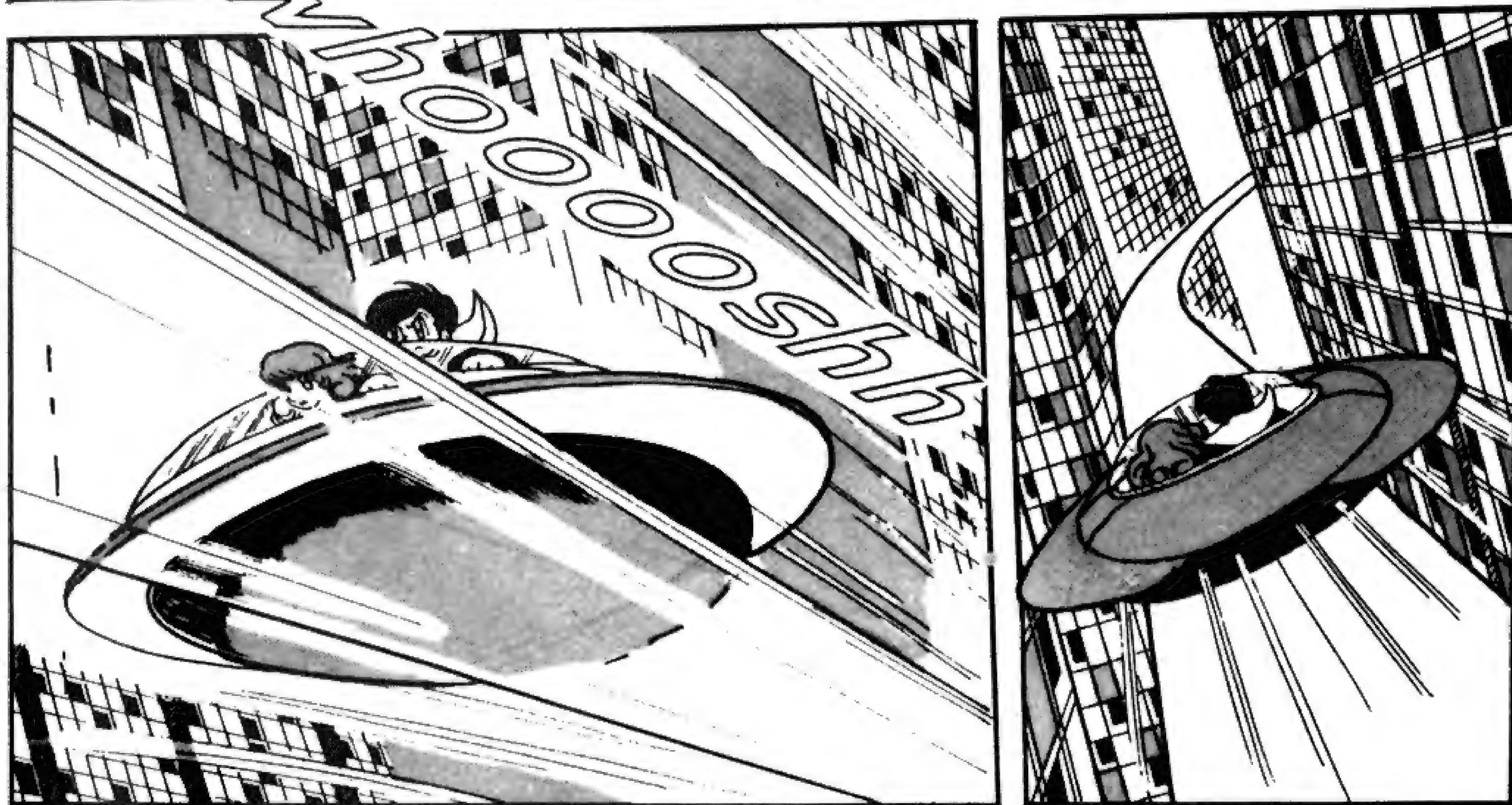
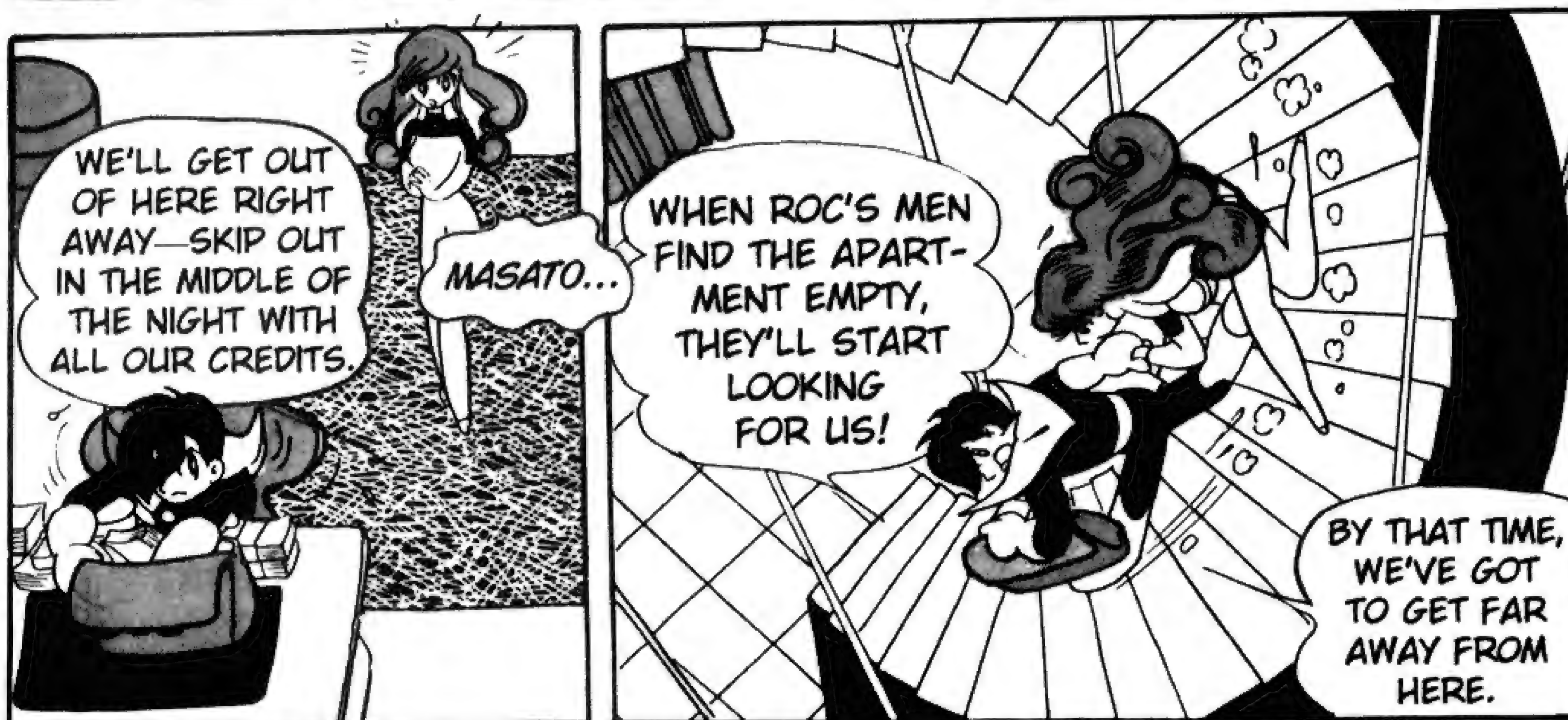




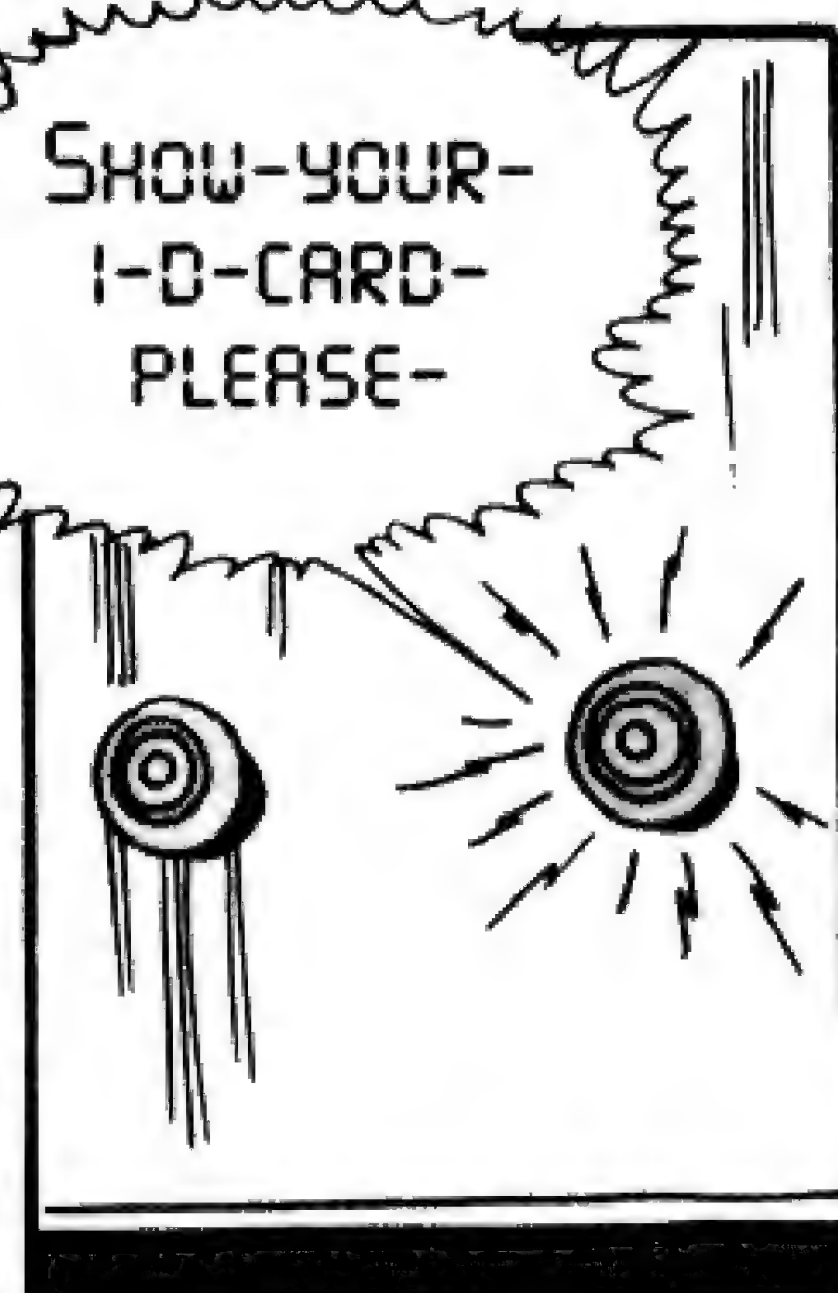
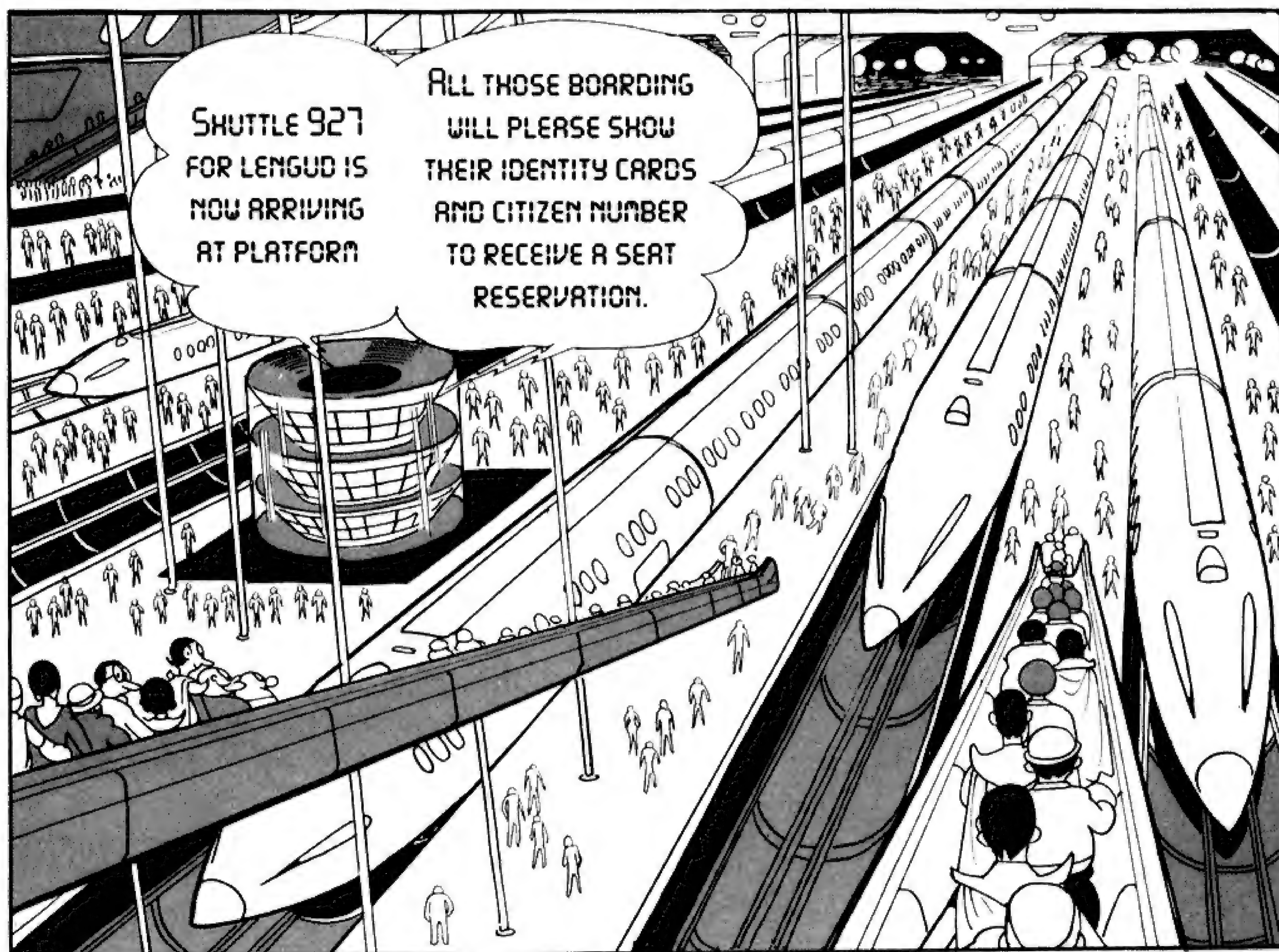




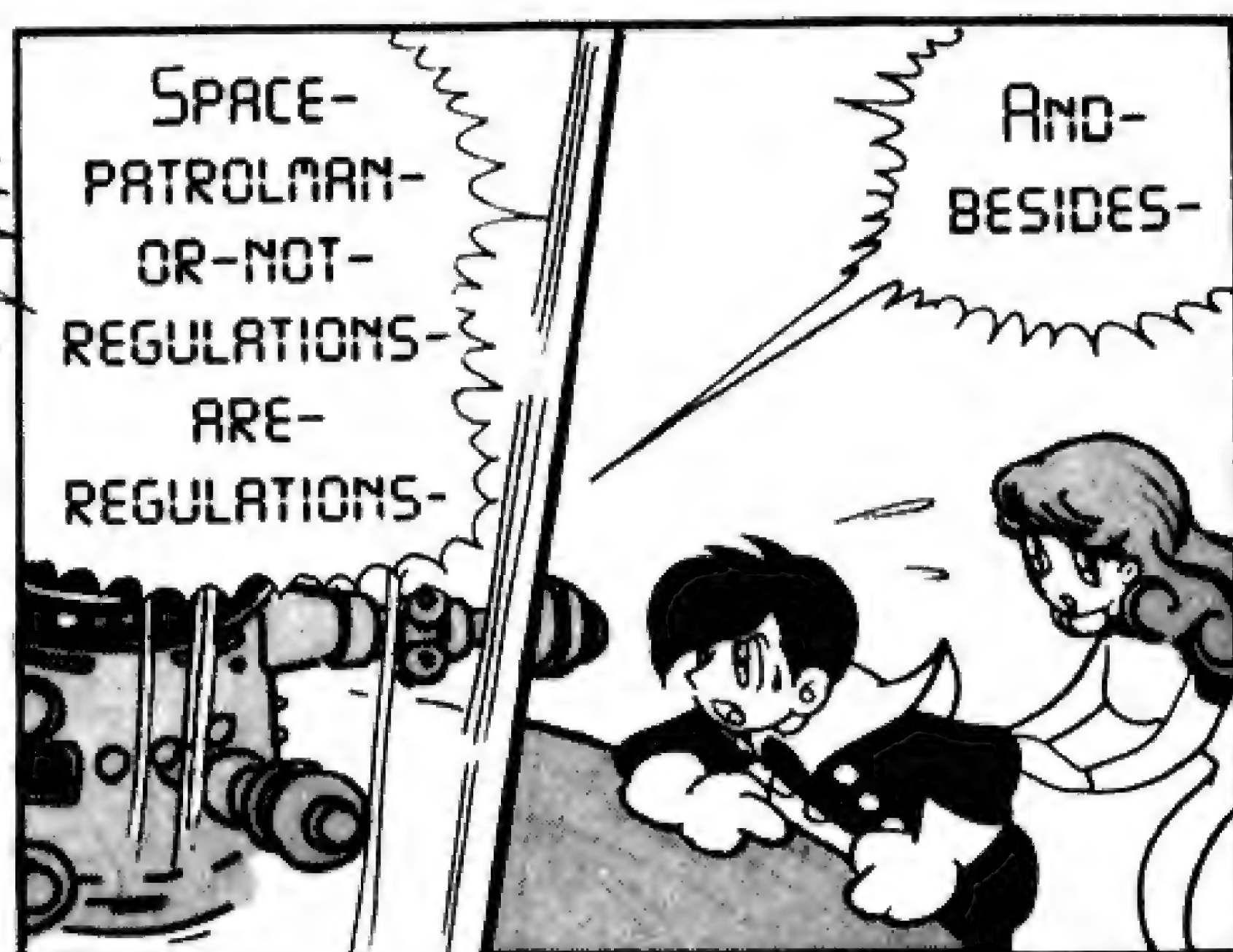




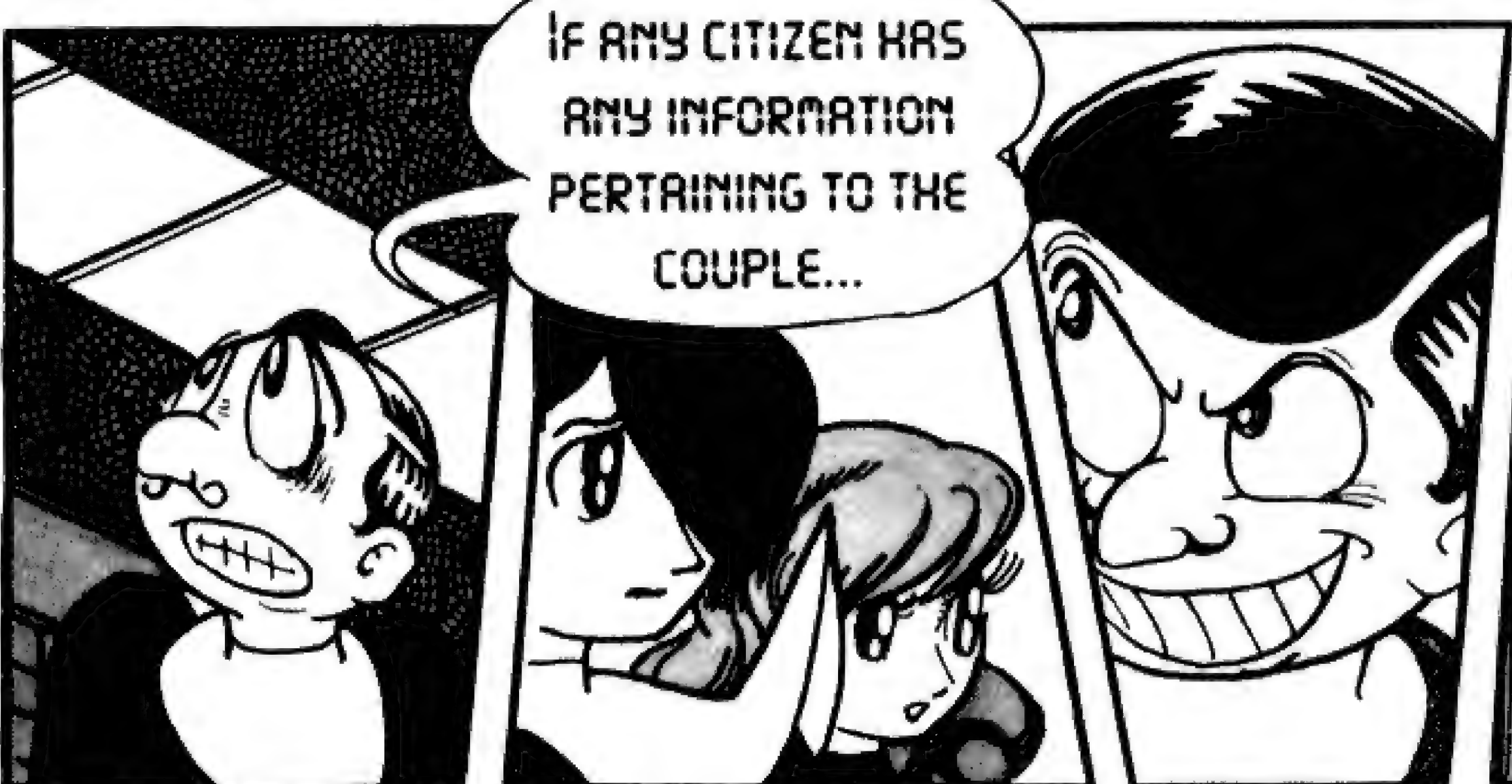
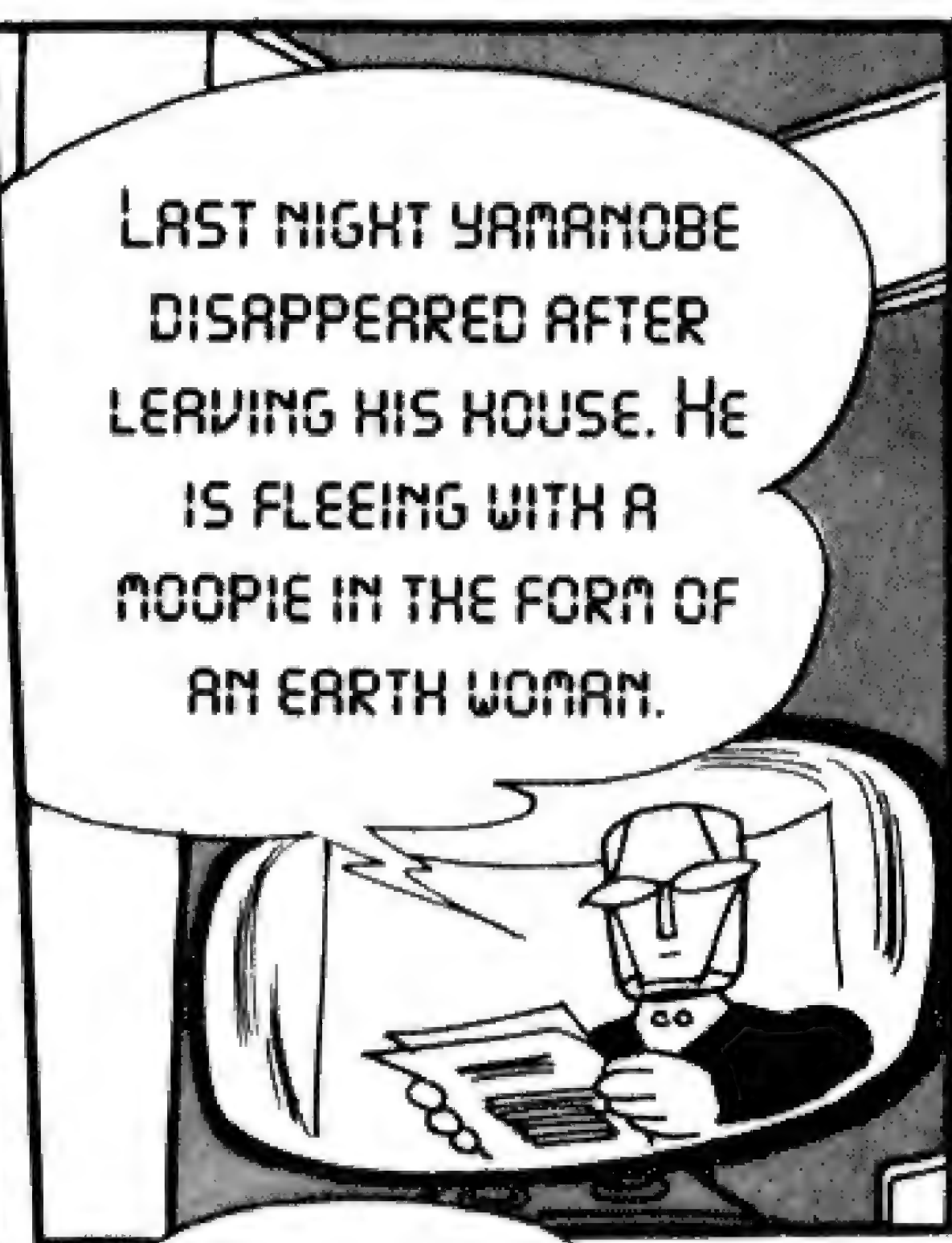
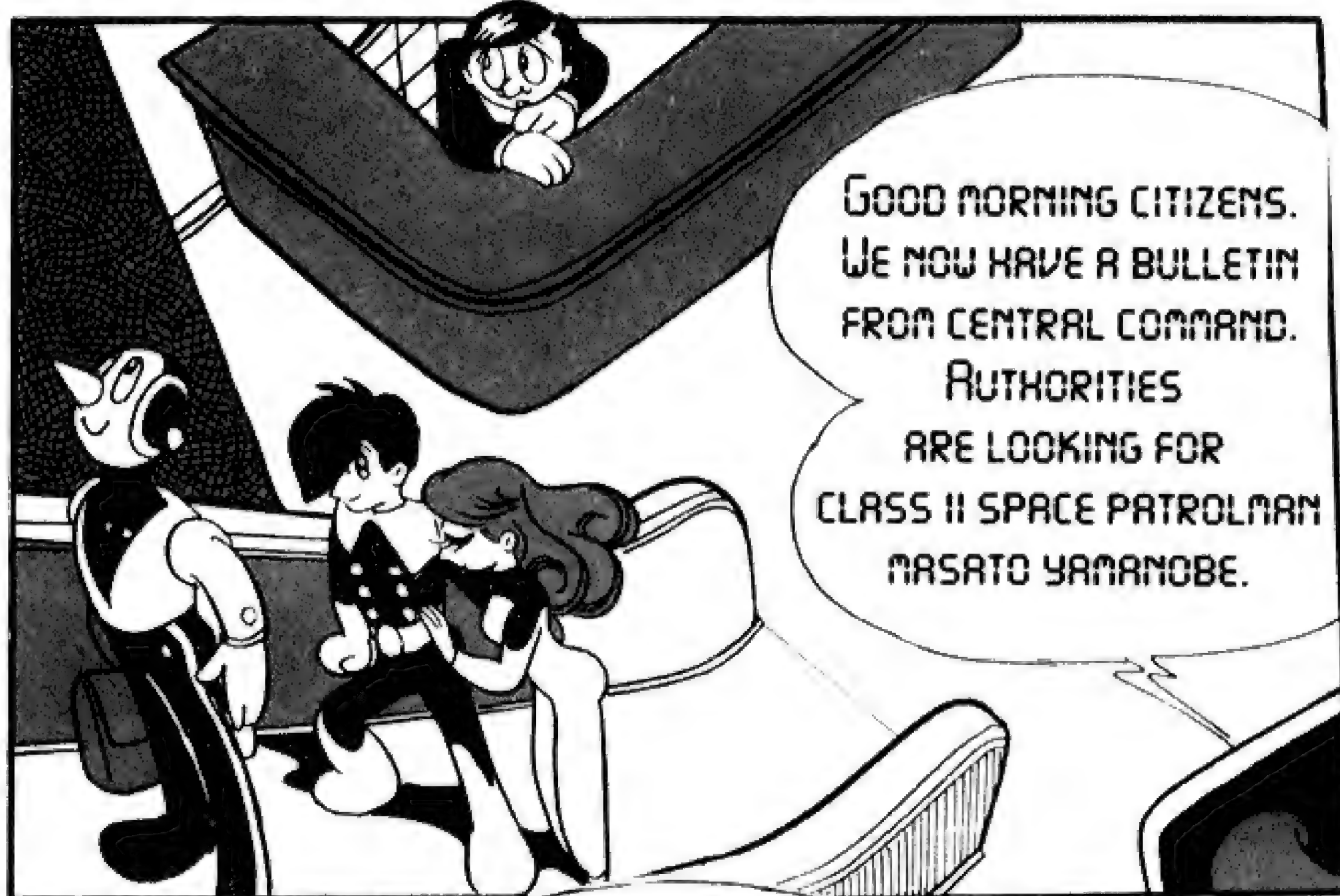
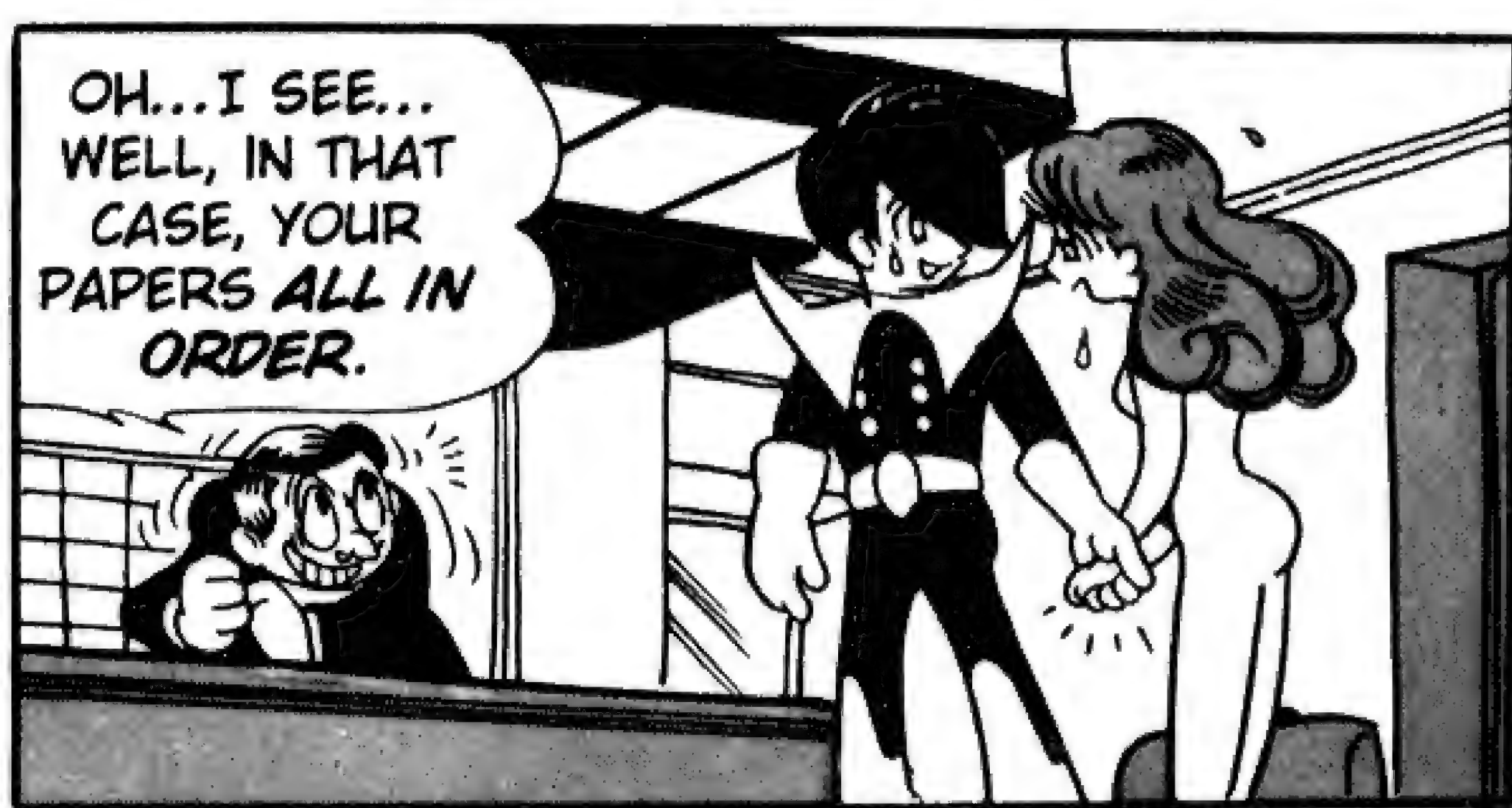




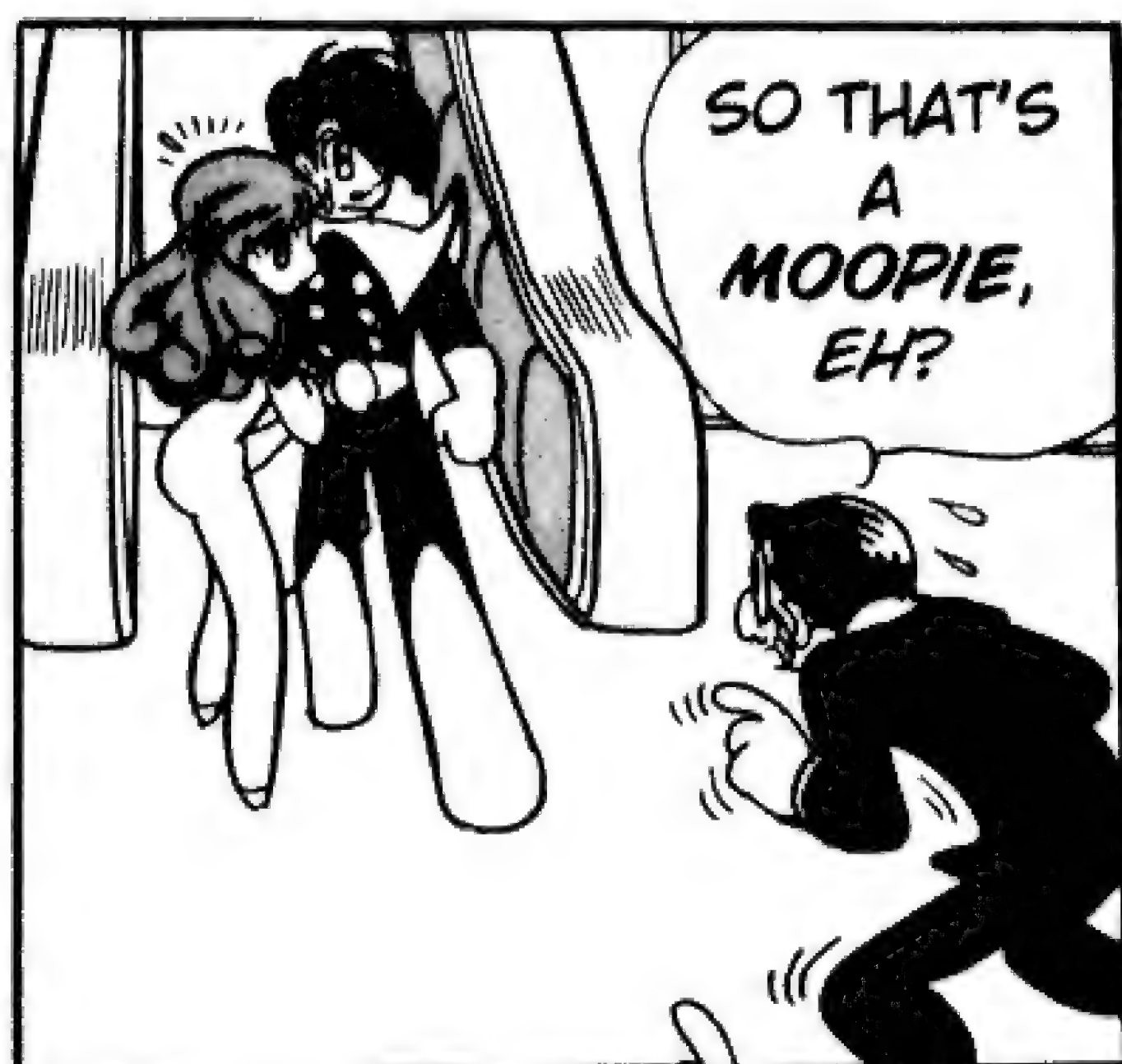












SO THAT'S  
A  
MOOPIE,  
EH?



I DIDN'T  
THINK  
ANY  
WERE  
LEFT...



HOW ABOUT  
LETTING ME  
TAKE HER  
OFF YOUR  
HANDS,  
EH?

I COULD GIVE YOU,  
SAY...5000 CREDITS  
FOR HER...HOW  
ABOUT IT?

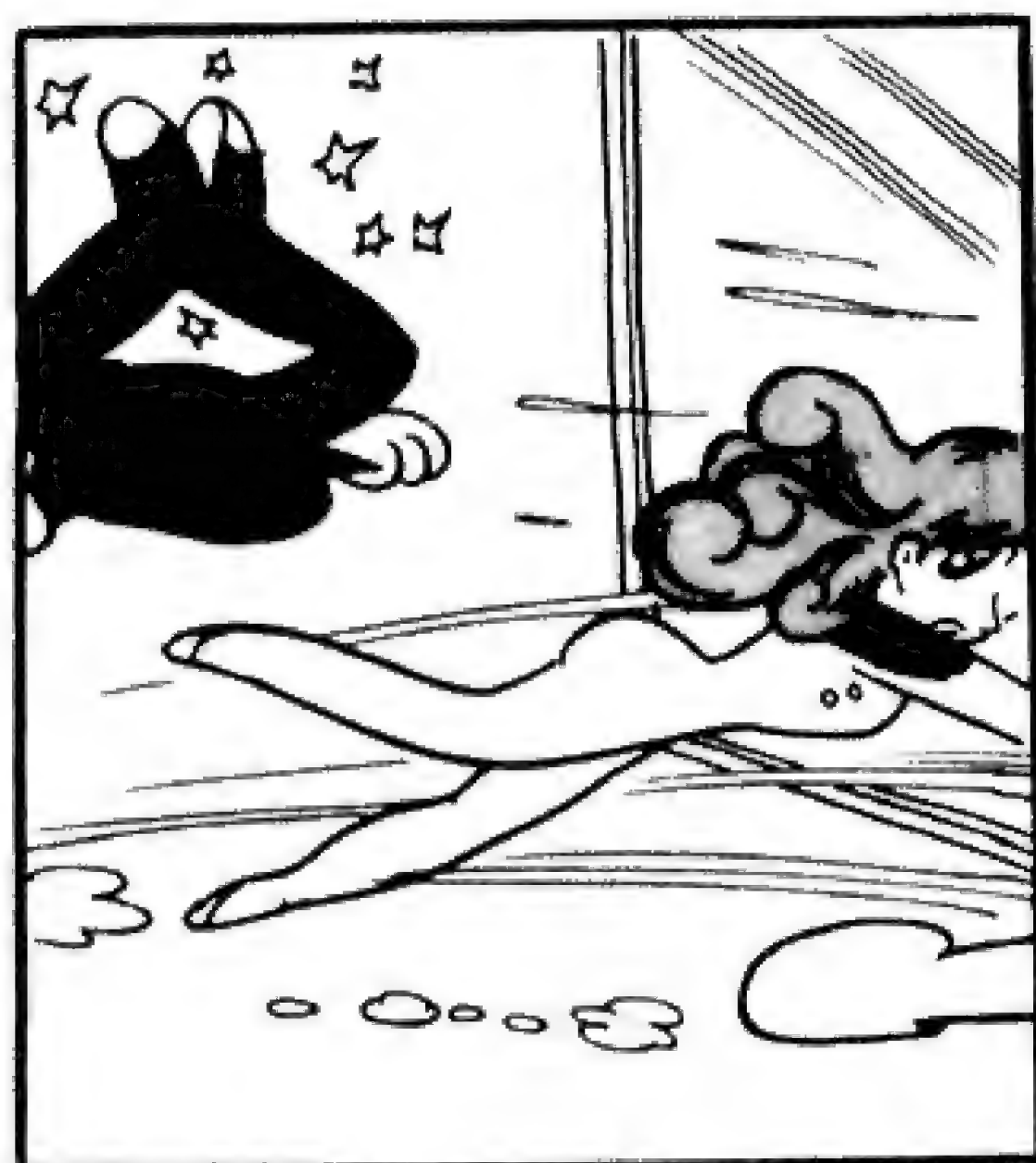


WAIT!  
MAKE IT  
6000!

IF YOU SELL  
HER TO ME I  
WON'T TELL A  
SOUL ABOUT YOU!

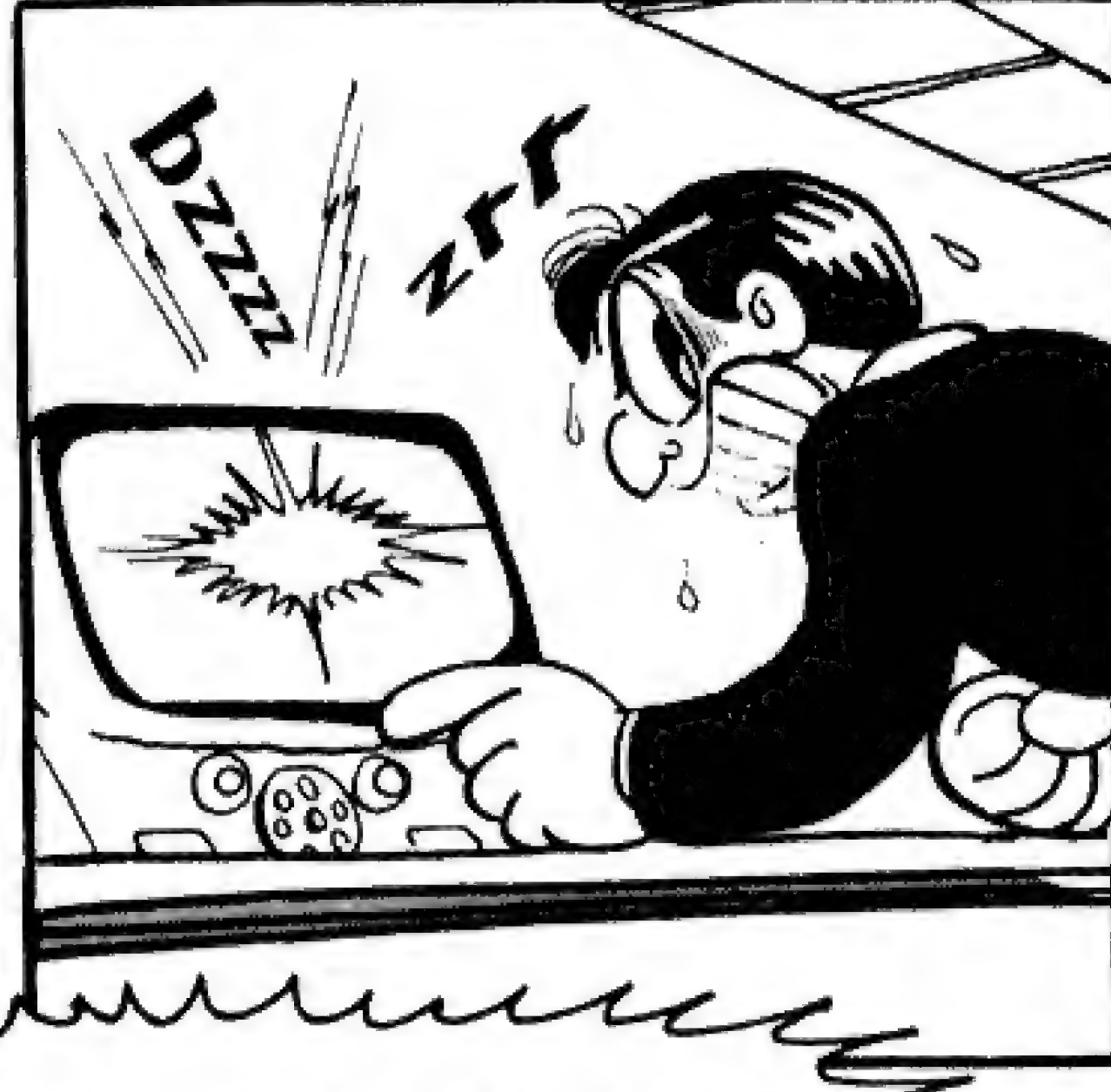


KAPOW!!

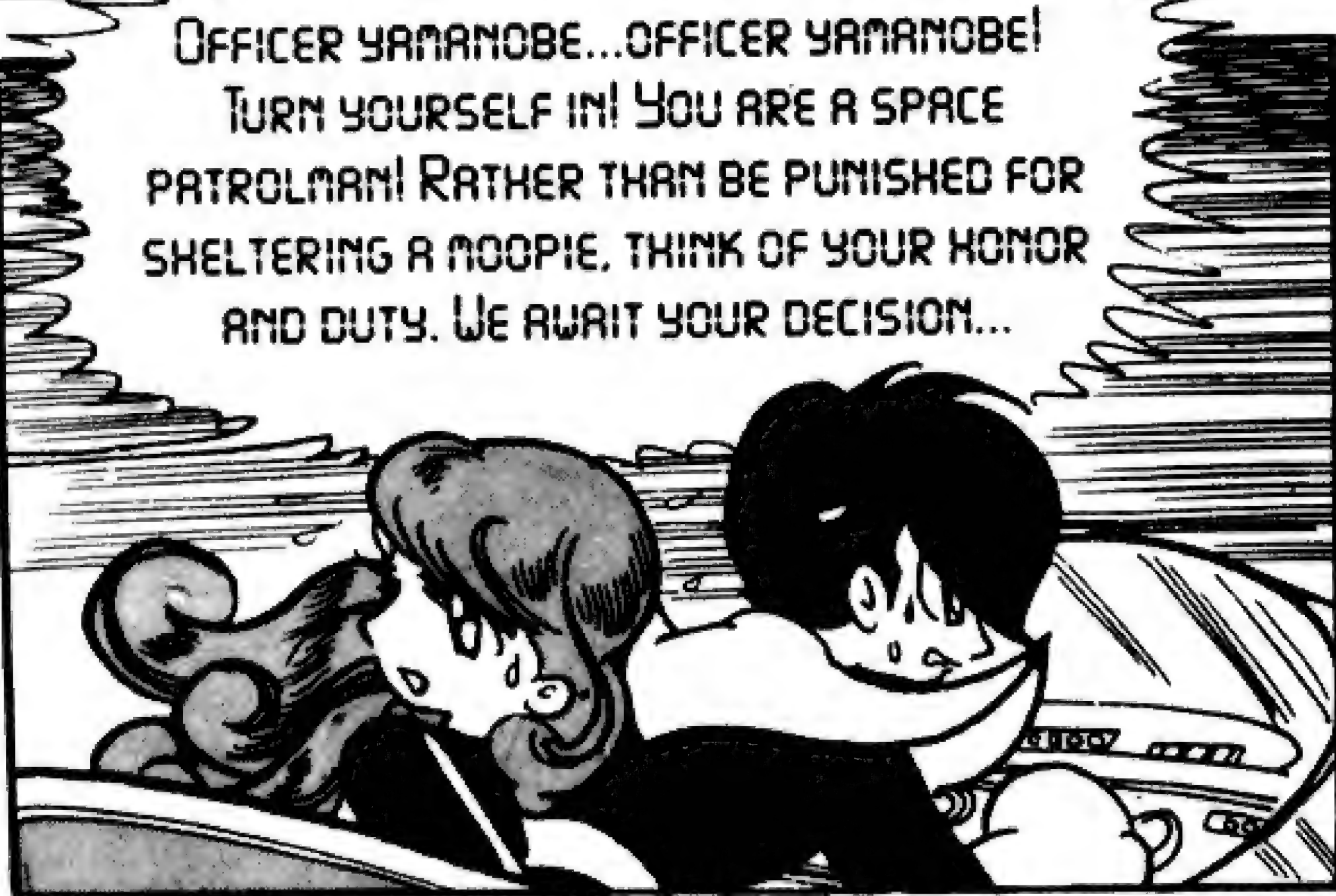
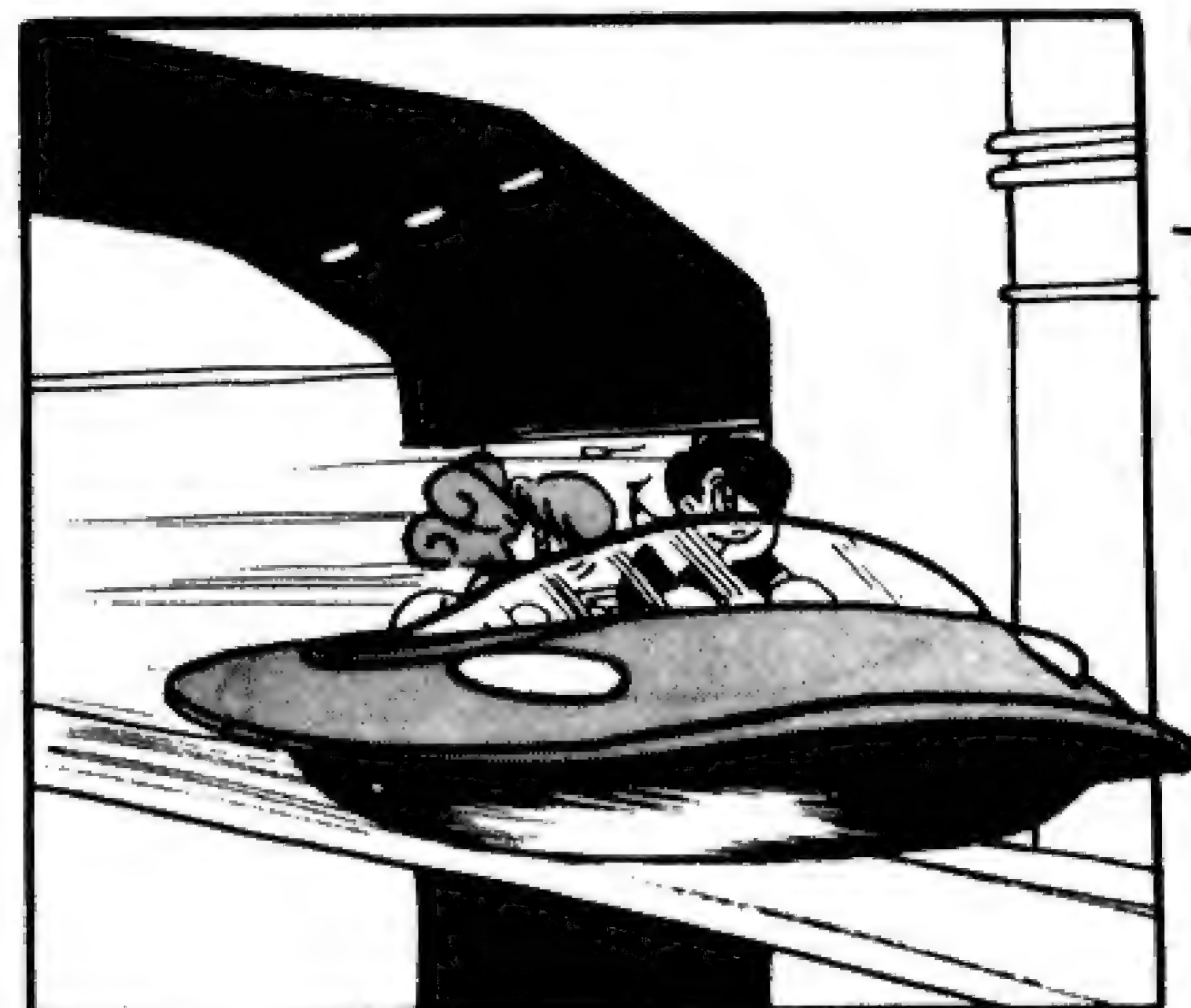


DAMN!!

FUKU  
WARAI

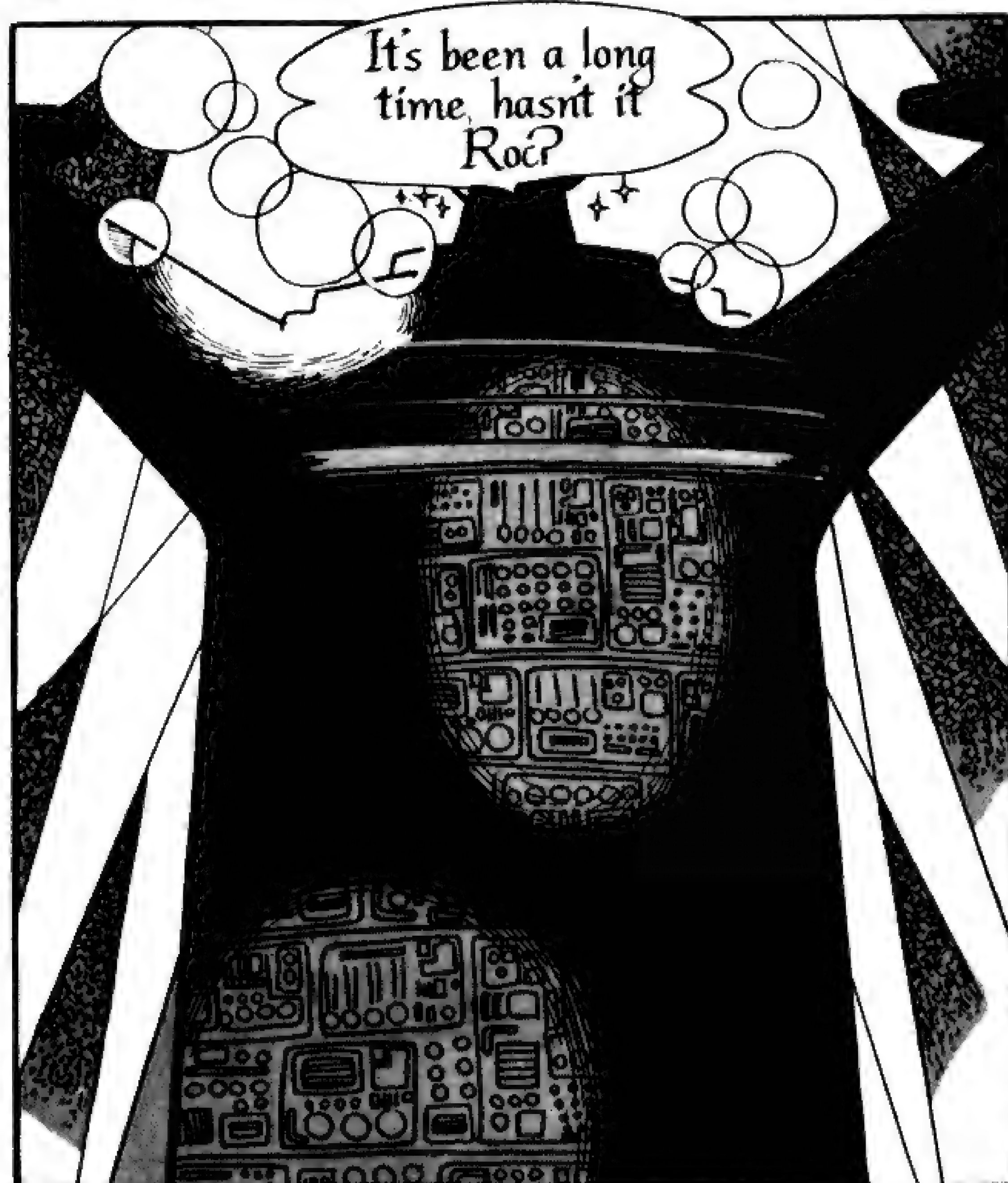
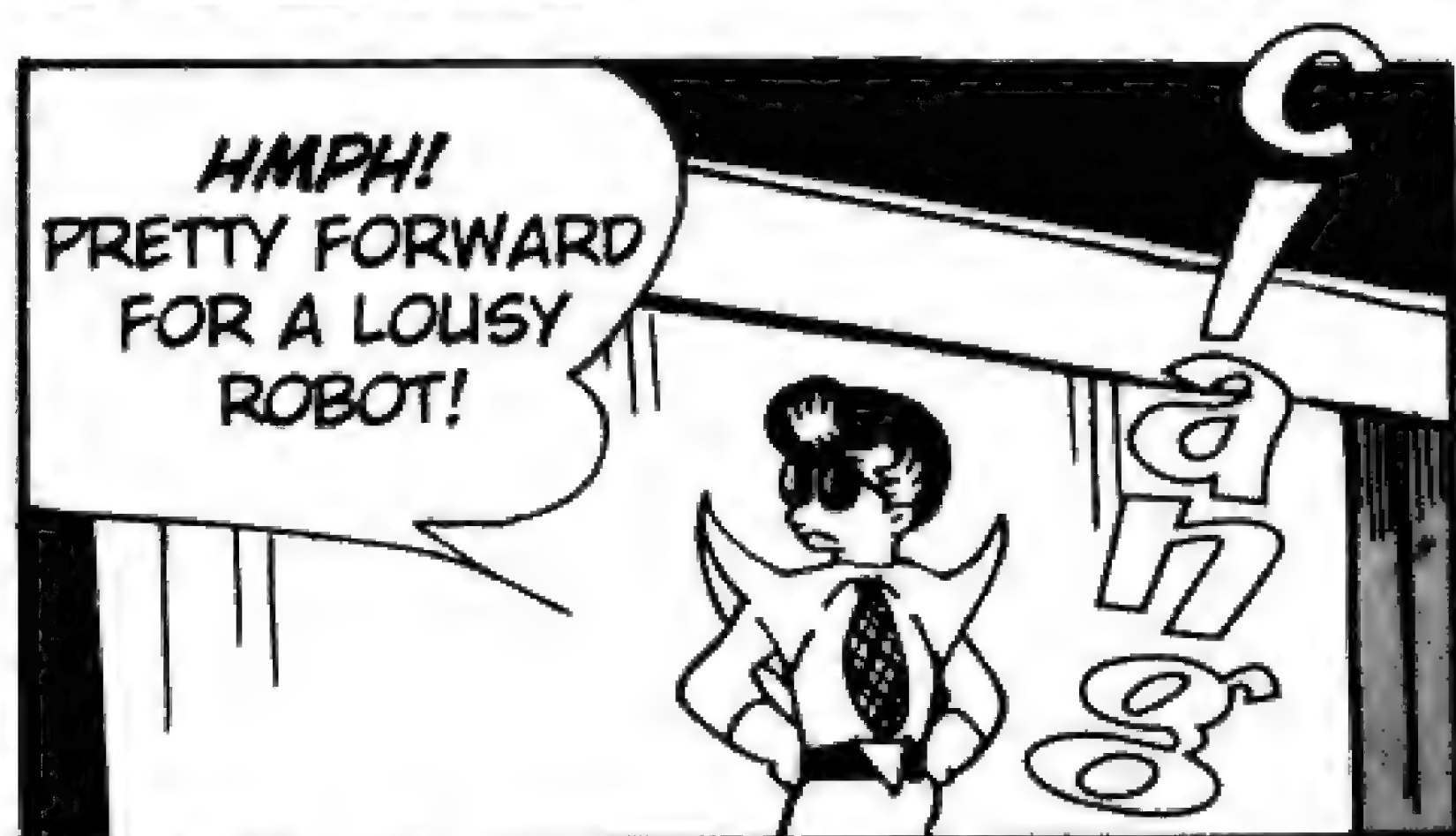
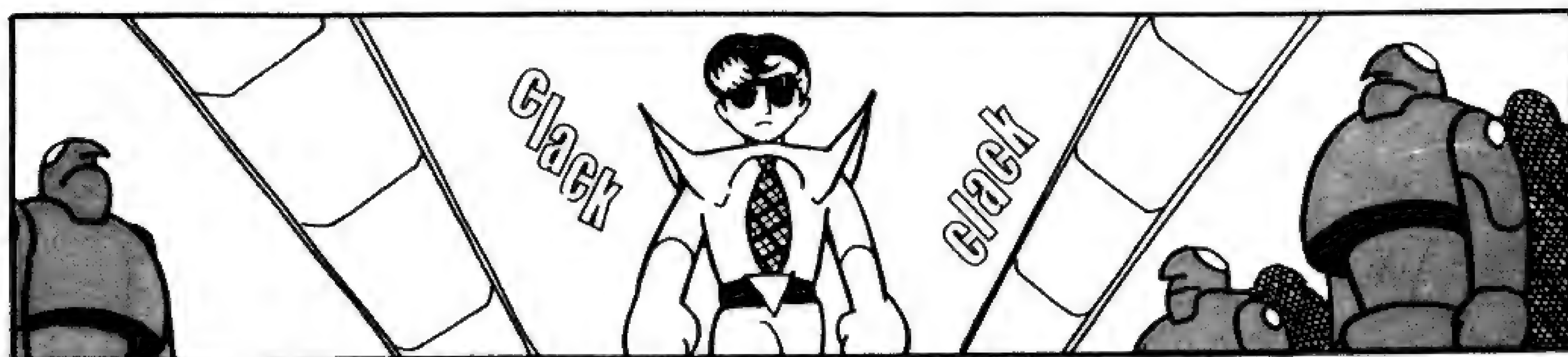


BZZZ  
ZRR

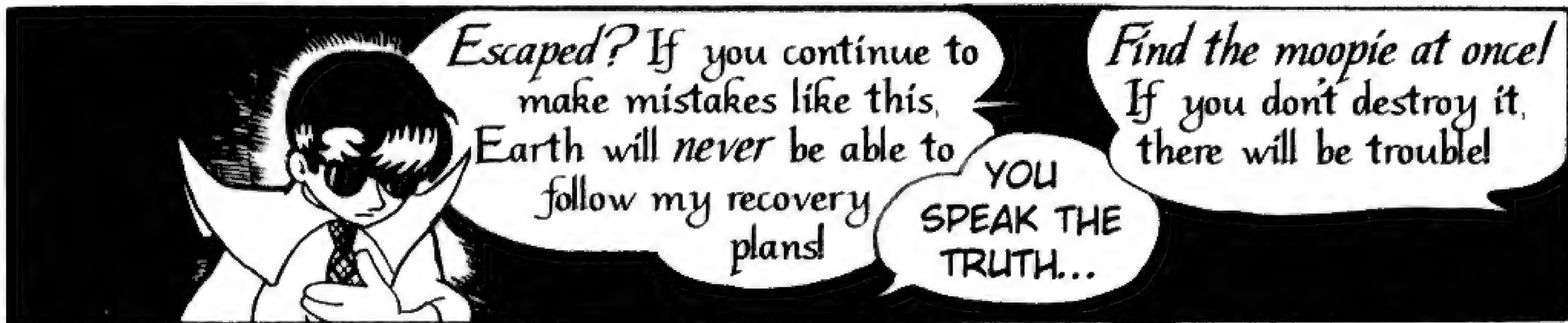
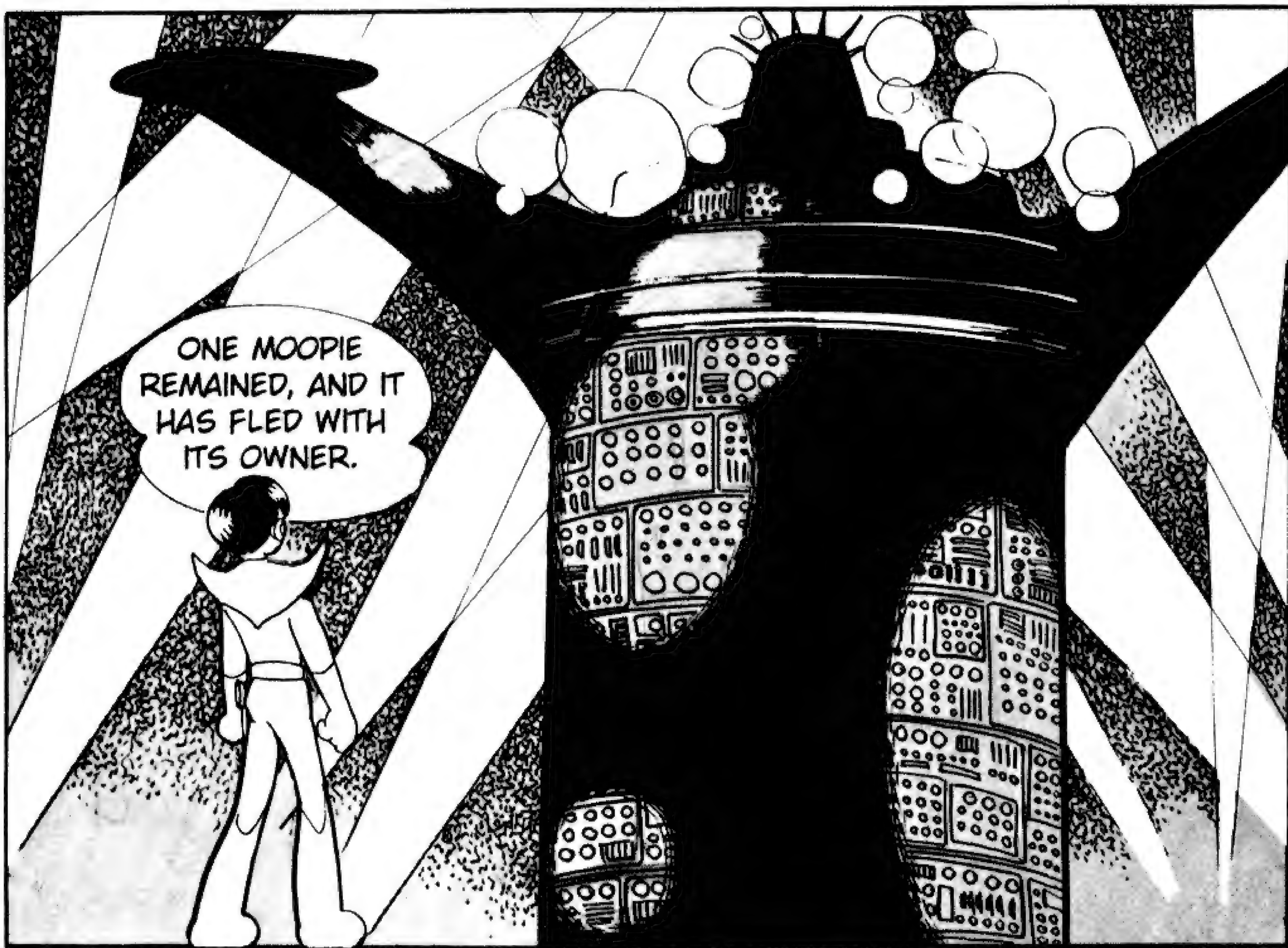
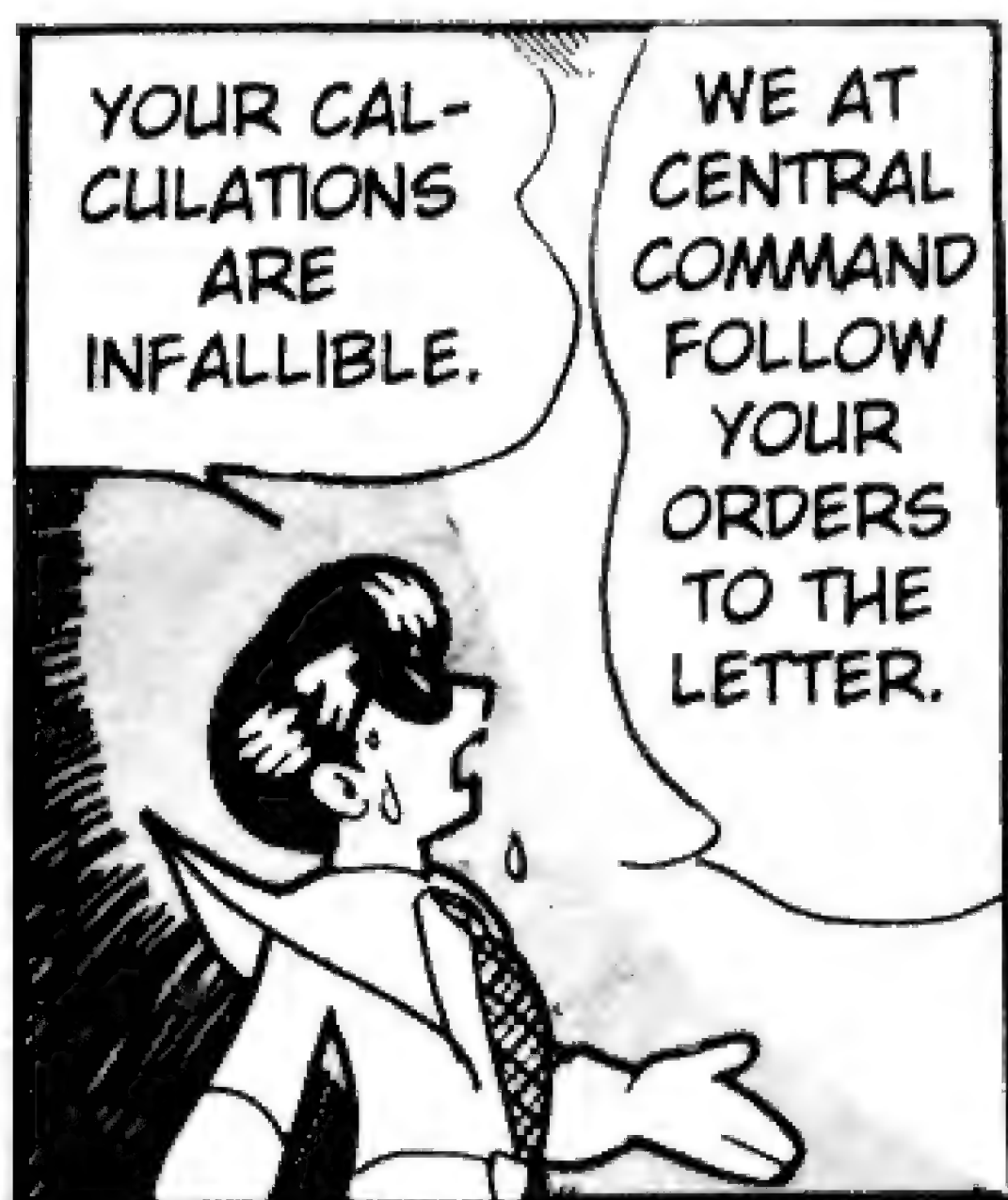


OFFICER YAMANUBE...OFFICER YAMANUBE!  
TURN YOURSELF IN! YOU ARE A SPACE  
PATROLMAN! RATHER THAN BE PUNISHED FOR  
SHELTERING A MOOPIE, THINK OF YOUR HONOR  
AND DUTY. WE AWAIT YOUR DECISION...

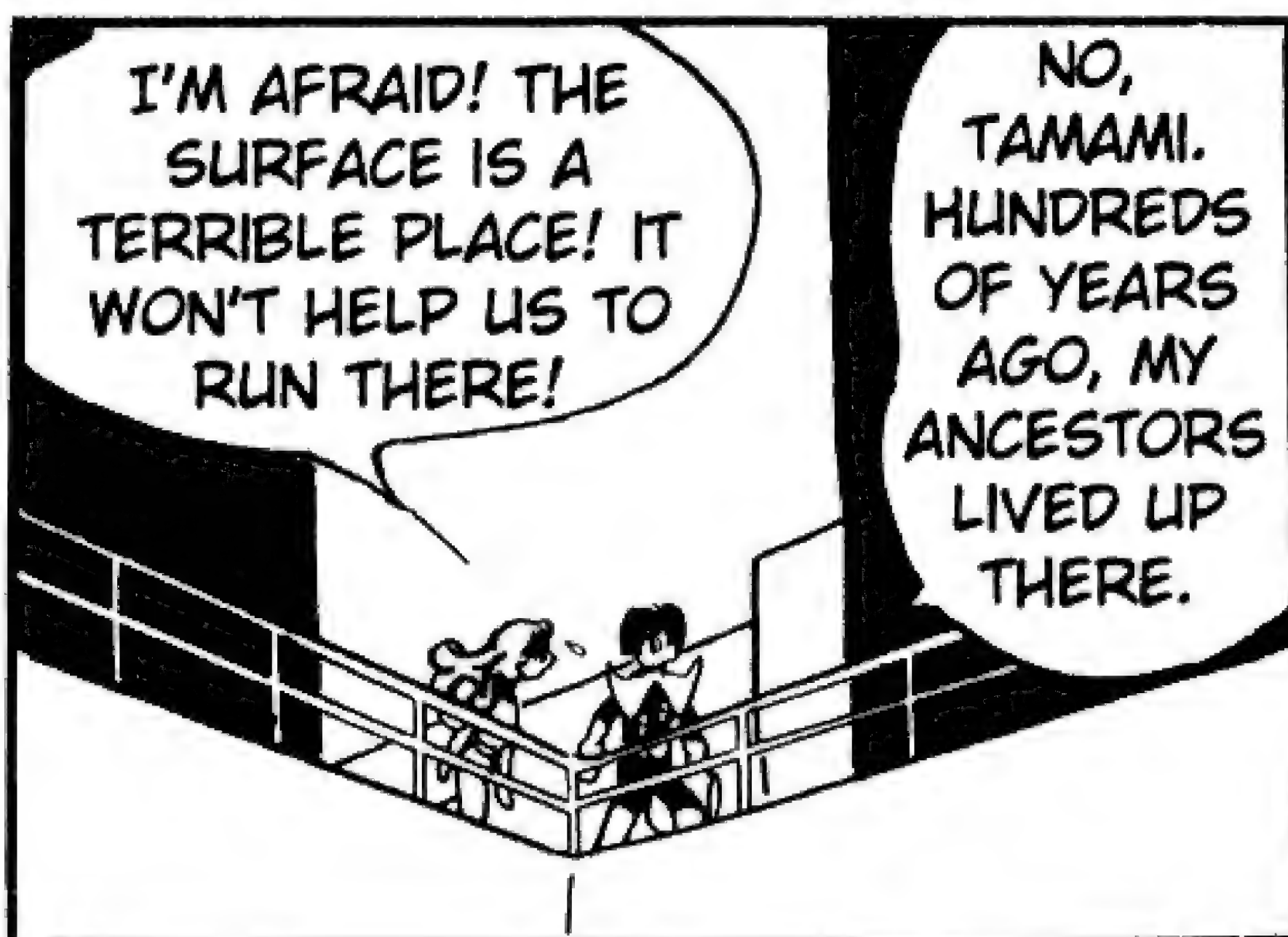
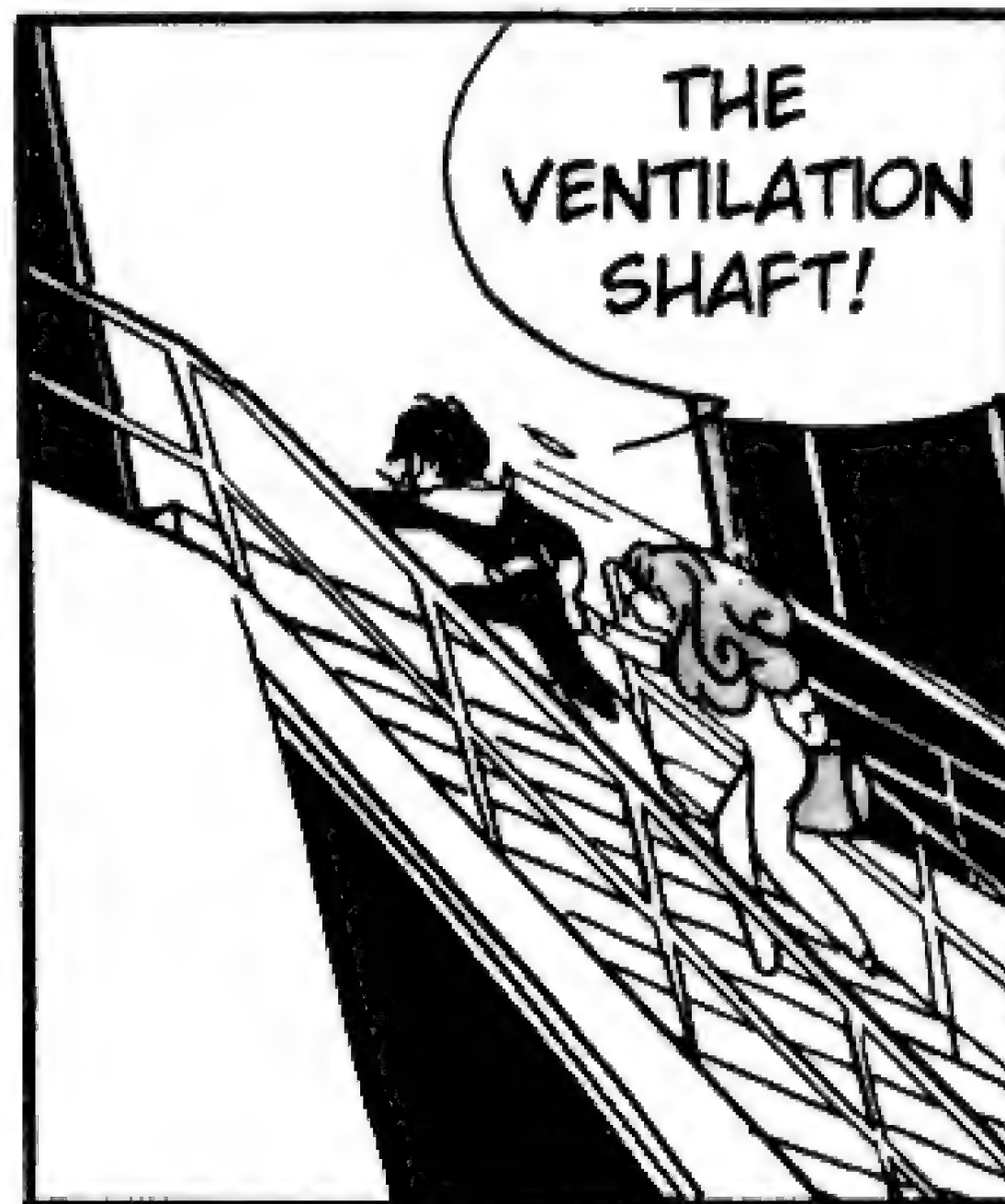
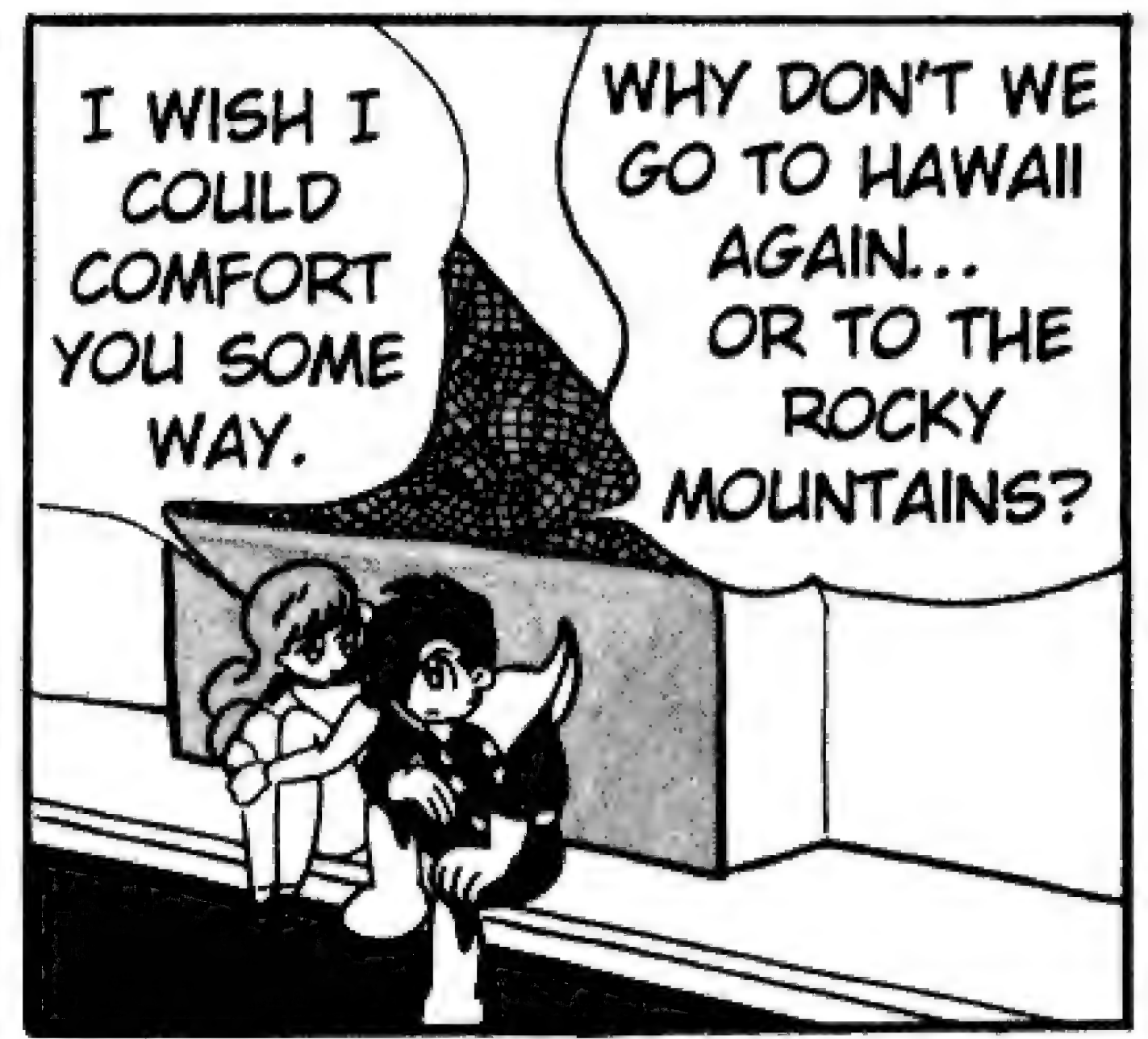
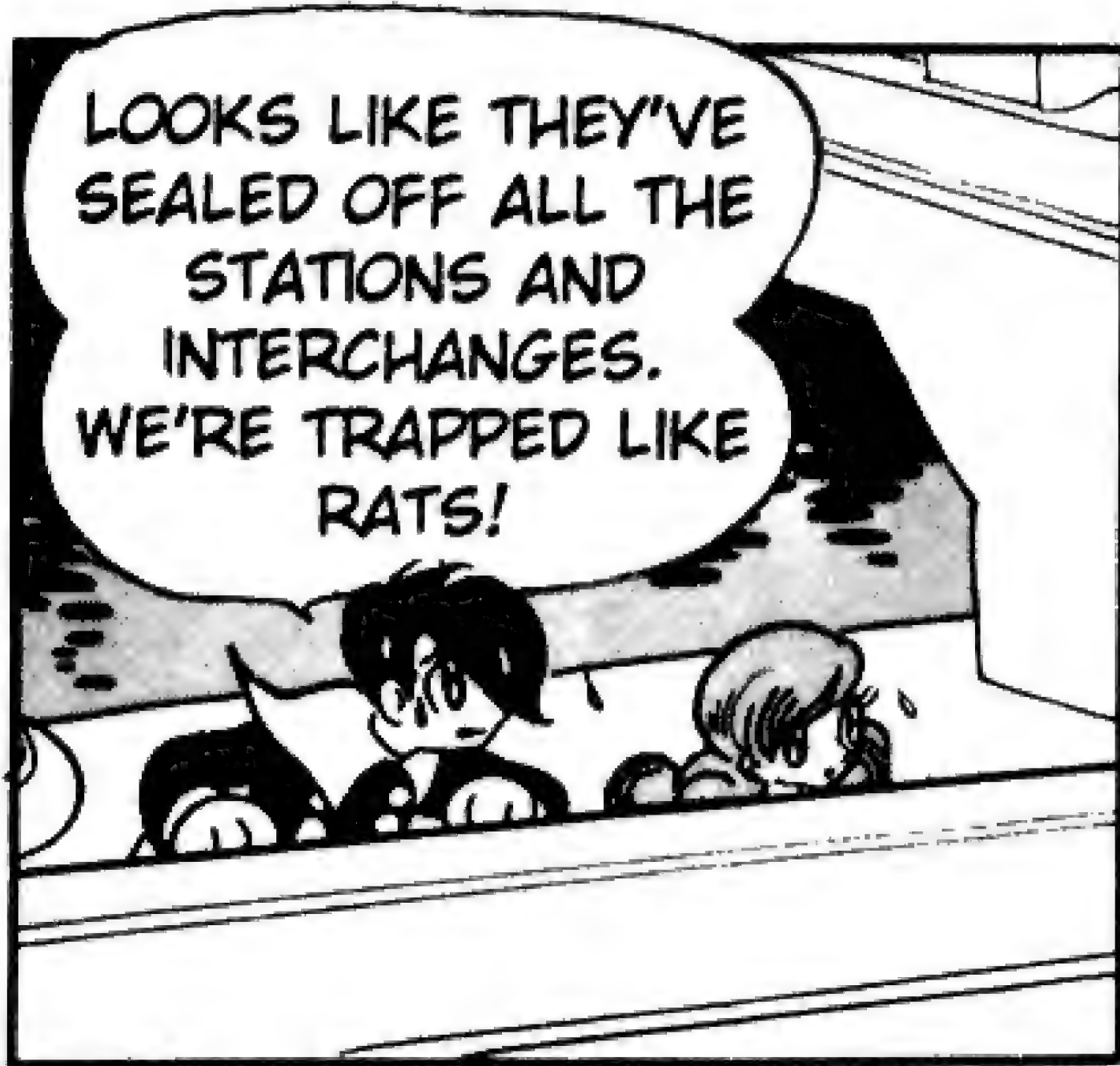




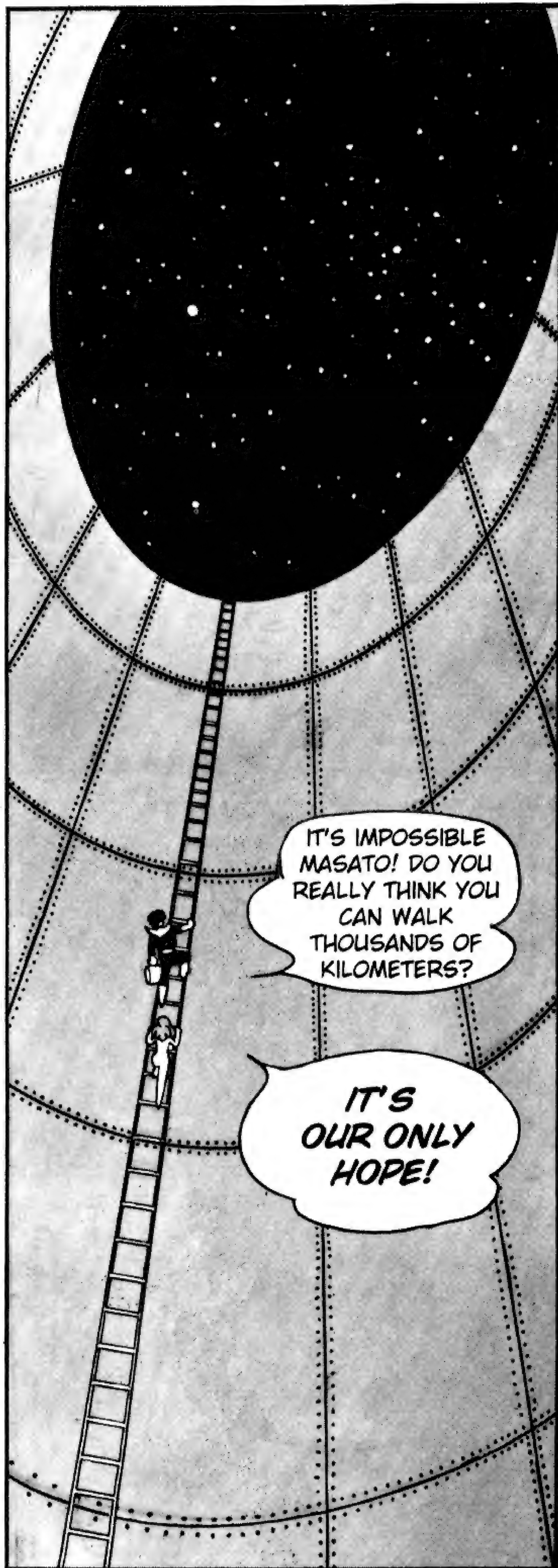
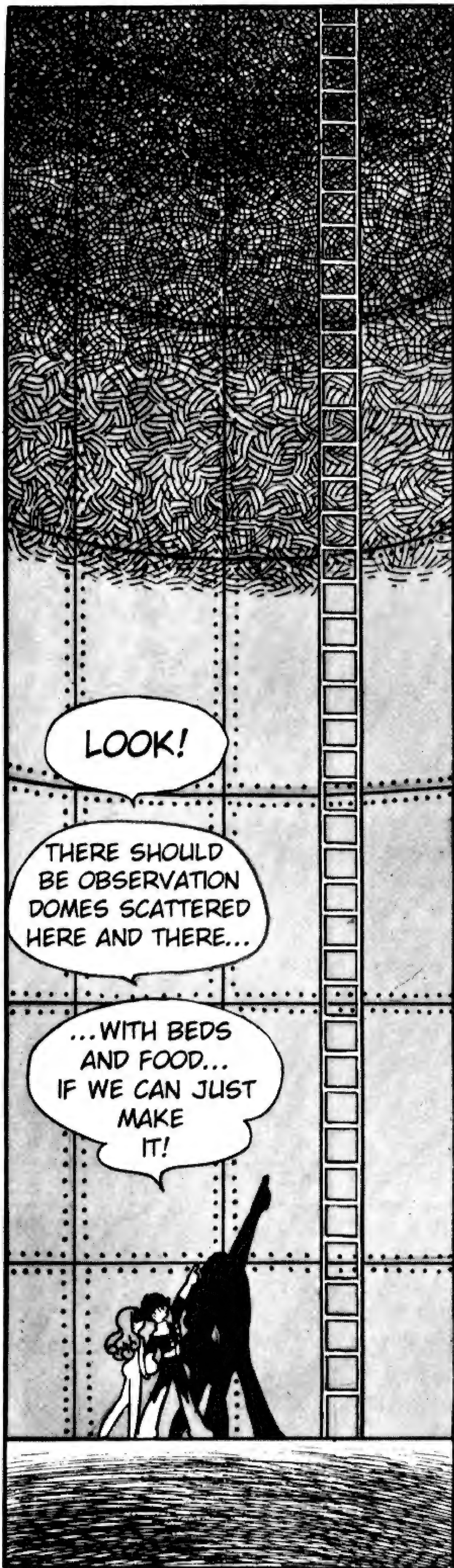








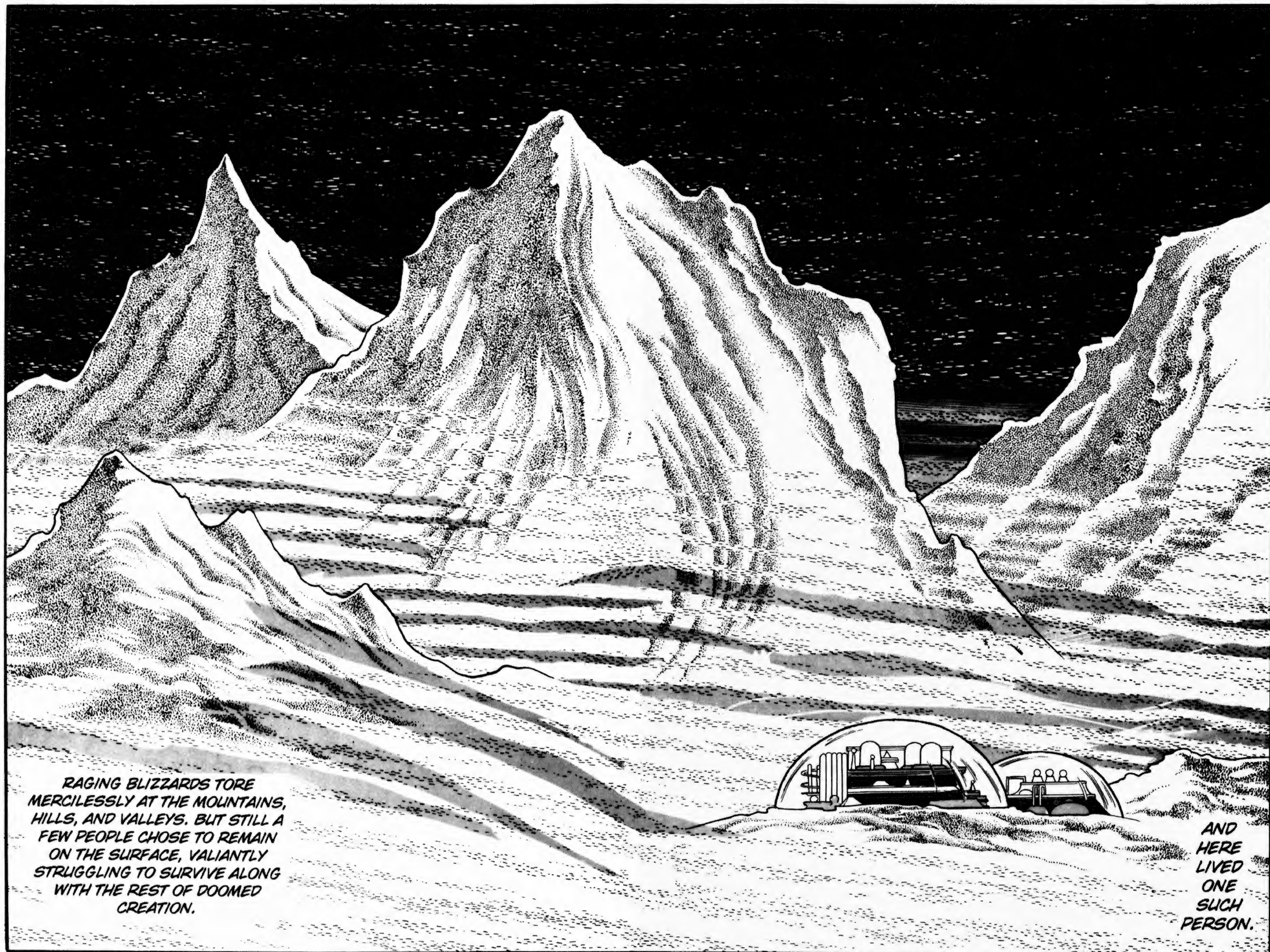








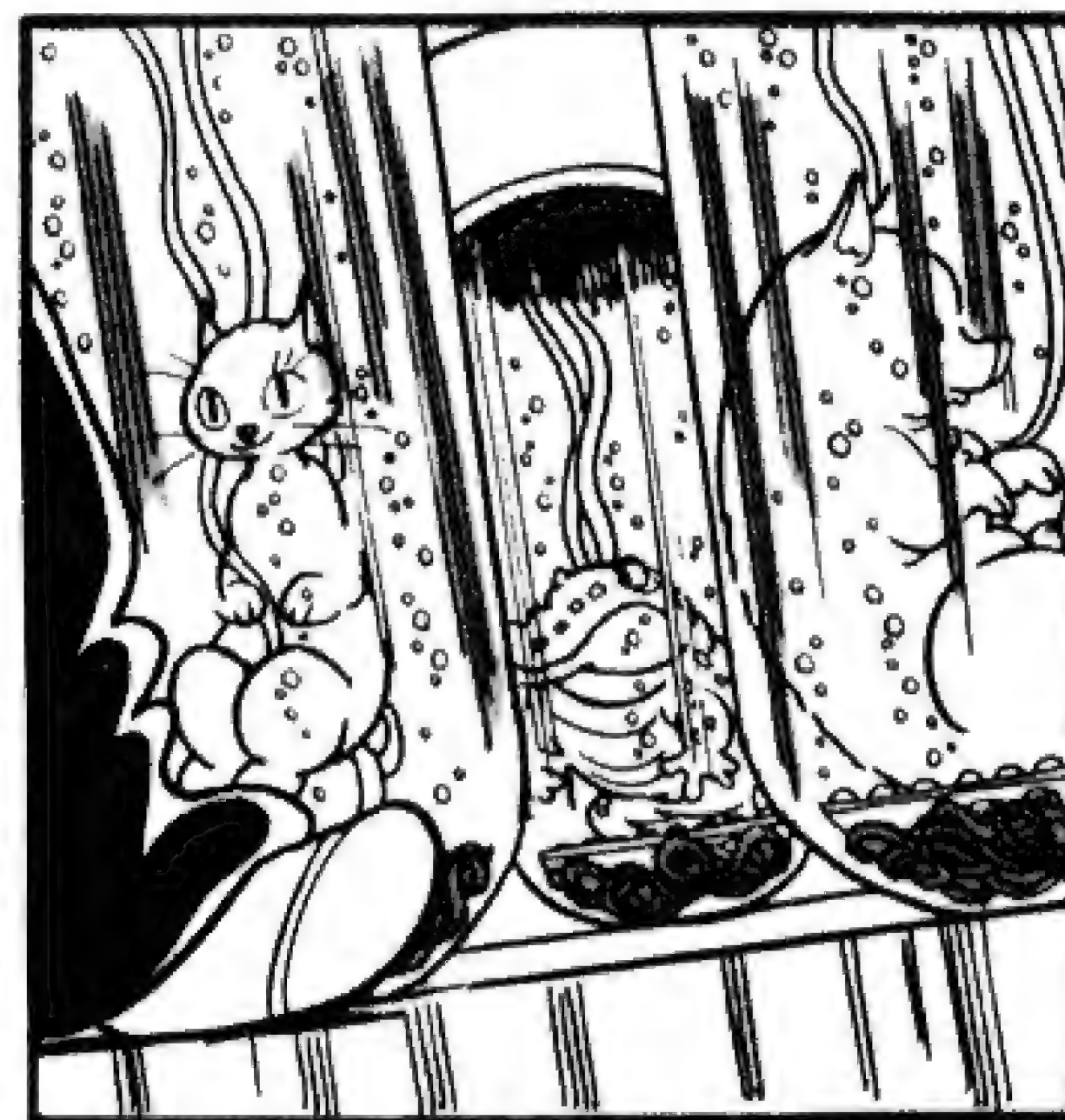
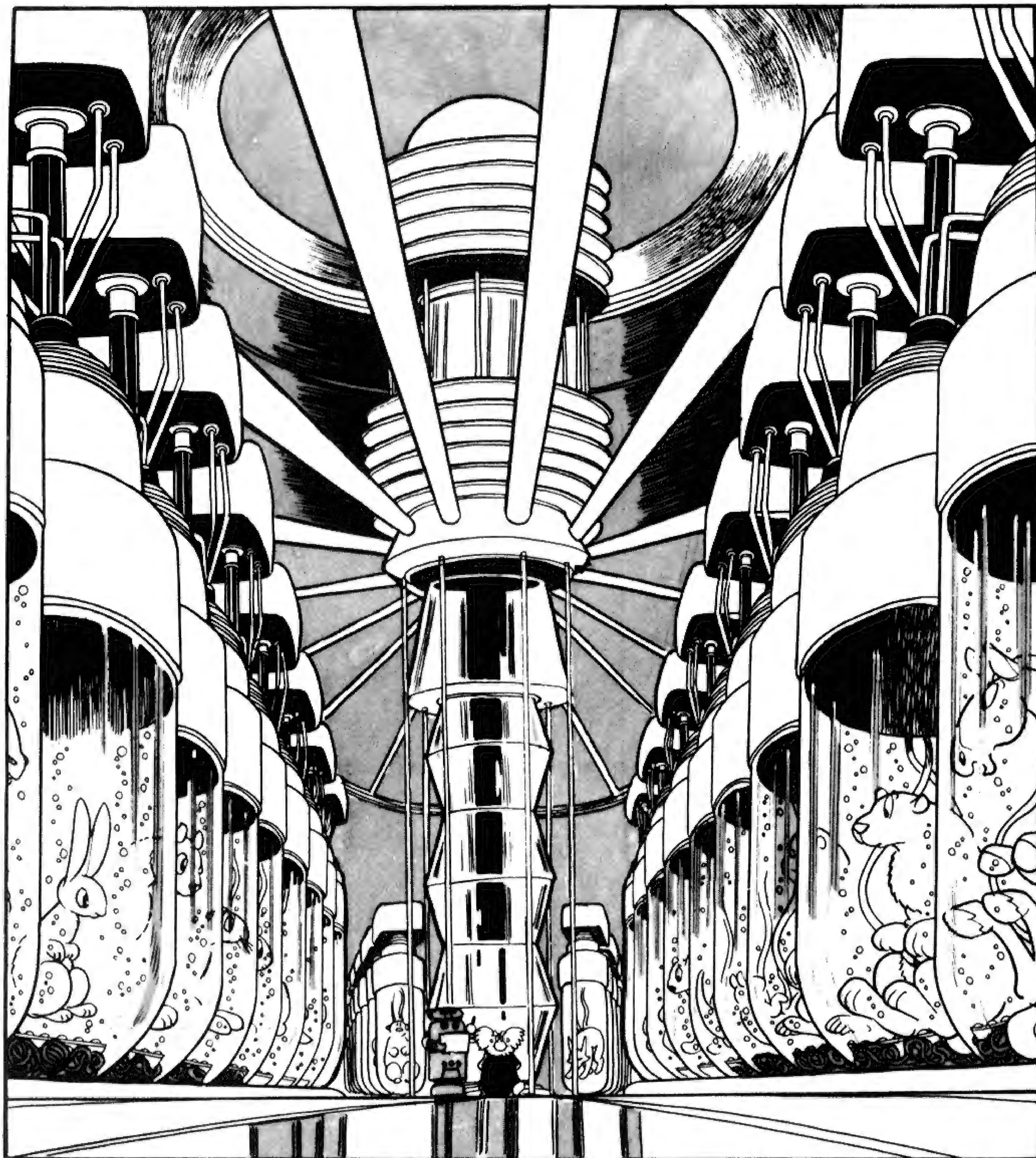




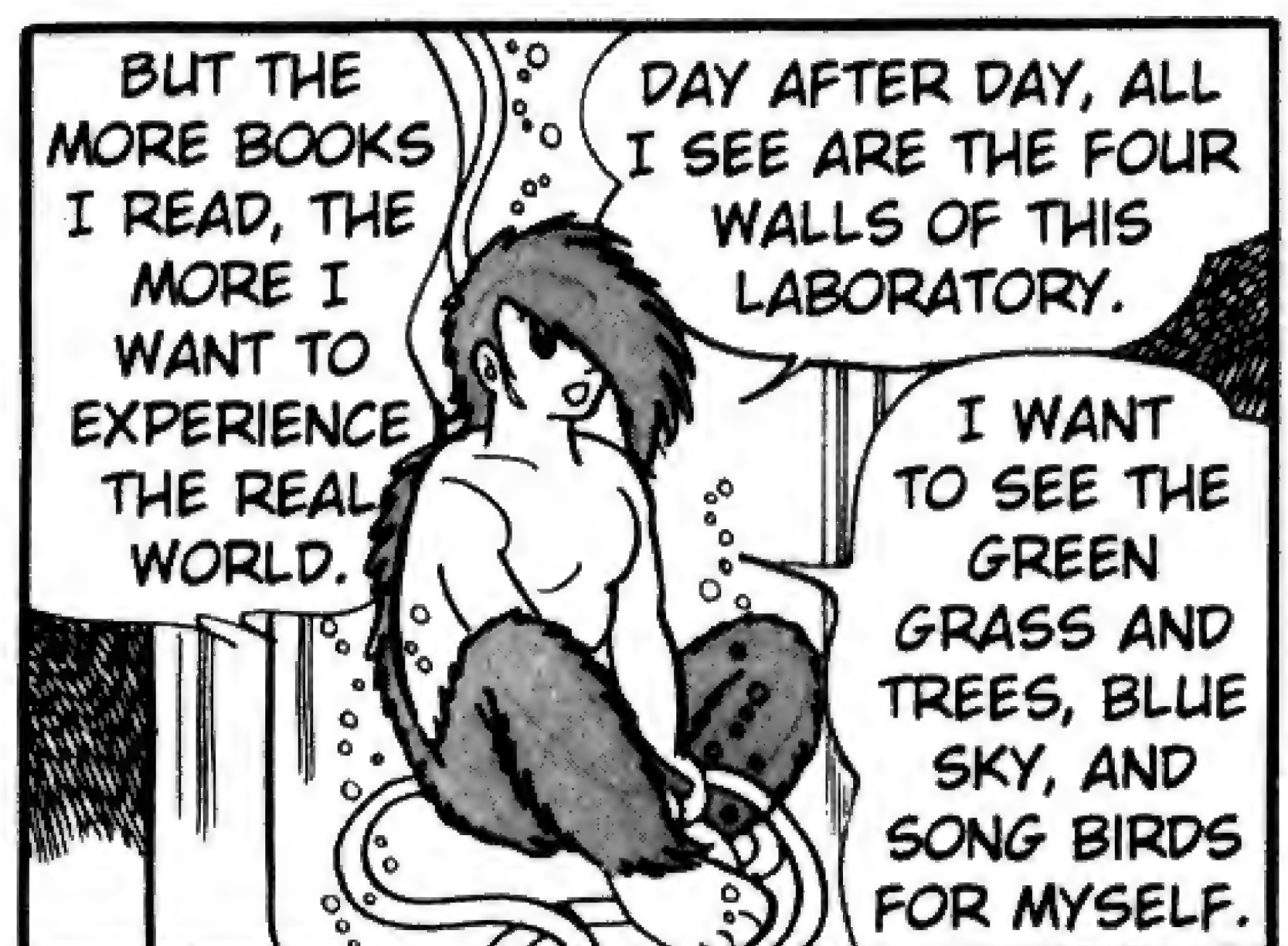
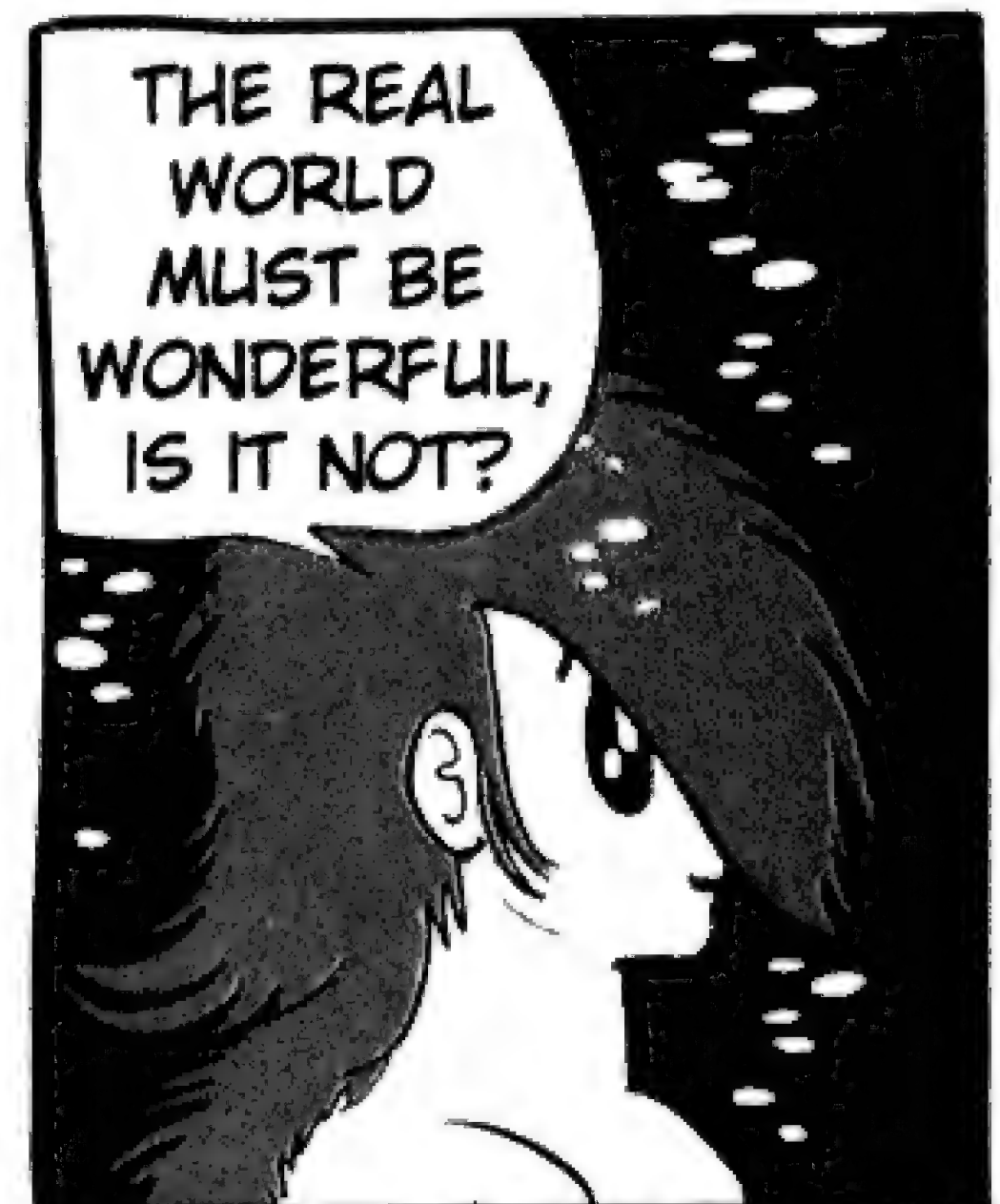
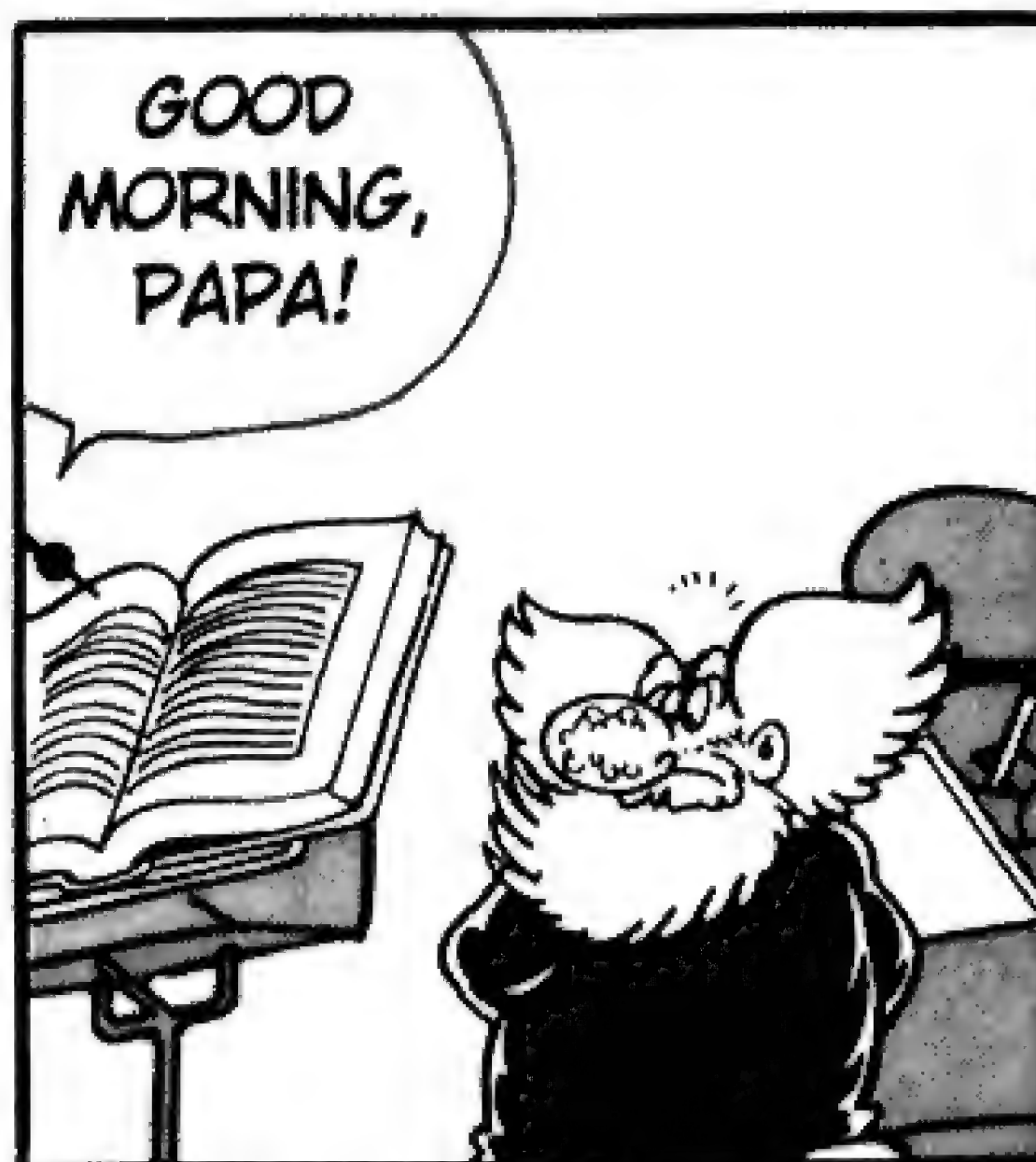
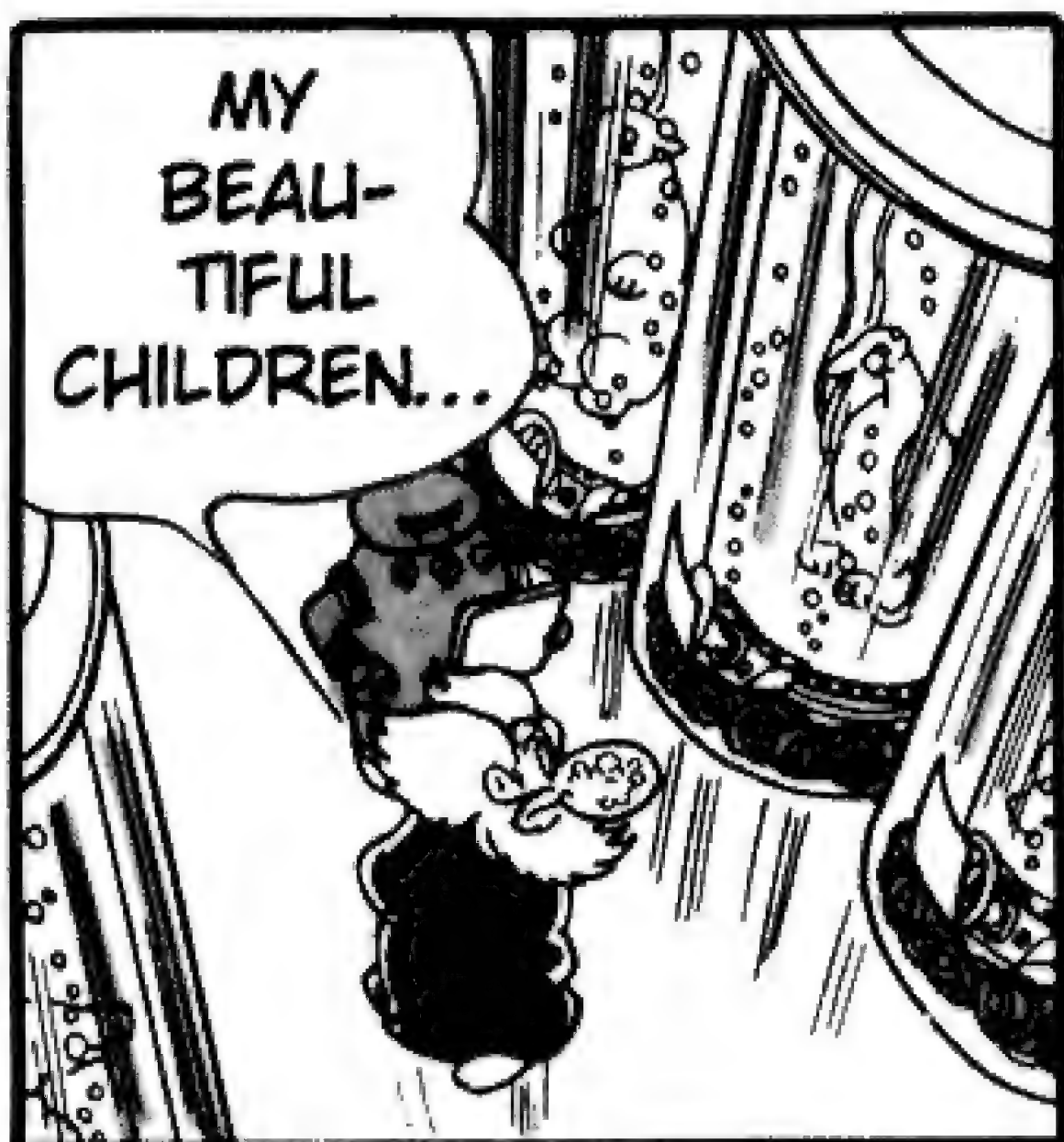
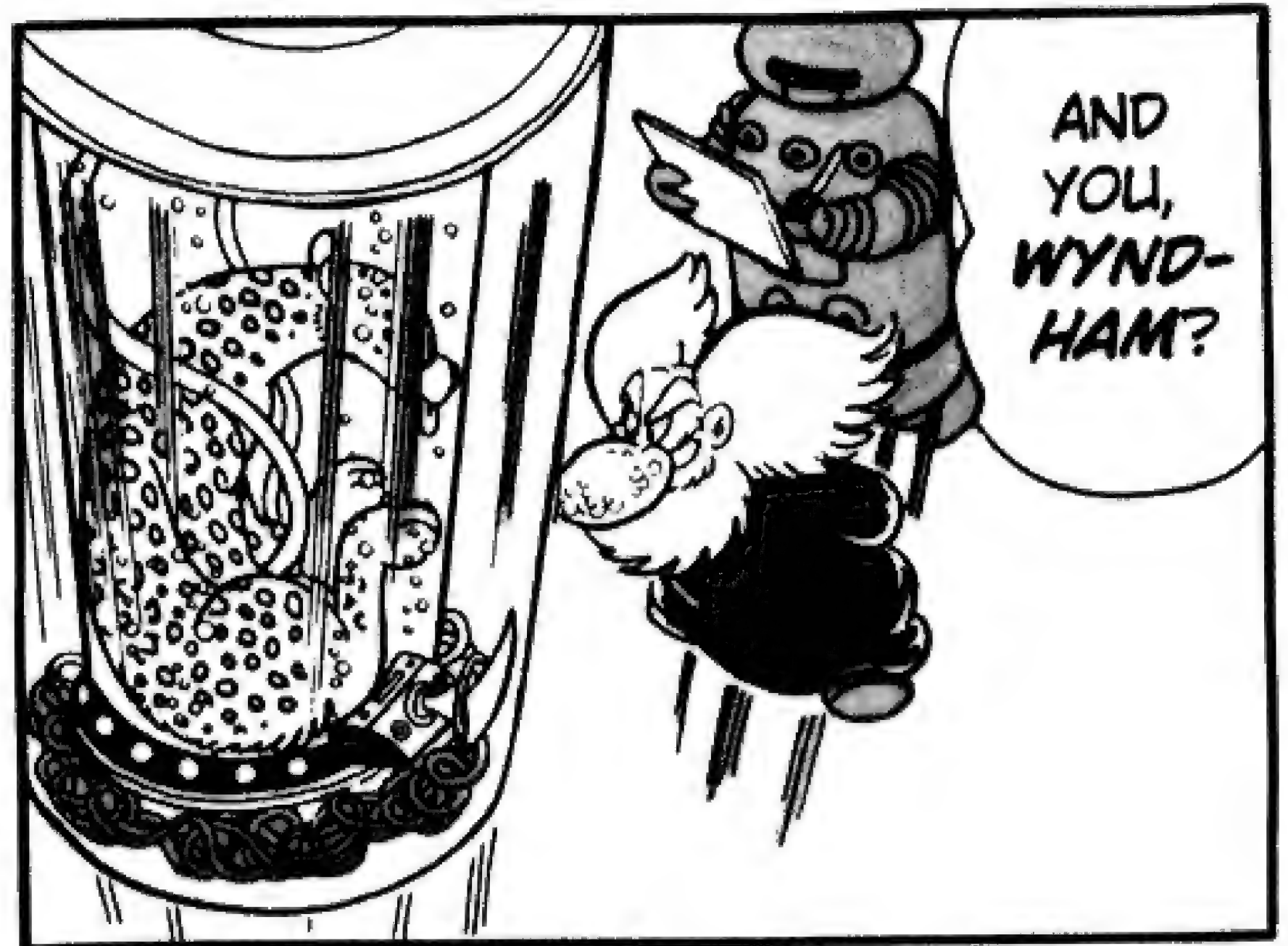
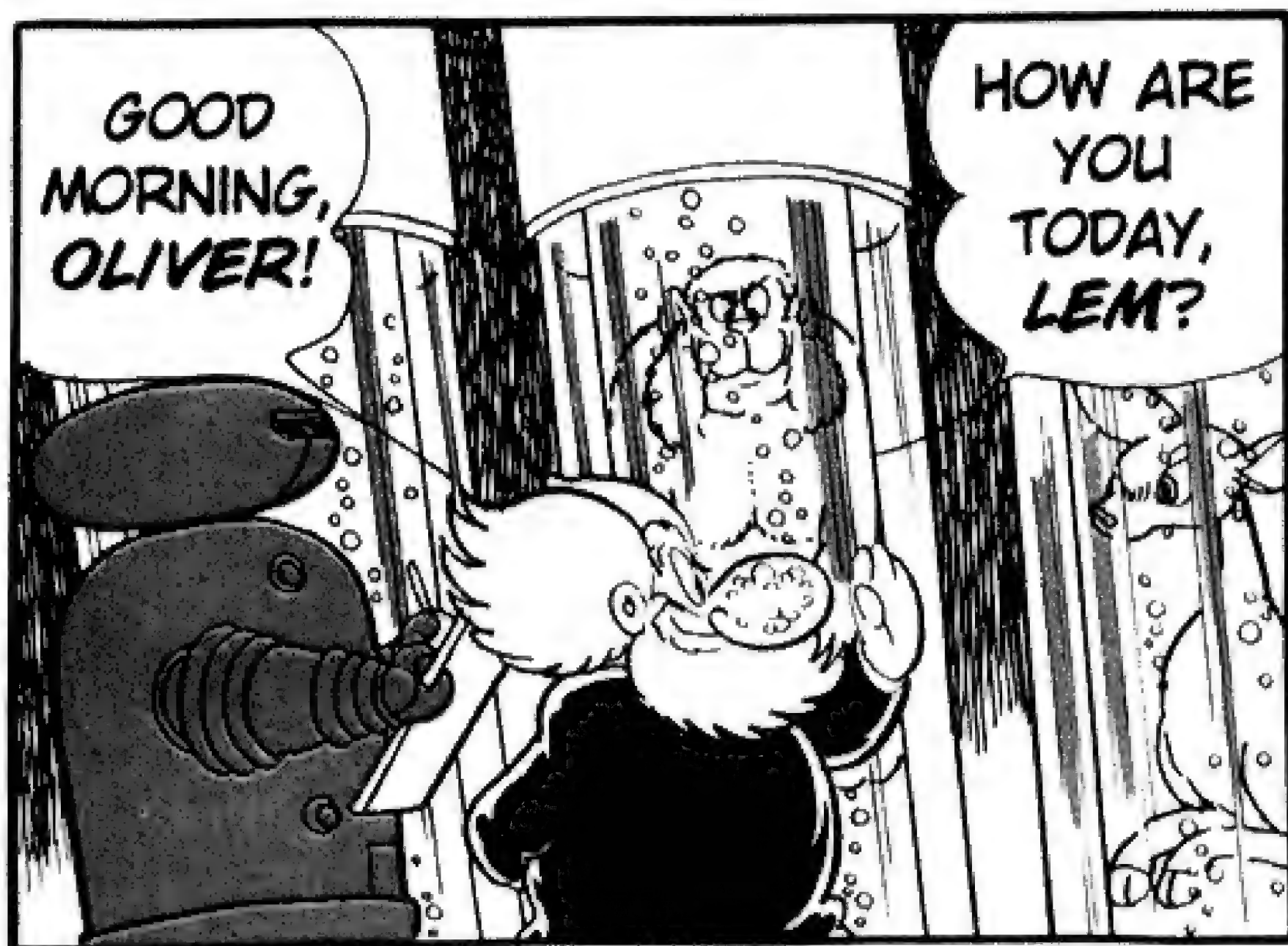
RAGING BLIZZARDS TORE  
MERCILESSLY AT THE MOUNTAINS,  
HILLS, AND VALLEYS. BUT STILL A  
FEW PEOPLE CHOSE TO REMAIN  
ON THE SURFACE, VALIANTLY  
STRUGGLING TO SURVIVE ALONG  
WITH THE REST OF DOOMED  
CREATION.

AND  
HERE  
LIVED  
ONE  
SUCH  
PERSON.





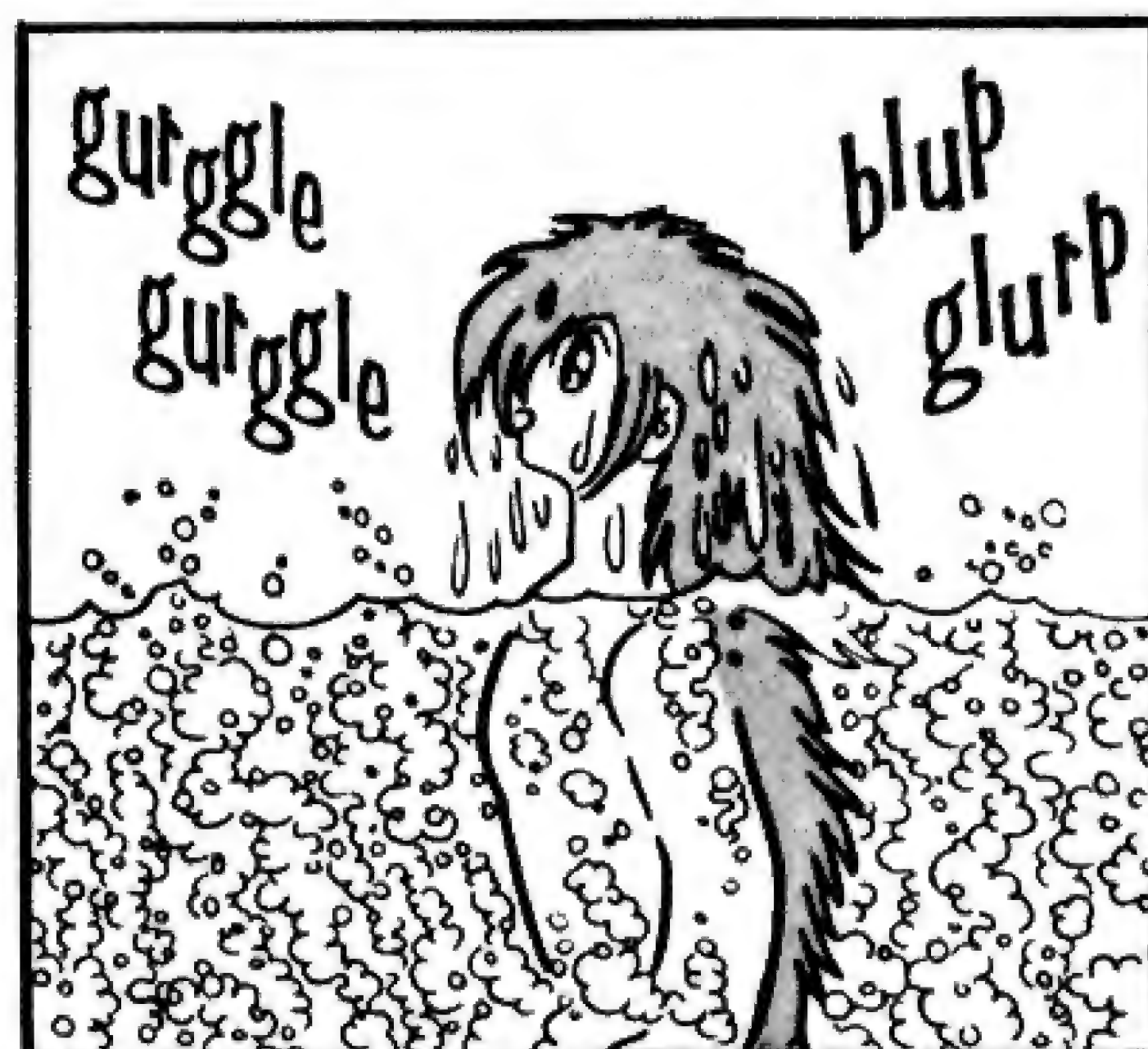
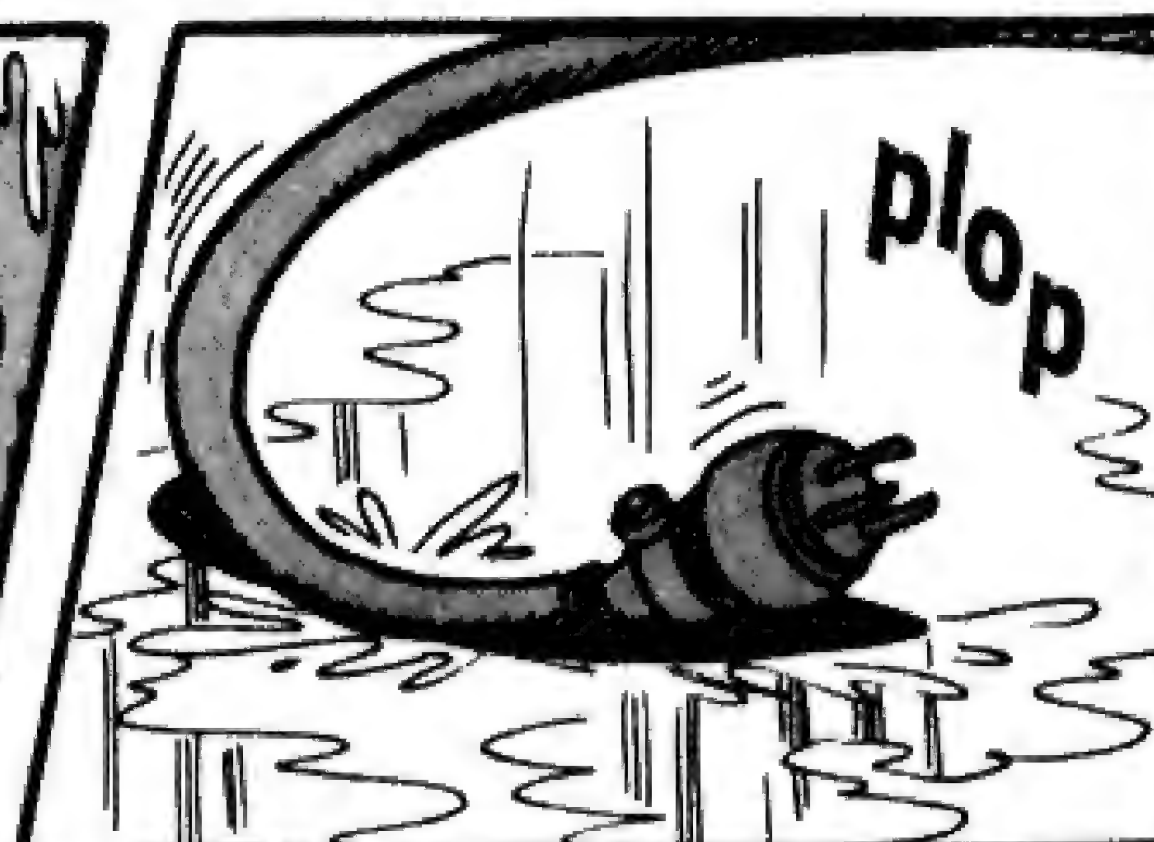
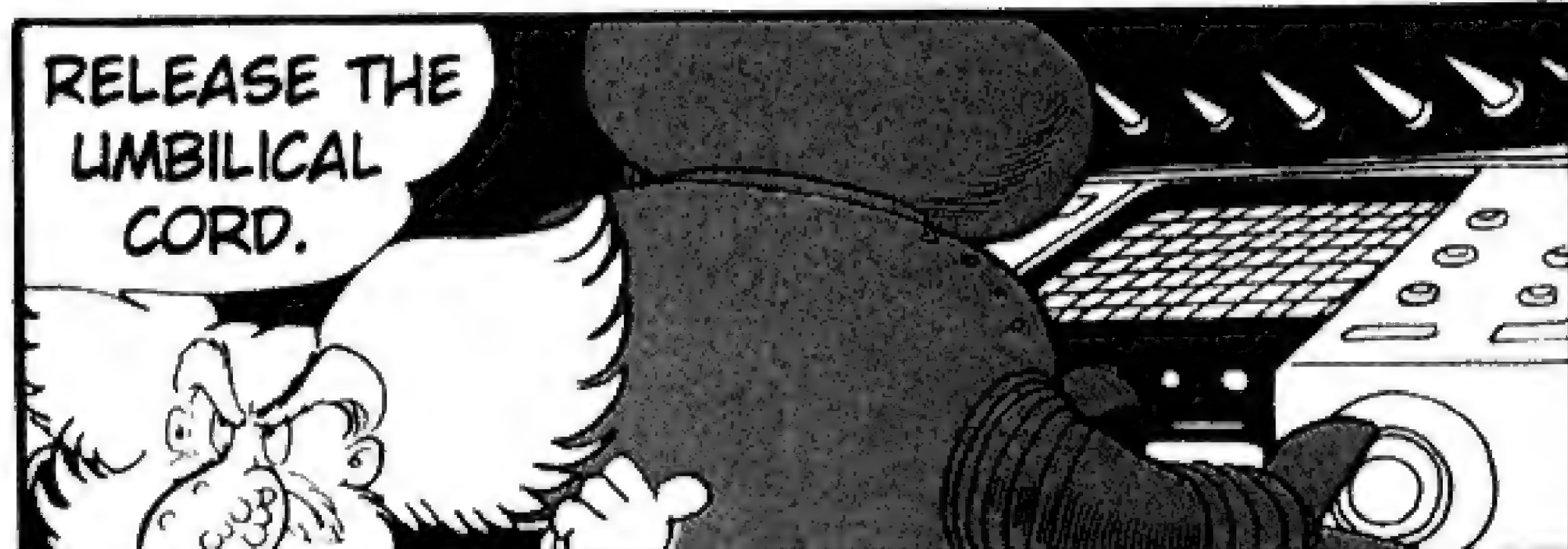
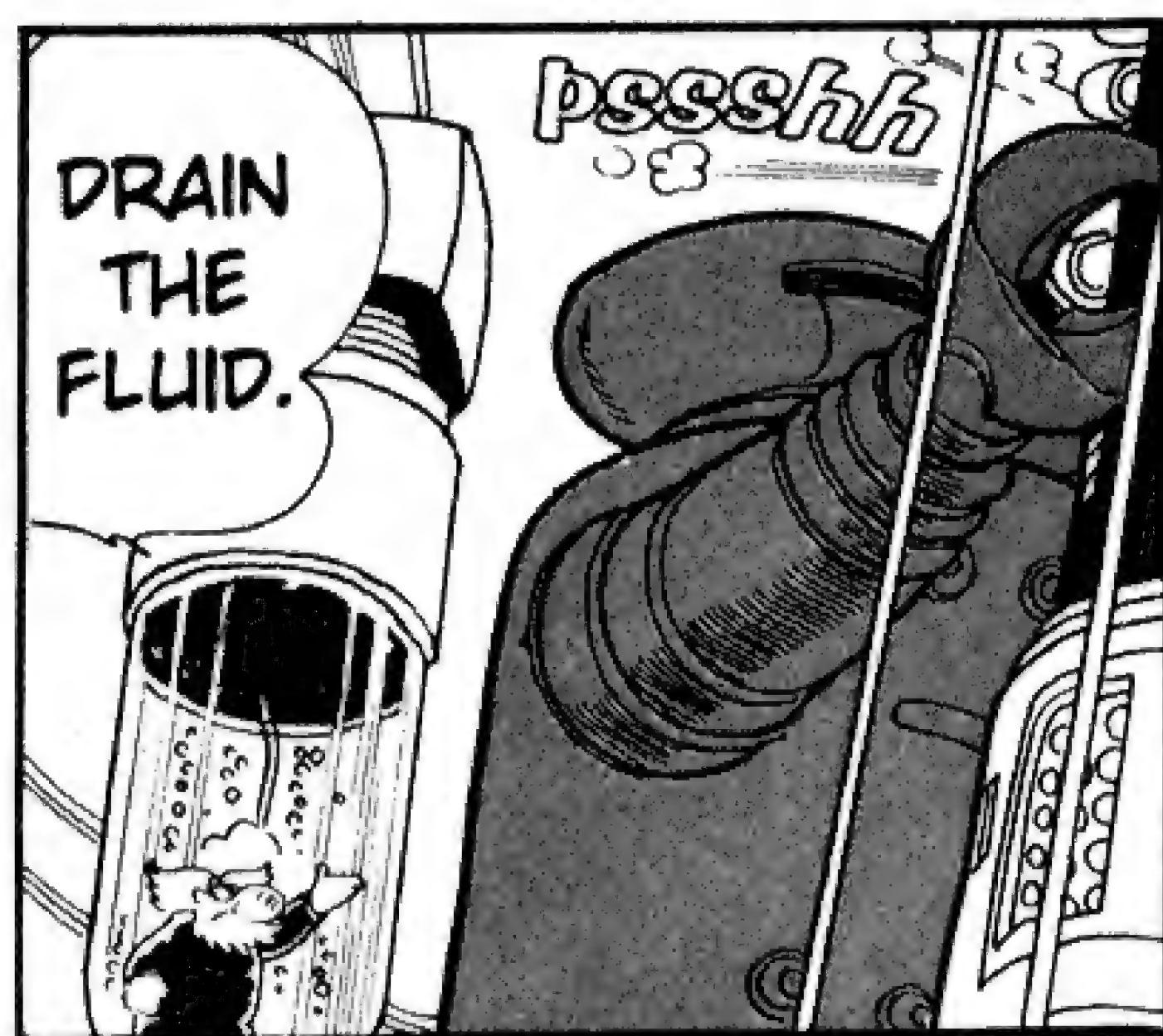
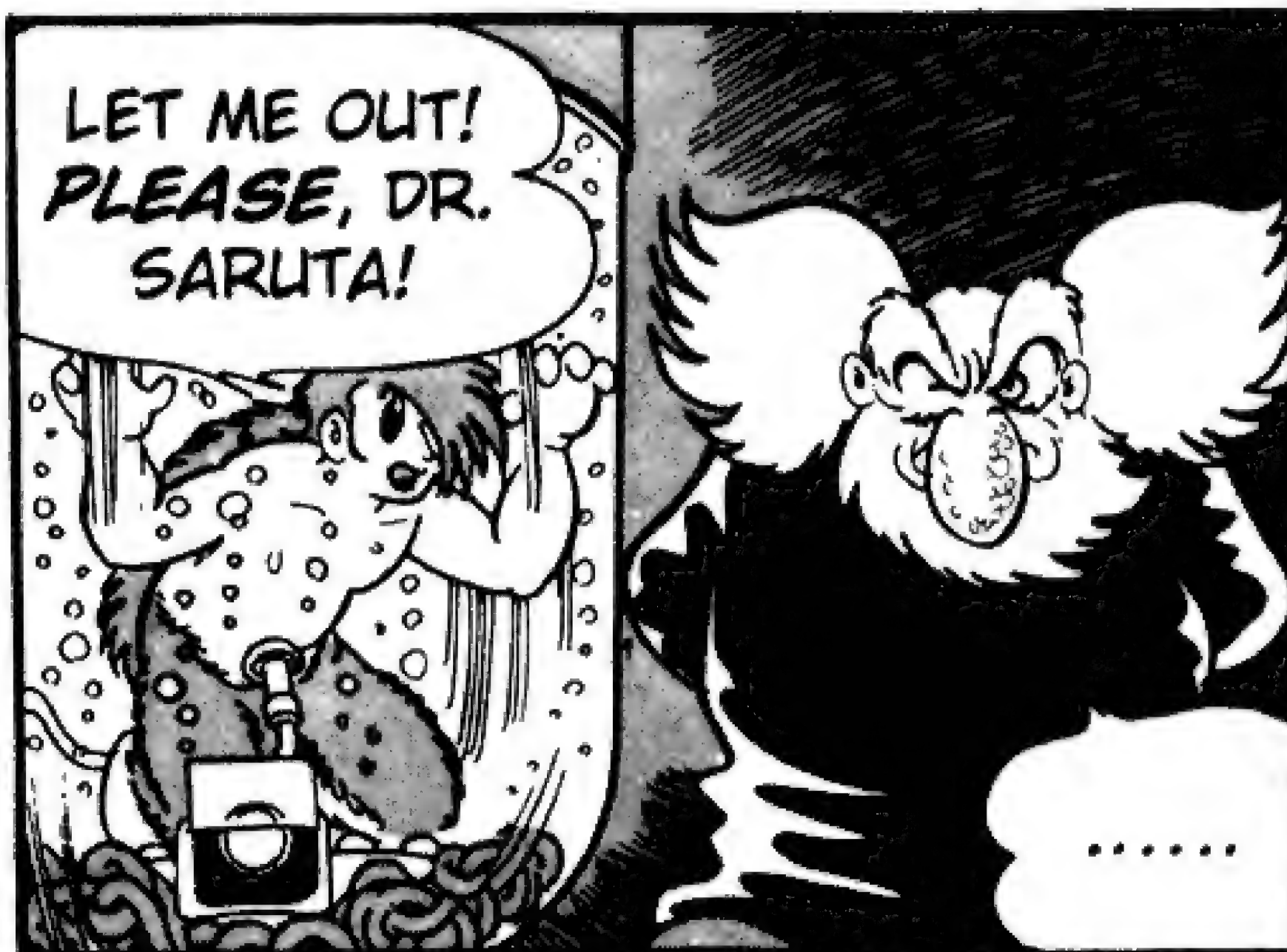




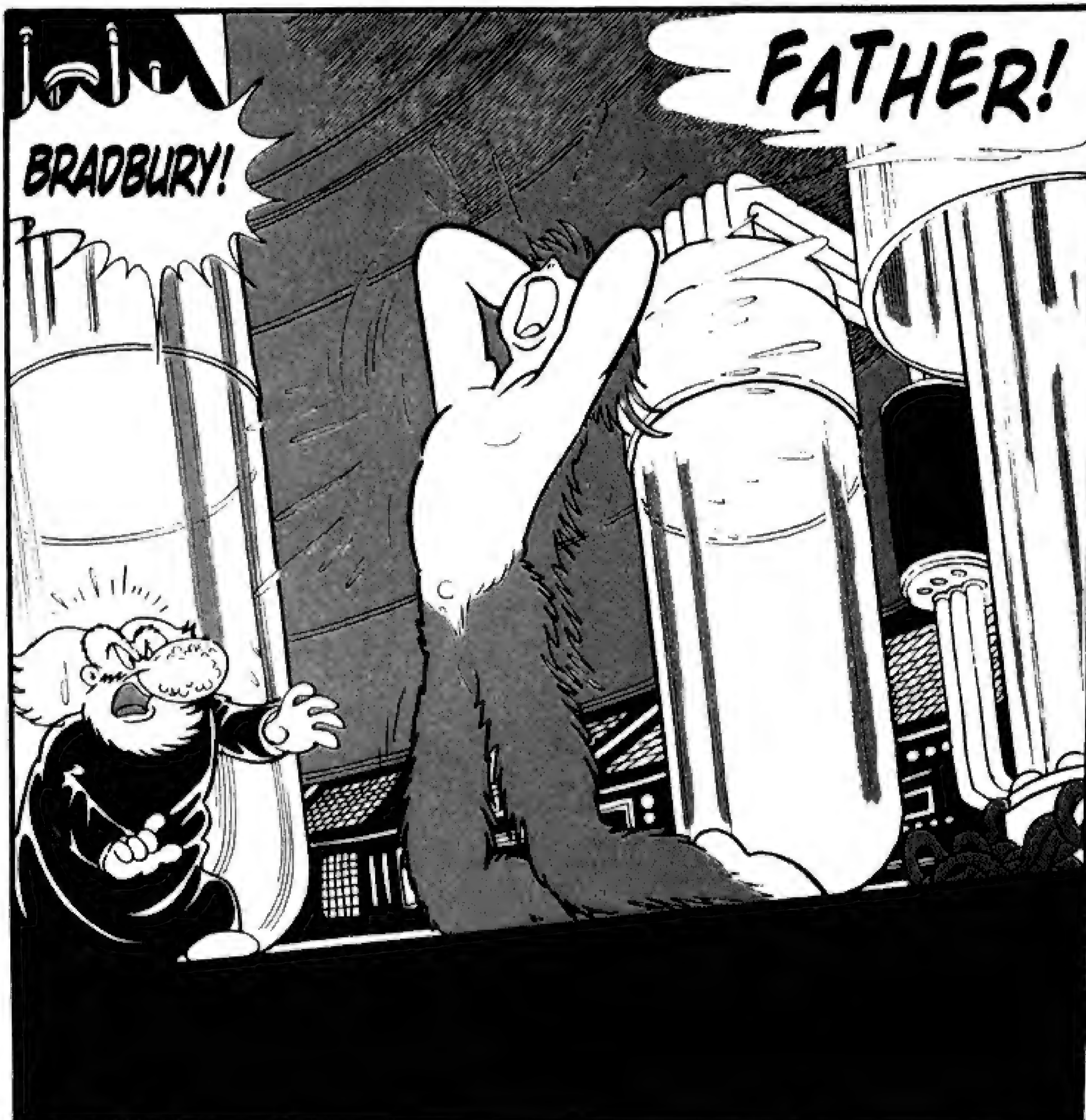








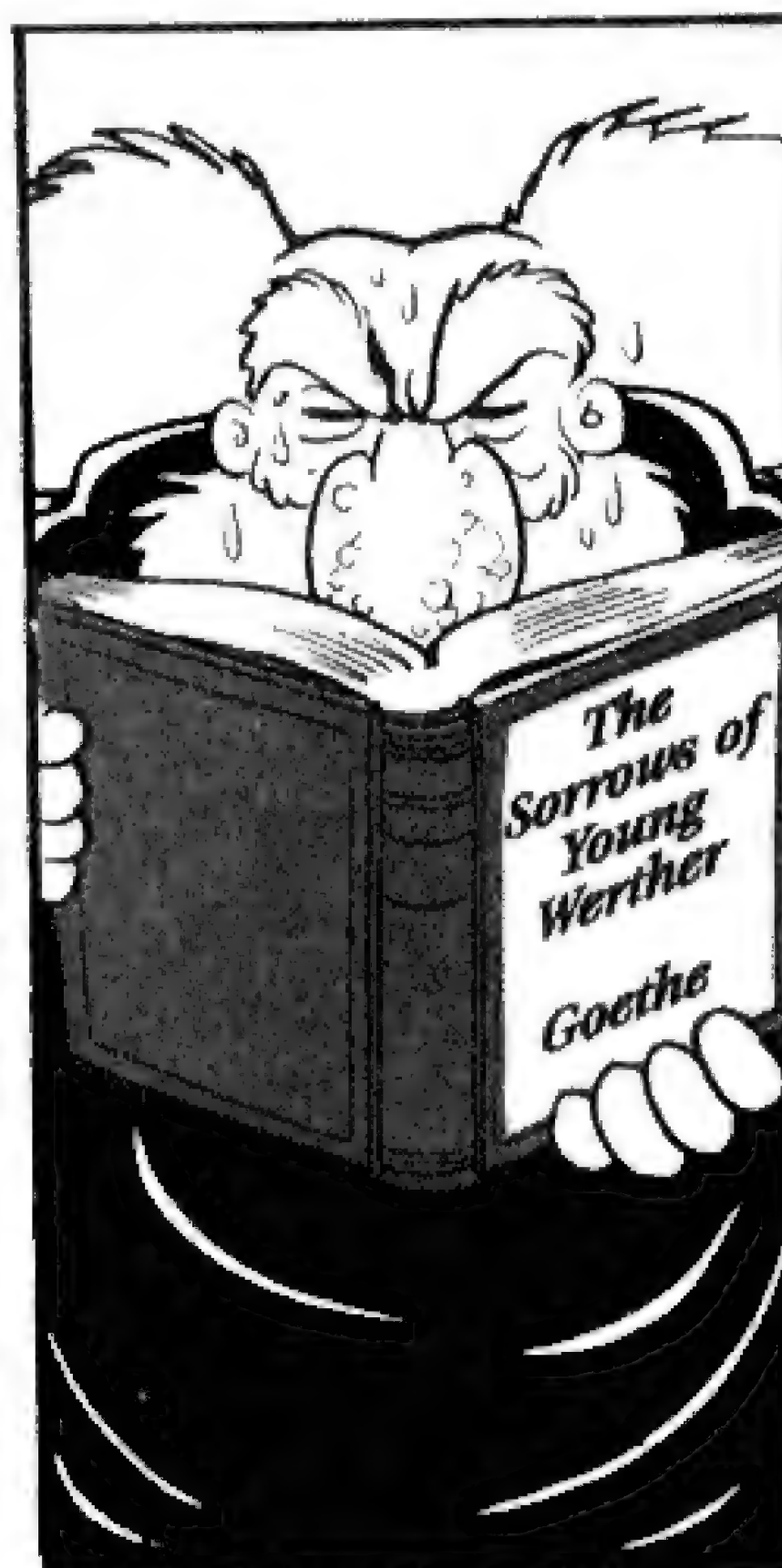
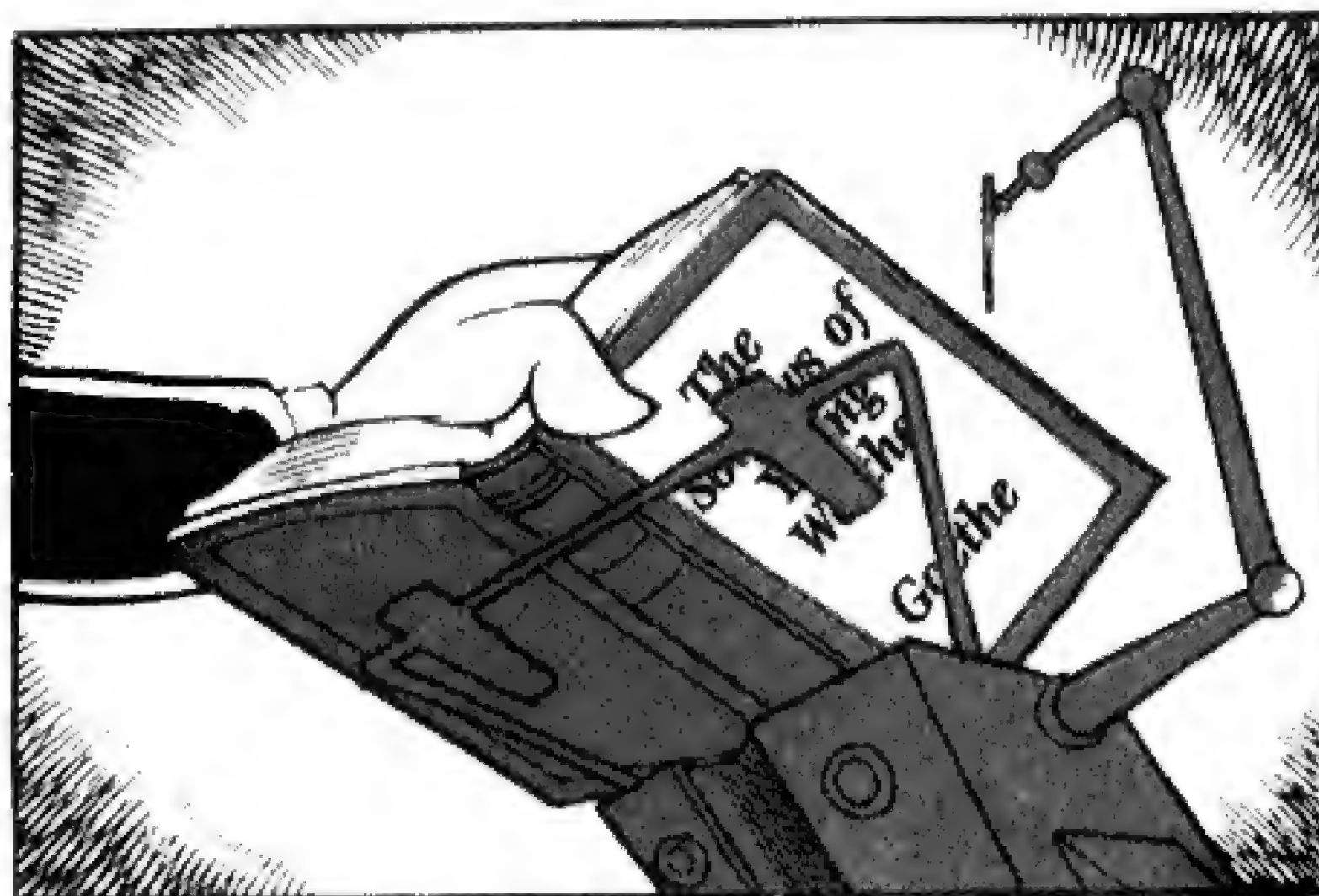
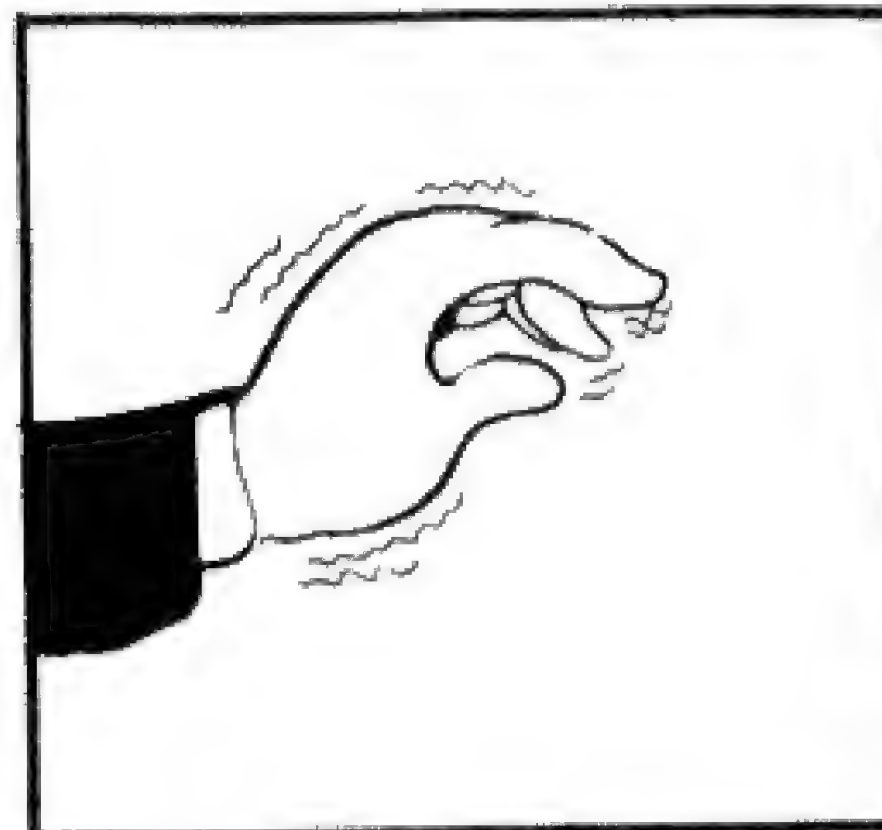
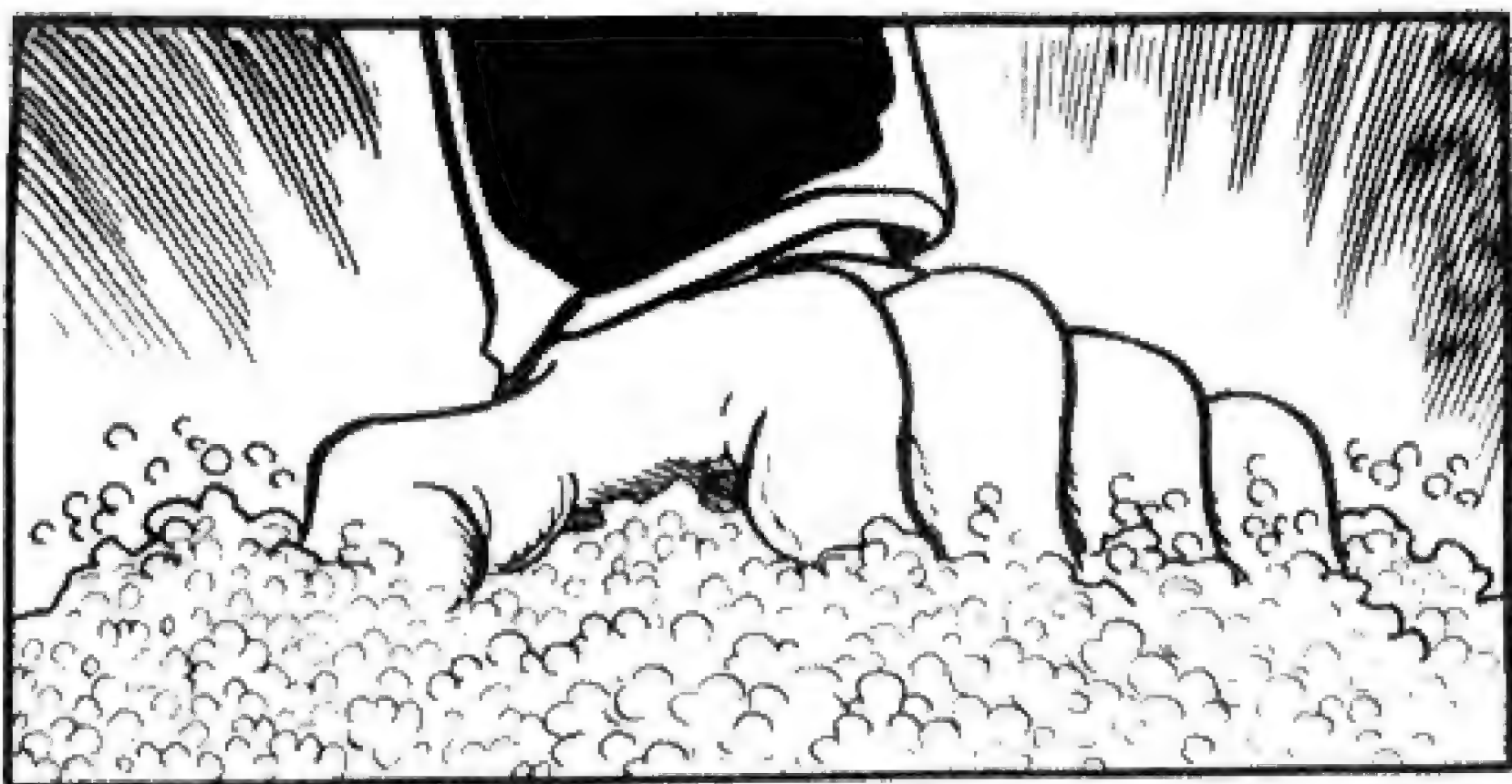




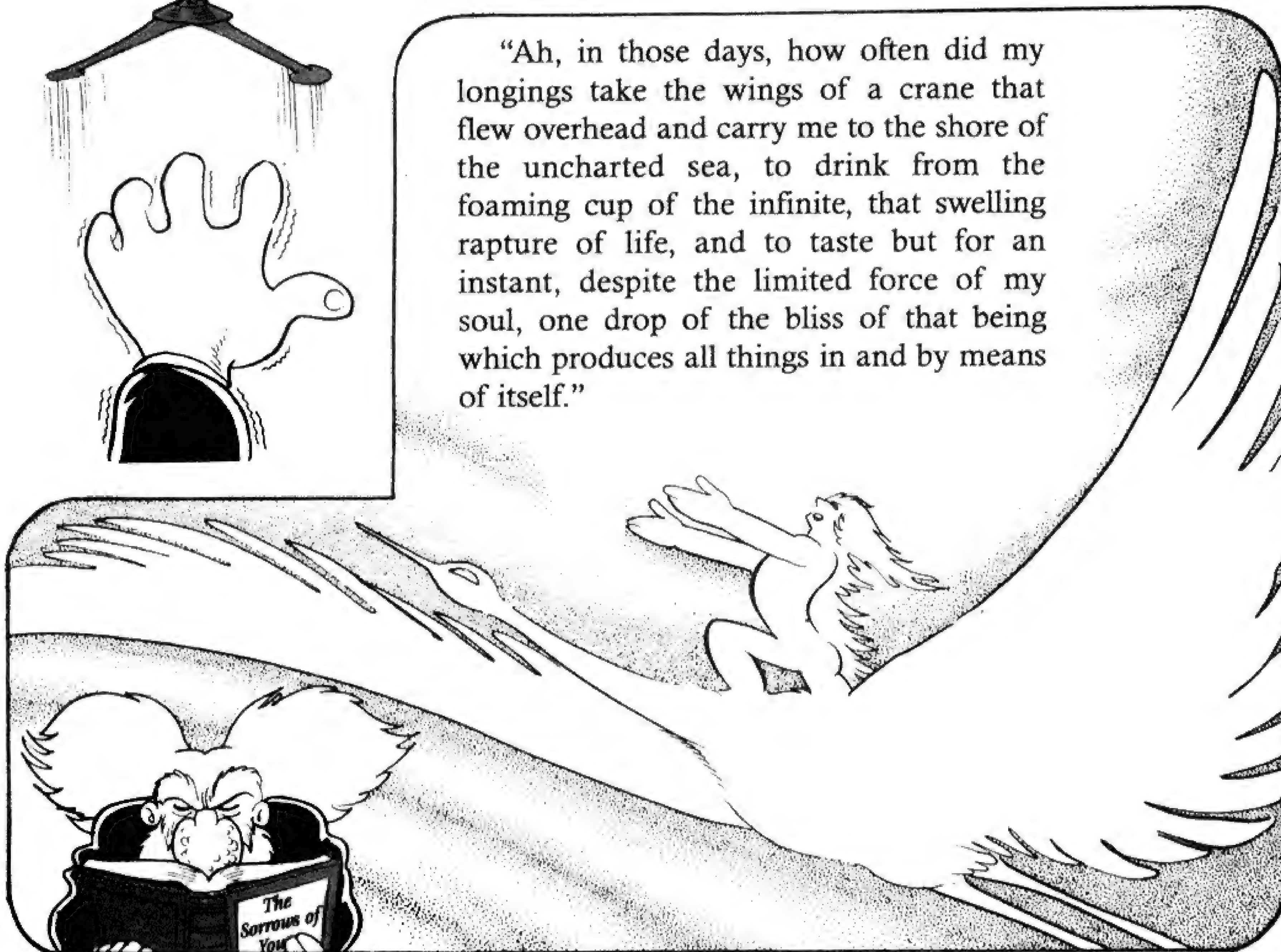






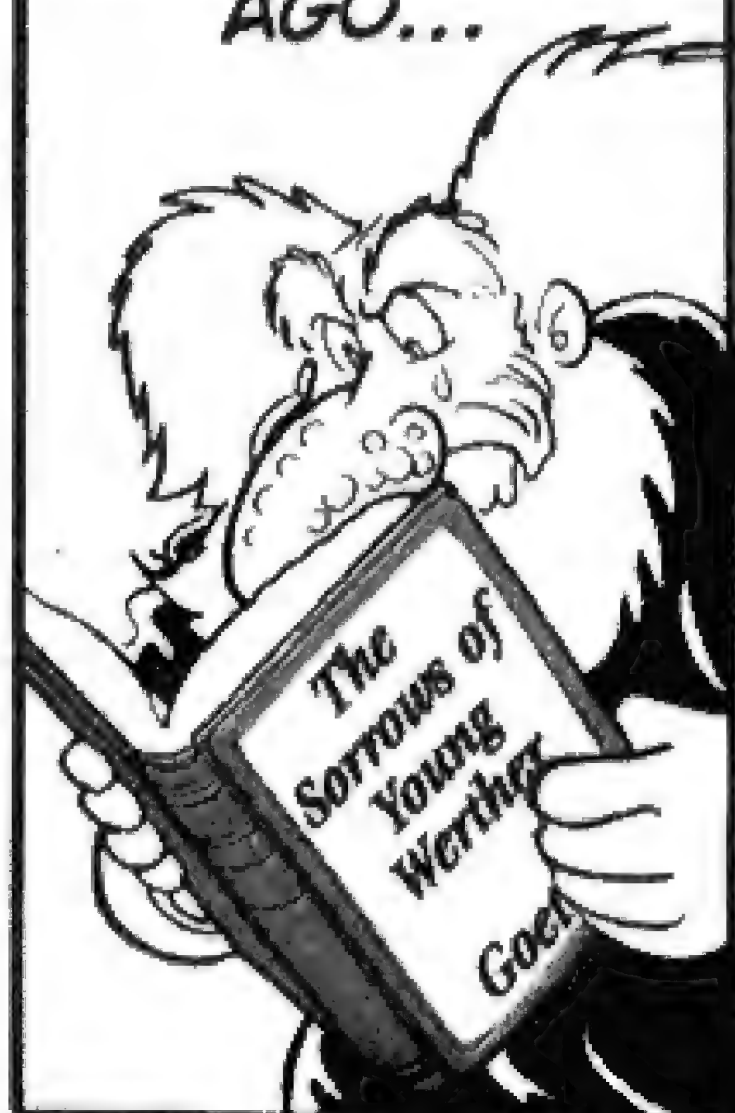


"Ah, in those days, how often did my longings take the wings of a crane that flew overhead and carry me to the shore of the uncharted sea, to drink from the foaming cup of the infinite, that swelling rapture of life, and to taste but for an instant, despite the limited force of my soul, one drop of the bliss of that being which produces all things in and by means of itself."

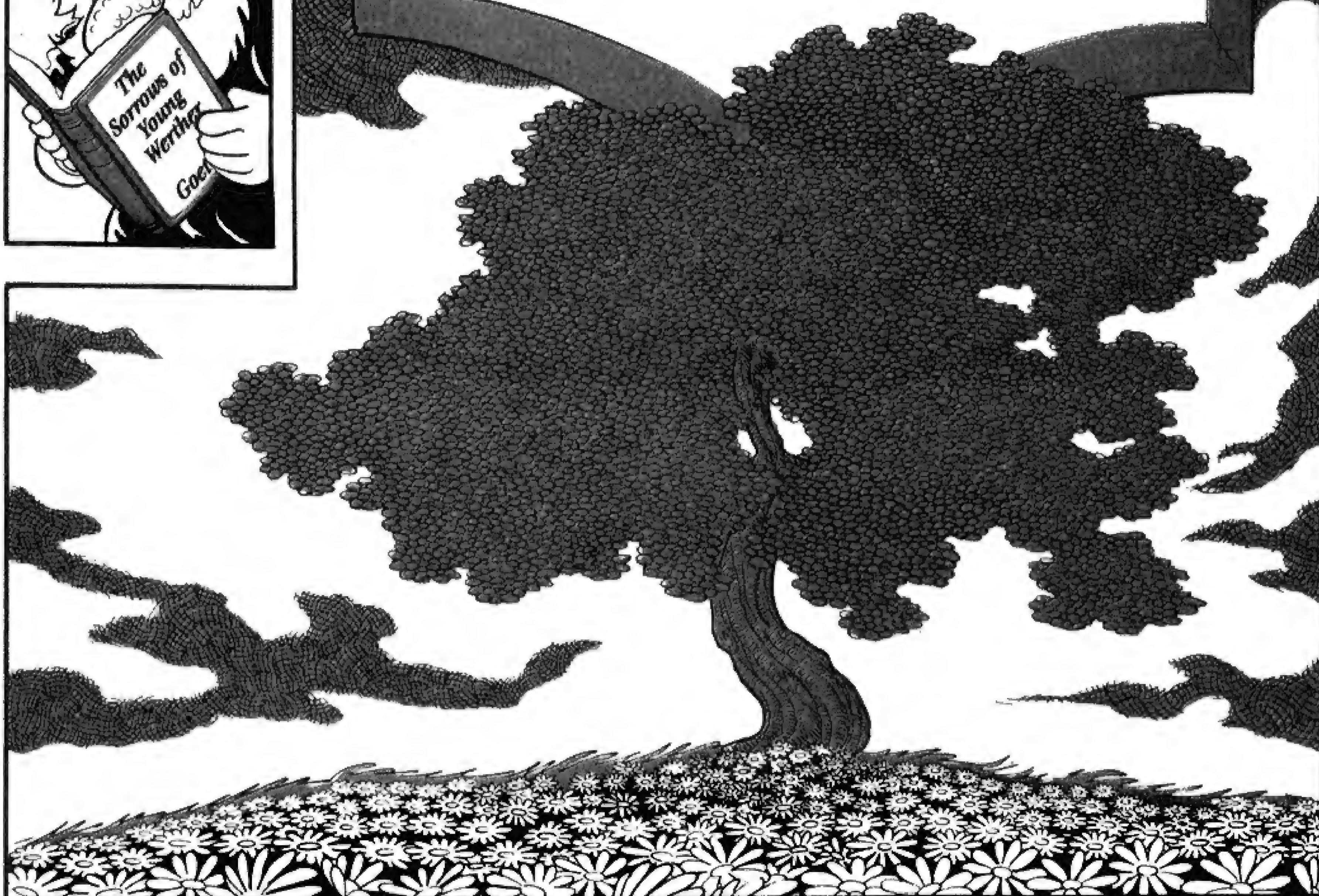




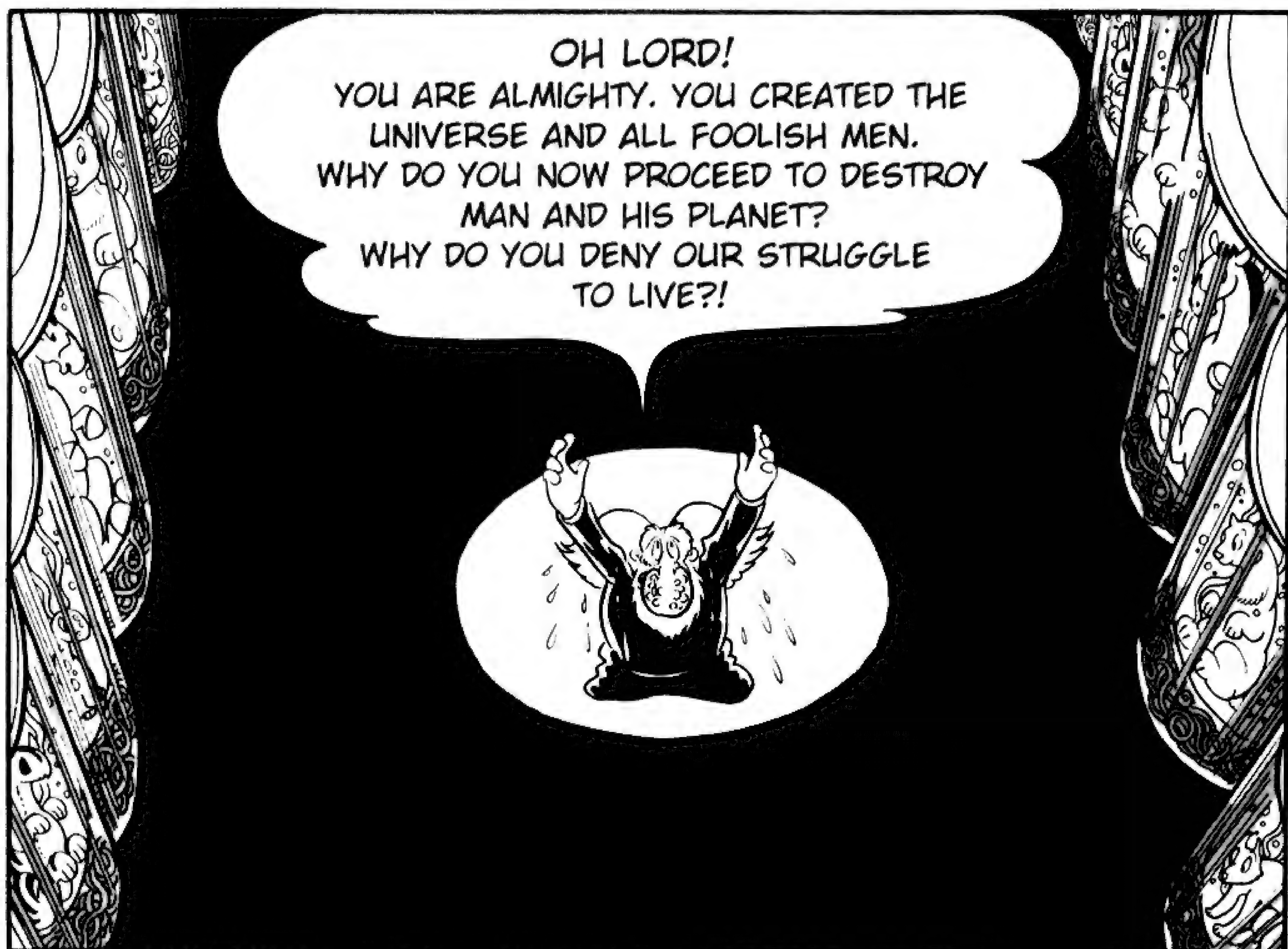
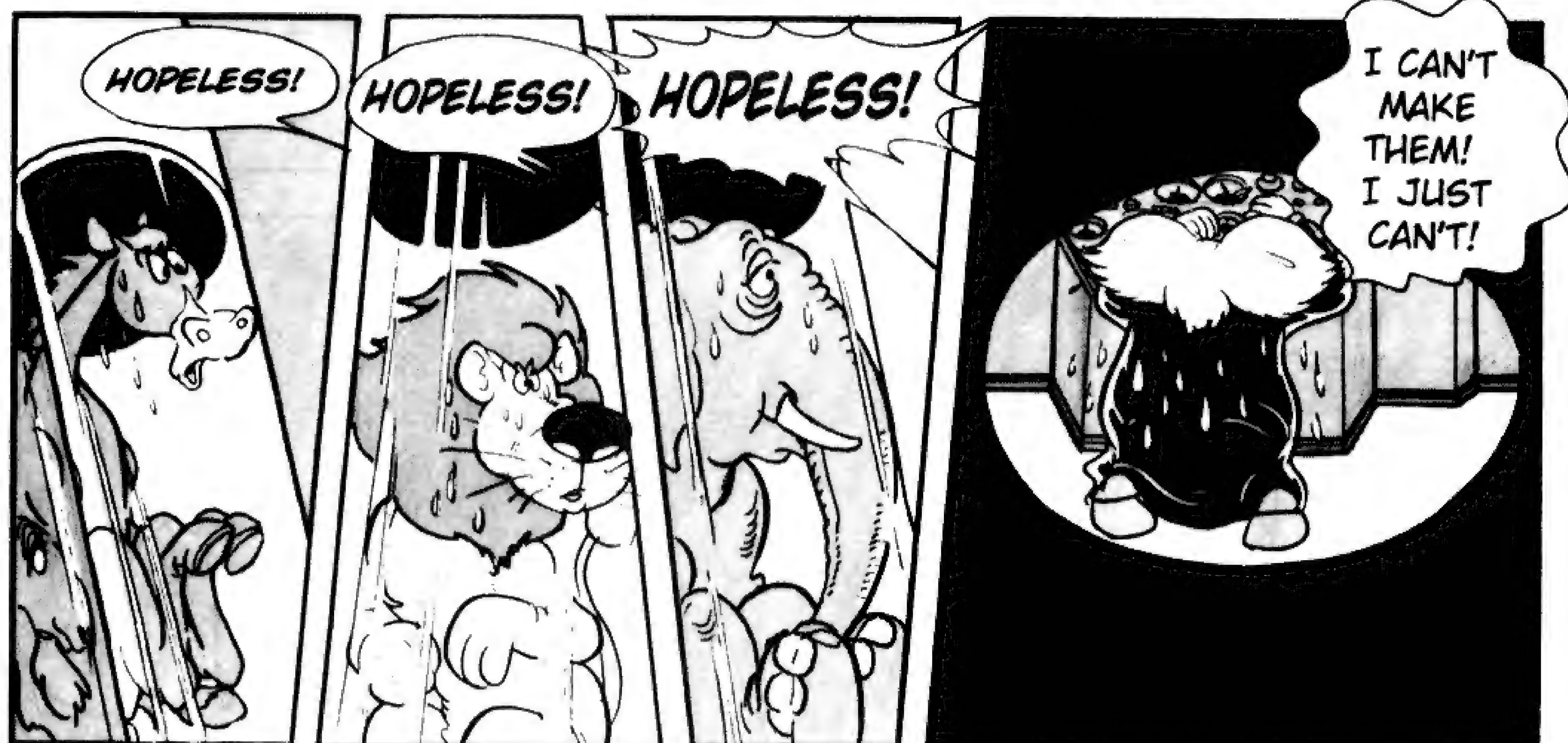
I TOO WAS  
ONCE INSPIRED  
BY THIS  
BOOK...LONG  
AGO...



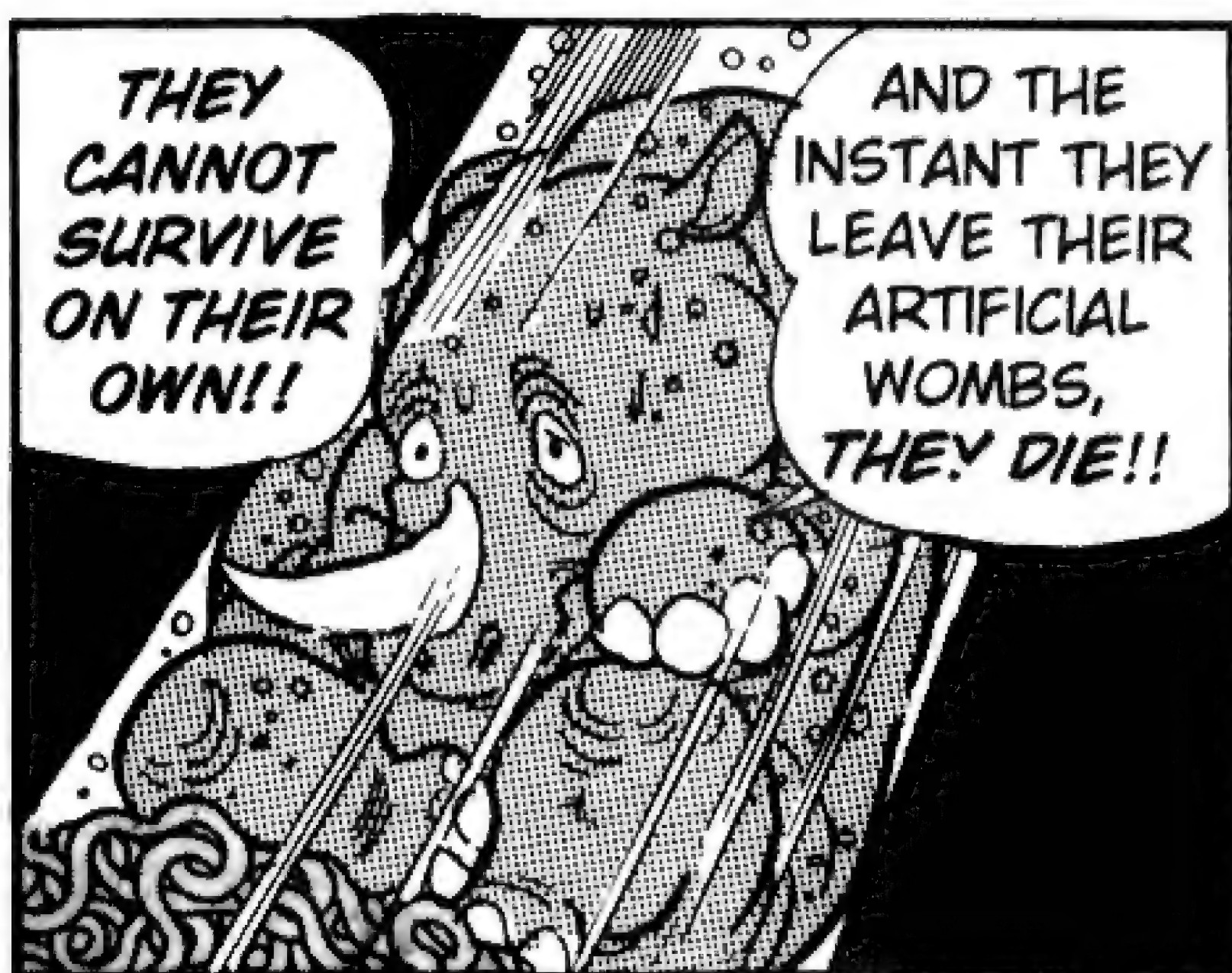
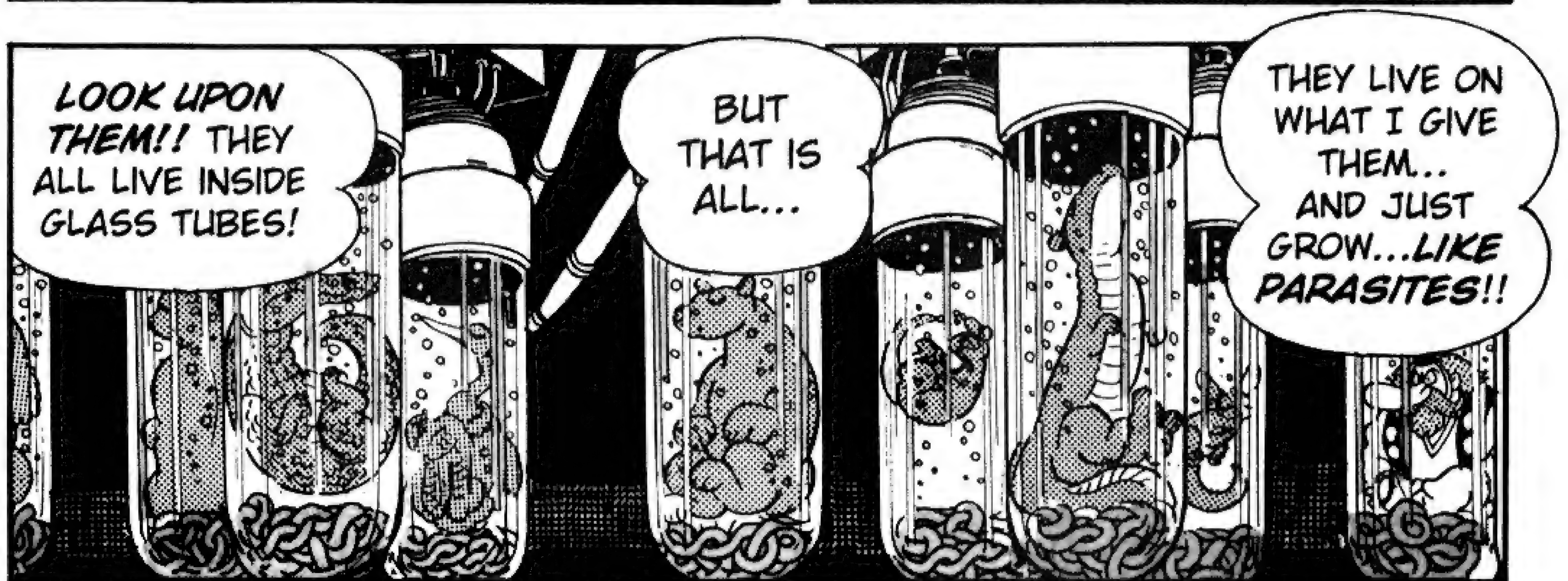
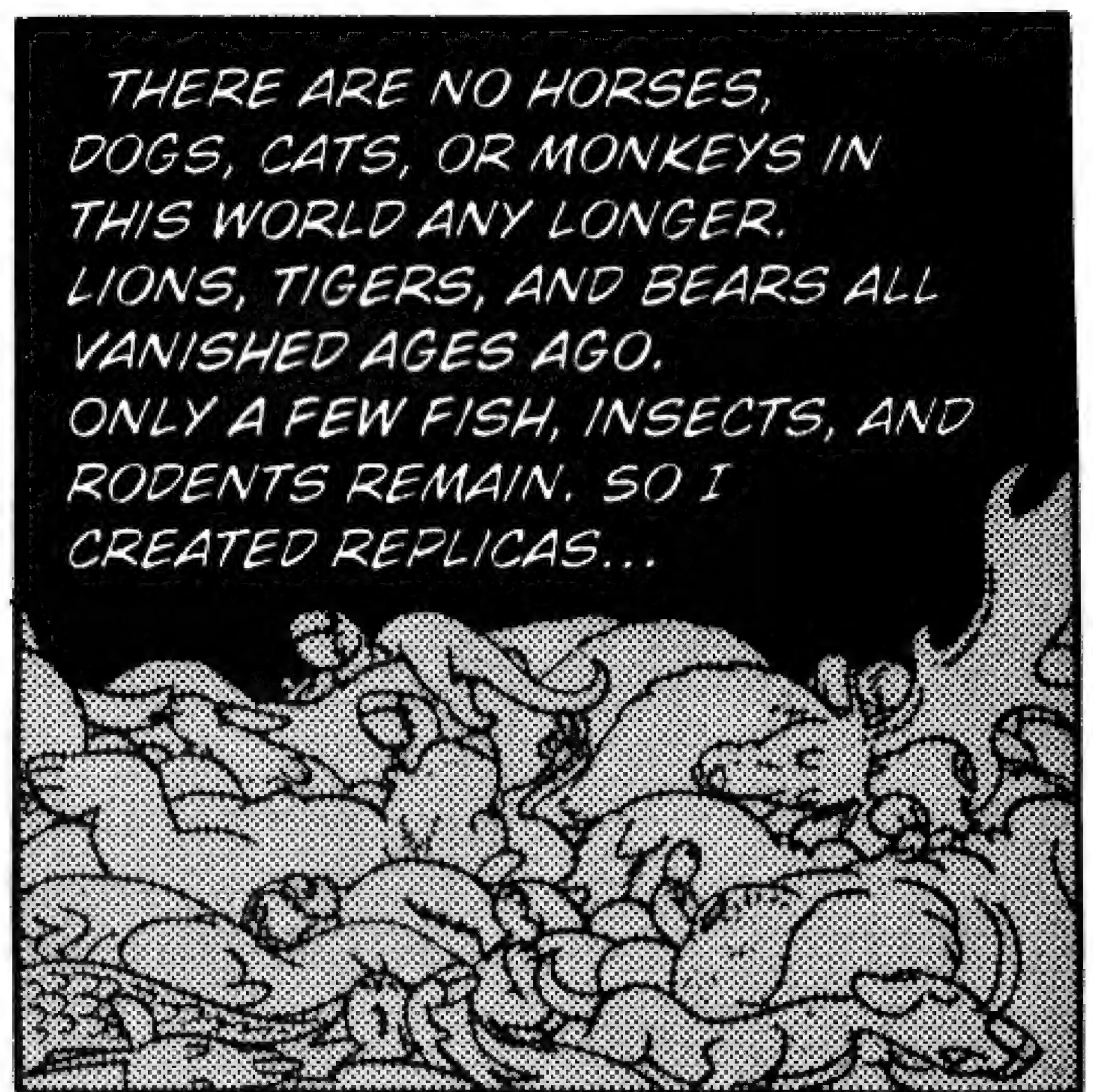
"Why dost thou awake me, breath of Spring? Thou wooest me, saying, 'I bedew thee with the drops of Heaven!' but the time of my wilting is near, near is the blast that will strip me of my leaves! Tomorrow the wanderer will come: he that saw me in my beauty will come: his eyes will seek me everywhere in the field, and will not find me."



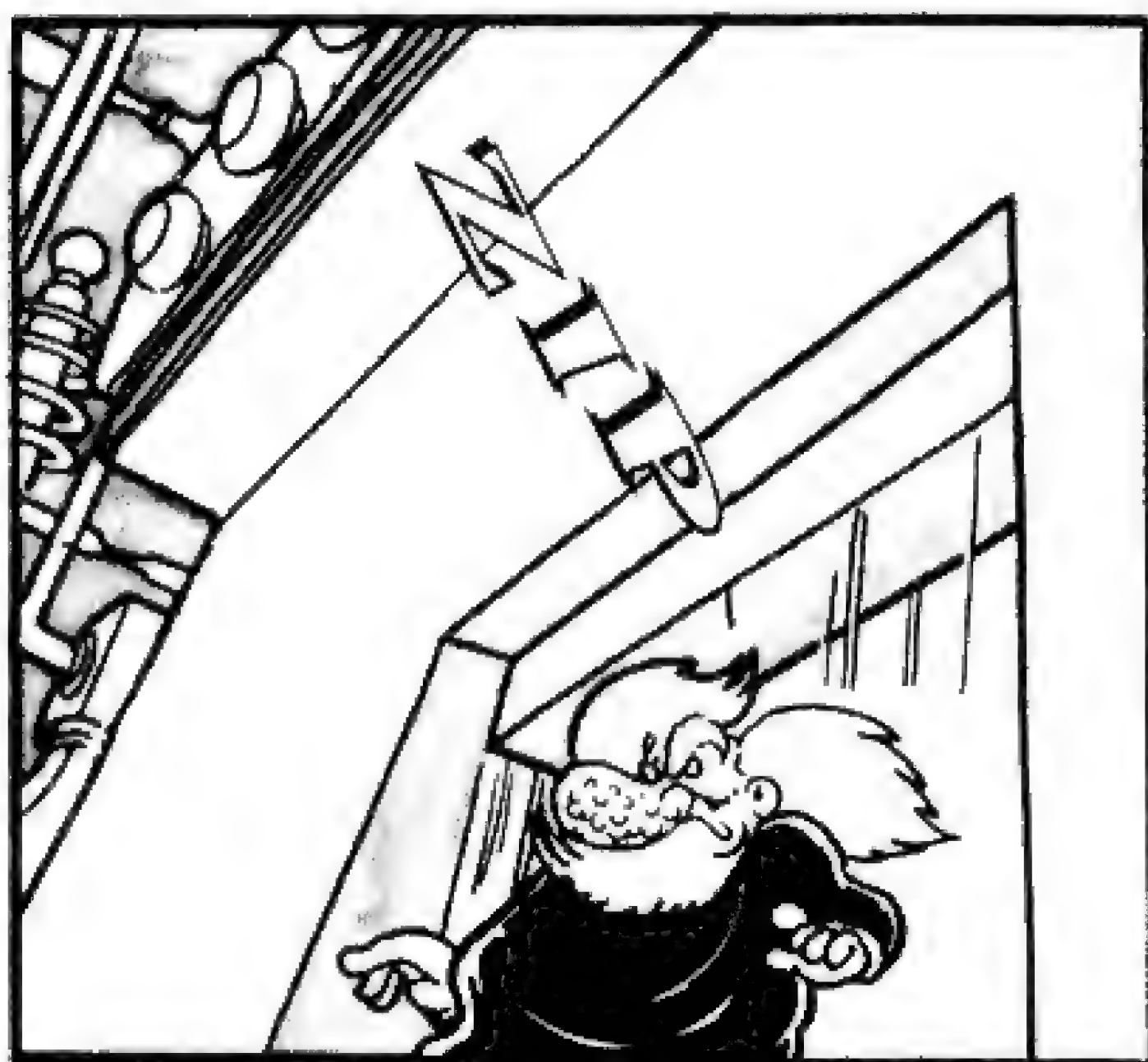
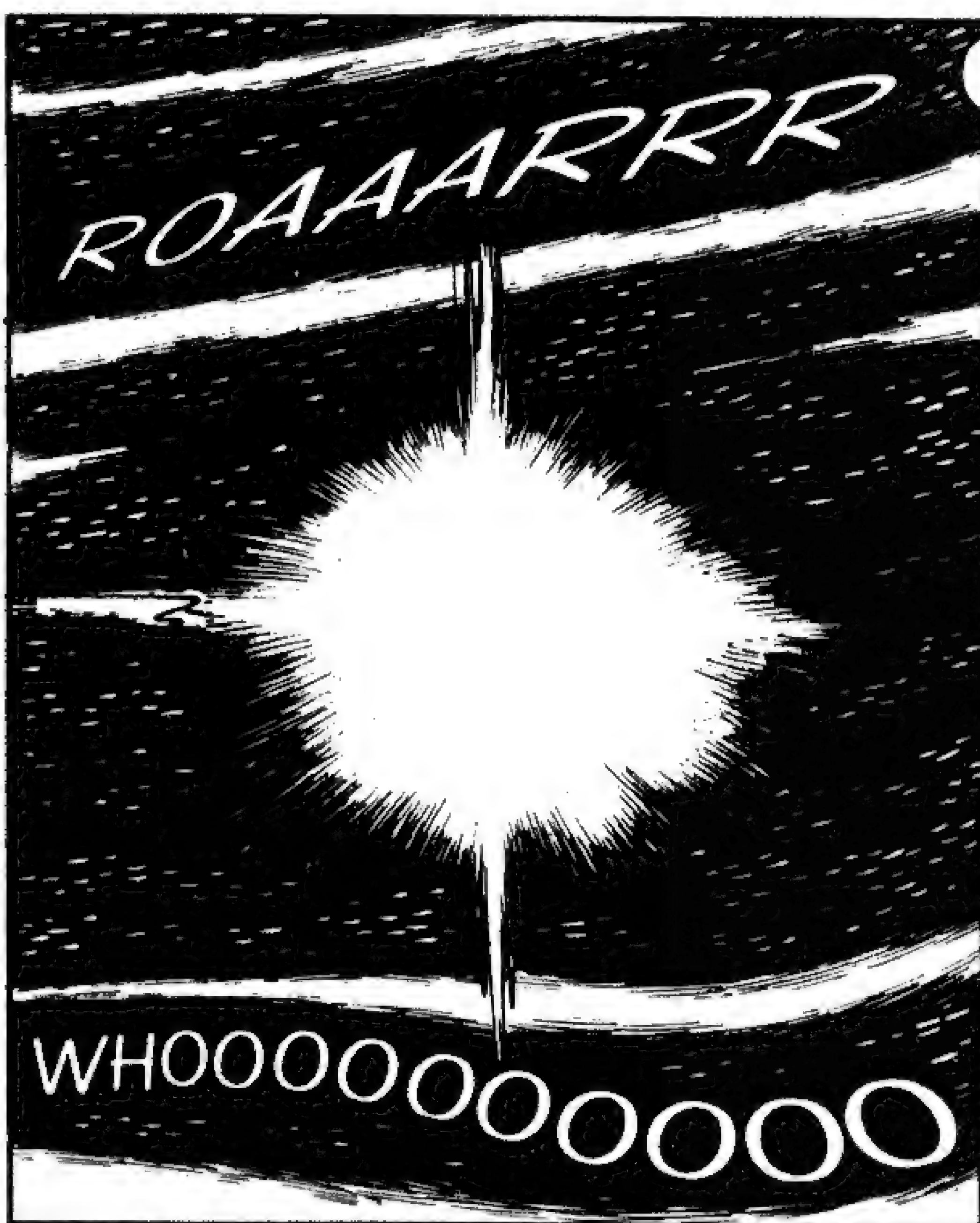




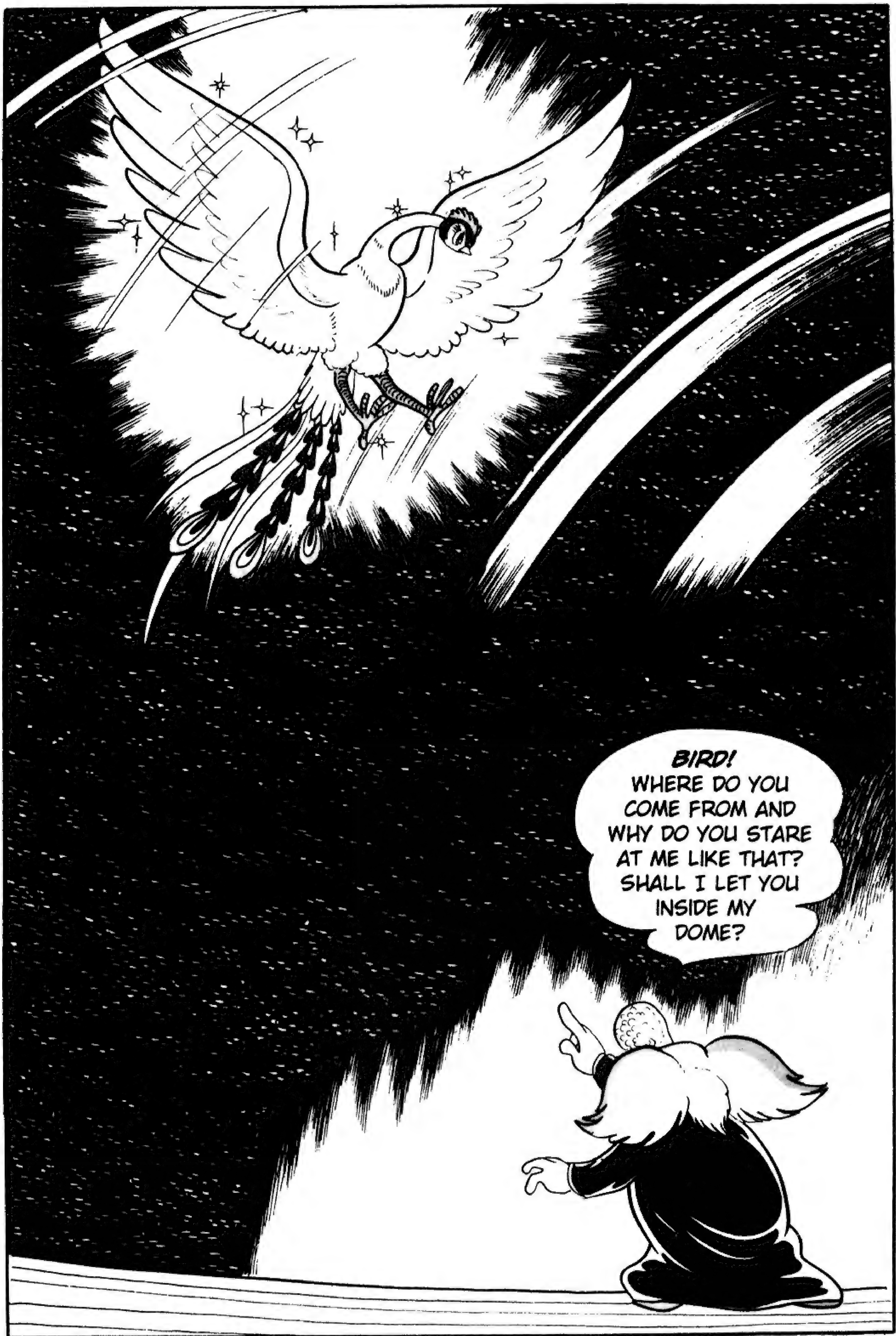




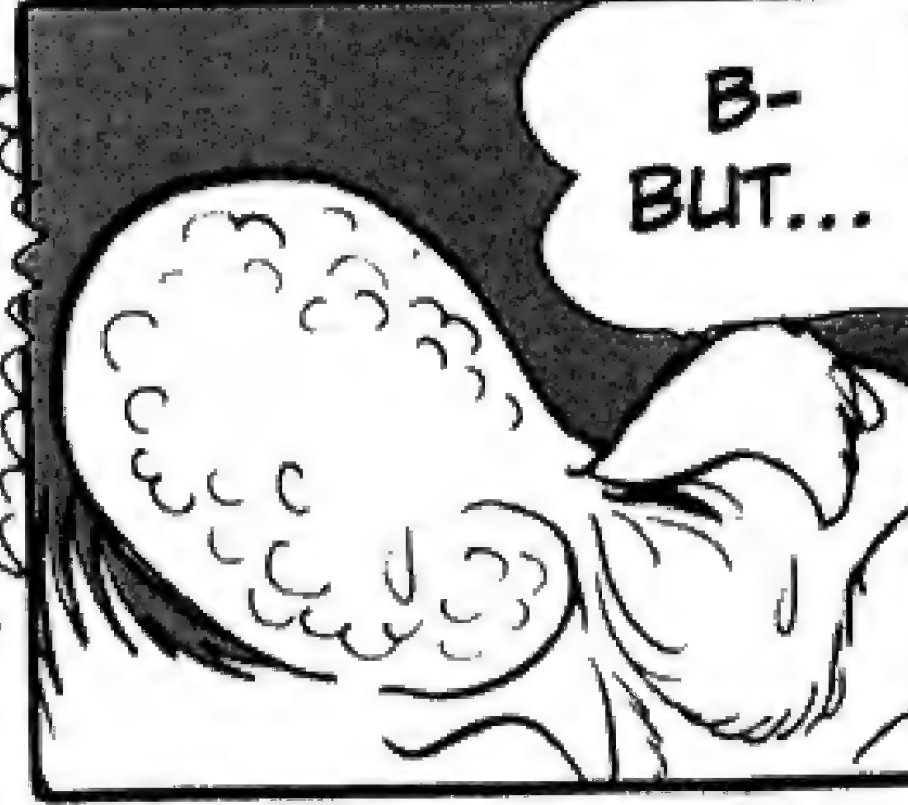
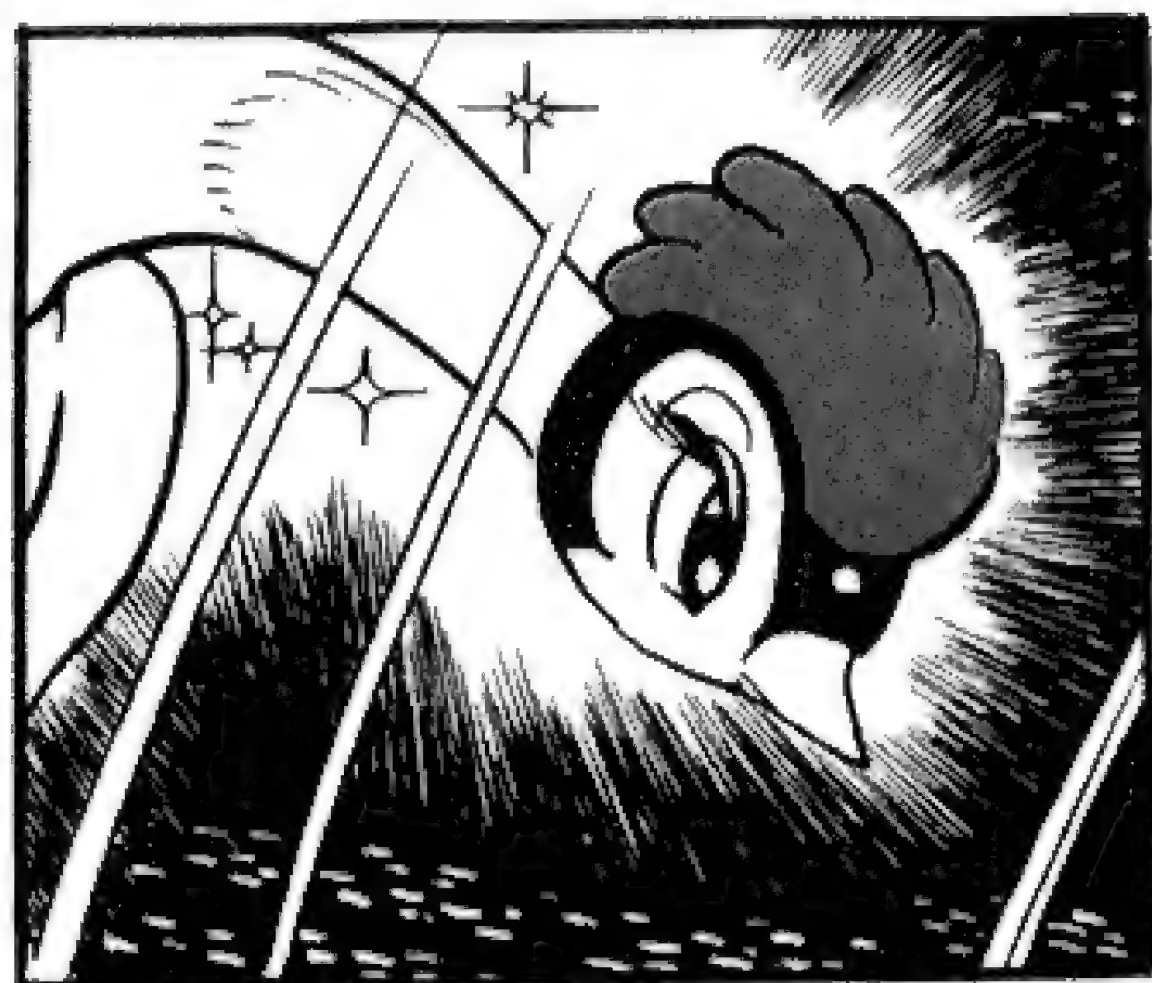




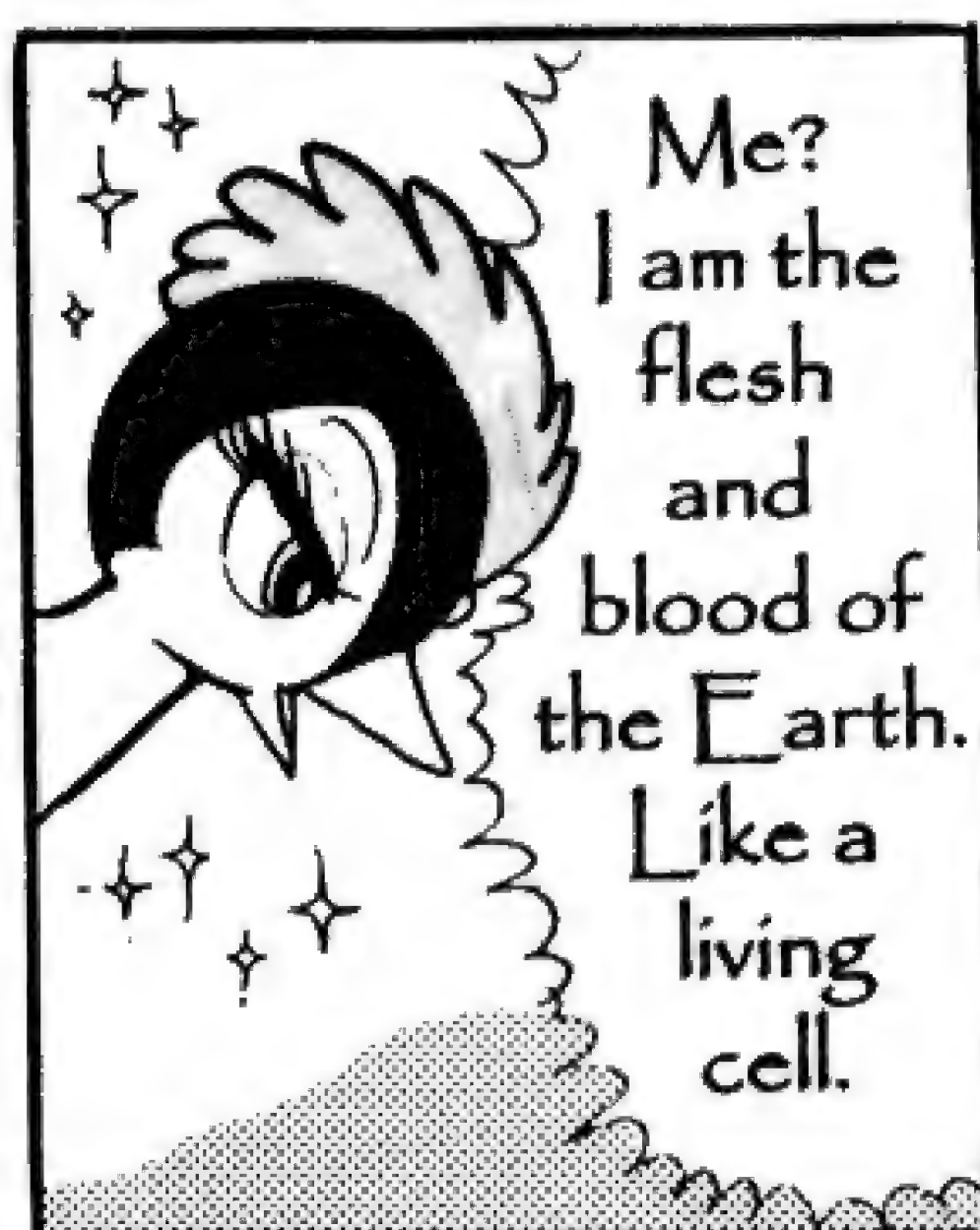
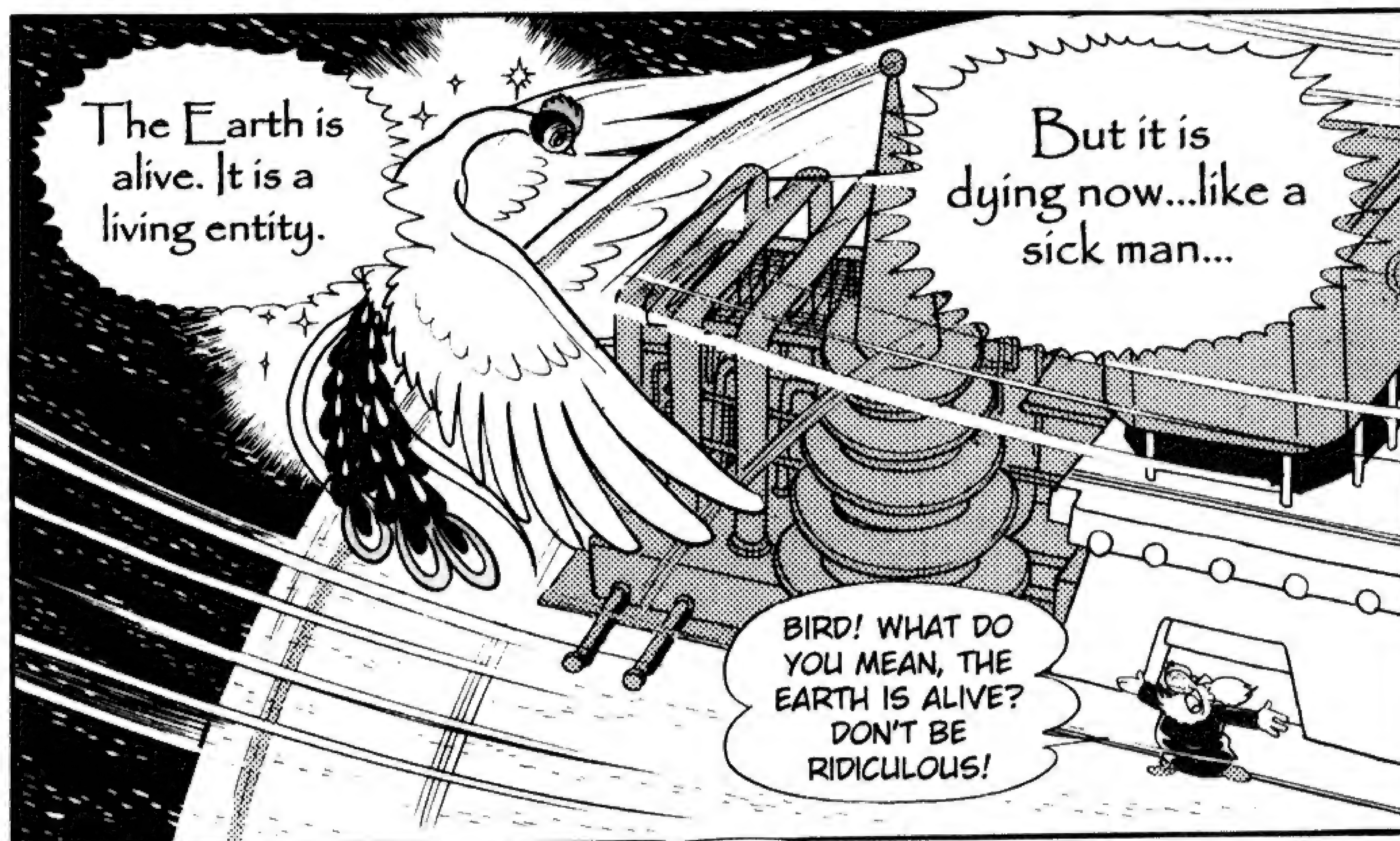




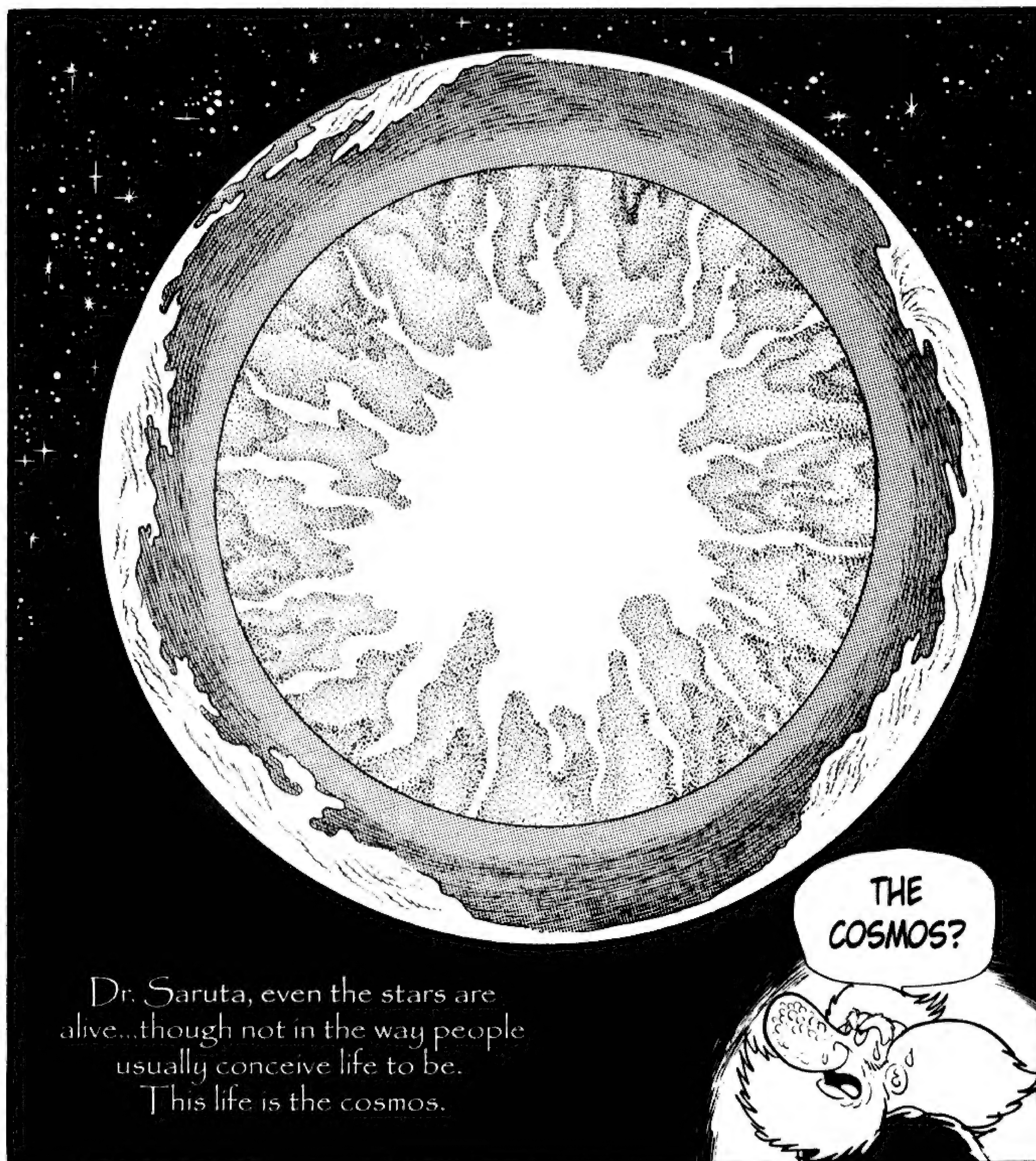






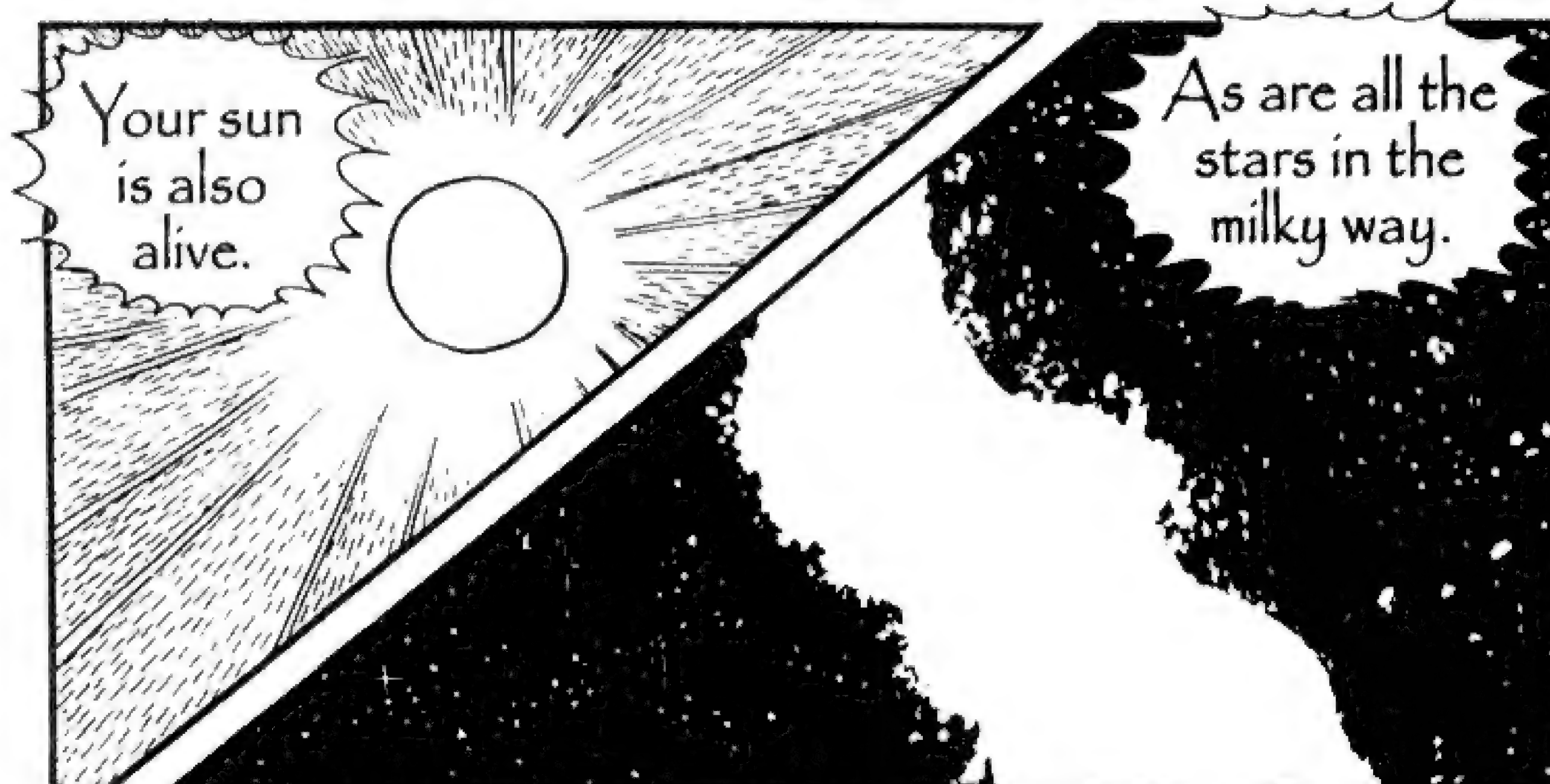






Dr. Saruta, even the stars are  
alive...though not in the way people  
usually conceive life to be.  
This life is the cosmos.

THE  
COSMOS?



Your sun  
is also  
alive.

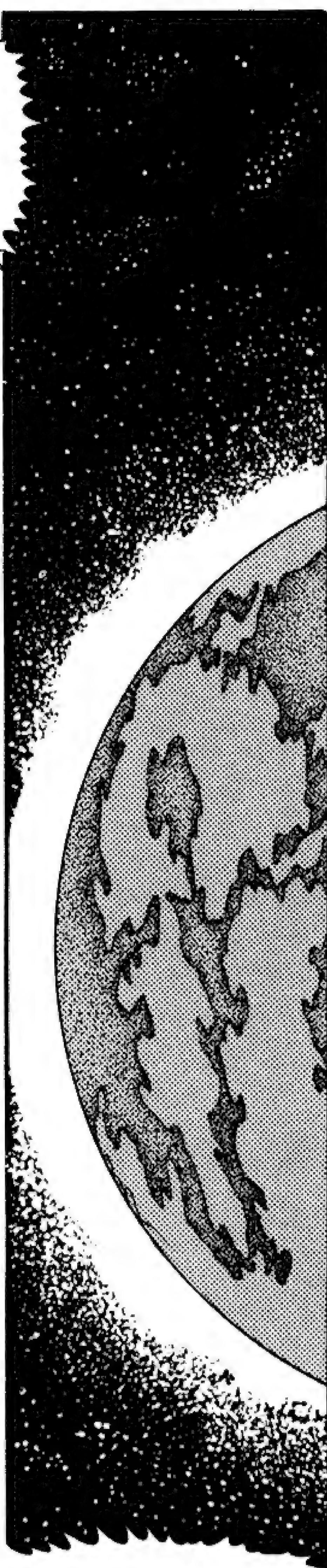
As are all the  
stars in the  
milky way.



All  
active  
stars are  
alive.  
They  
are the  
cosmos.

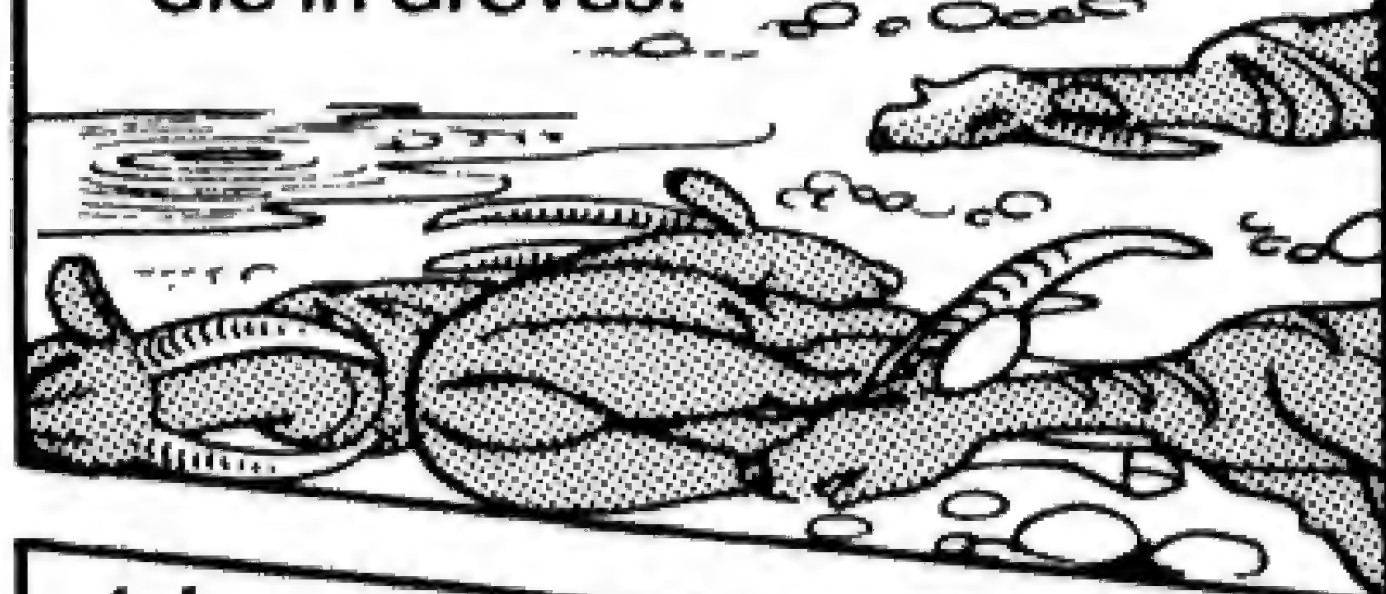


And this cosmos can become ill just as people do. It grows weak and dies even though it could go on living much, much longer.



1000 years ago the Earth too fell ill. Its symptoms soon showed on the surface.

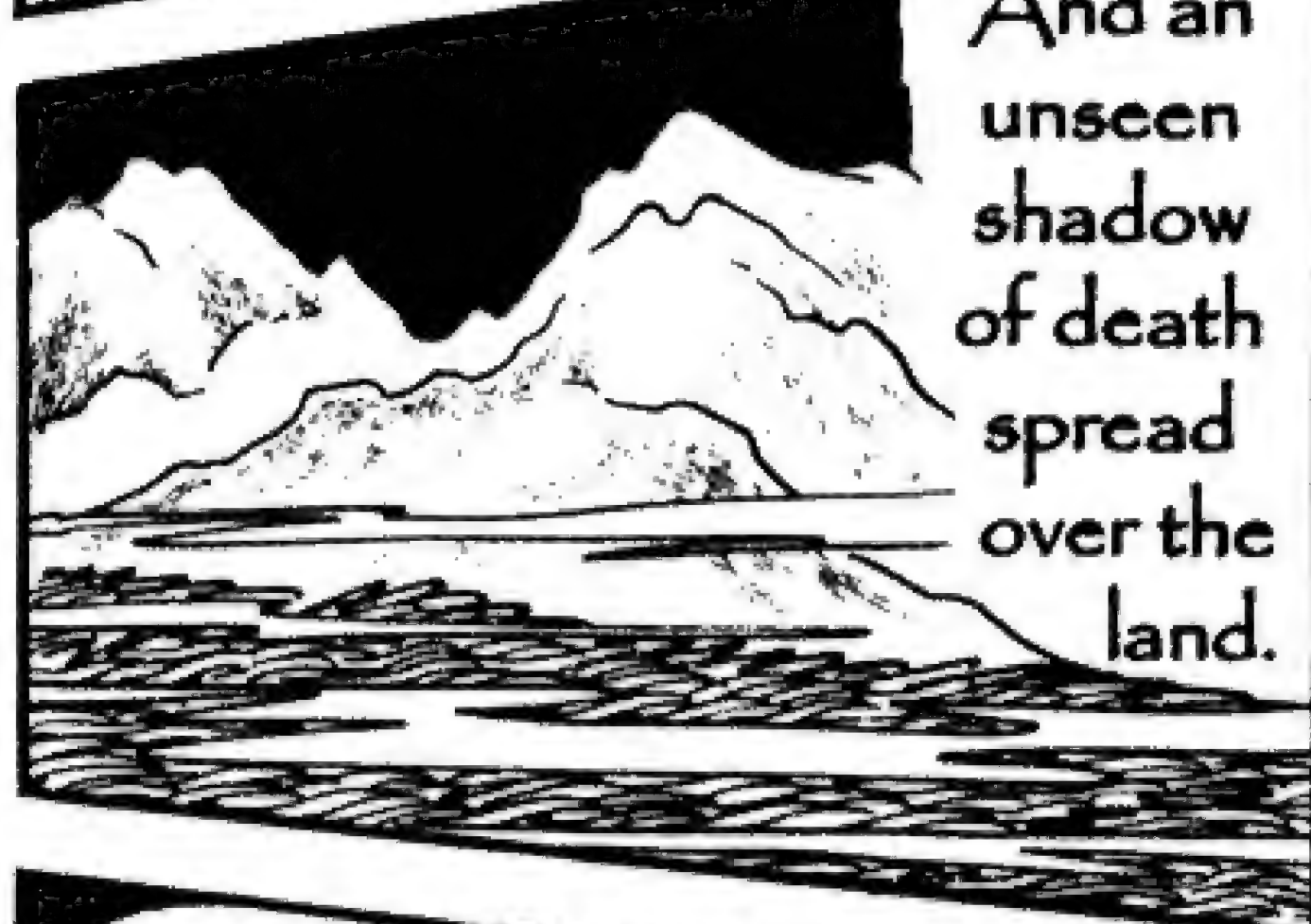
Animals began to die in droves.



Human progress came to a complete halt.

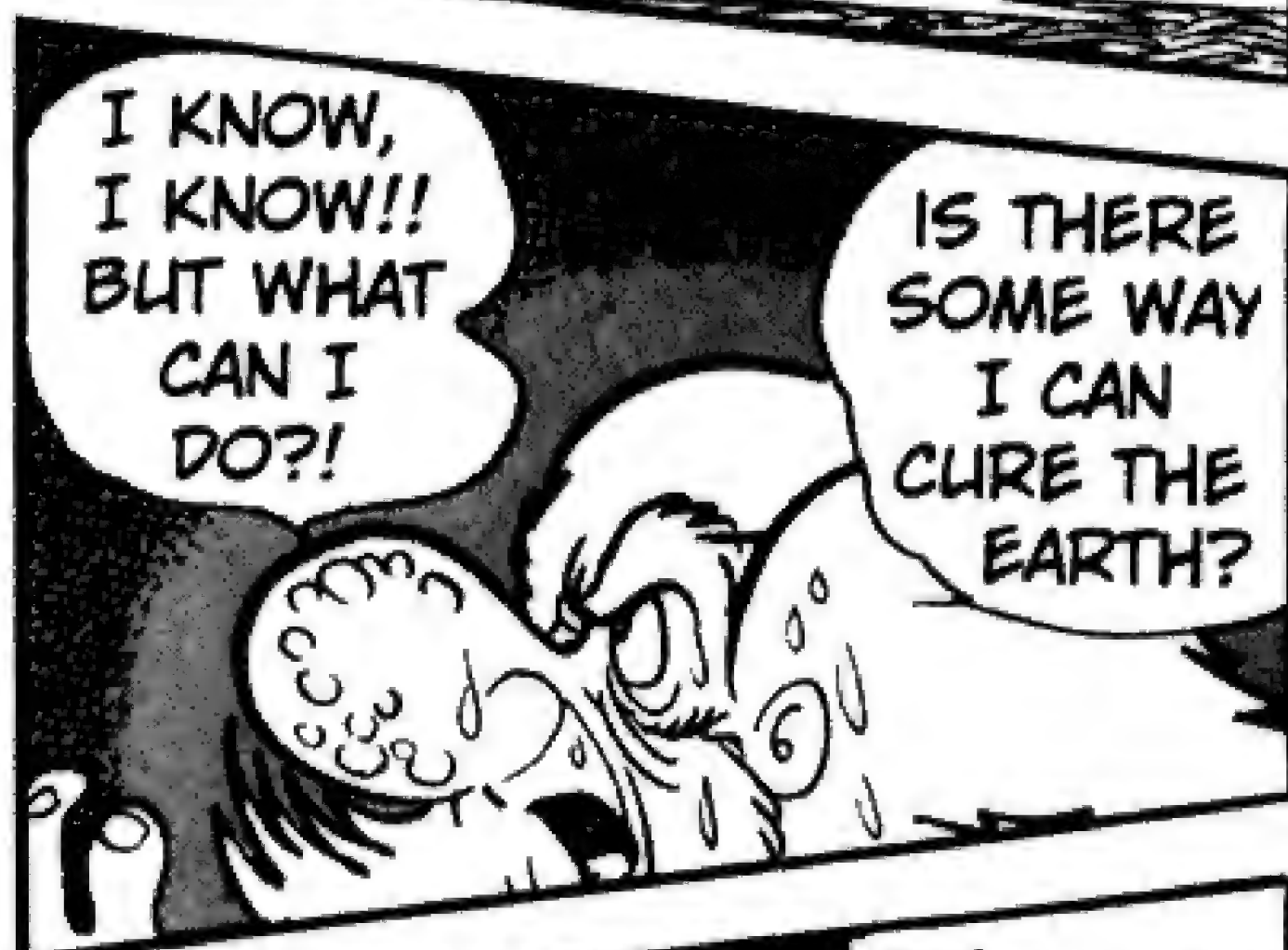


And an unseen shadow of death spread over the land.



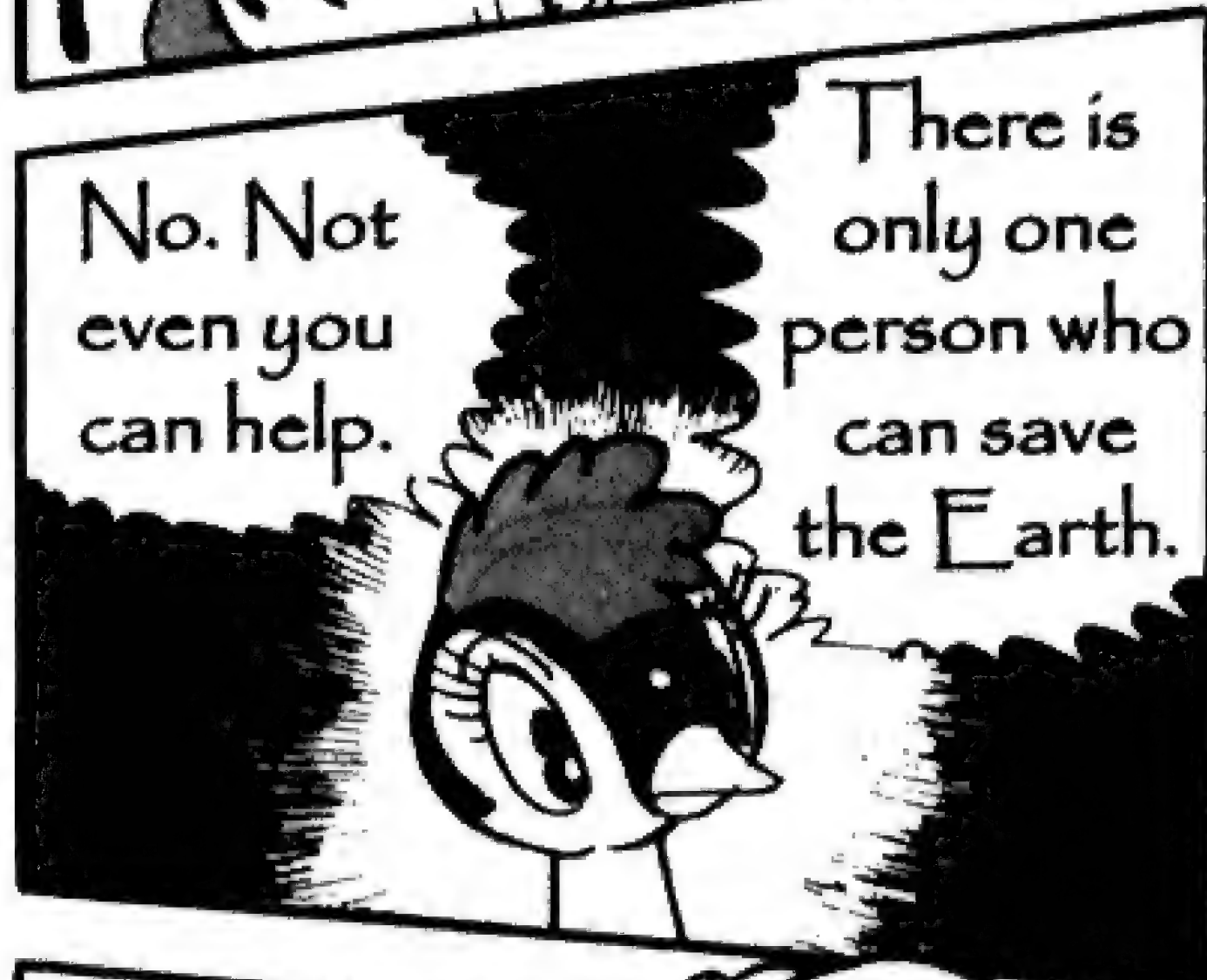
I KNOW, I KNOW!! BUT WHAT CAN I DO?!

IS THERE SOME WAY I CAN CURE THE EARTH?



No. Not even you can help.

There is only one person who can save the Earth.

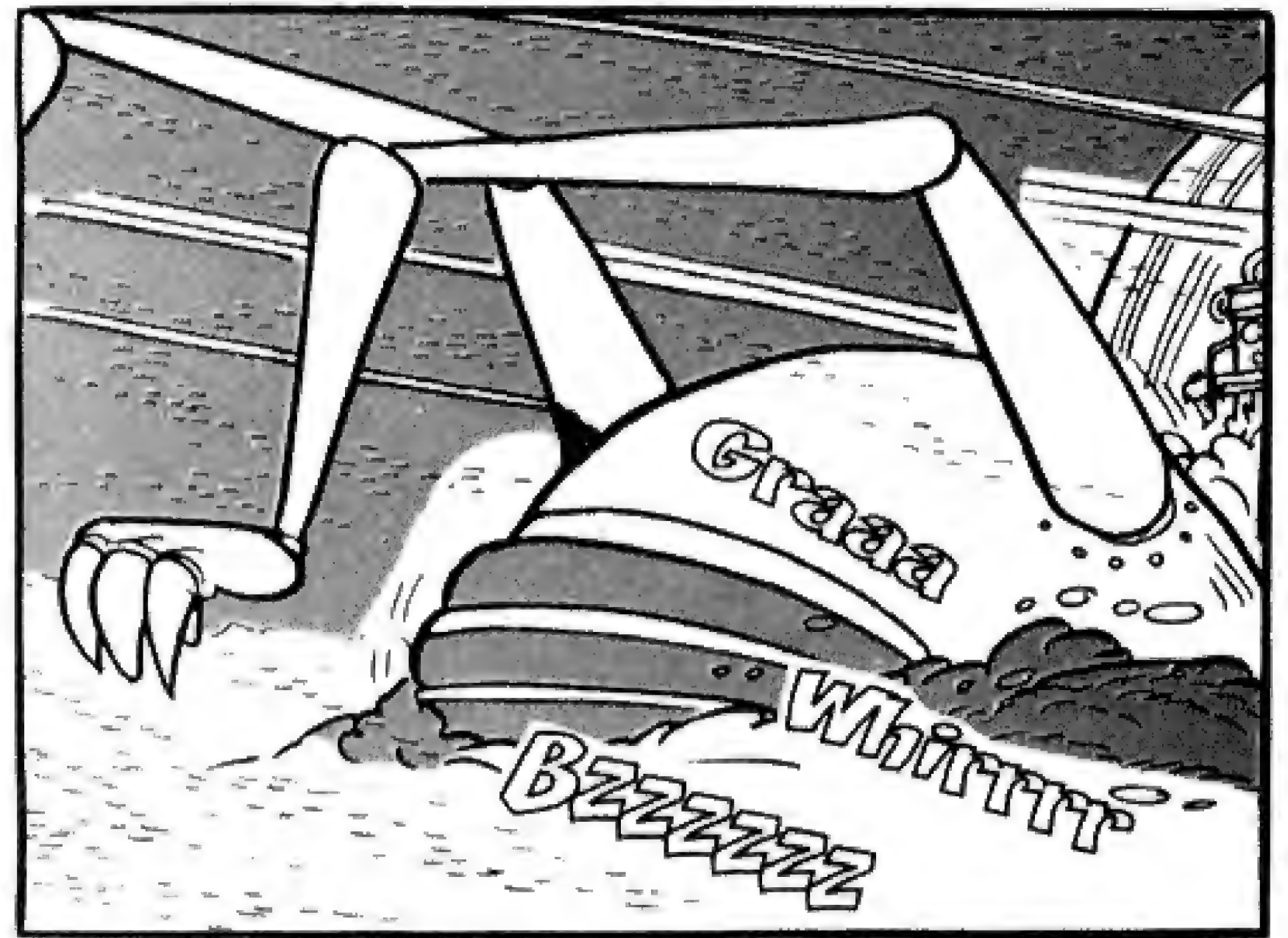
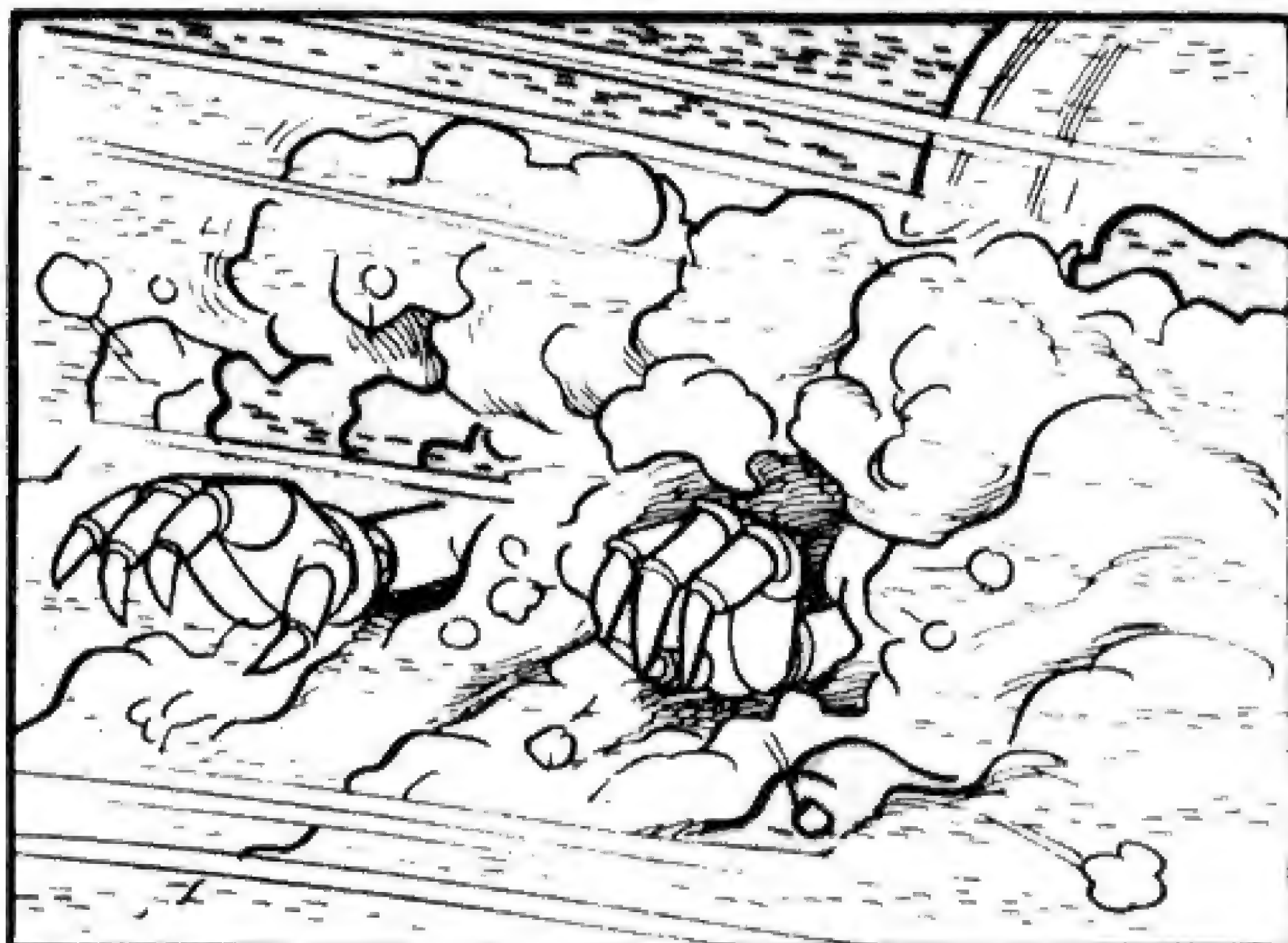
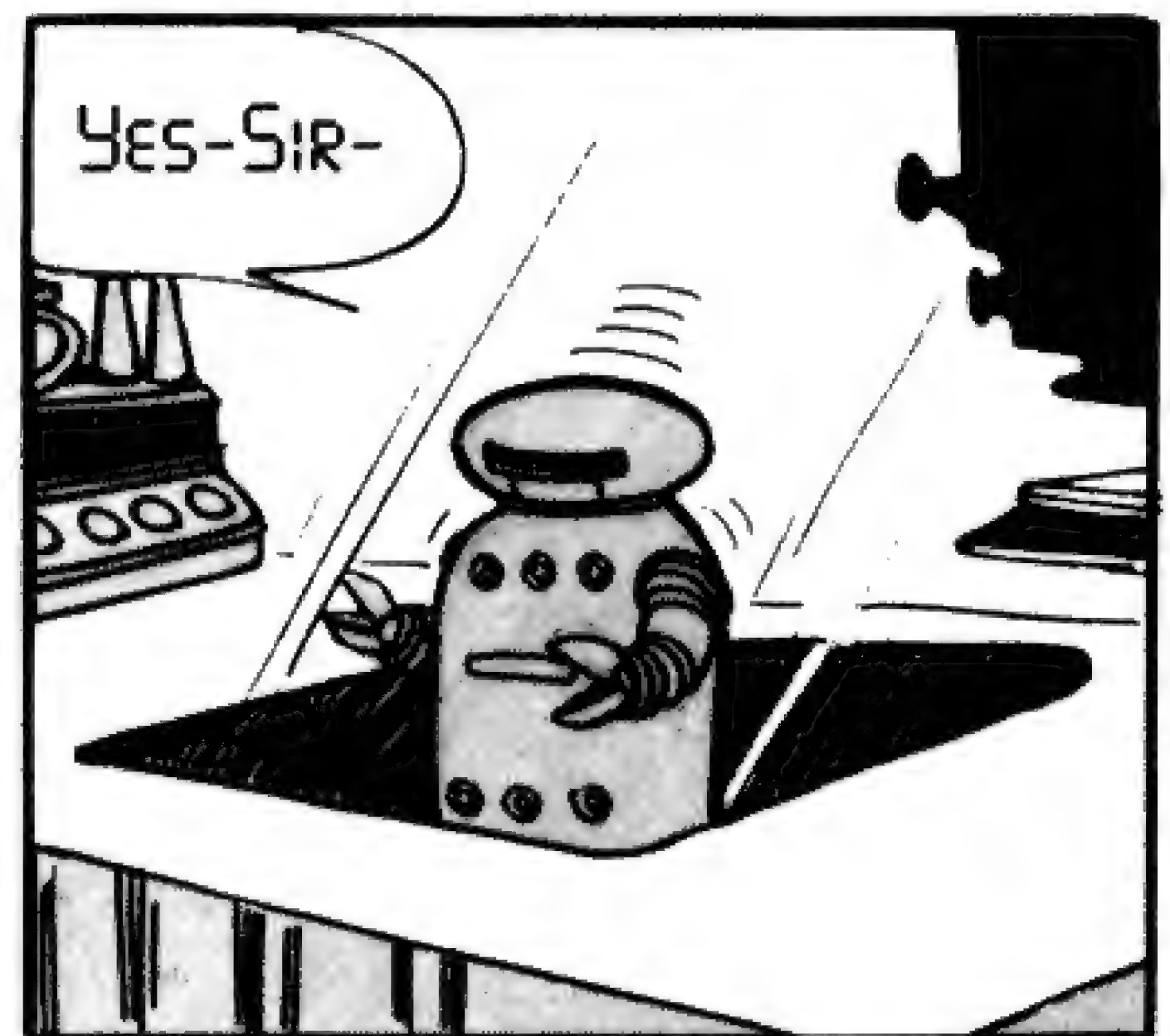
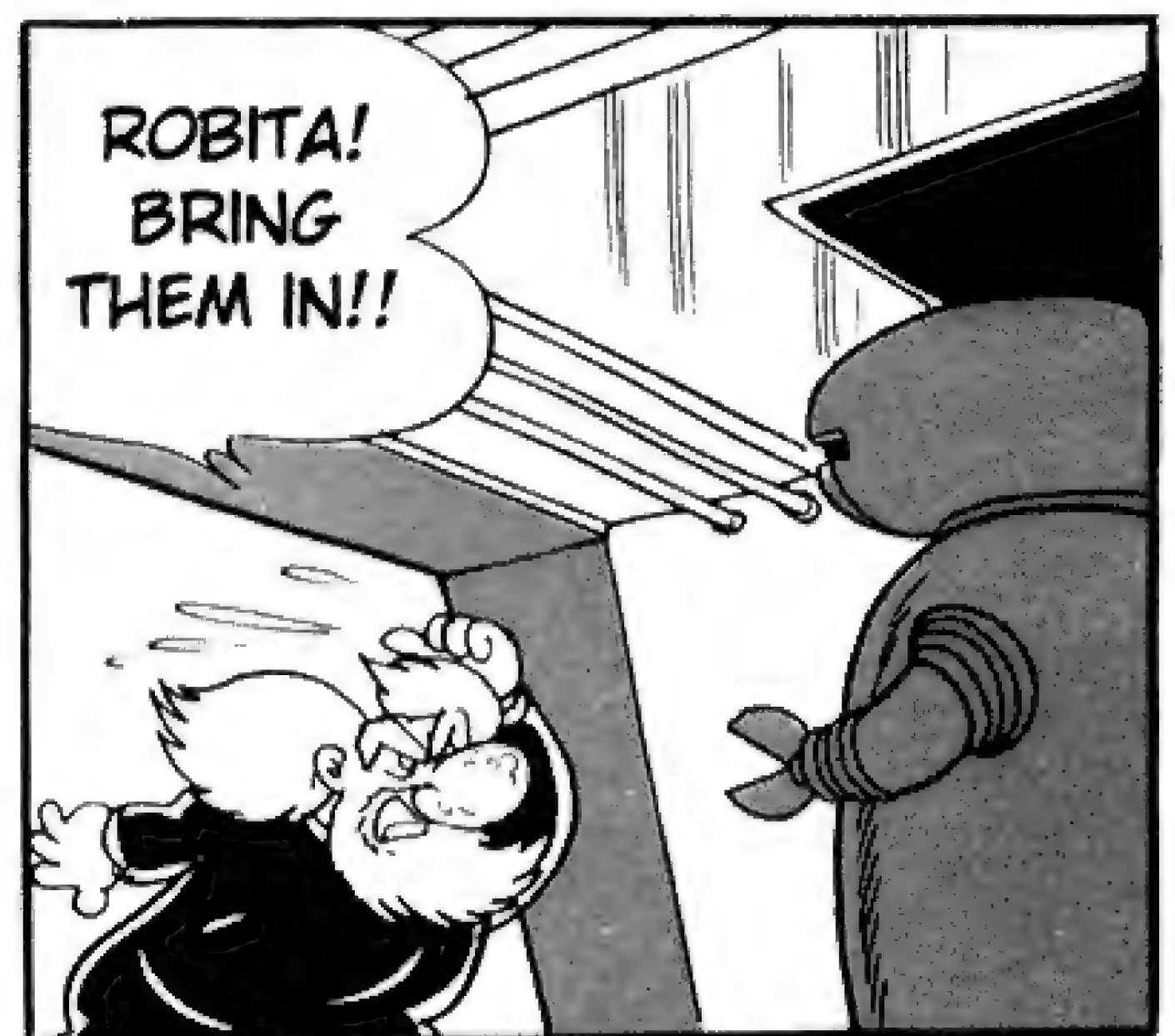


And he will soon be here.

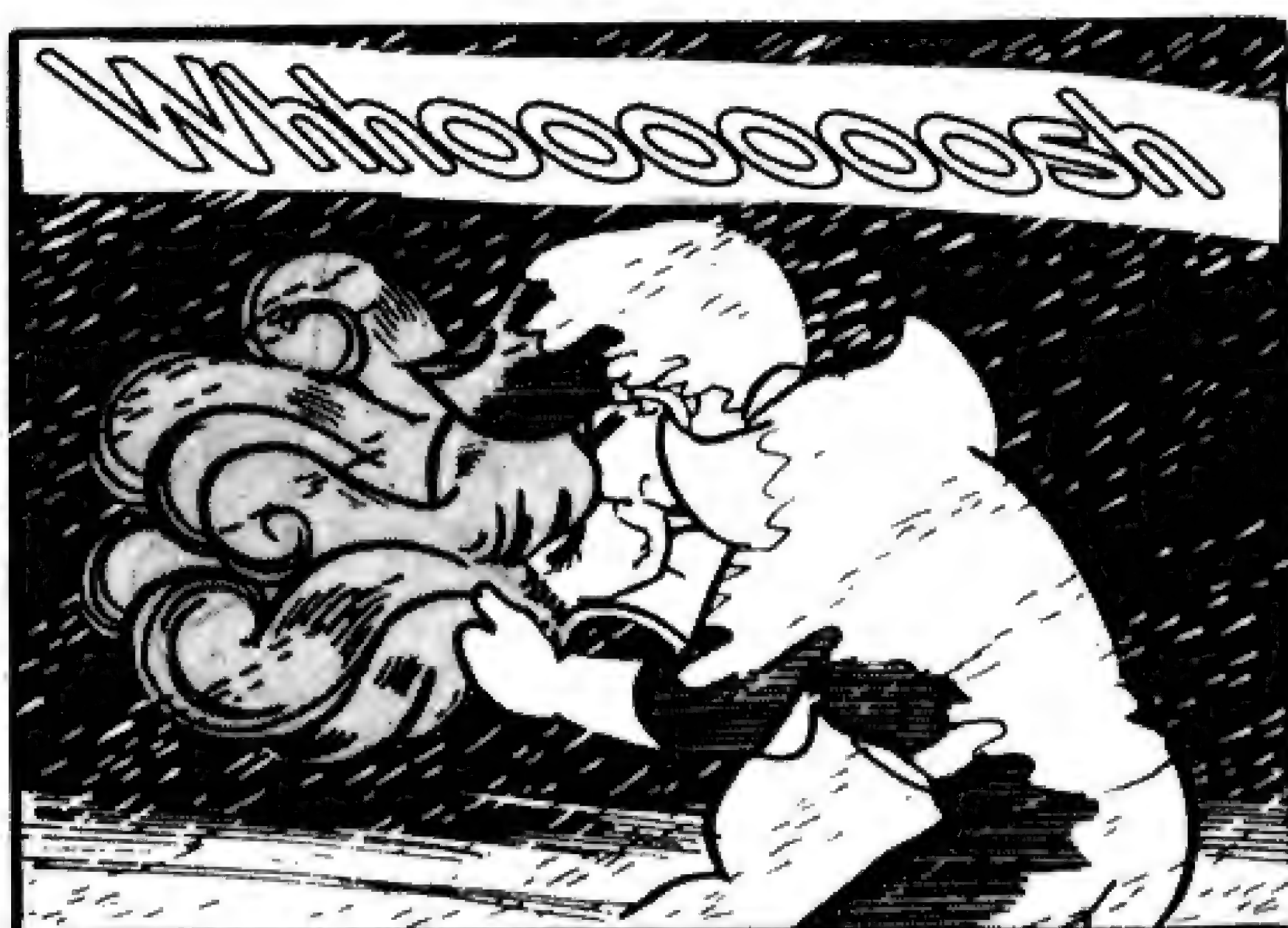
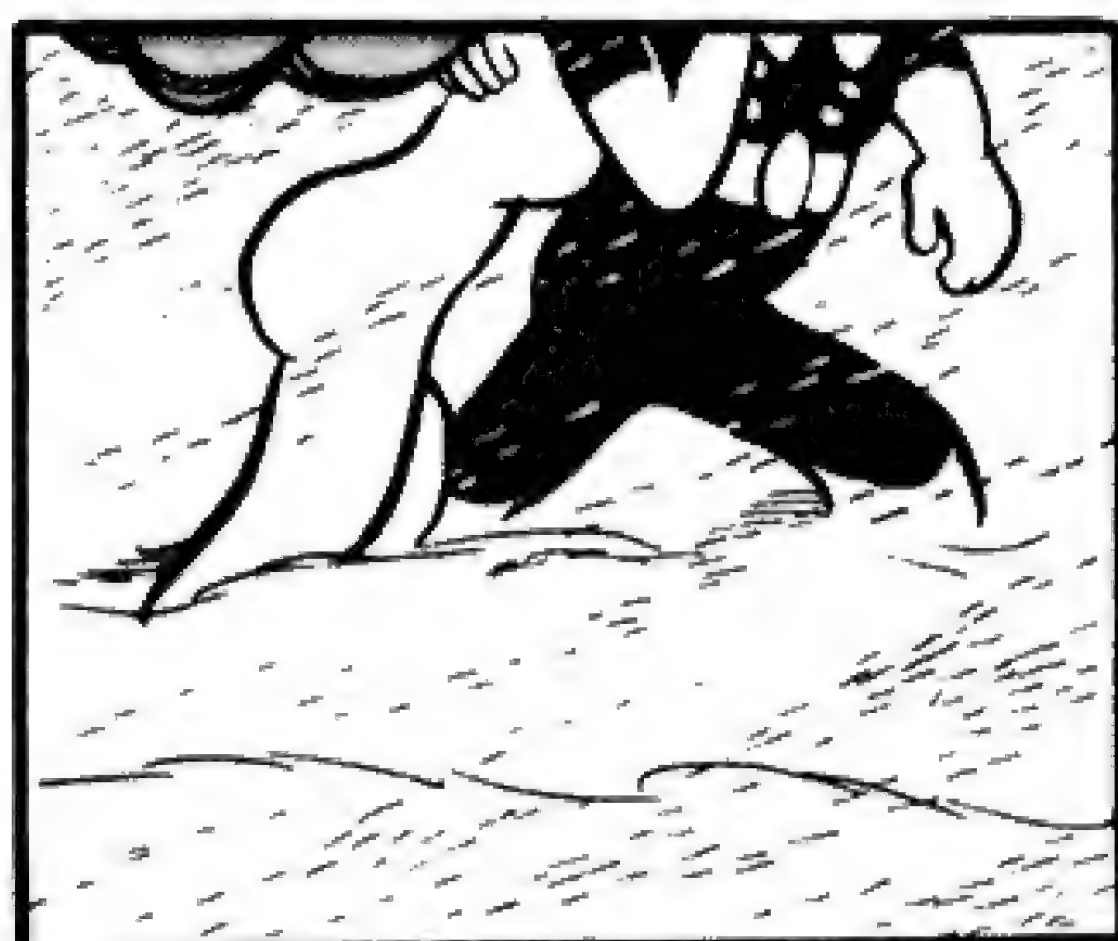
WHAT?



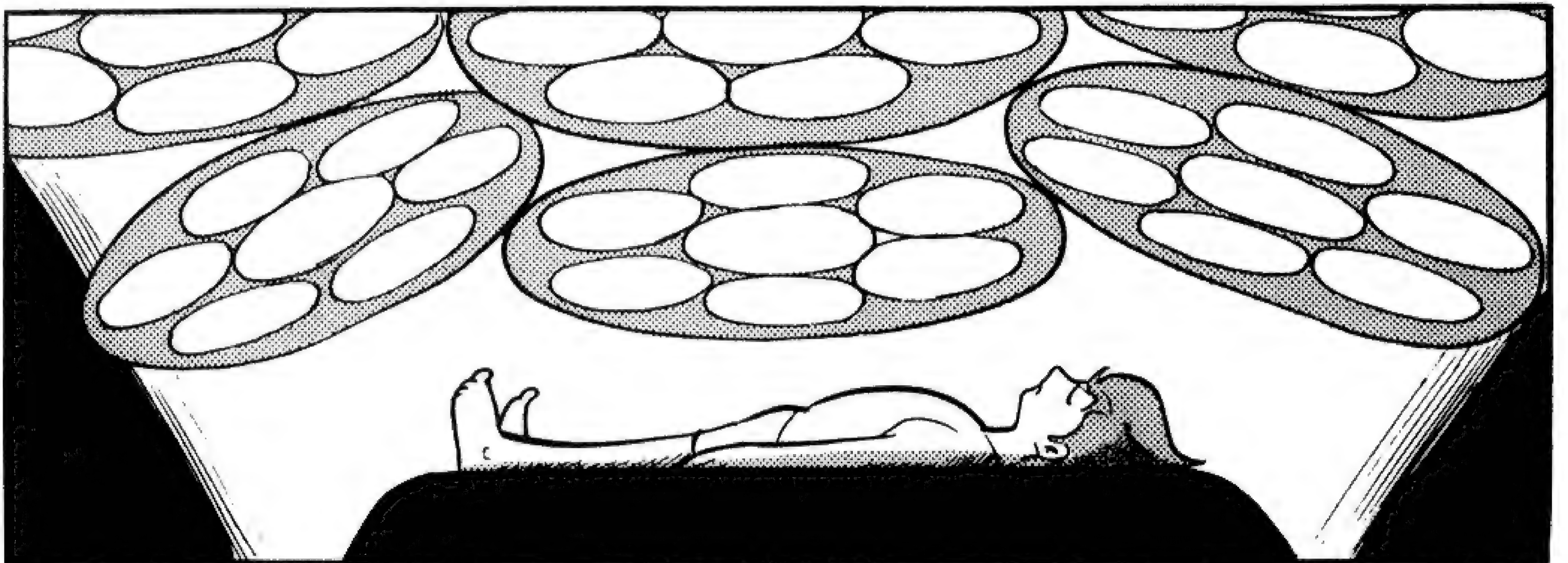
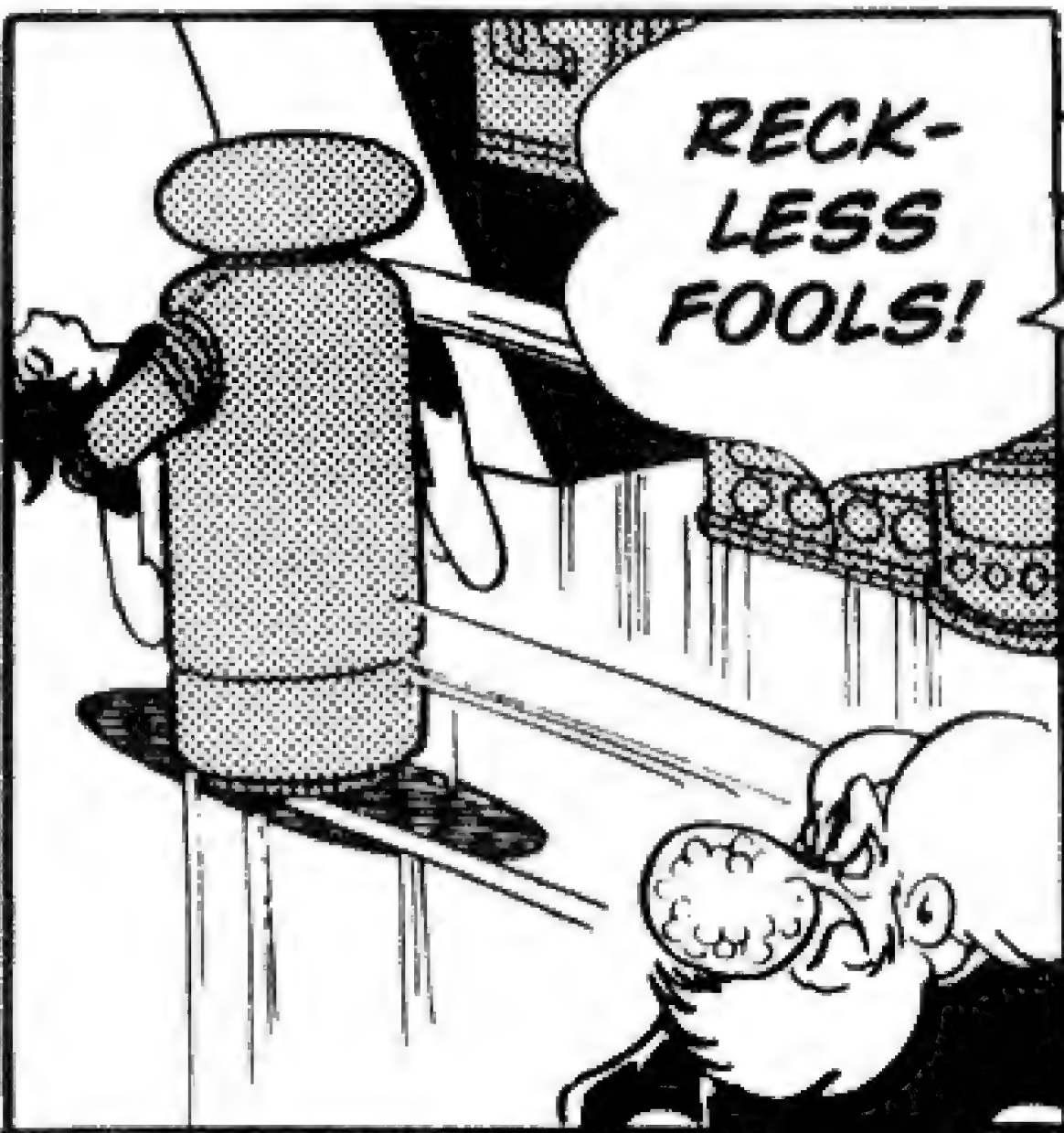
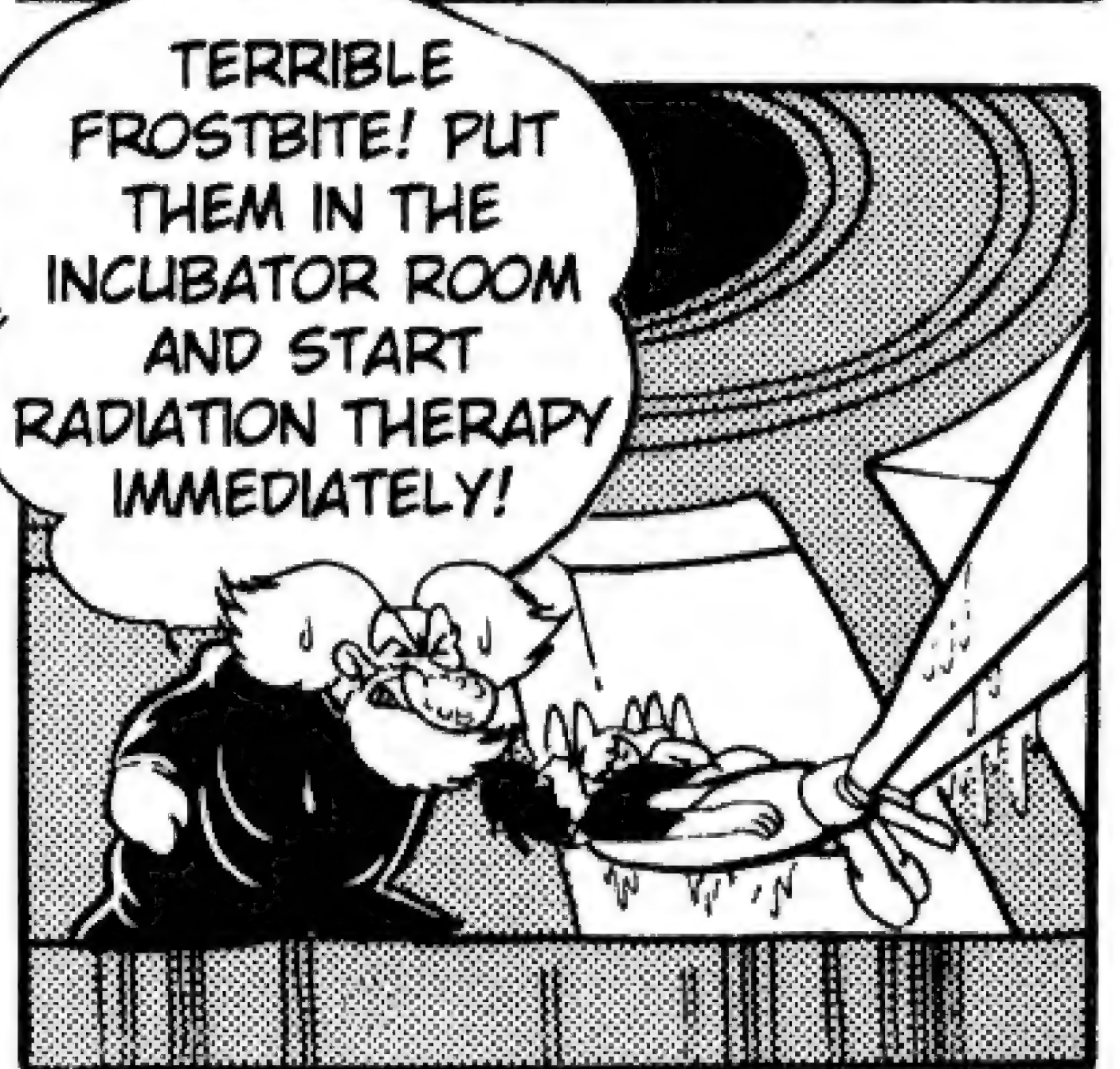
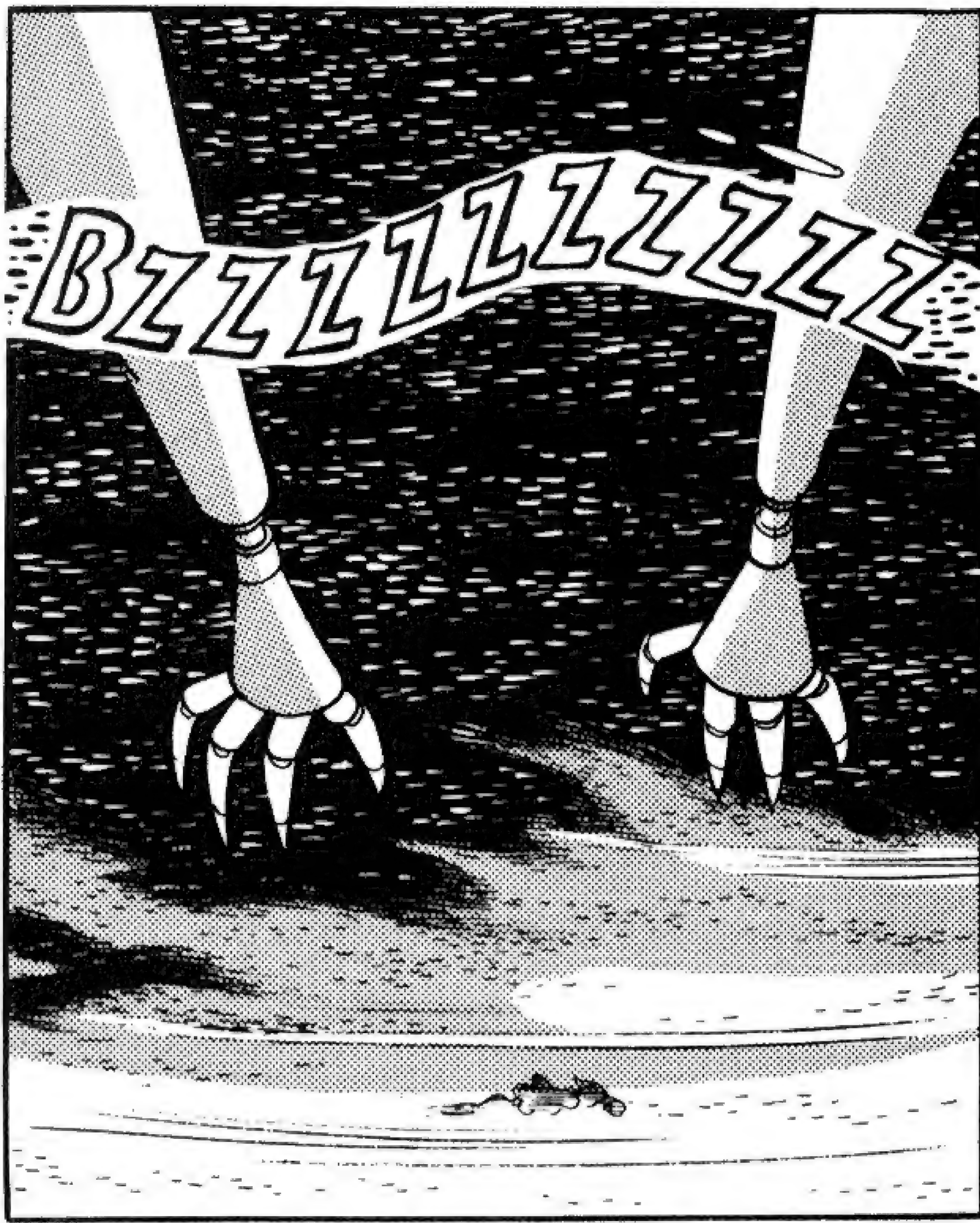




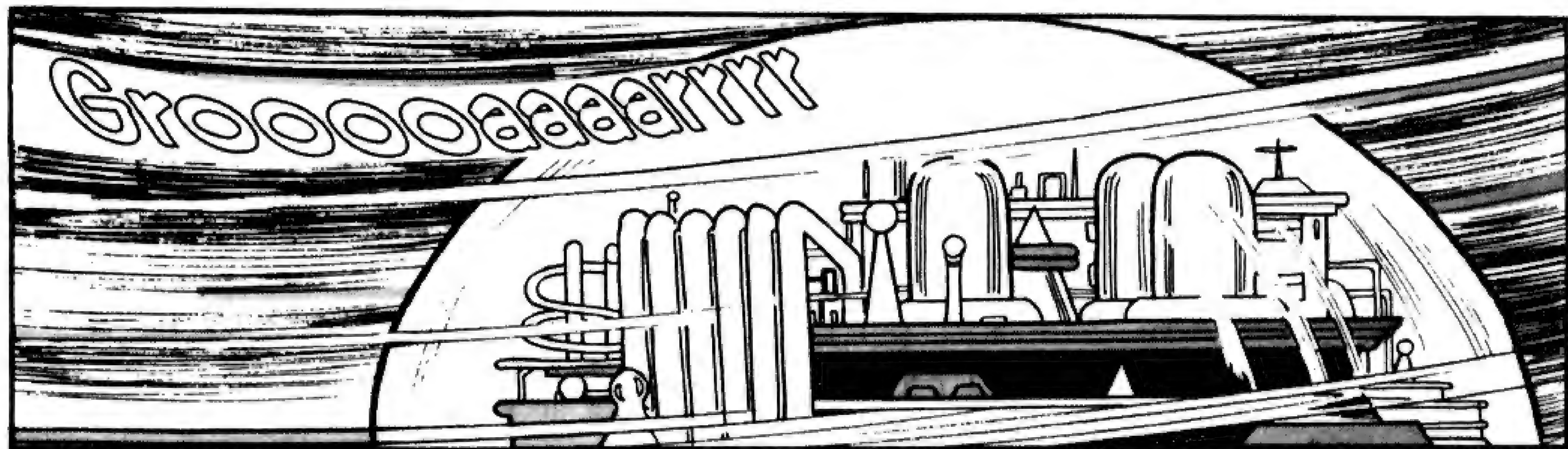
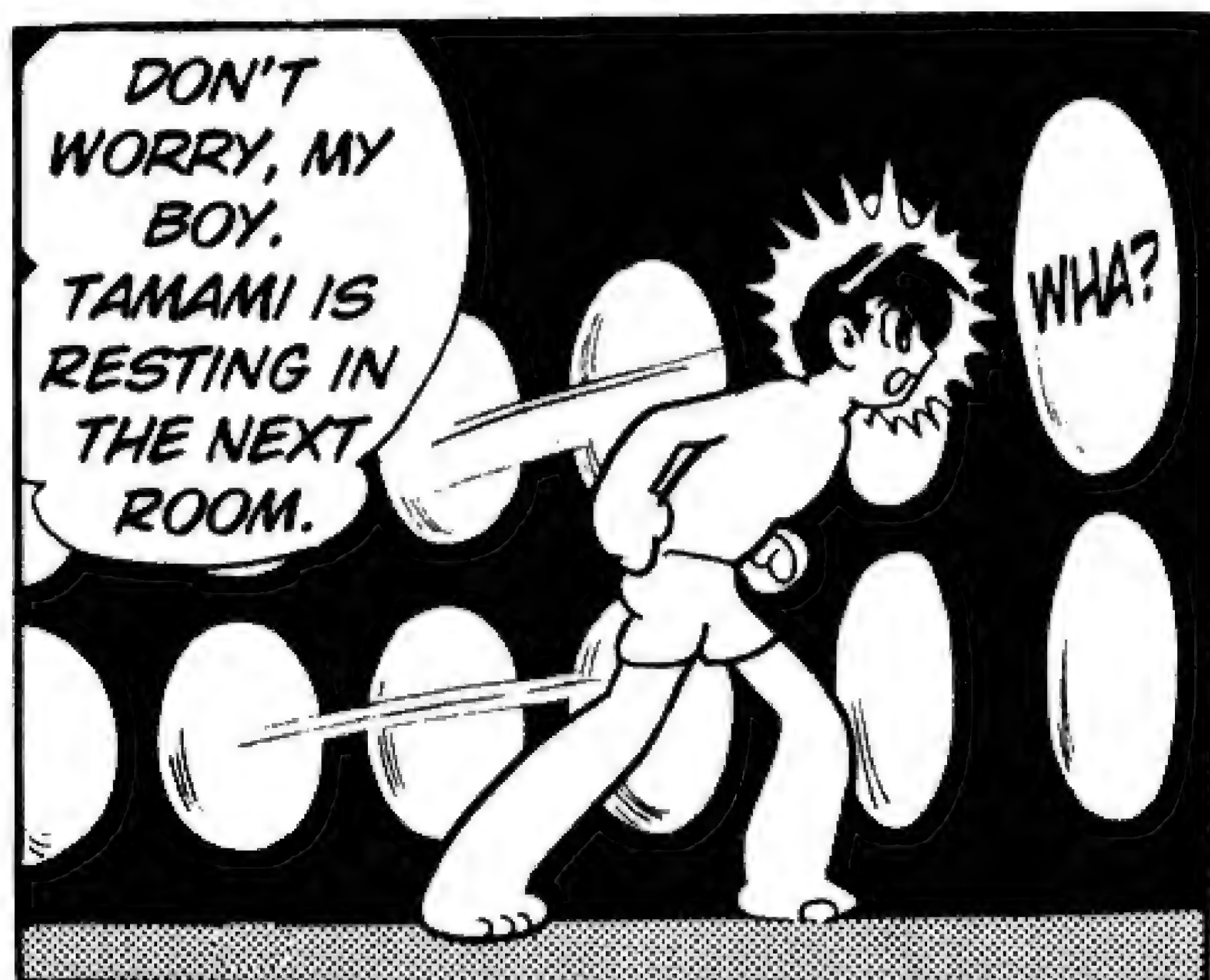
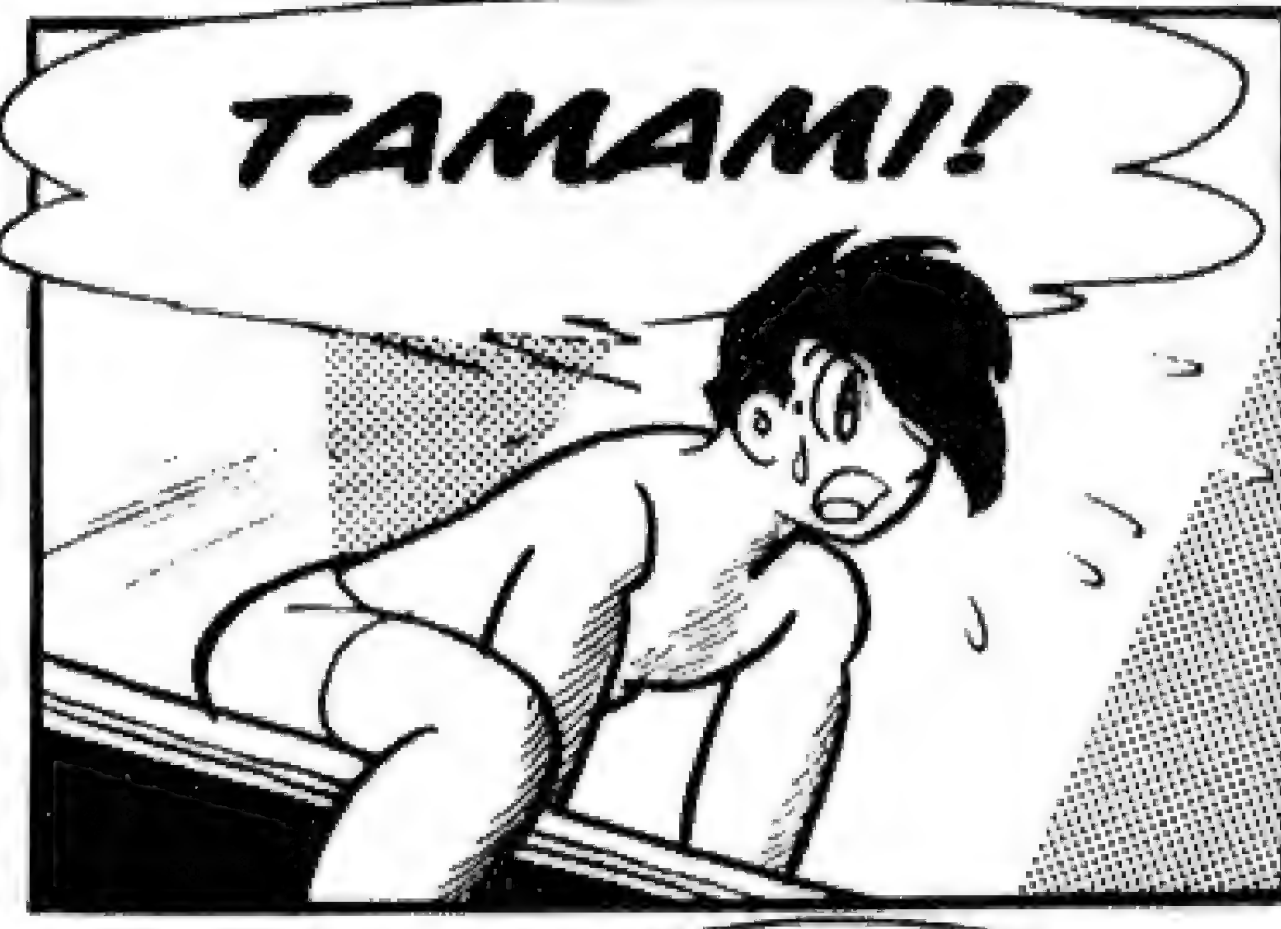




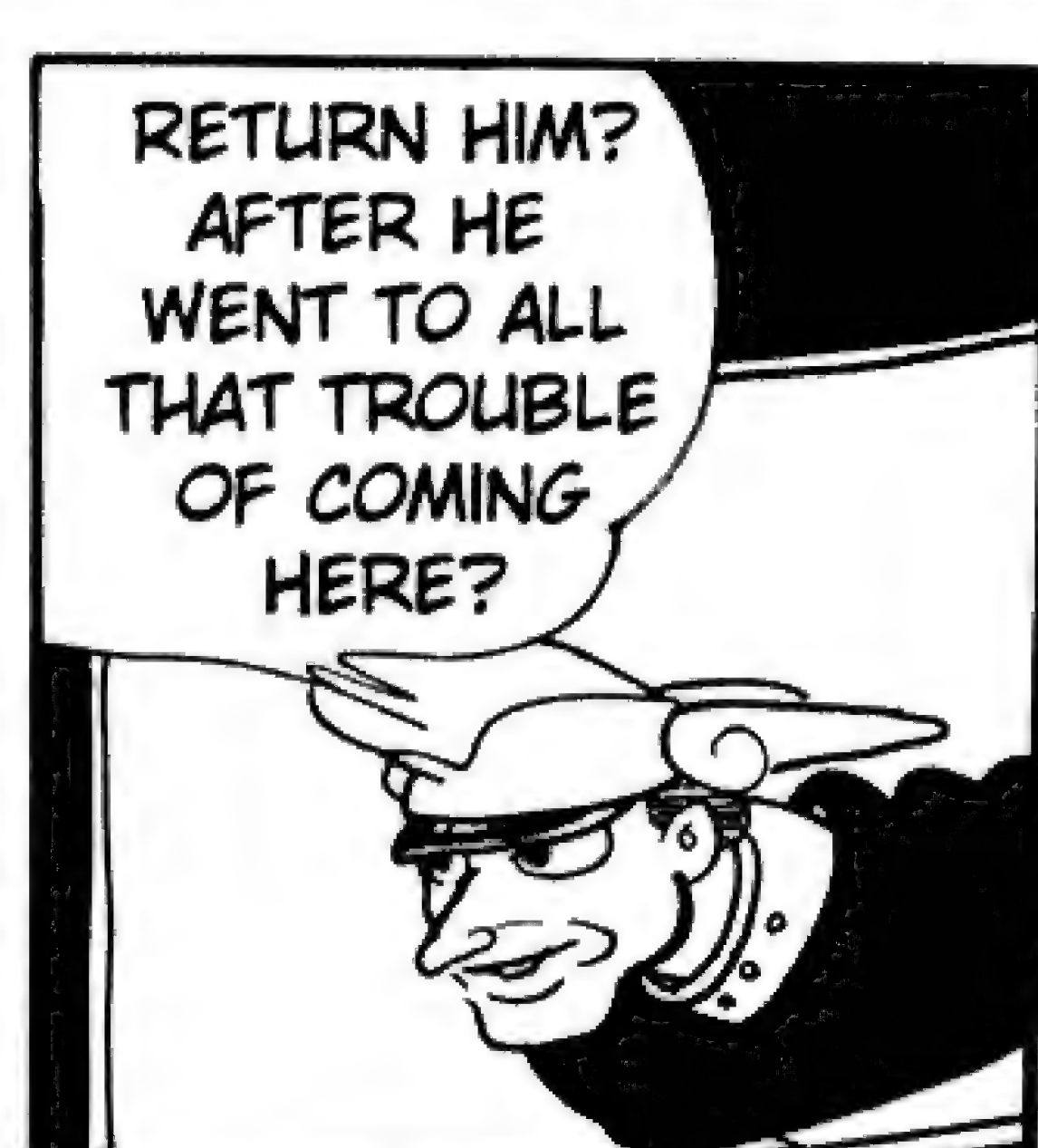
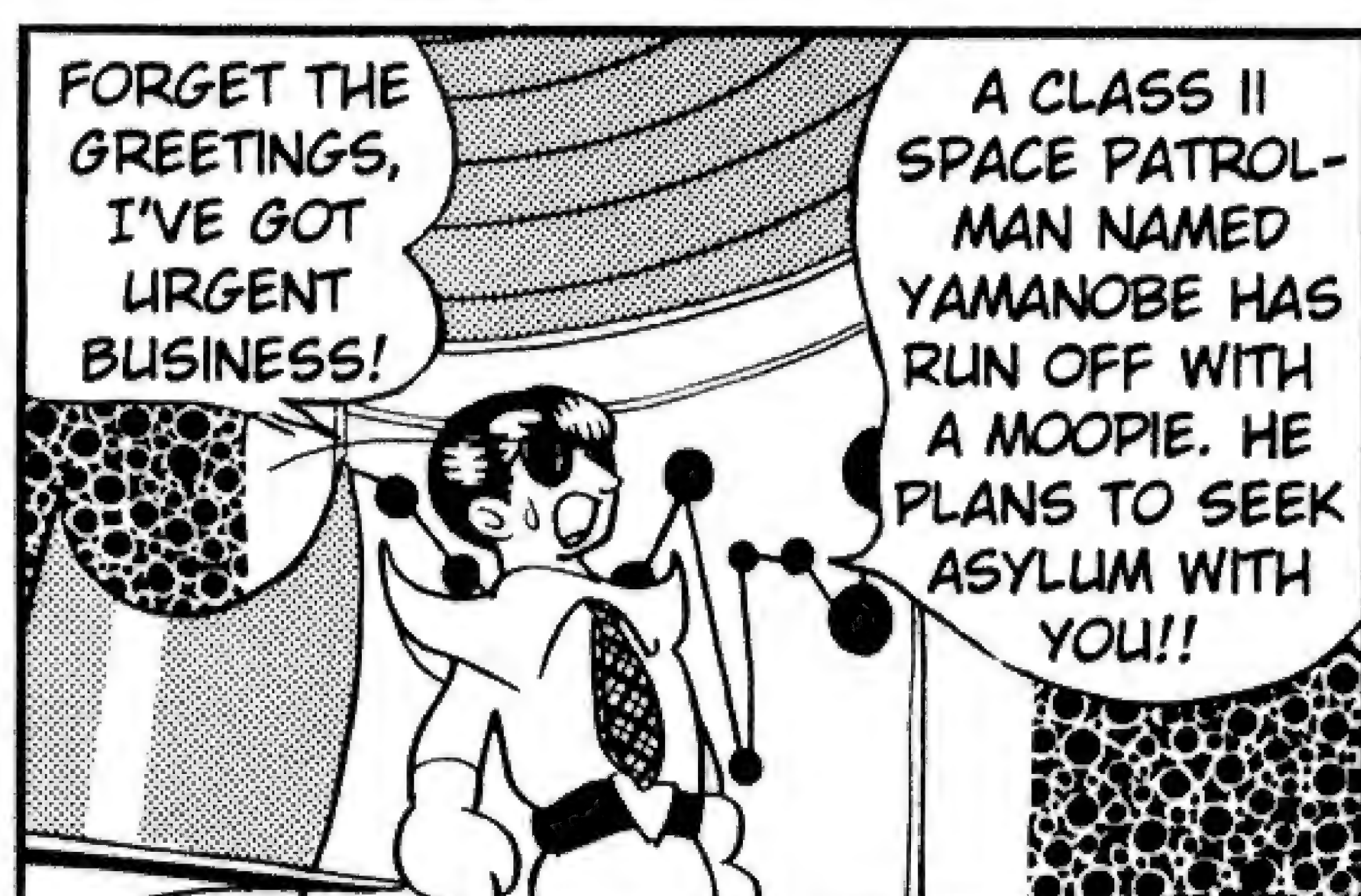
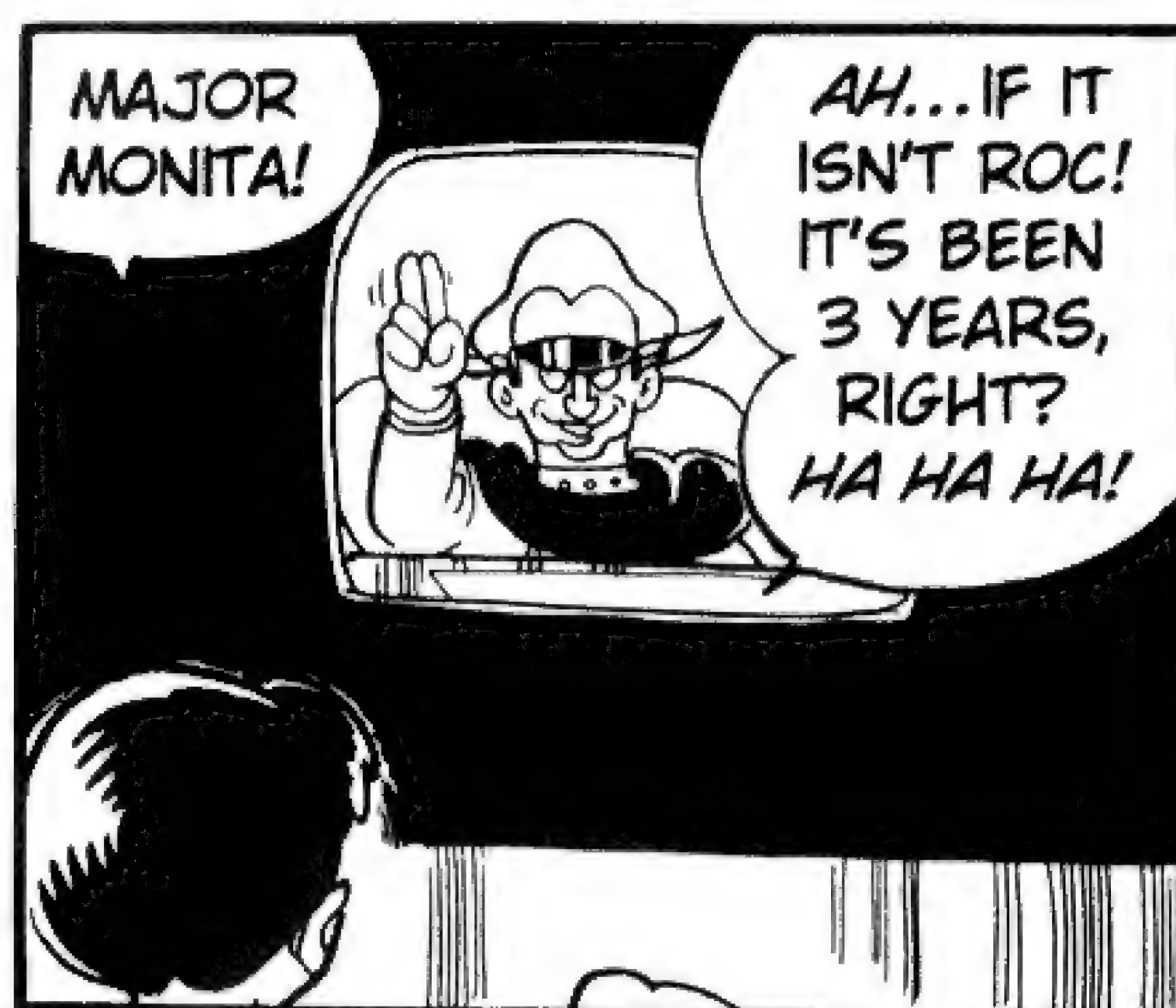
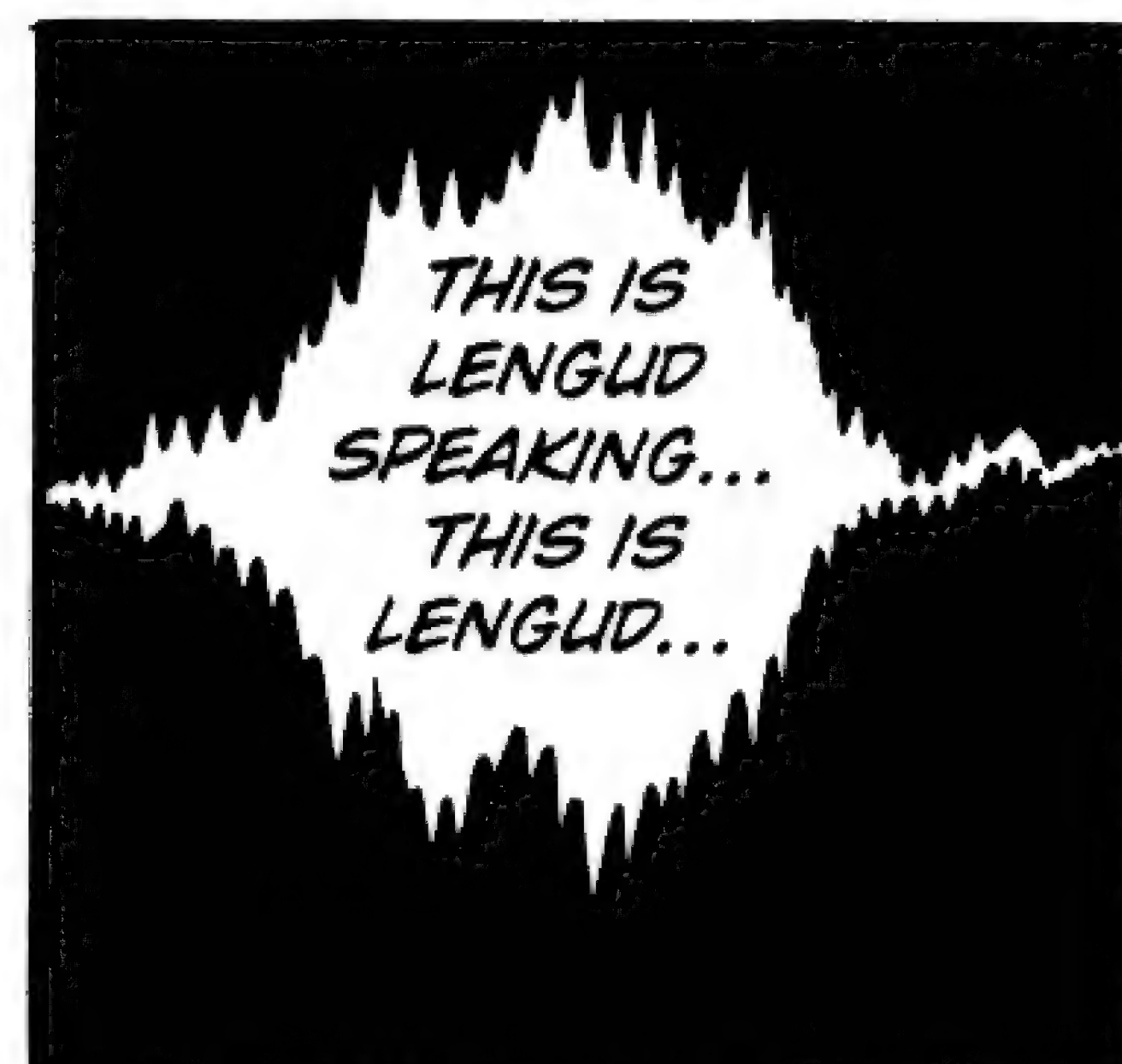
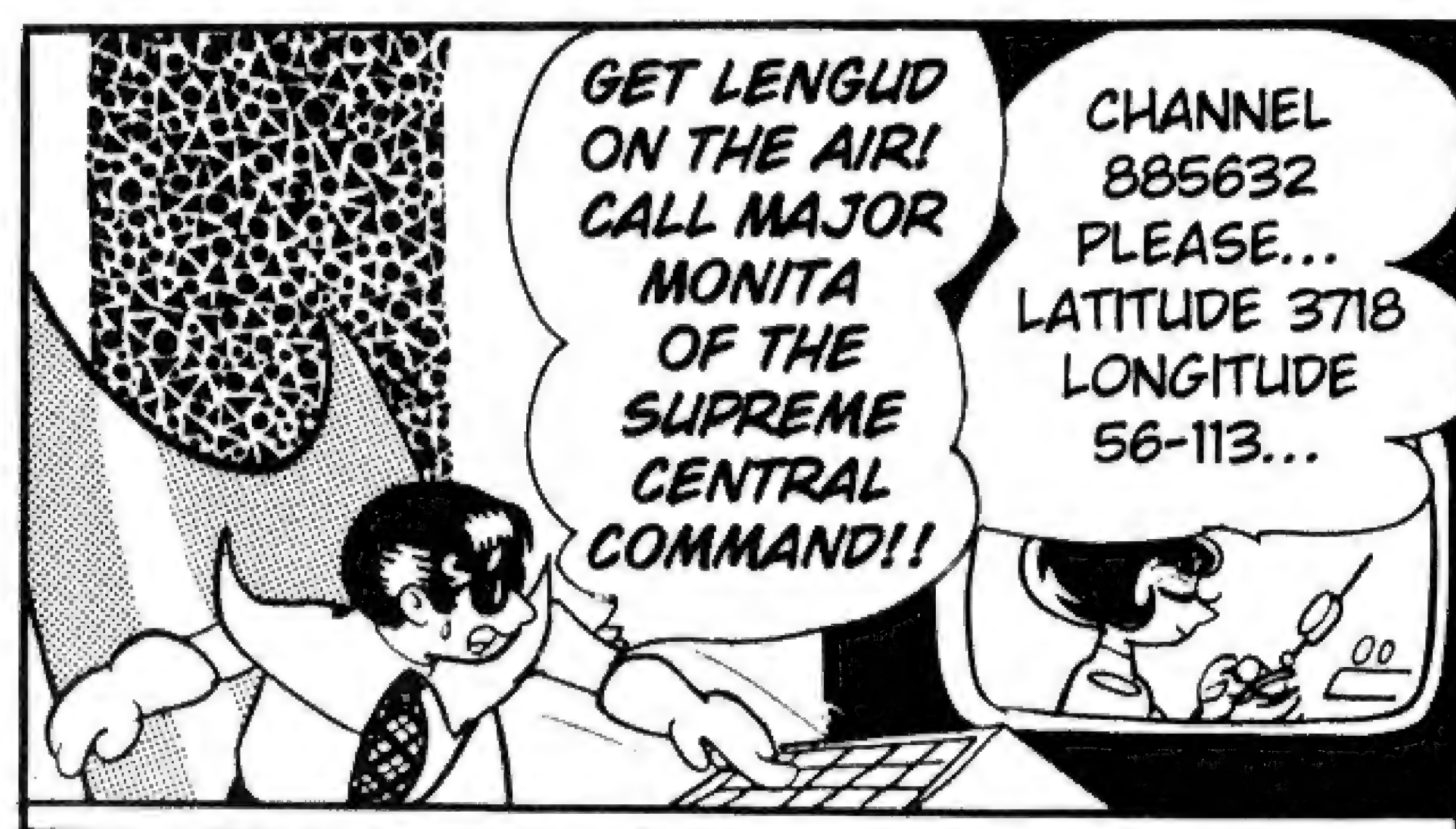
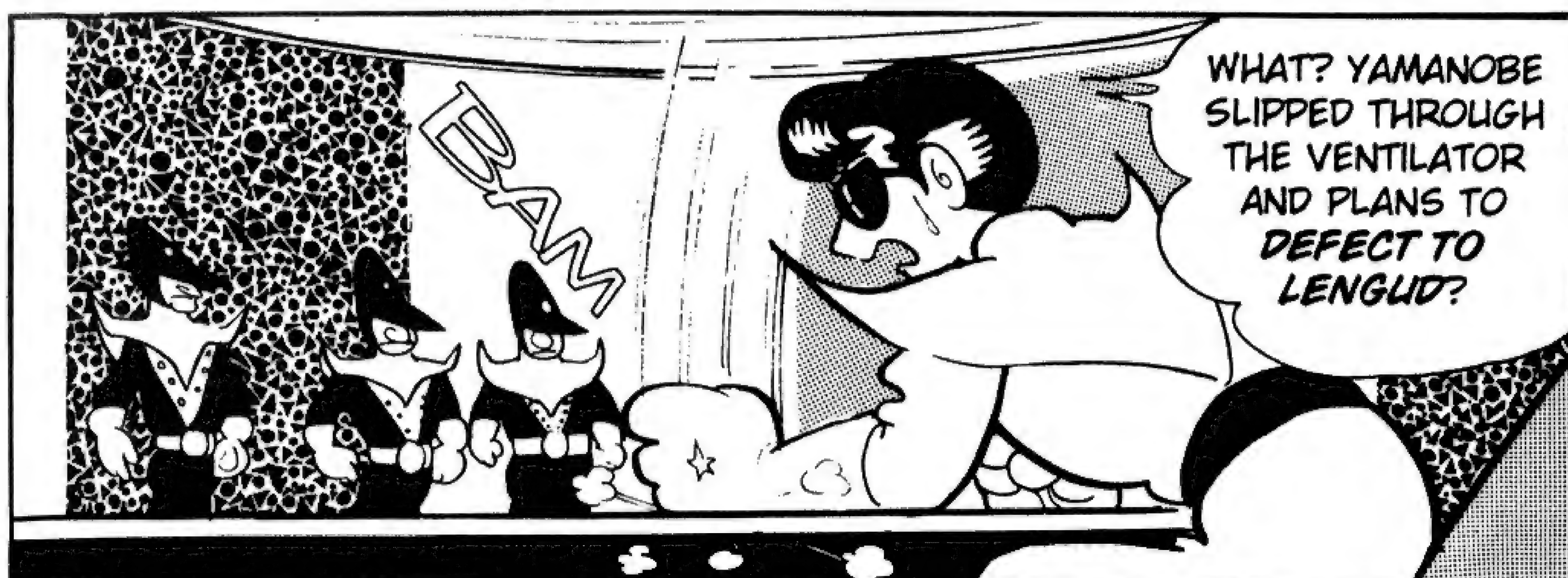




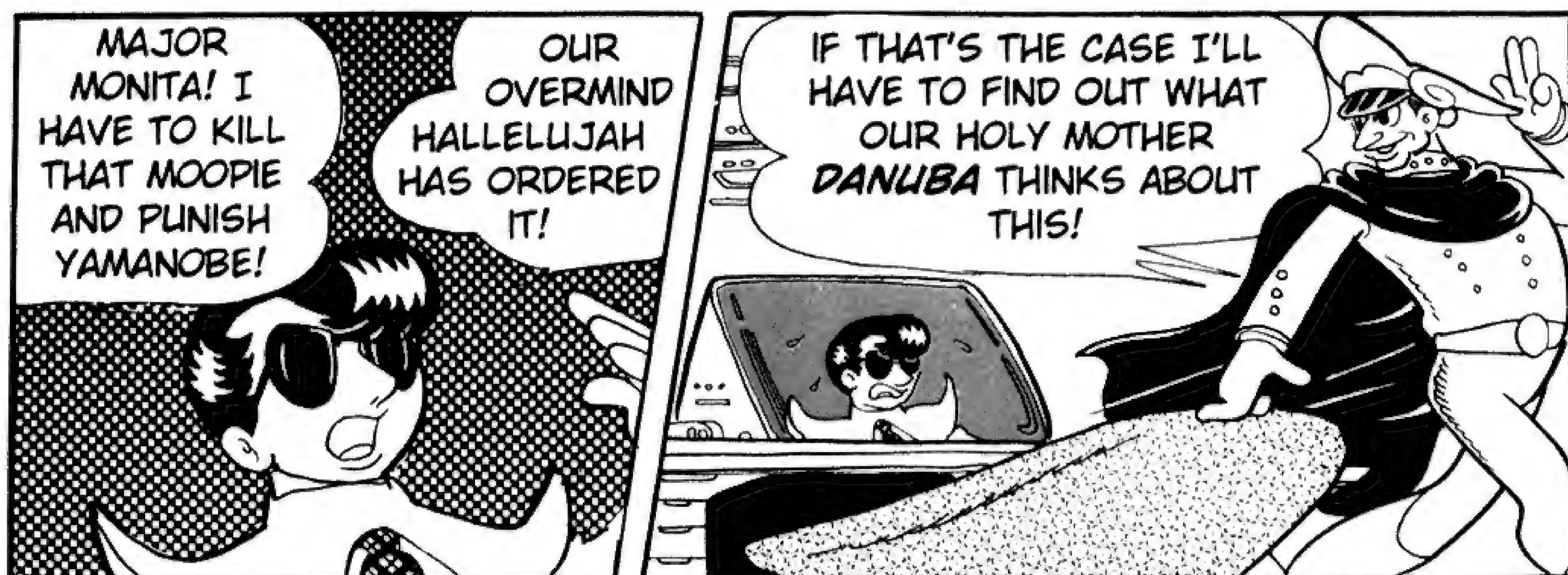




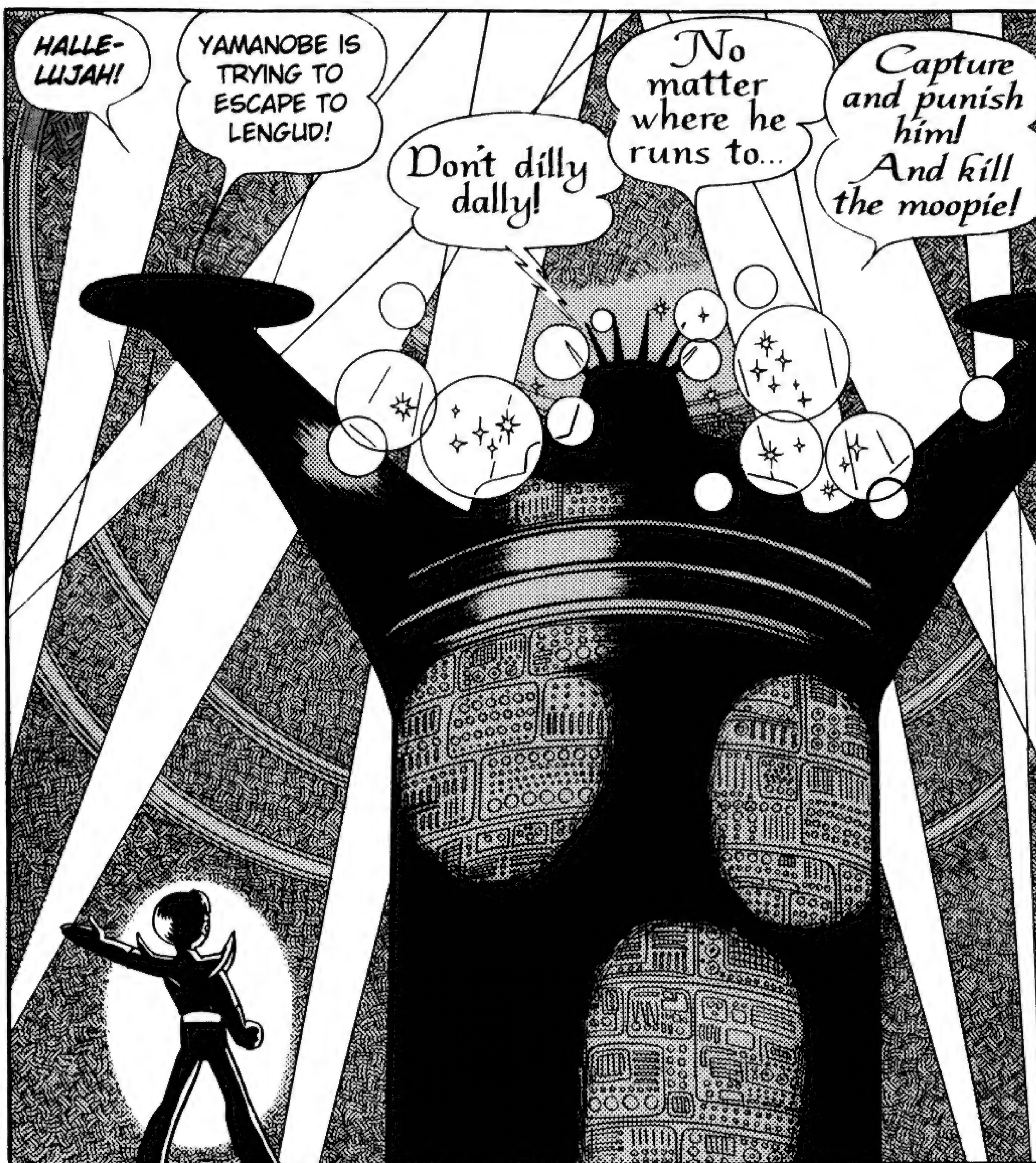
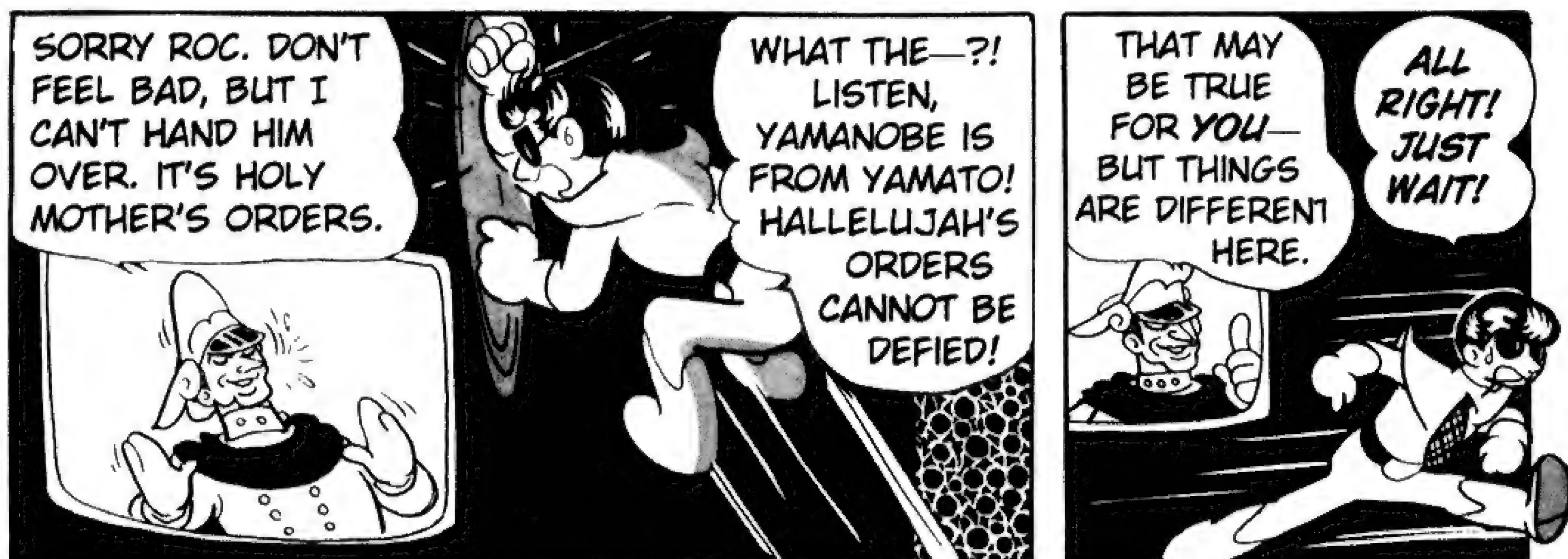




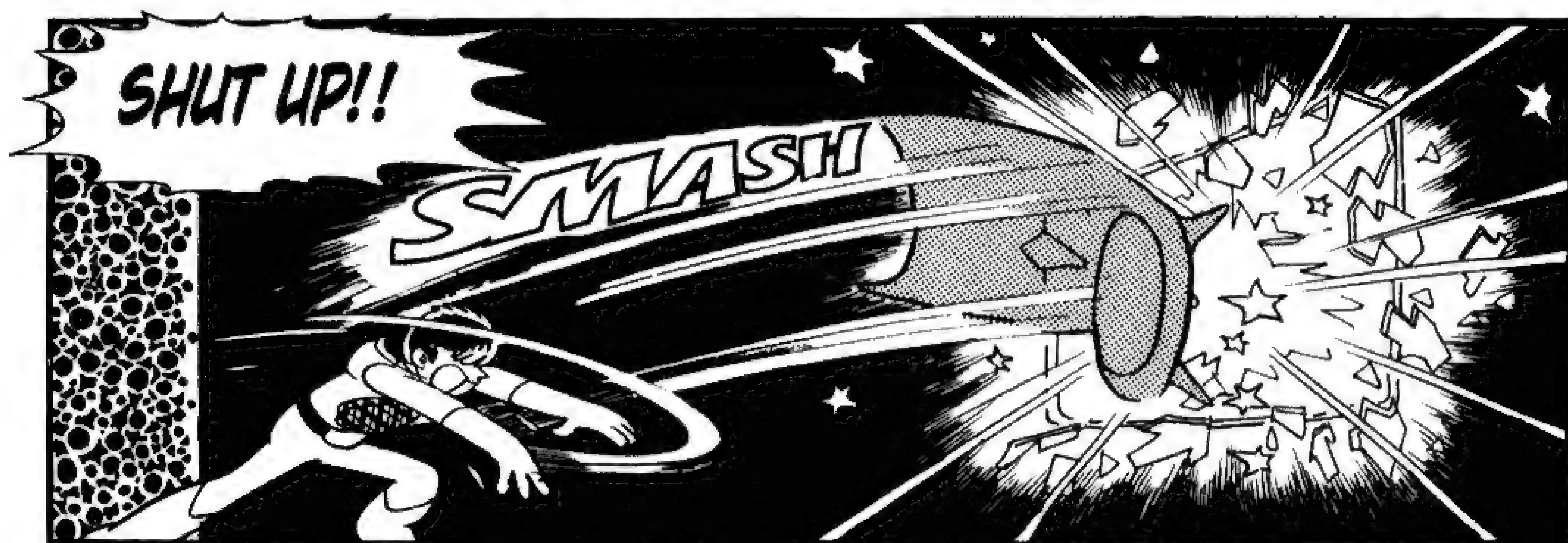
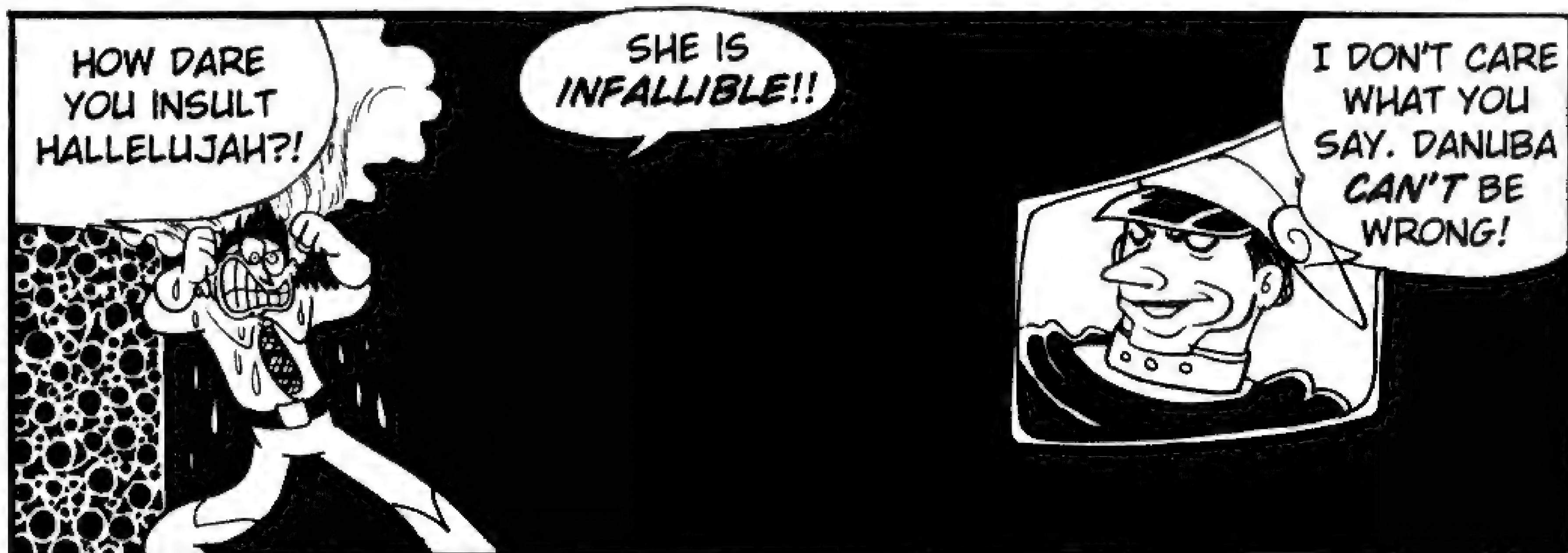




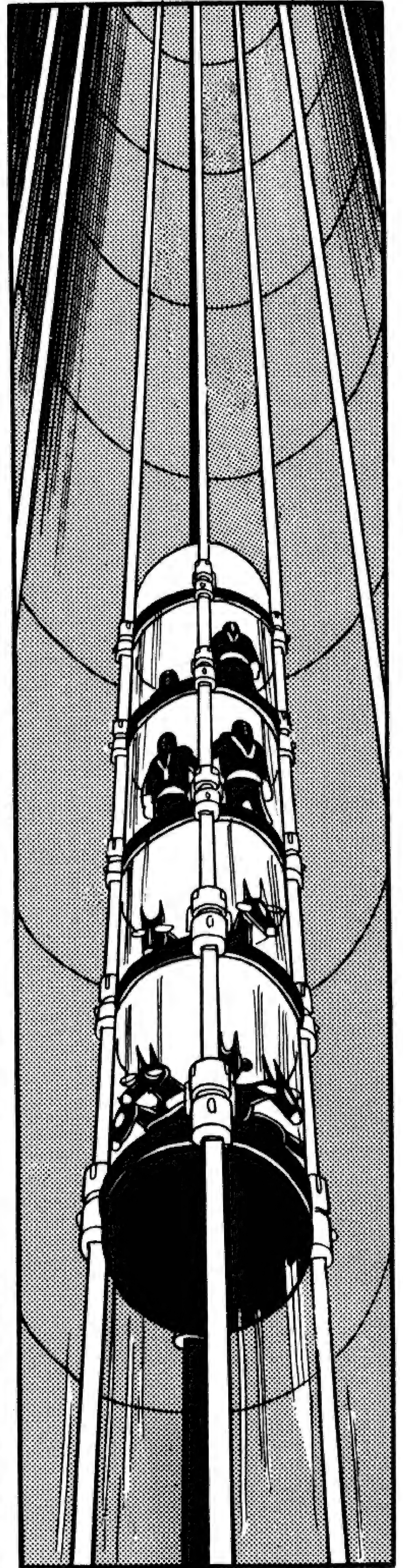
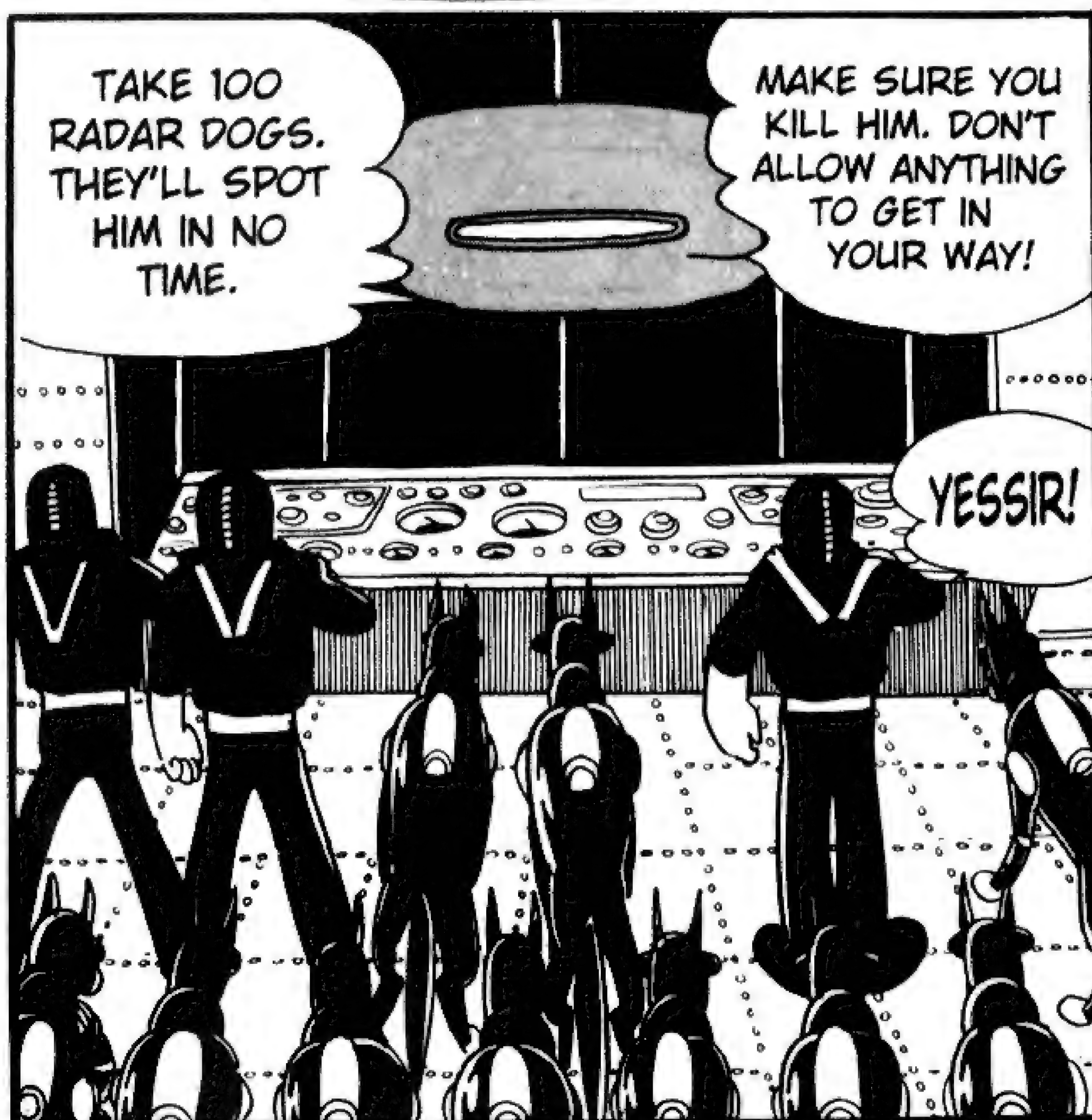
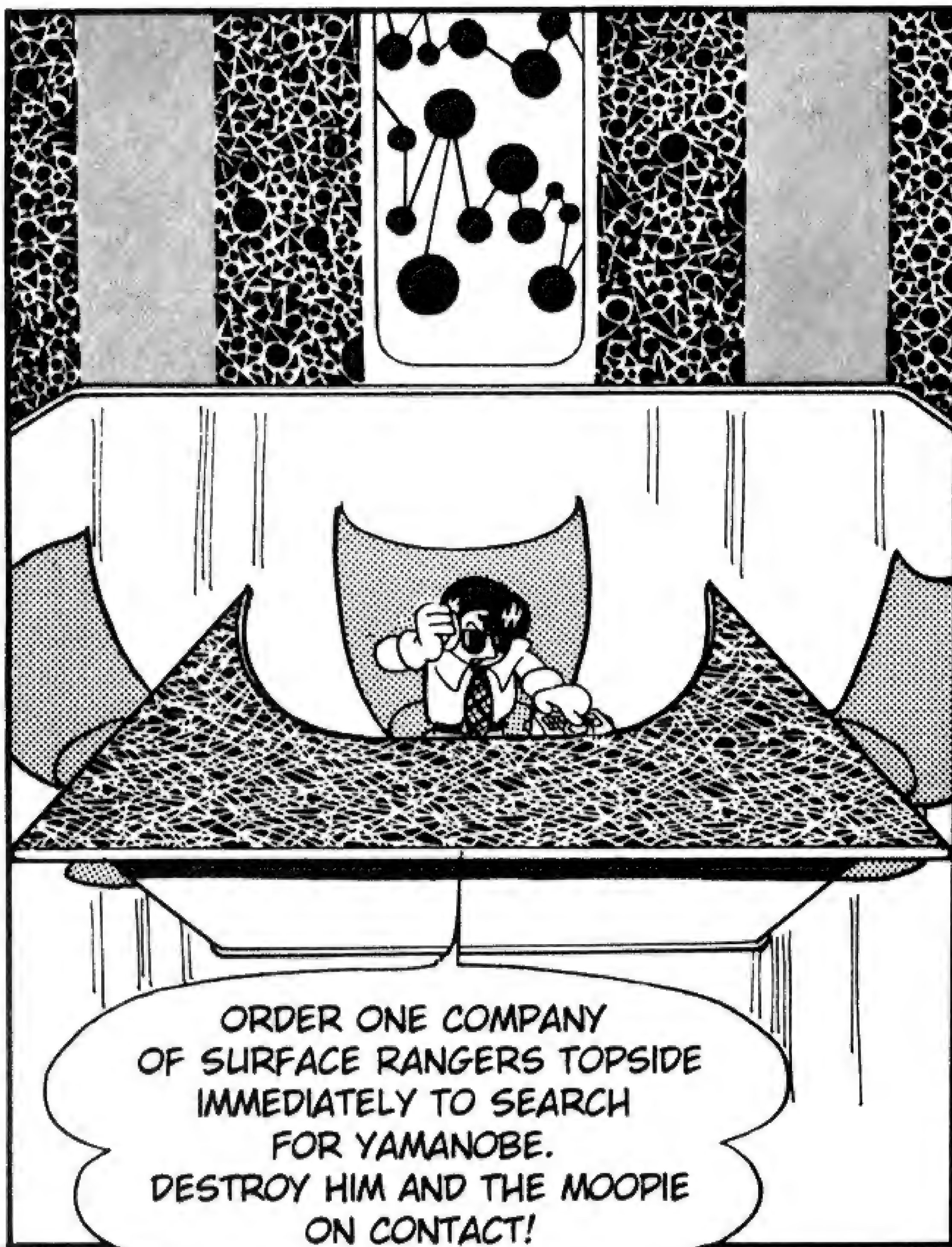




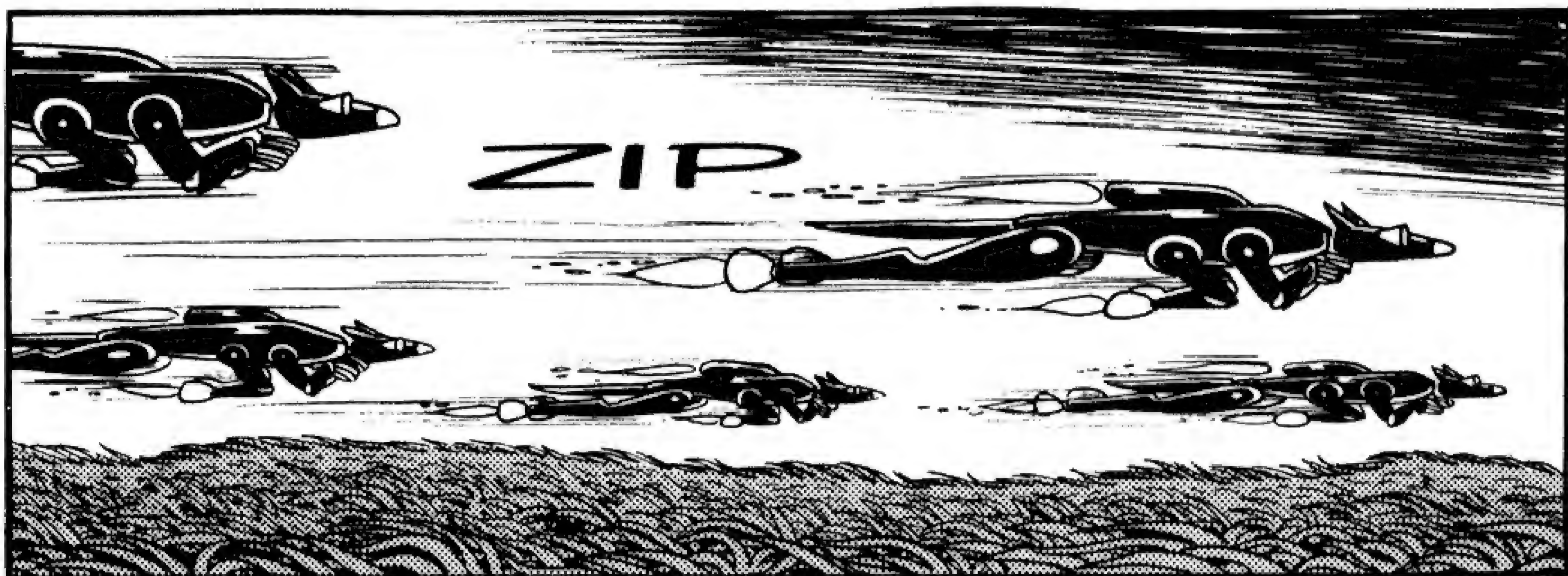




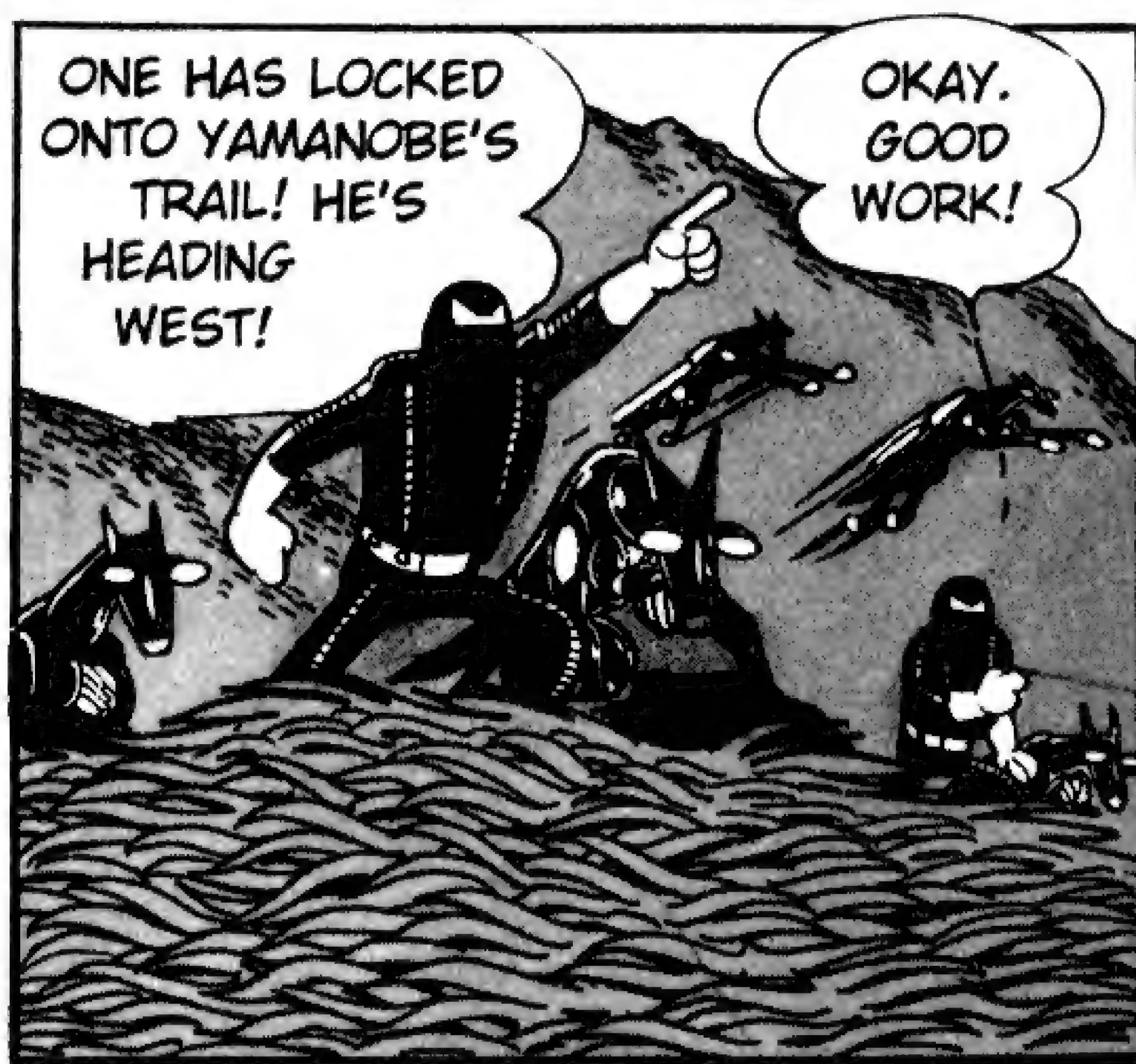
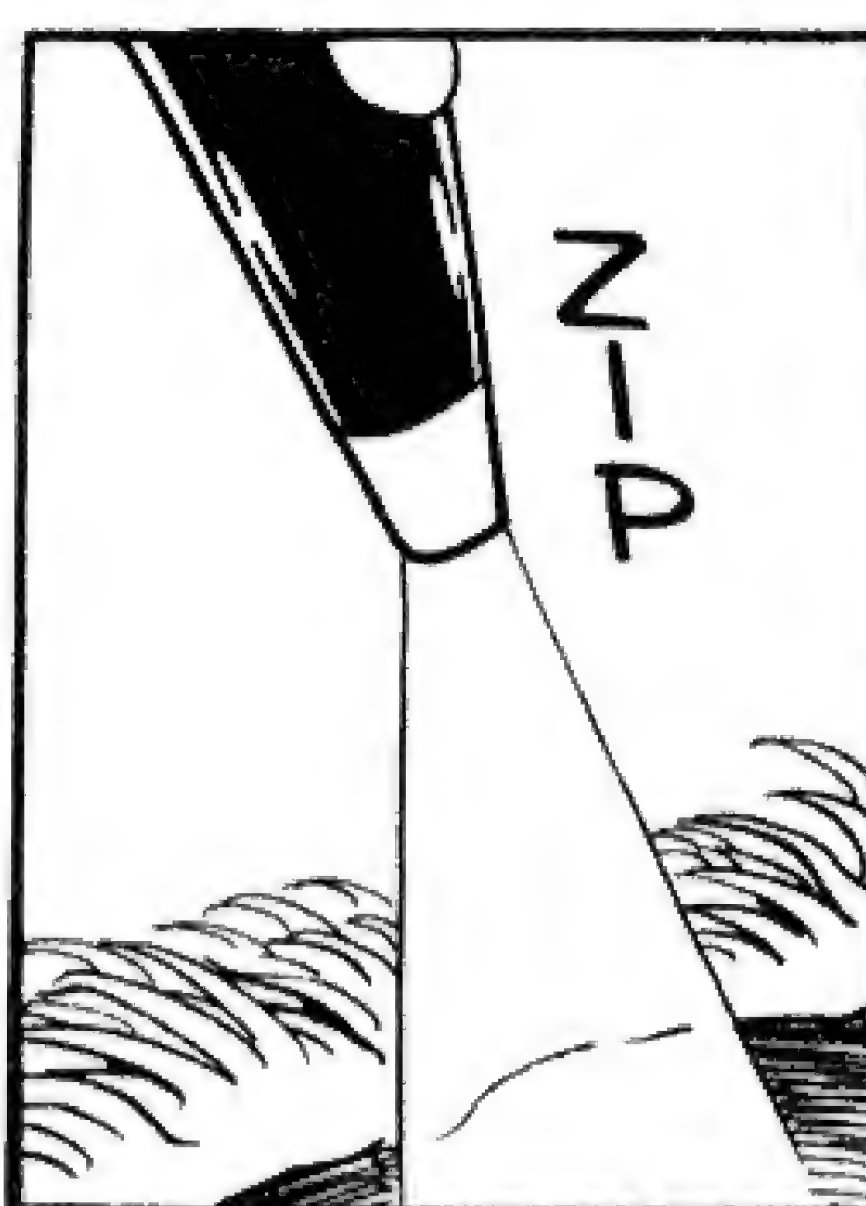
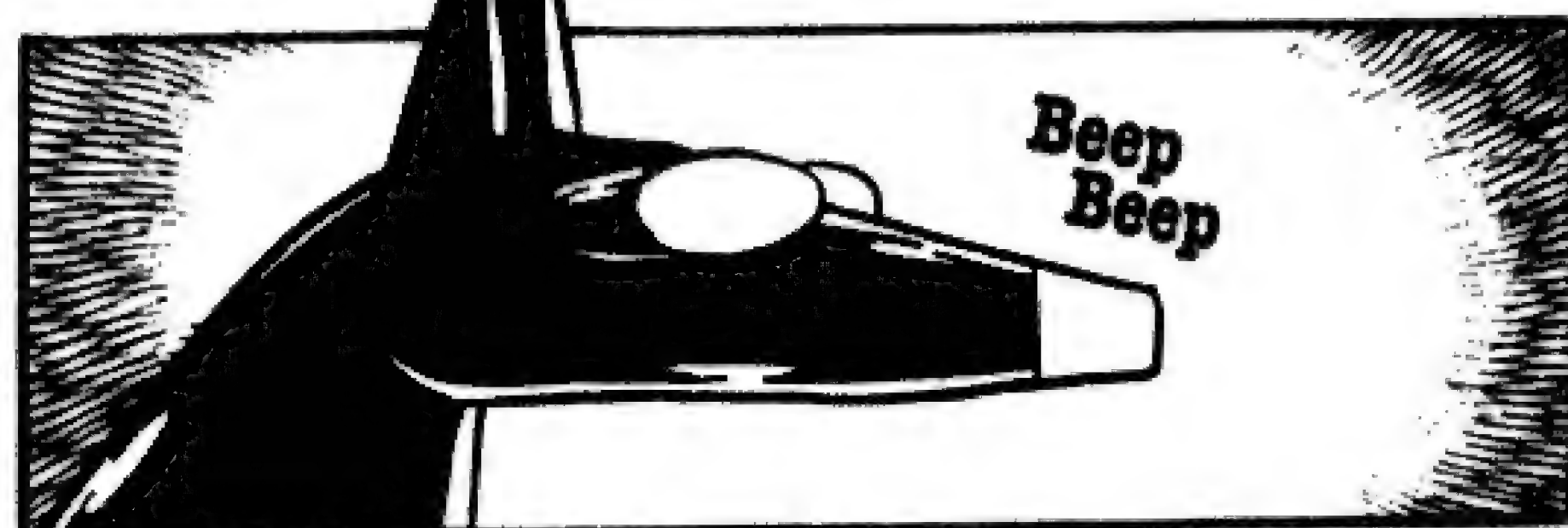
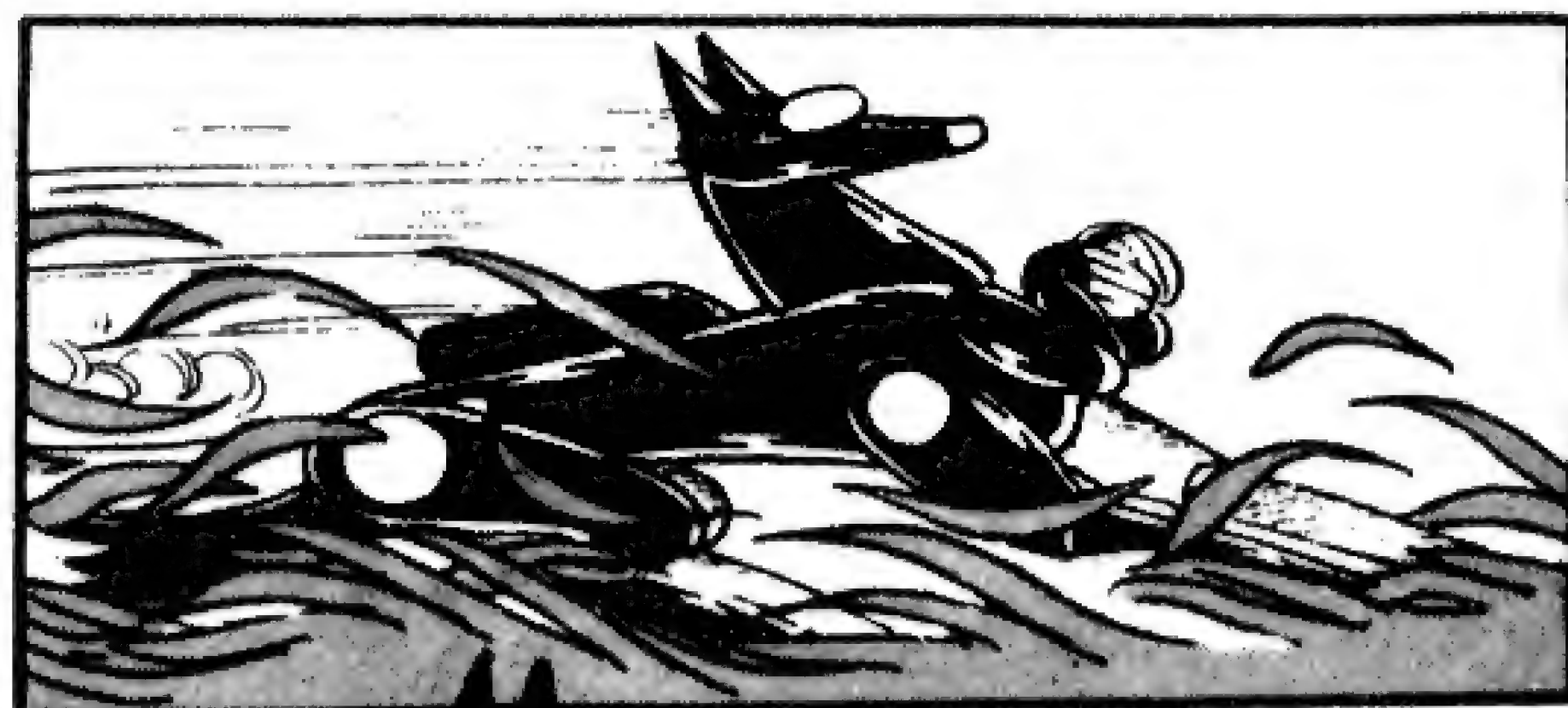
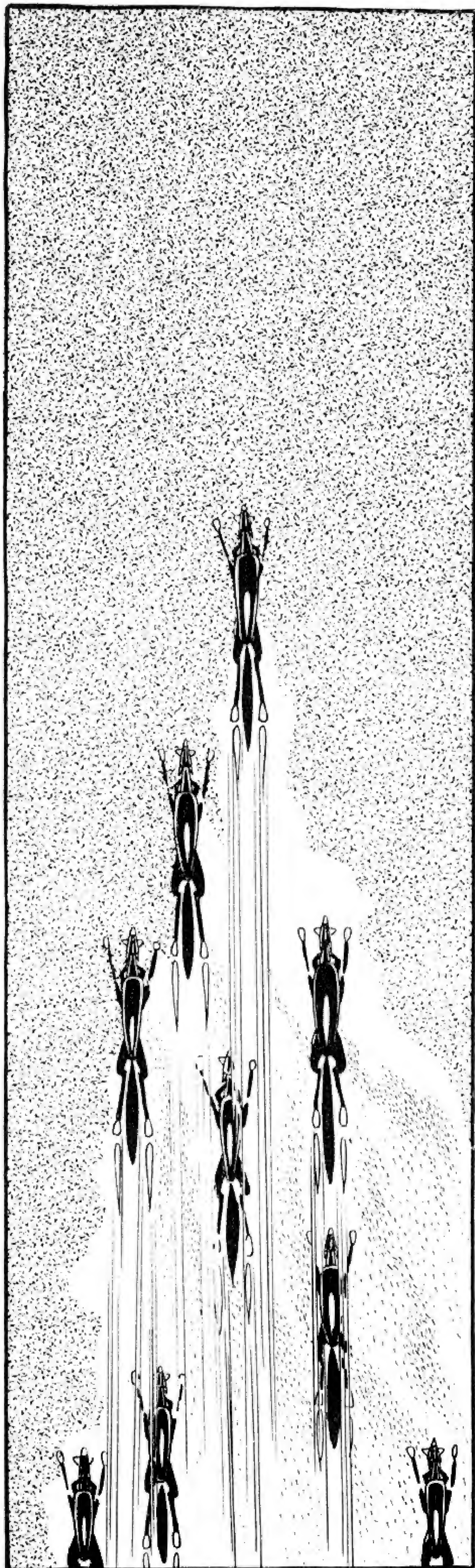




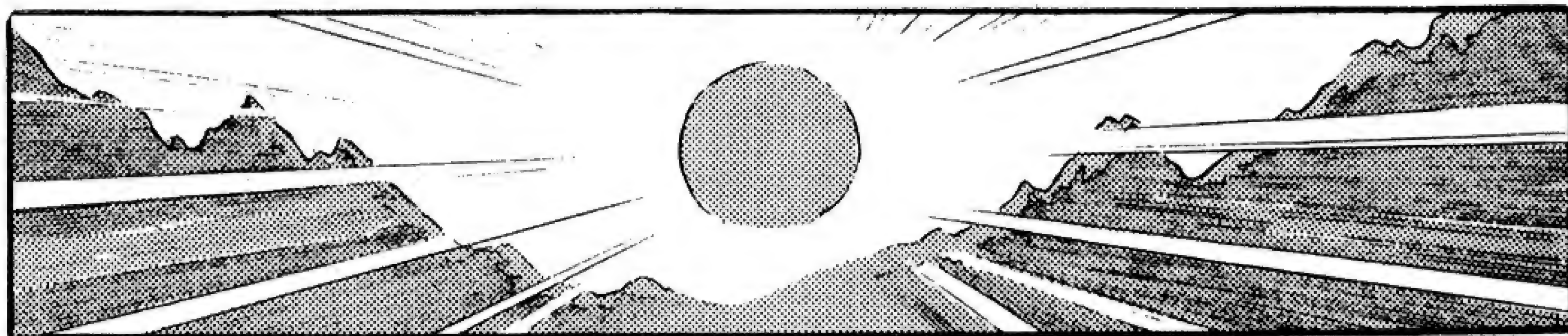




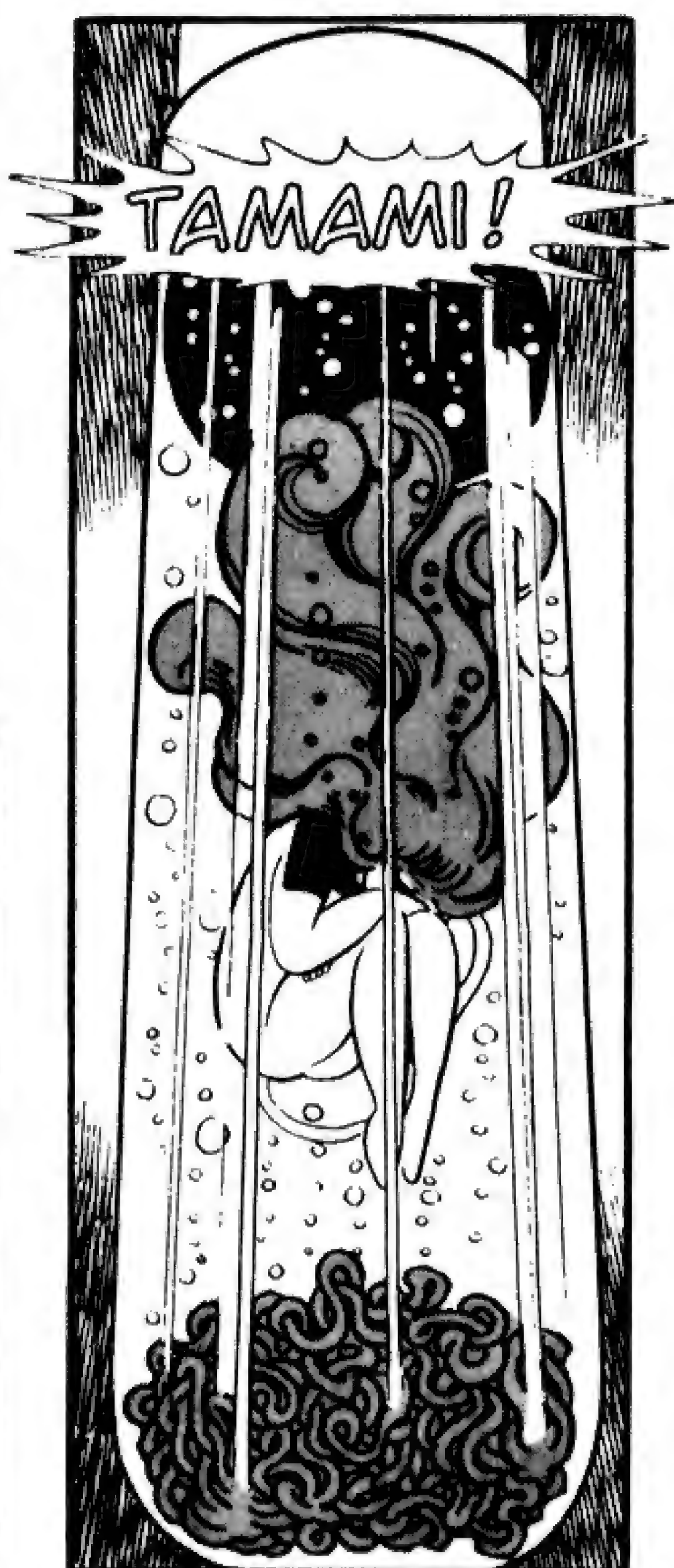
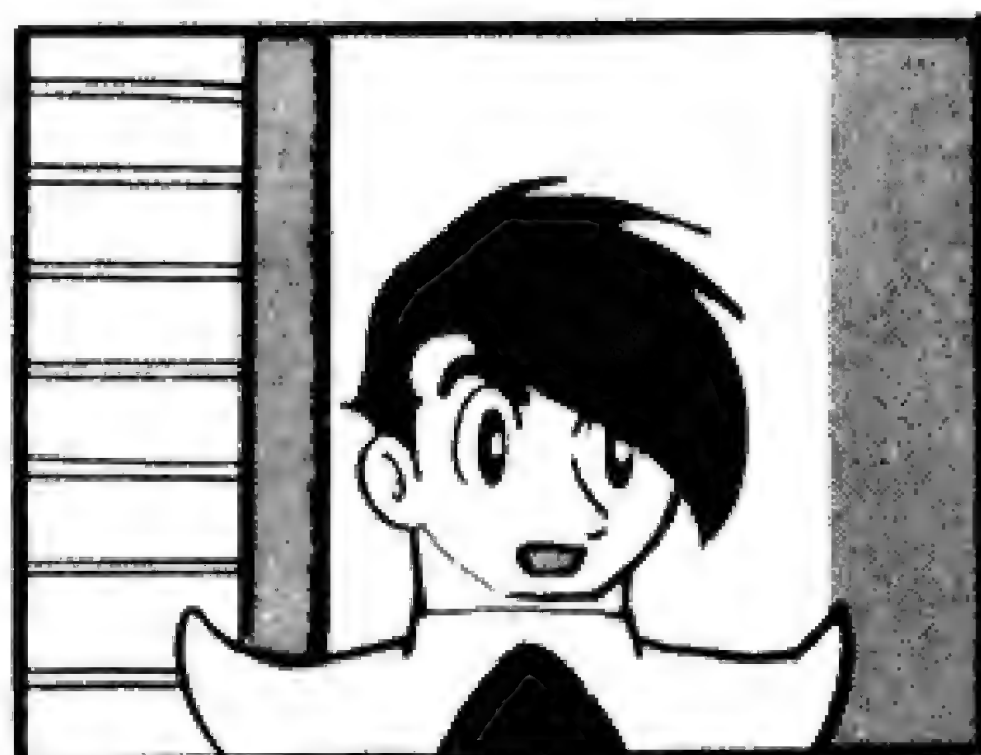
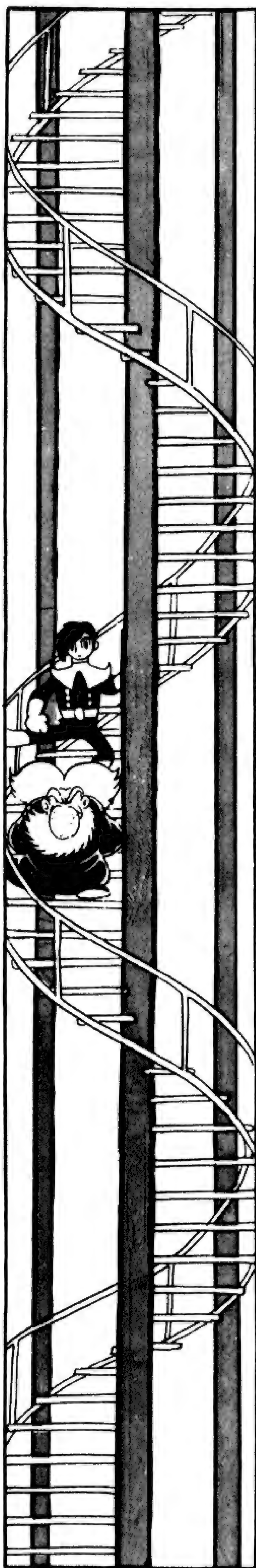
















## DR. SARUTA!!

HIS NAME WAS ALREADY A LEGEND. IN HIS YOUTH HE TRAVELED THE FOUR CORNERS OF THE UNIVERSE, WANDERING FROM STAR TO STAR, DOING PROLIFIC RESEARCH ON THE COSMOS.

AFTER RETURNING TO EARTH, HE GREW TO DETEST THE SUBTERRANEAN WORLD AND WITHDREW INTO A HERMIT'S EXISTENCE IN HIS SURFACE DOME, BUT HIS HEART STILL HELD AN ENORMOUS LOVE FOR MANKIND AND THE EARTH UPON WHICH HE LIVED.

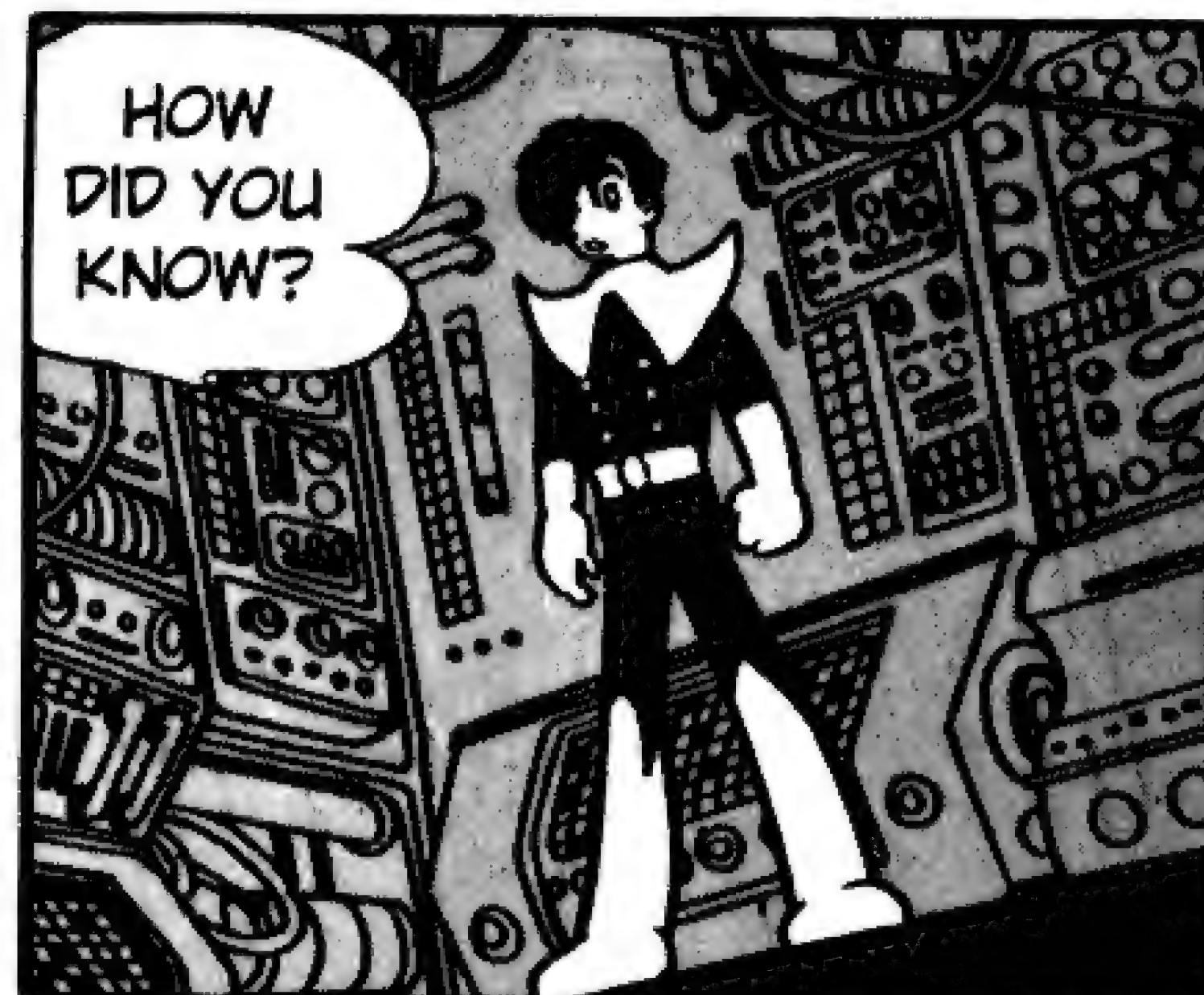


I'VE OFTEN HEARD OF YOU FROM SPACE PATROLMEN AT CENTRAL COMMAND.

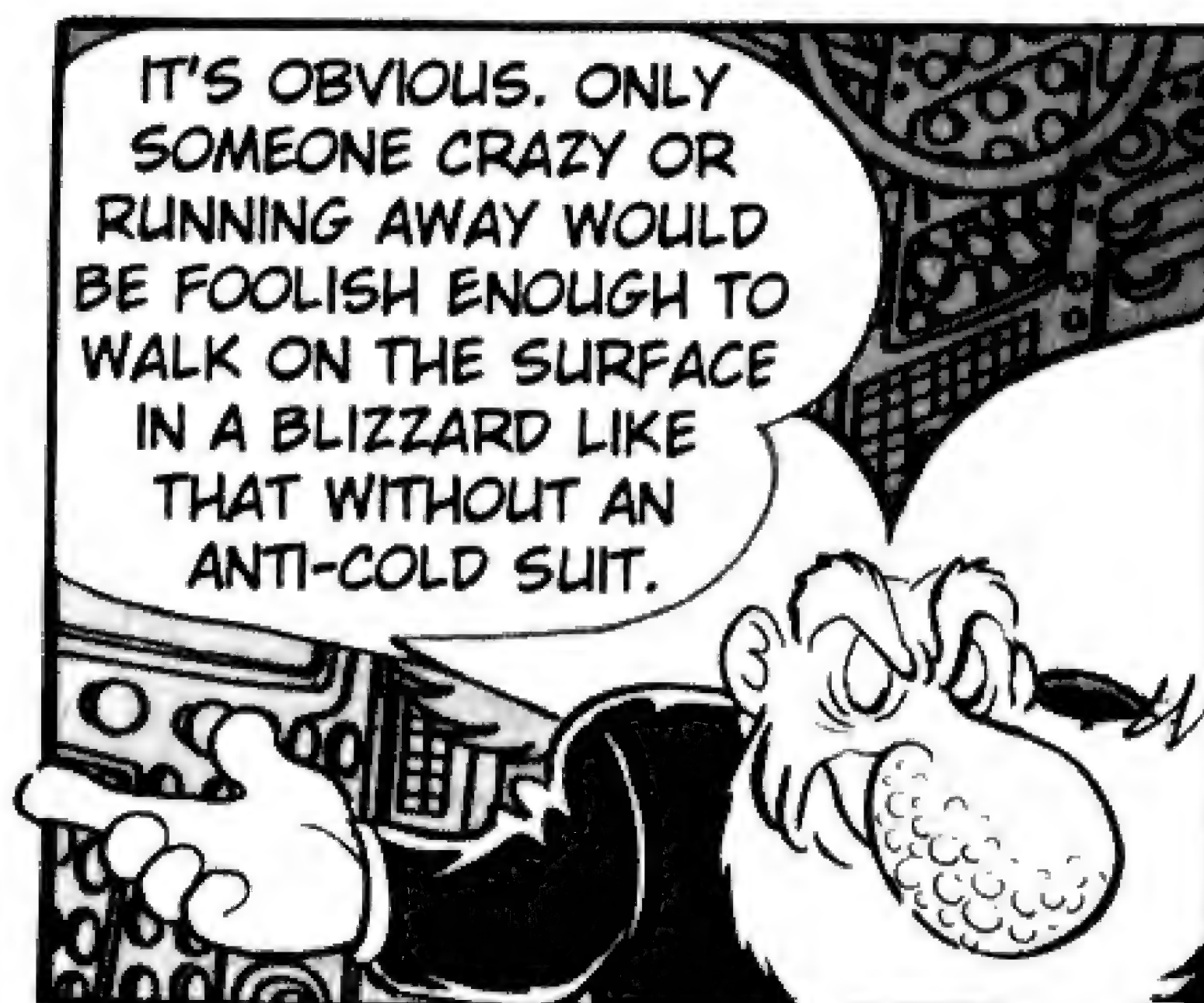
I'M YAMA-NOBE— A SPACE PATROLMAN.



A DEFECTOR.

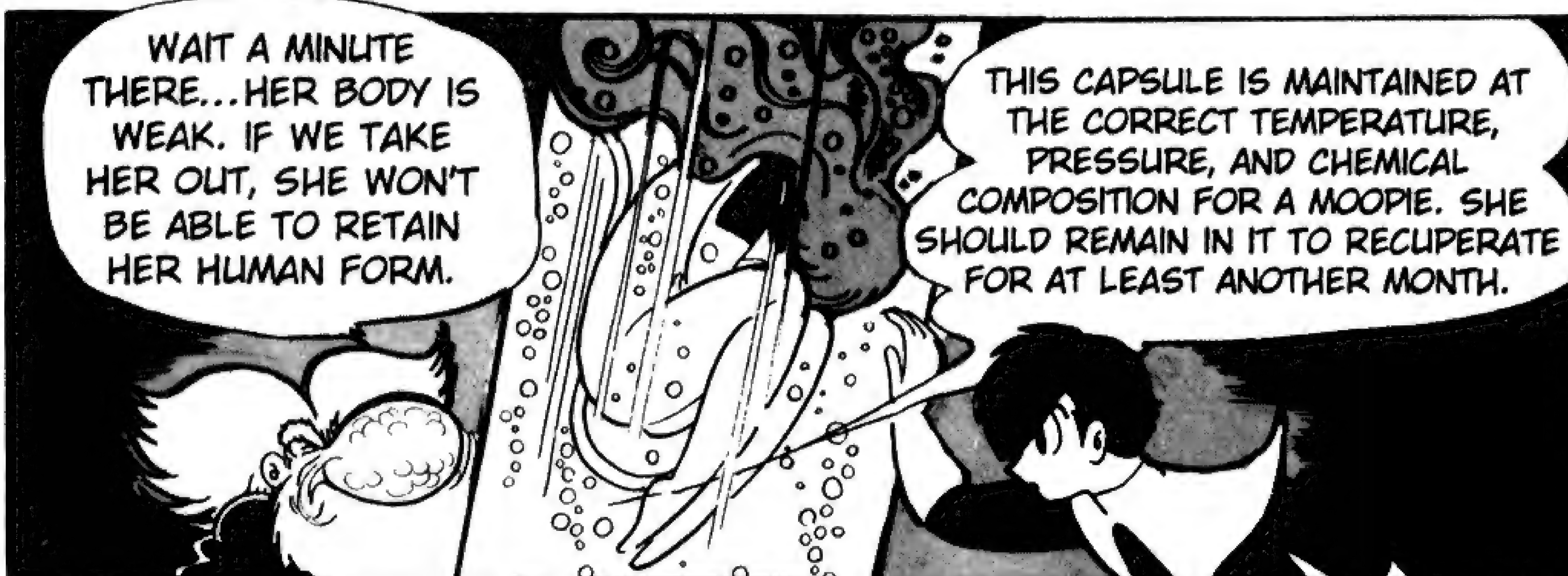
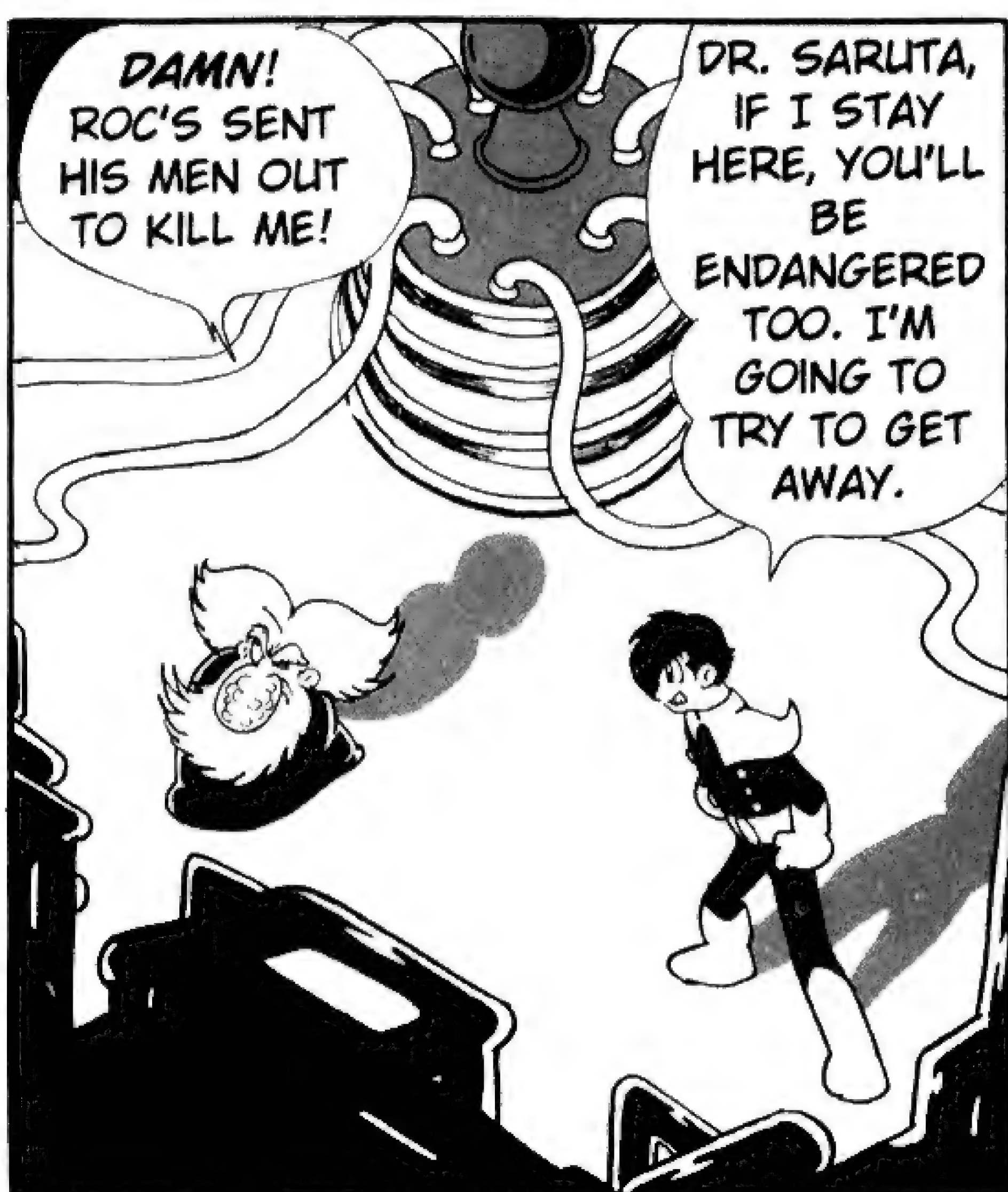
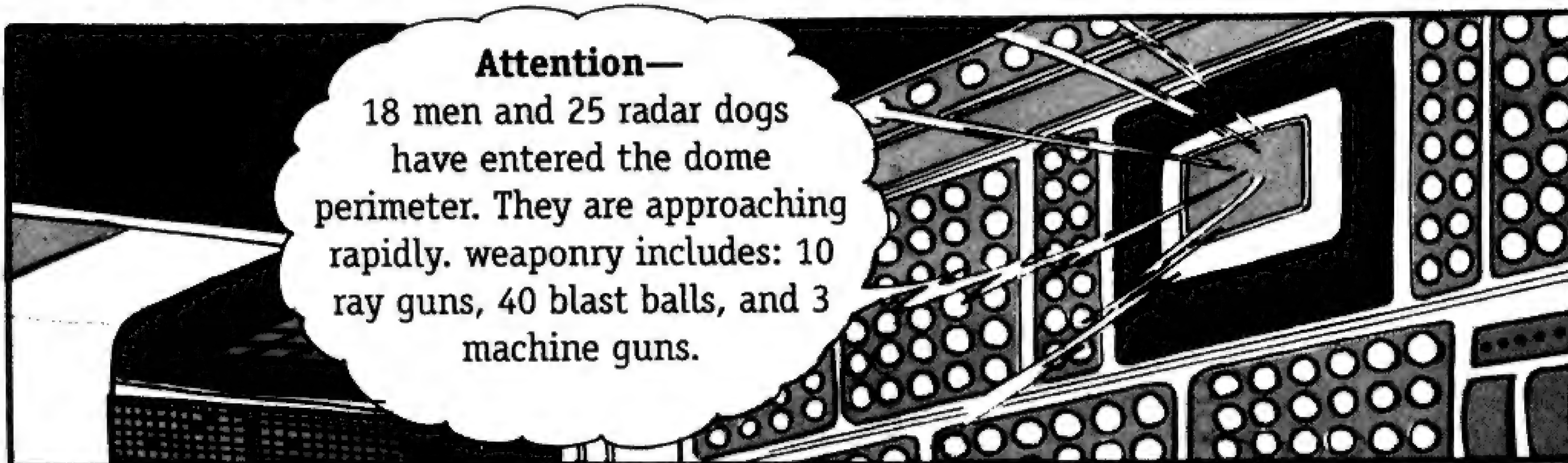


HOW DID YOU KNOW?



IT'S OBVIOUS. ONLY SOMEONE CRAZY OR RUNNING AWAY WOULD BE FOOLISH ENOUGH TO WALK ON THE SURFACE IN A BLIZZARD LIKE THAT WITHOUT AN ANTI-COLD SUIT.





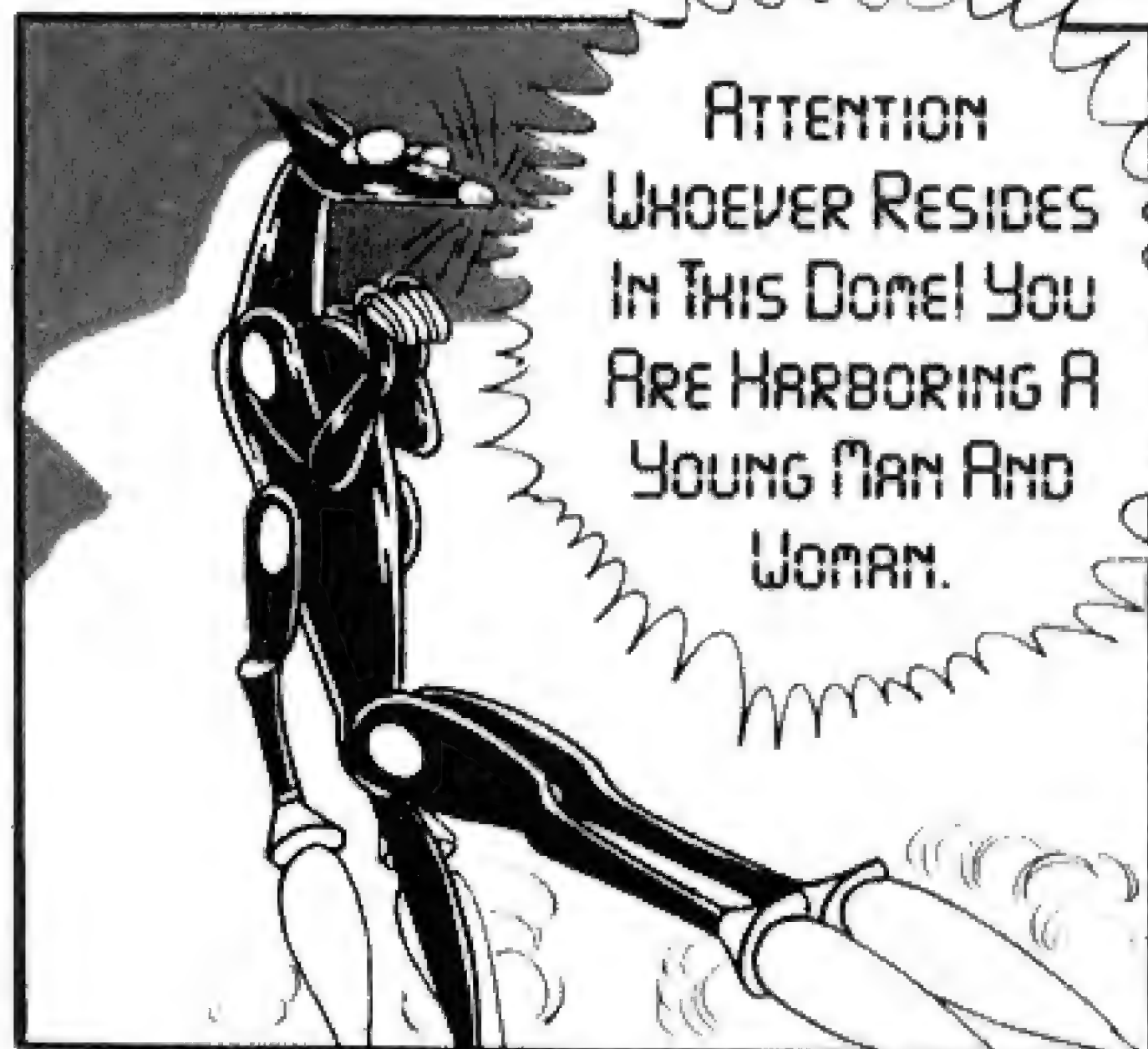
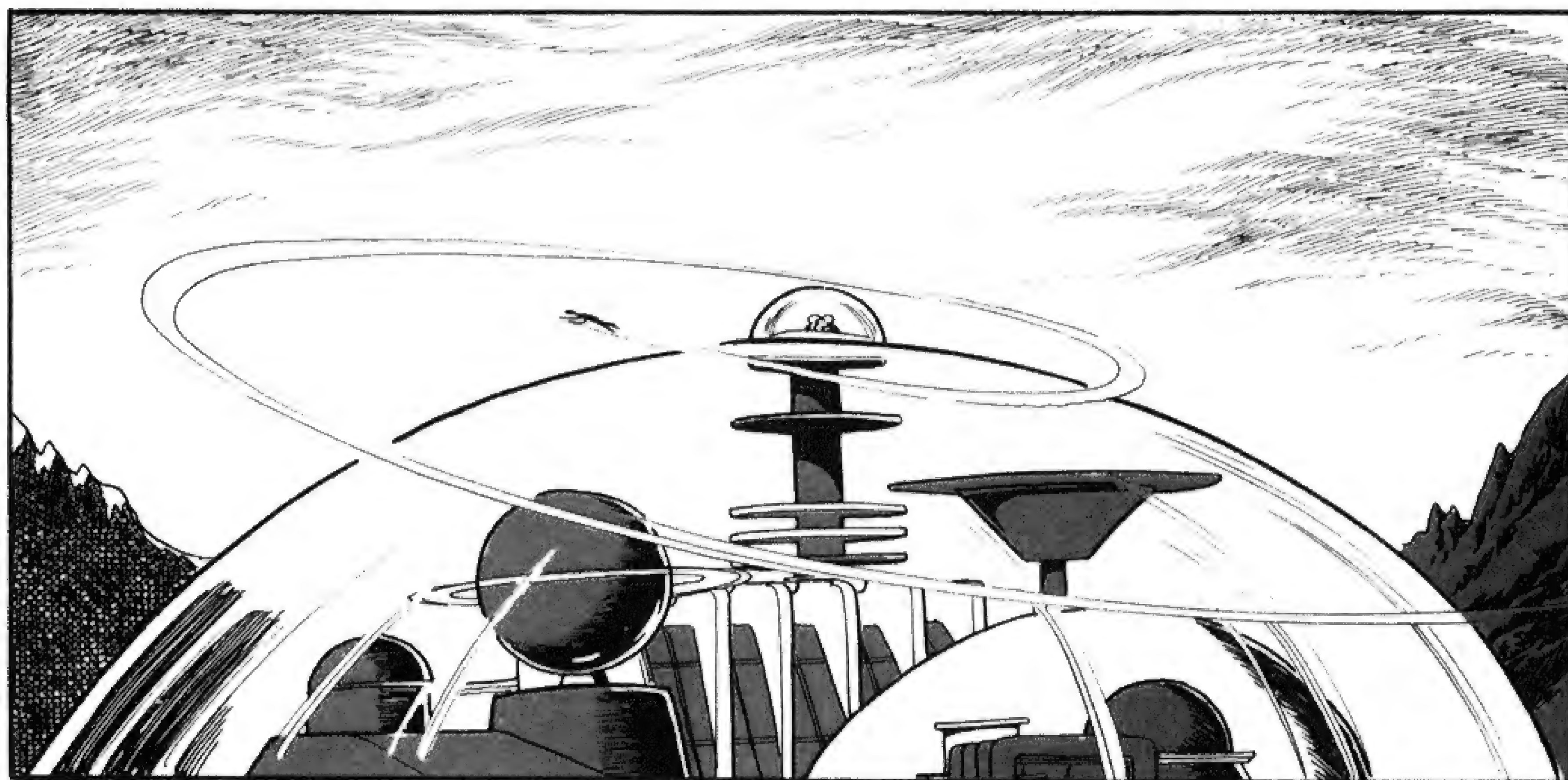
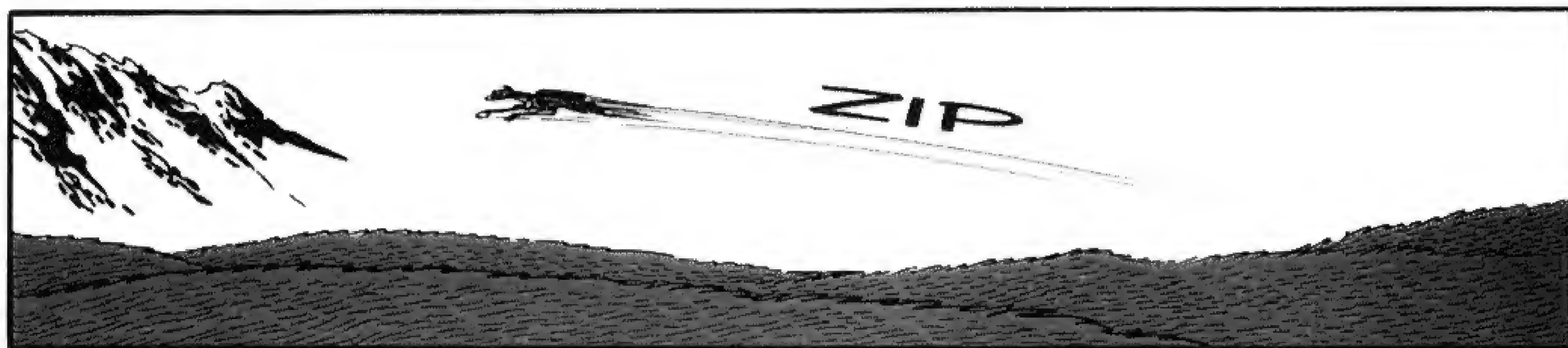










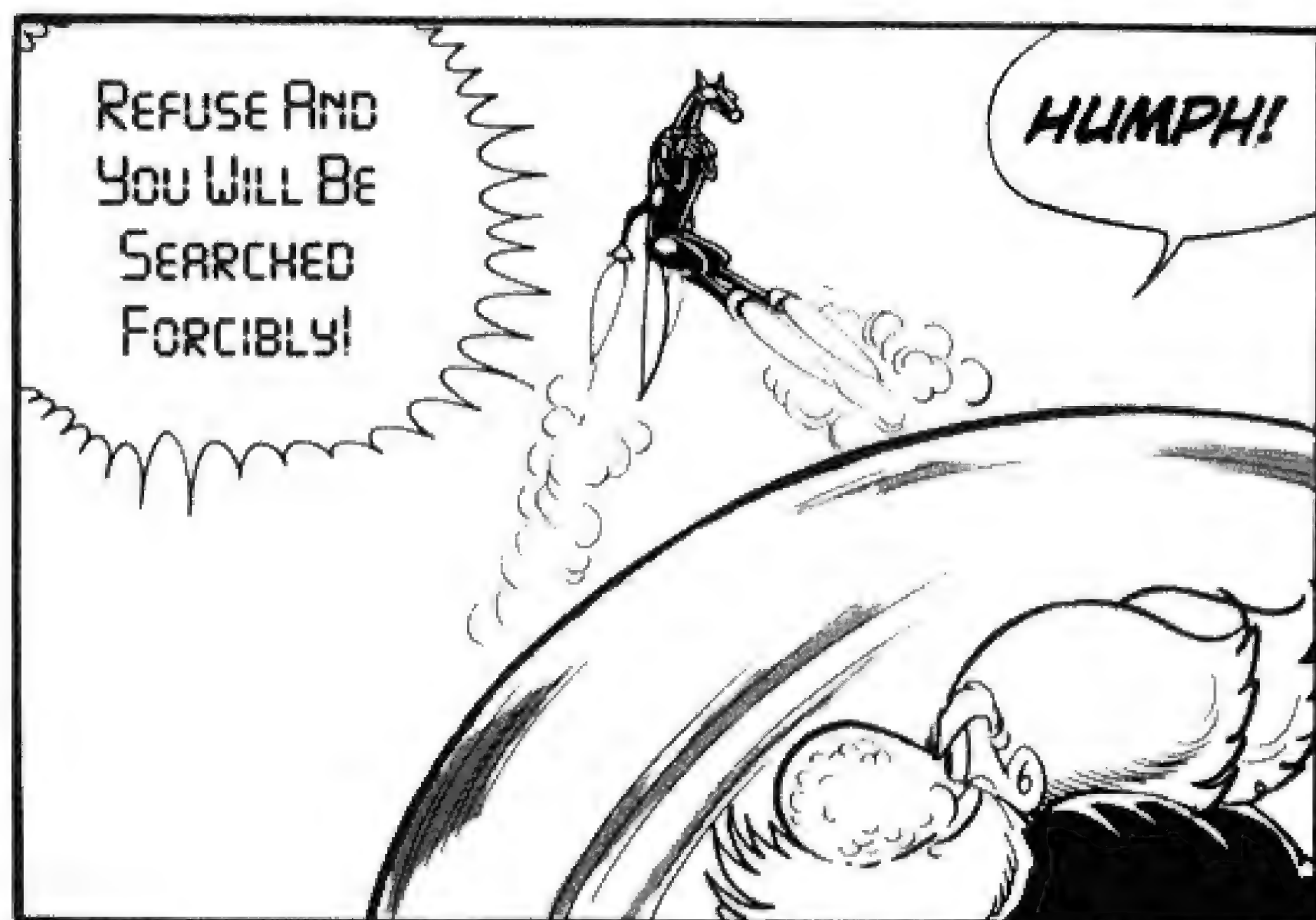


ATTENTION  
WHOEVER RESIDES  
IN THIS DOME! YOU  
ARE HARBORING A  
YOUNG MAN AND  
WOMAN.



YAMATO CENTRAL  
COMMAND ORDERS  
YOU TO HAND THEM  
OVER. THEY ARE  
CRIMINAL  
DEFECTORS.

THERE'S  
NO ONE  
HERE LIKE  
THAT!!



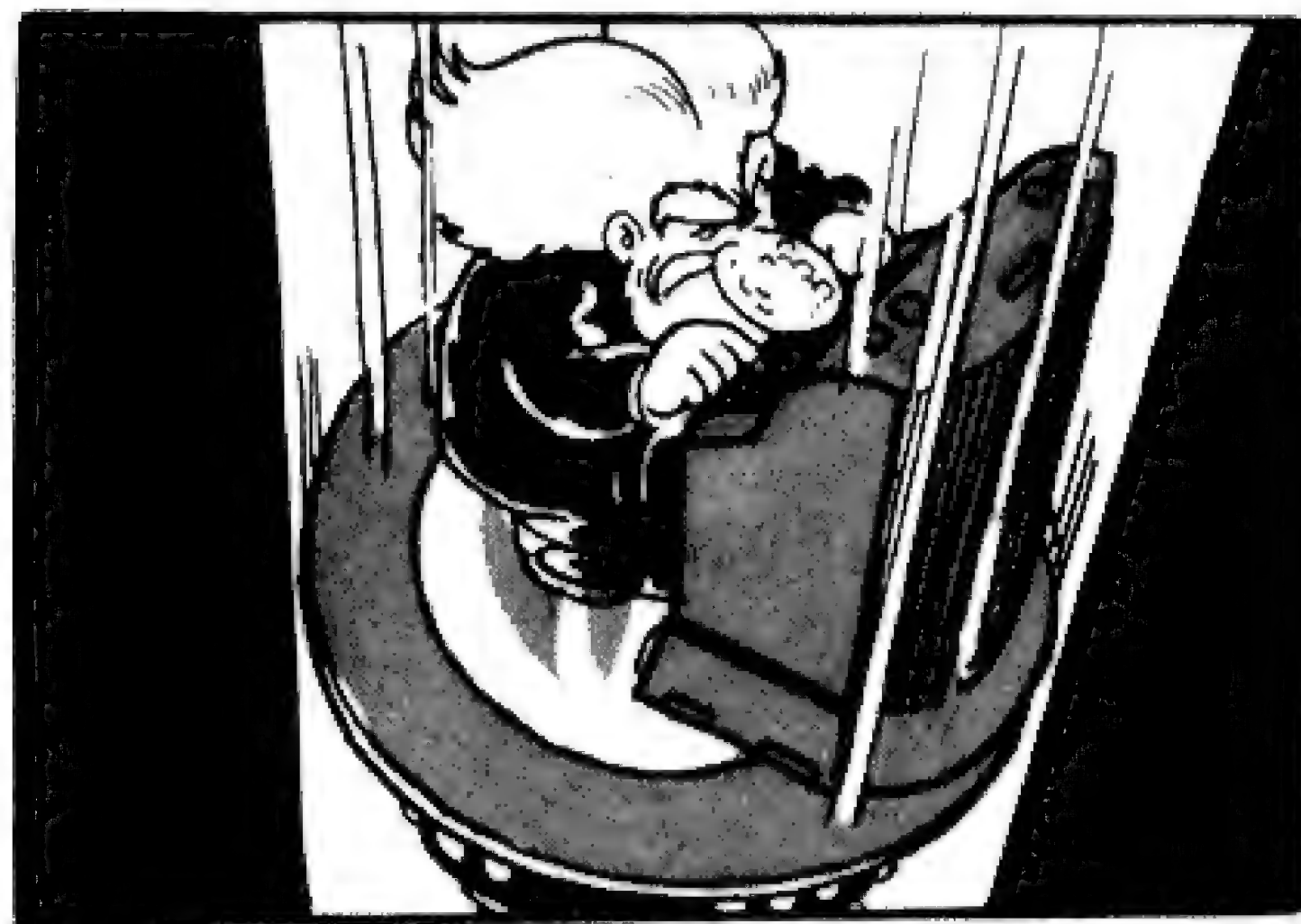
REFUSE AND  
YOU WILL BE  
SEARCHED  
FORCIBLY!

HUMPH!



IMPRESSIVE  
TALK FOR A  
MERE RADAR  
DOG...





DR. SARUTA, WHY DID YOU COVER FOR US?

I HEARD ABOUT YOU FROM THE PHOENIX.

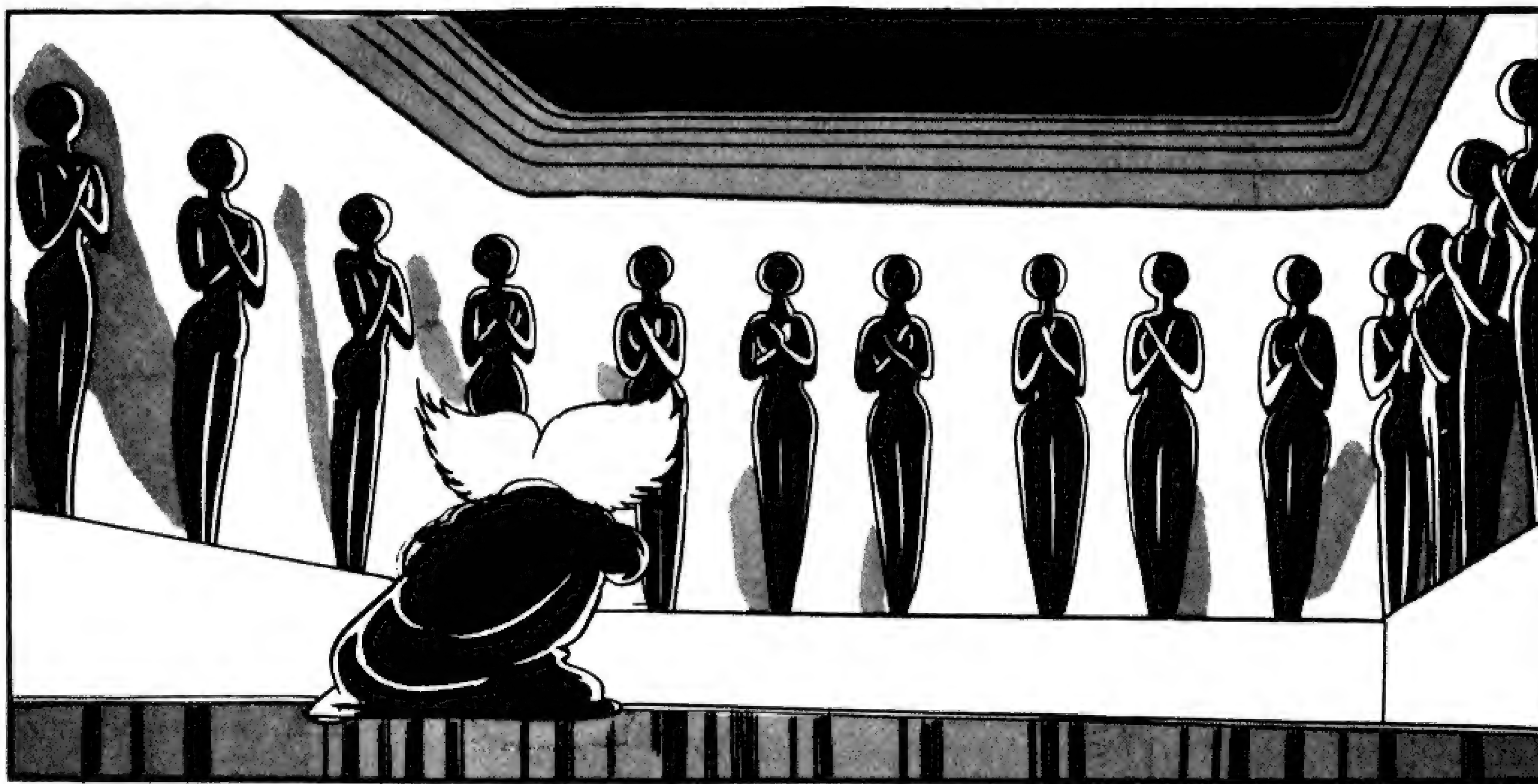


PHOENIX? YOU MEAN THAT STRANGE BIRD THAT WE FOLLOWED HERE?



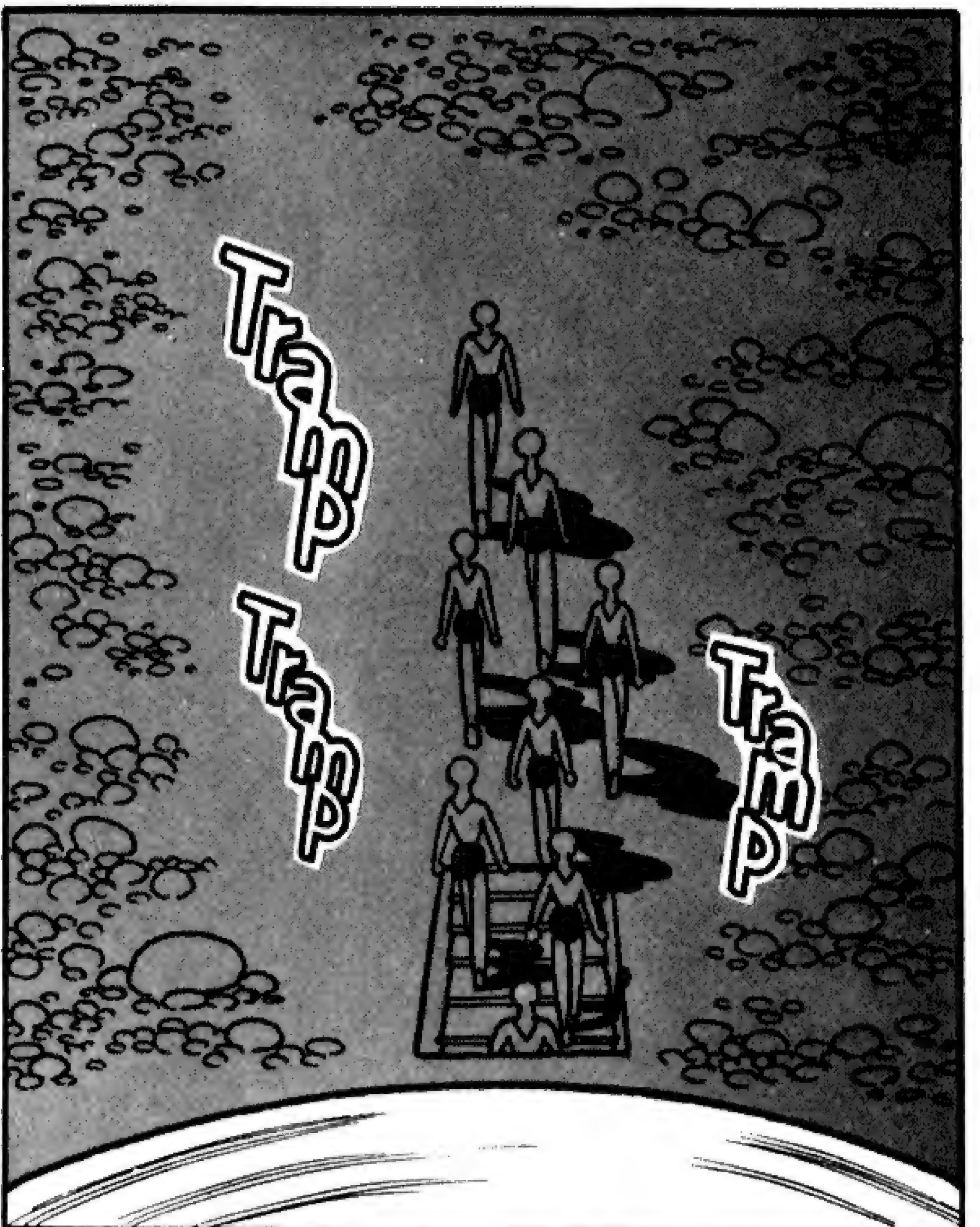
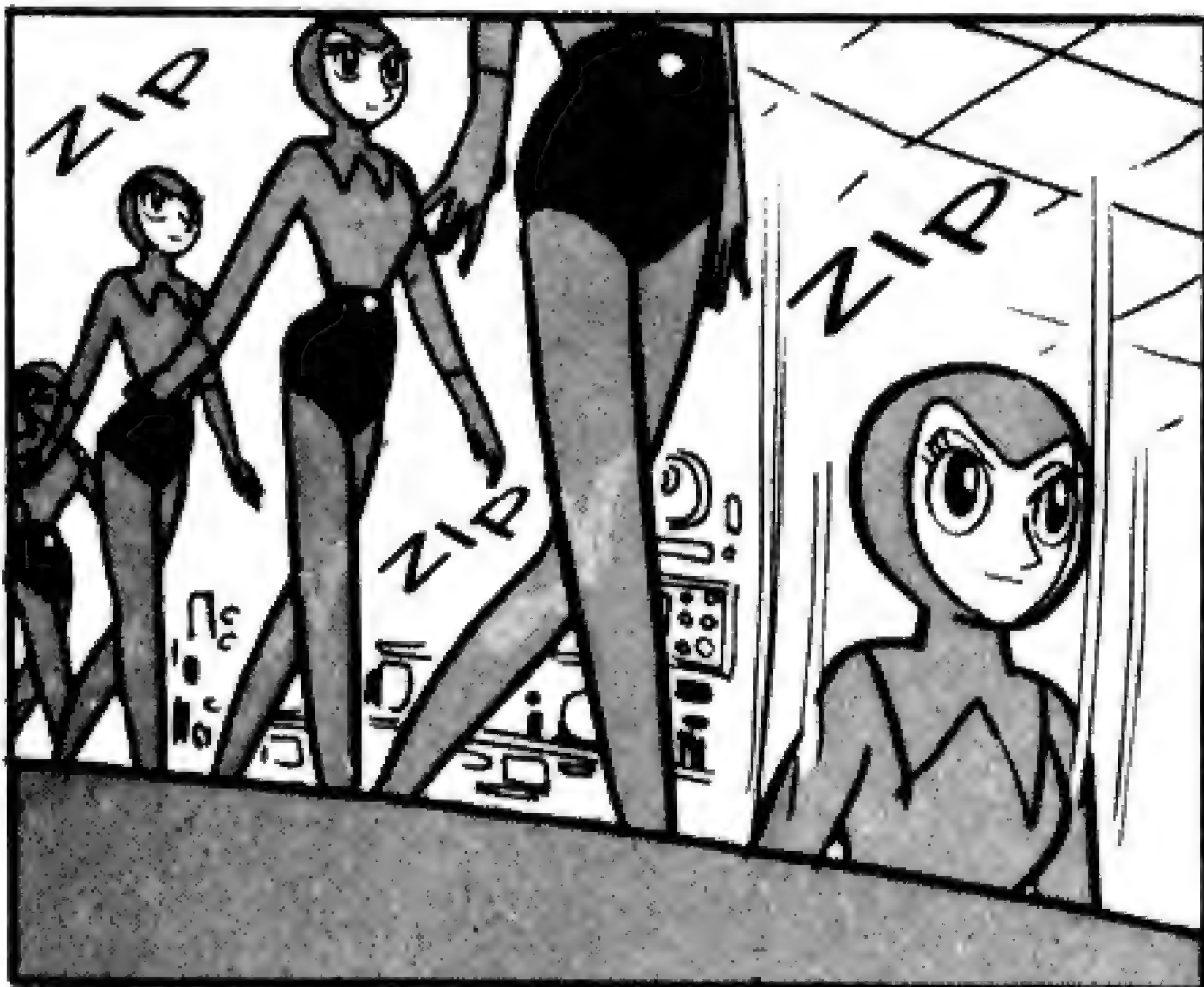
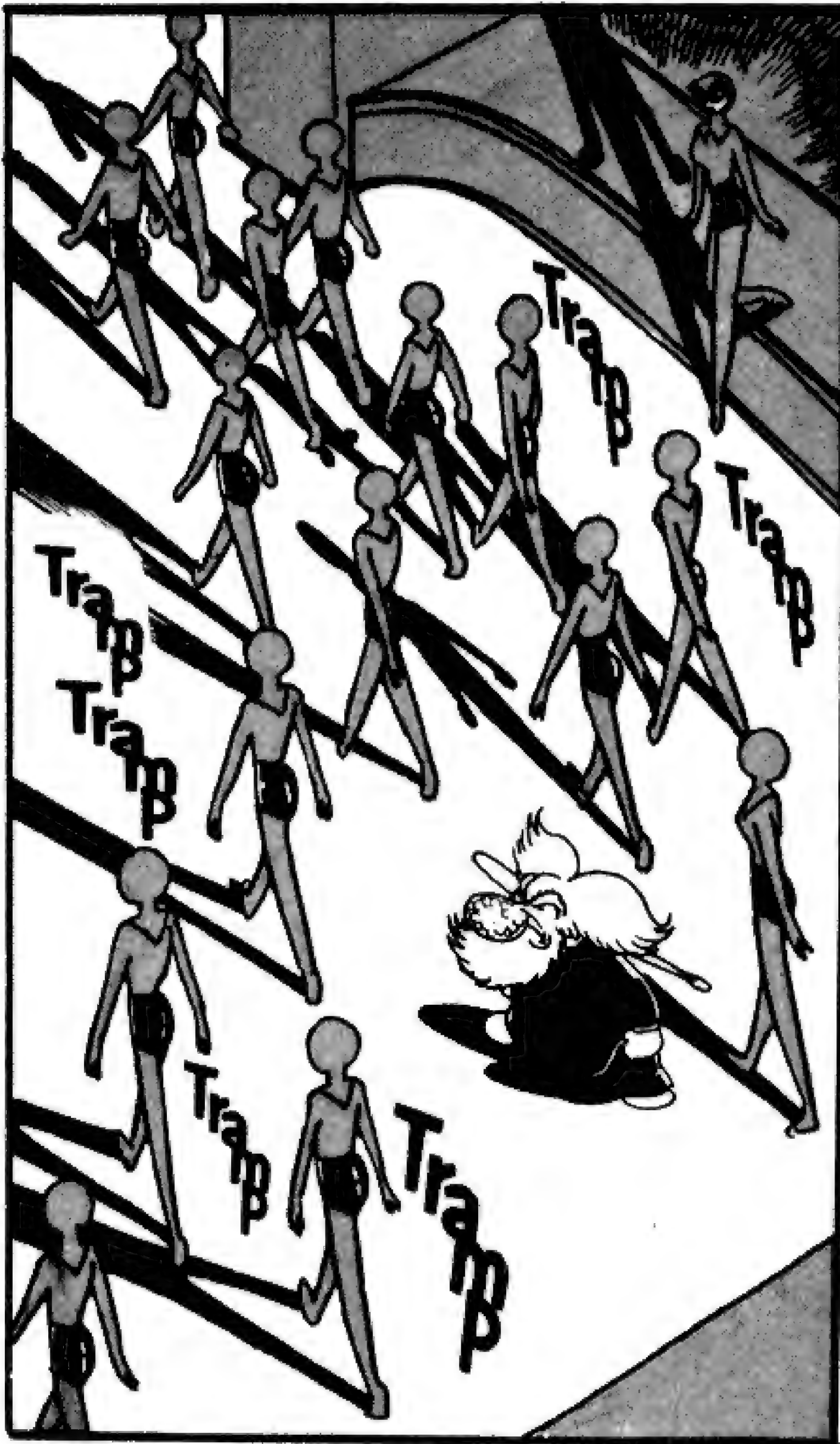
YES! THAT SAME BIRD TOLD ME THAT IT IS YOUR DESTINY TO CARRY OUT AN IMPORTANT MISSION!

WHA?

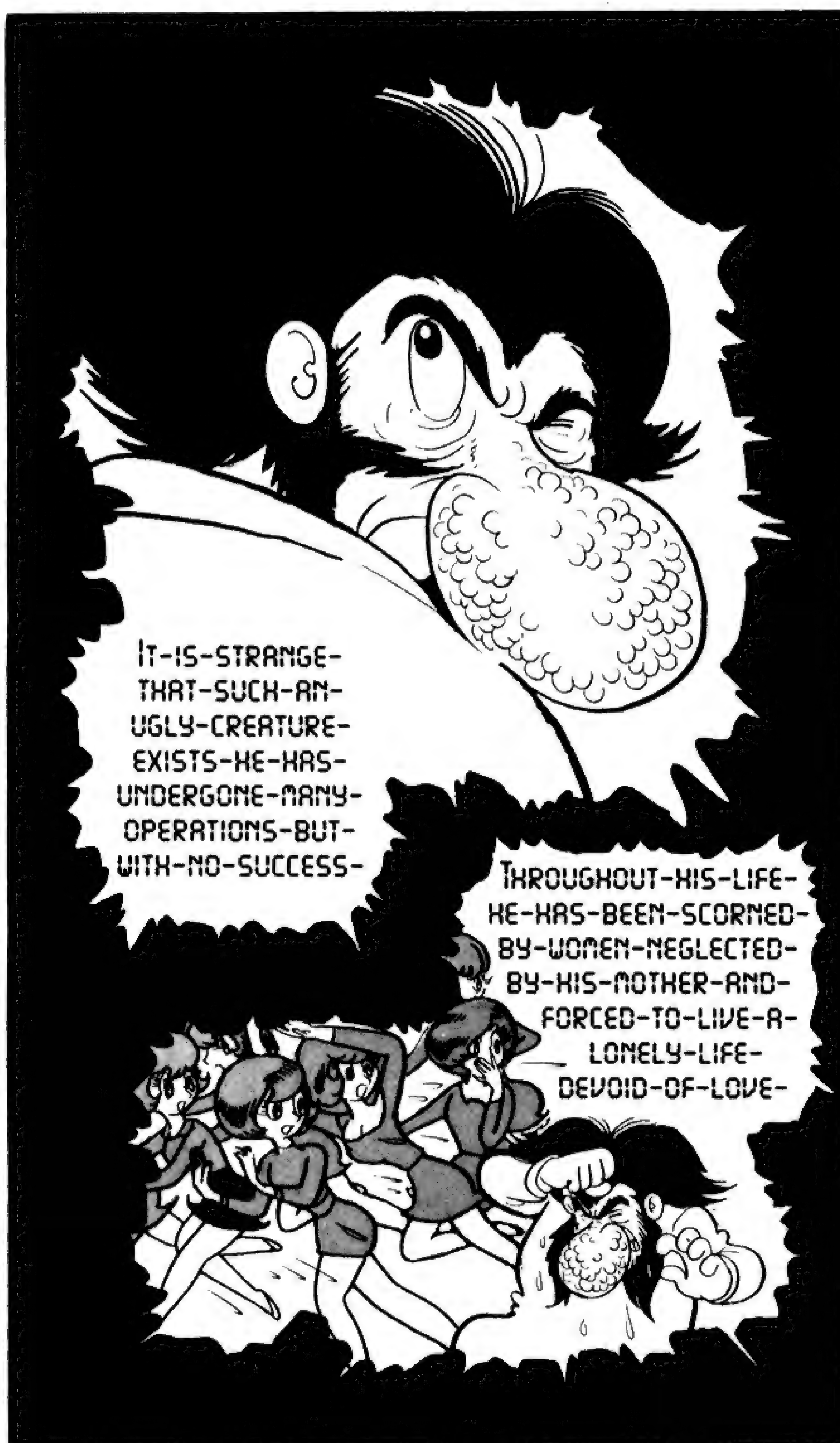
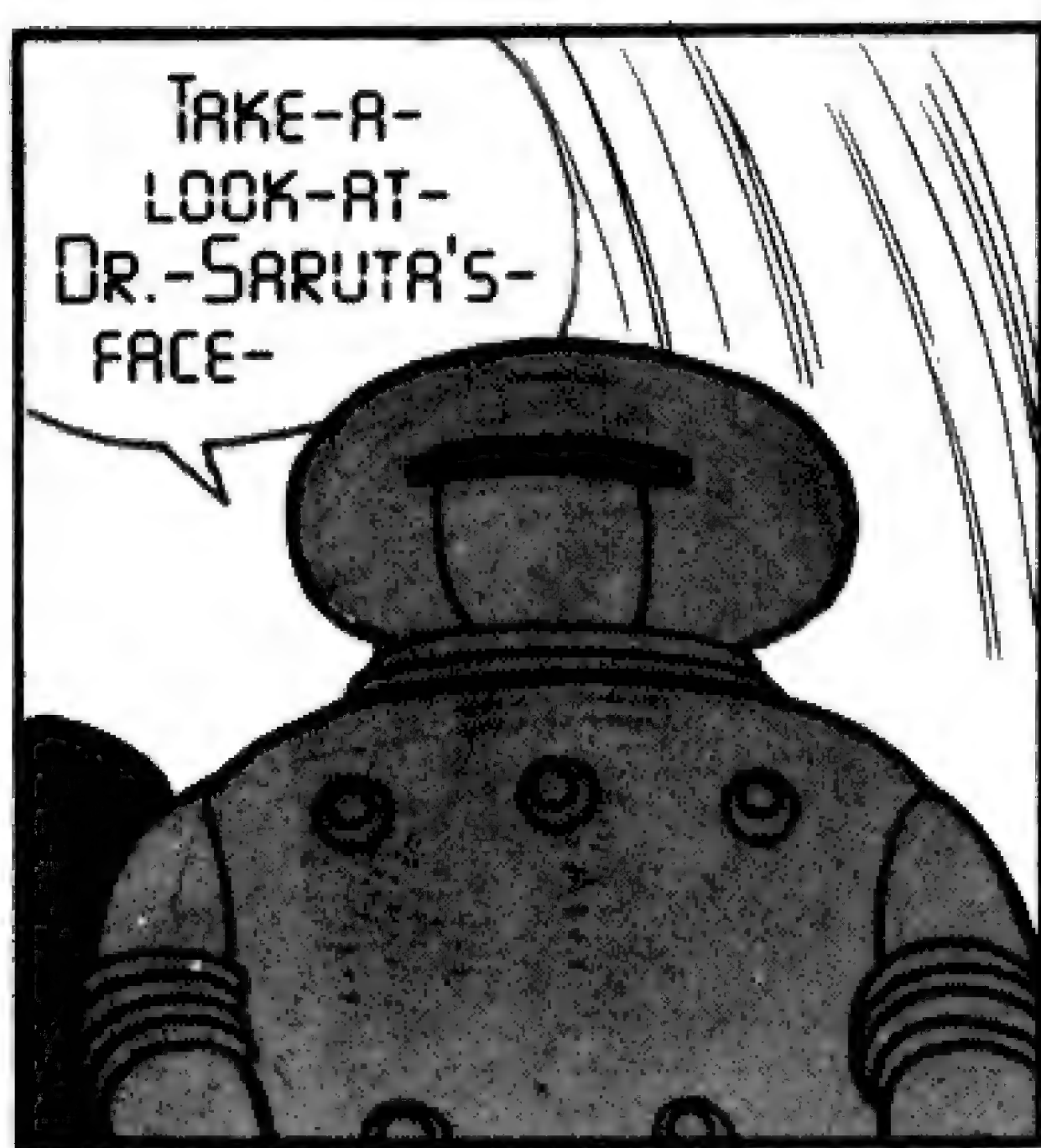
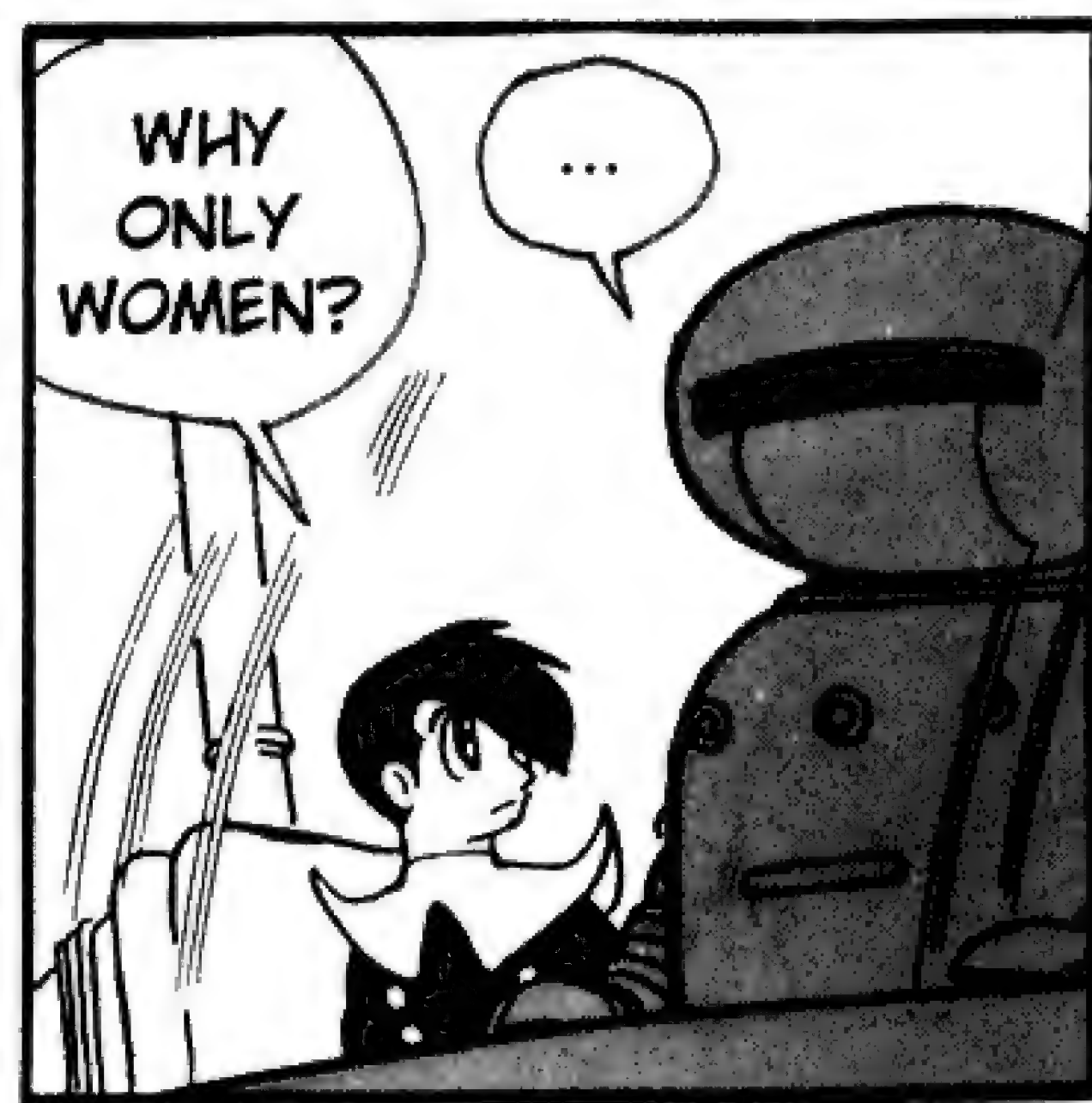
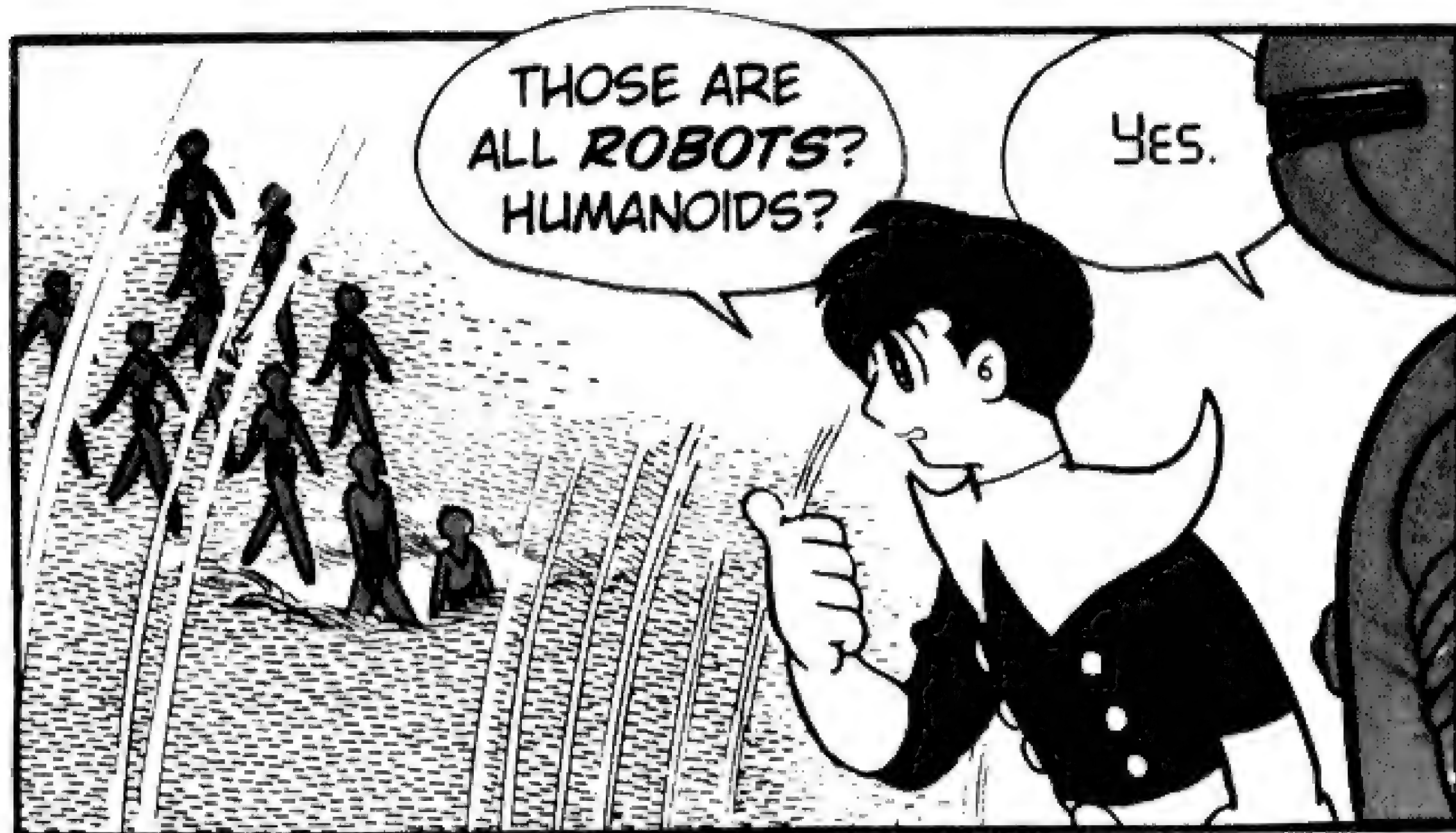


MY DAUGHTERS!!

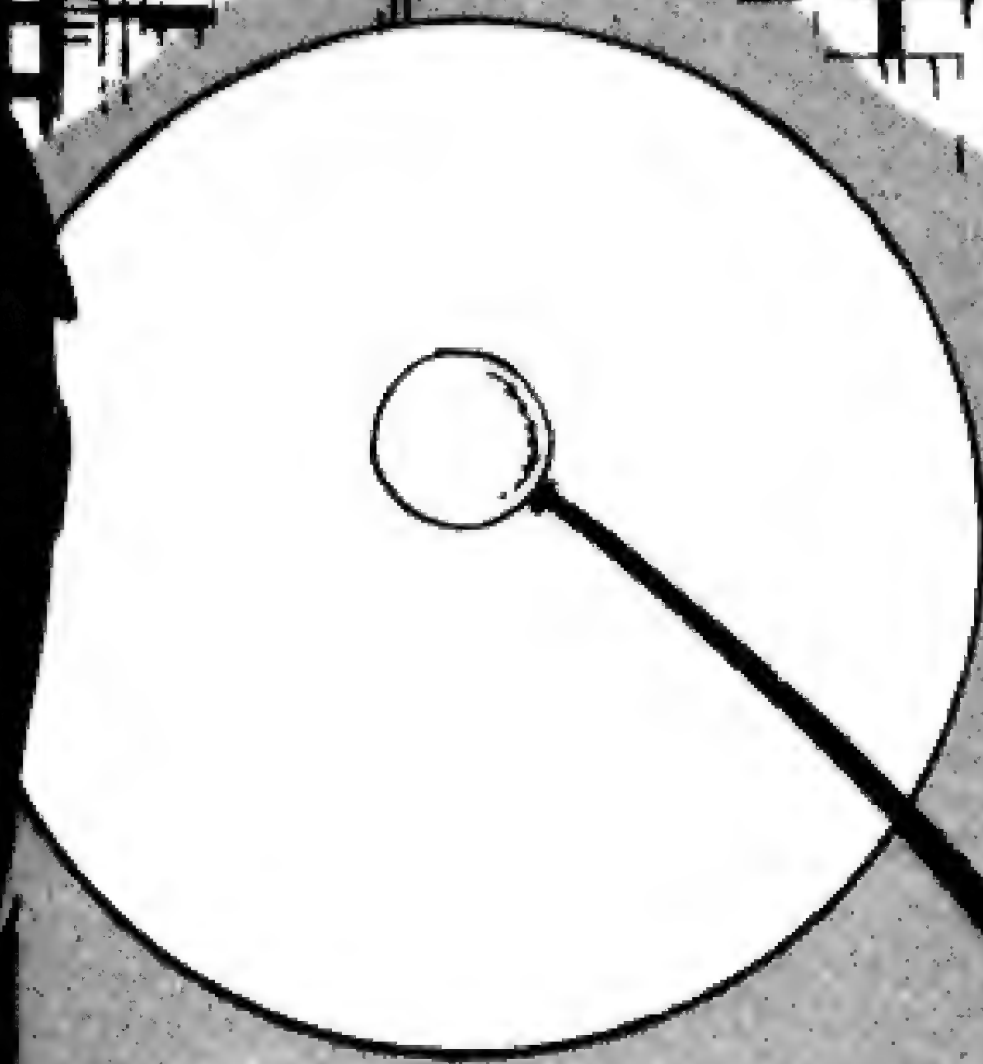












FOR-160-YEARS-HE-  
HAS-LIVED-IN-  
SOLITUDE-EVEN-  
THOUGH-HE-IS-A-  
WONDERFUL-PERSON-  
IN-POSSESSION-OF-  
UNSURPASSED-  
INTELLIGENCE-

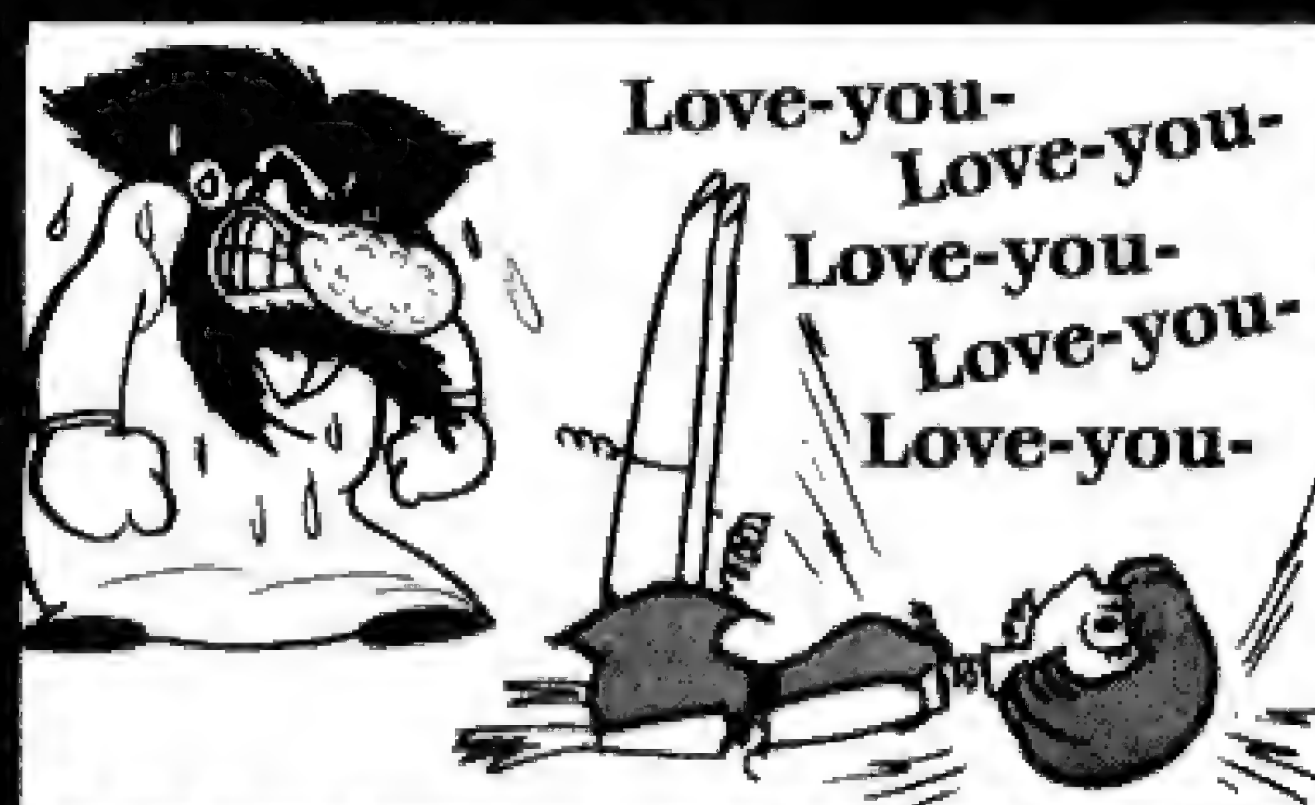


THE-ONLY-  
THING-  
PERMANENTLY-  
DENIED-HIM-  
WAS-A-  
WOMAN'S-  
LOVE-

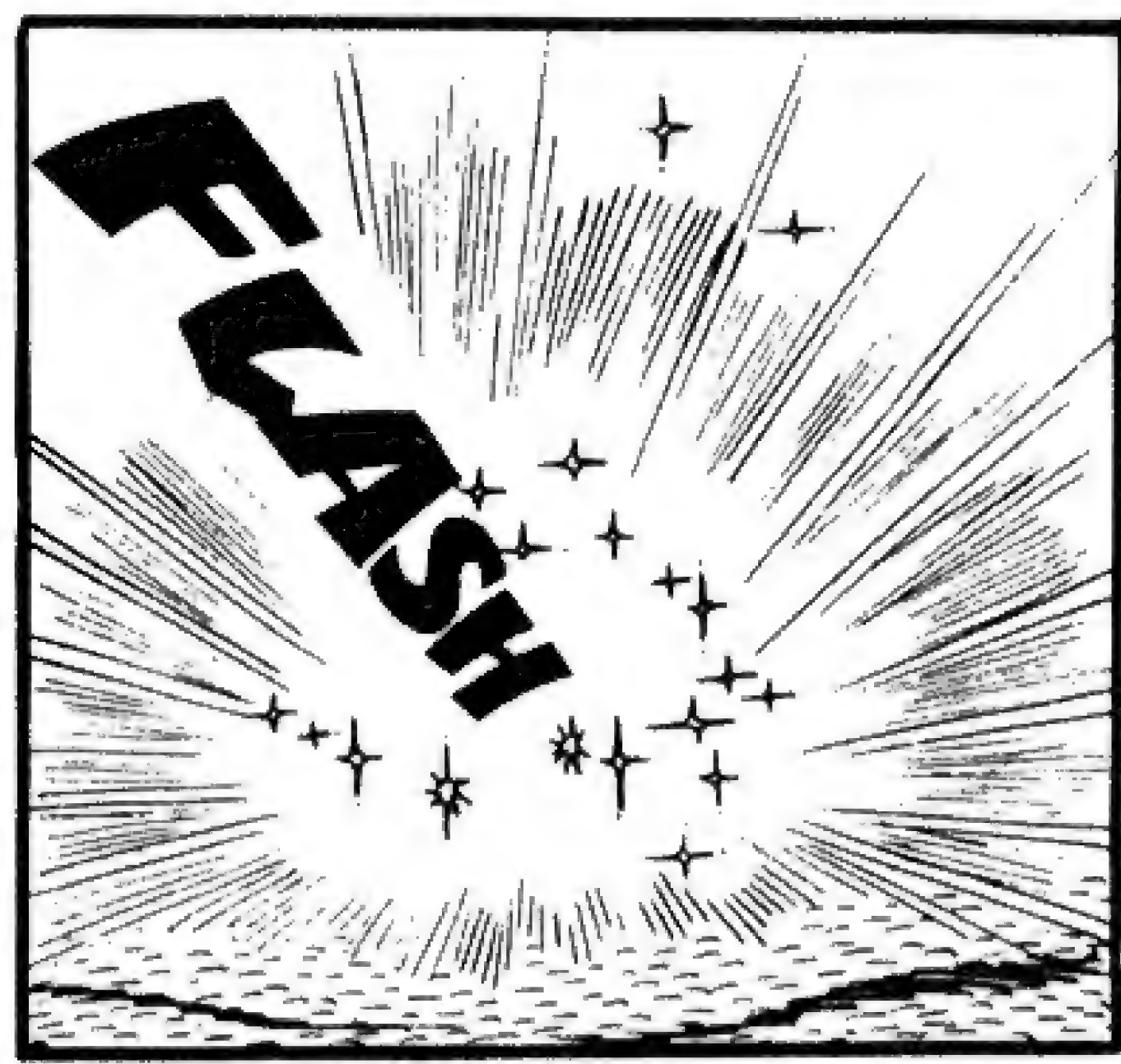
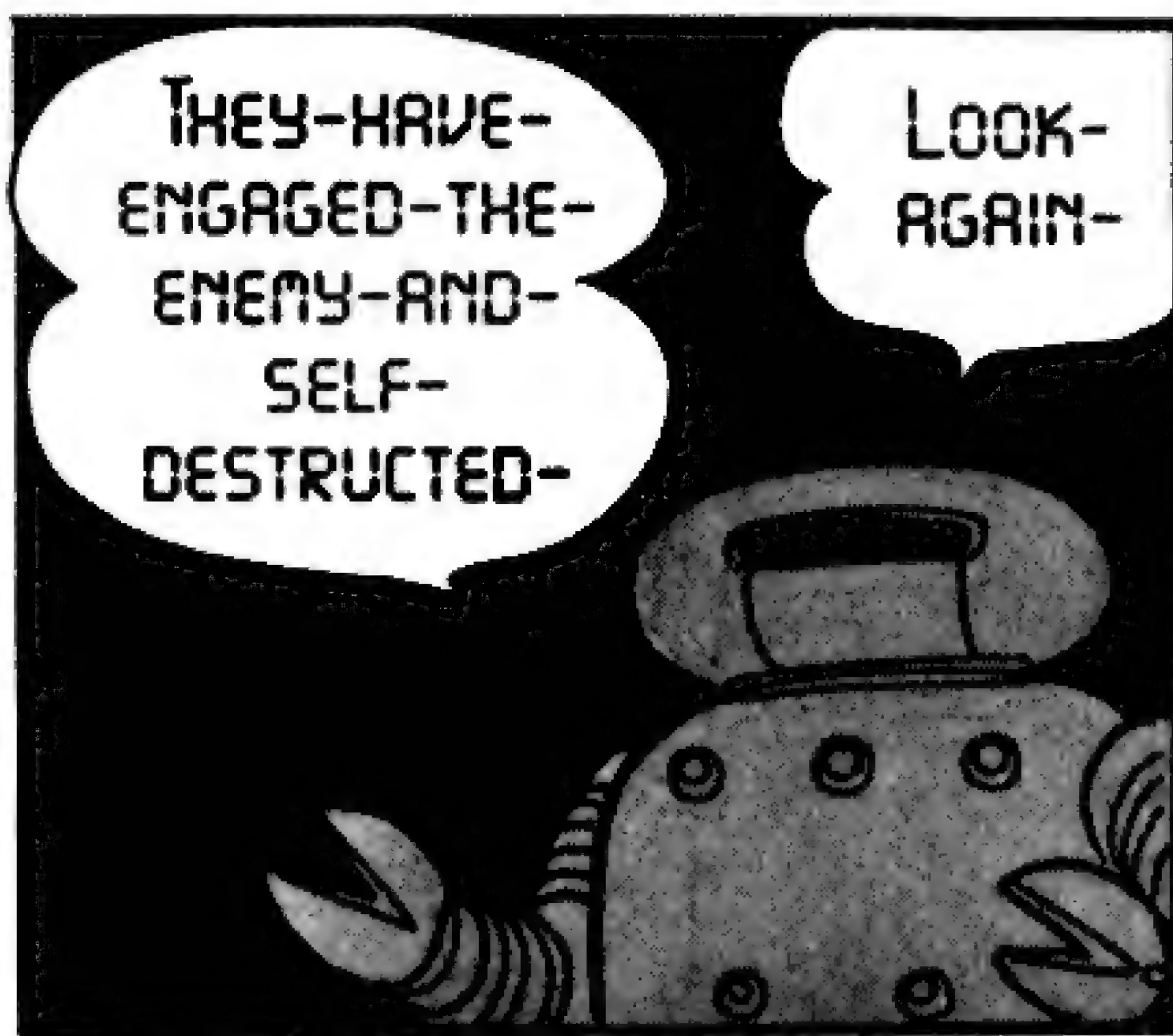
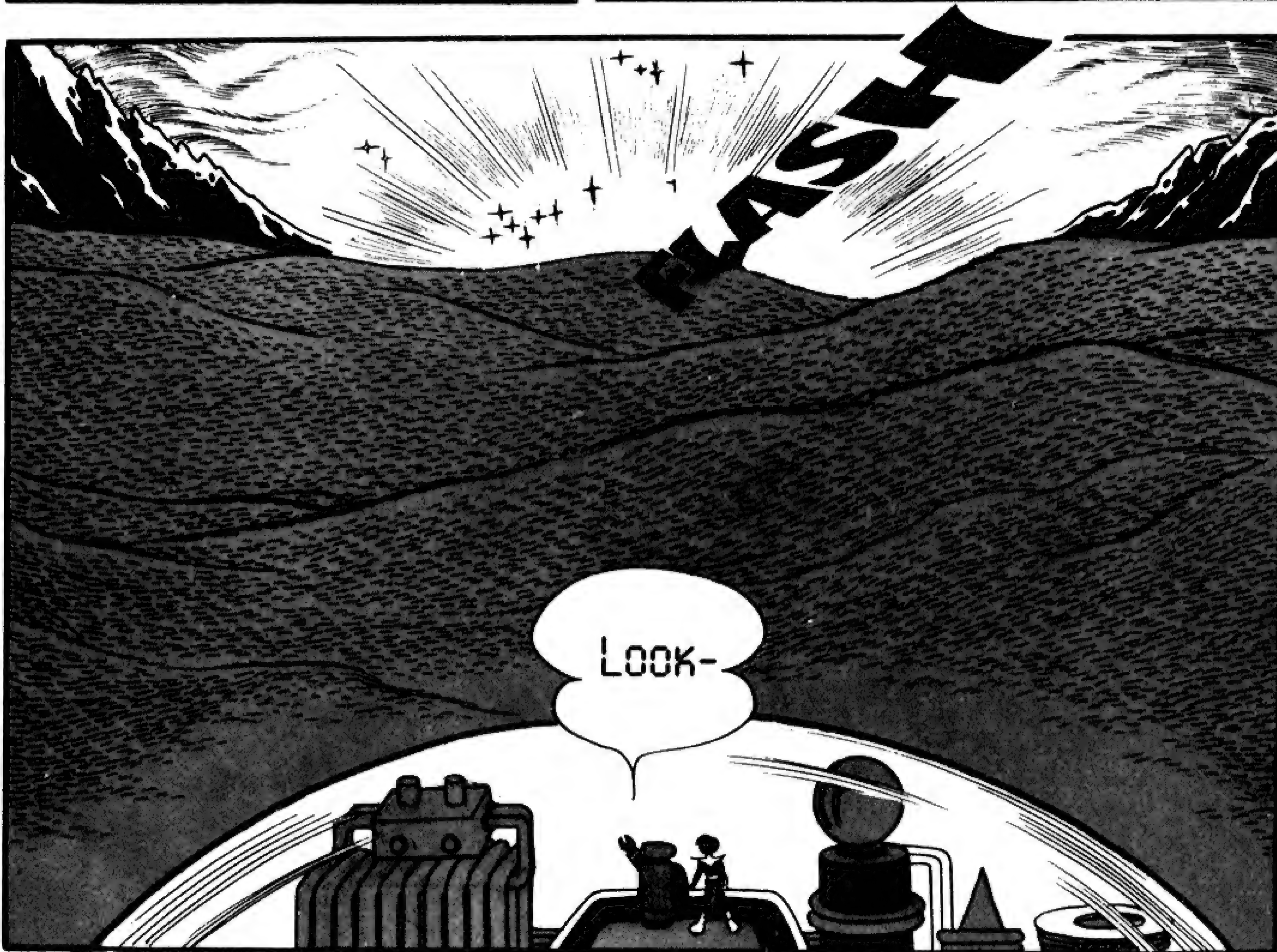
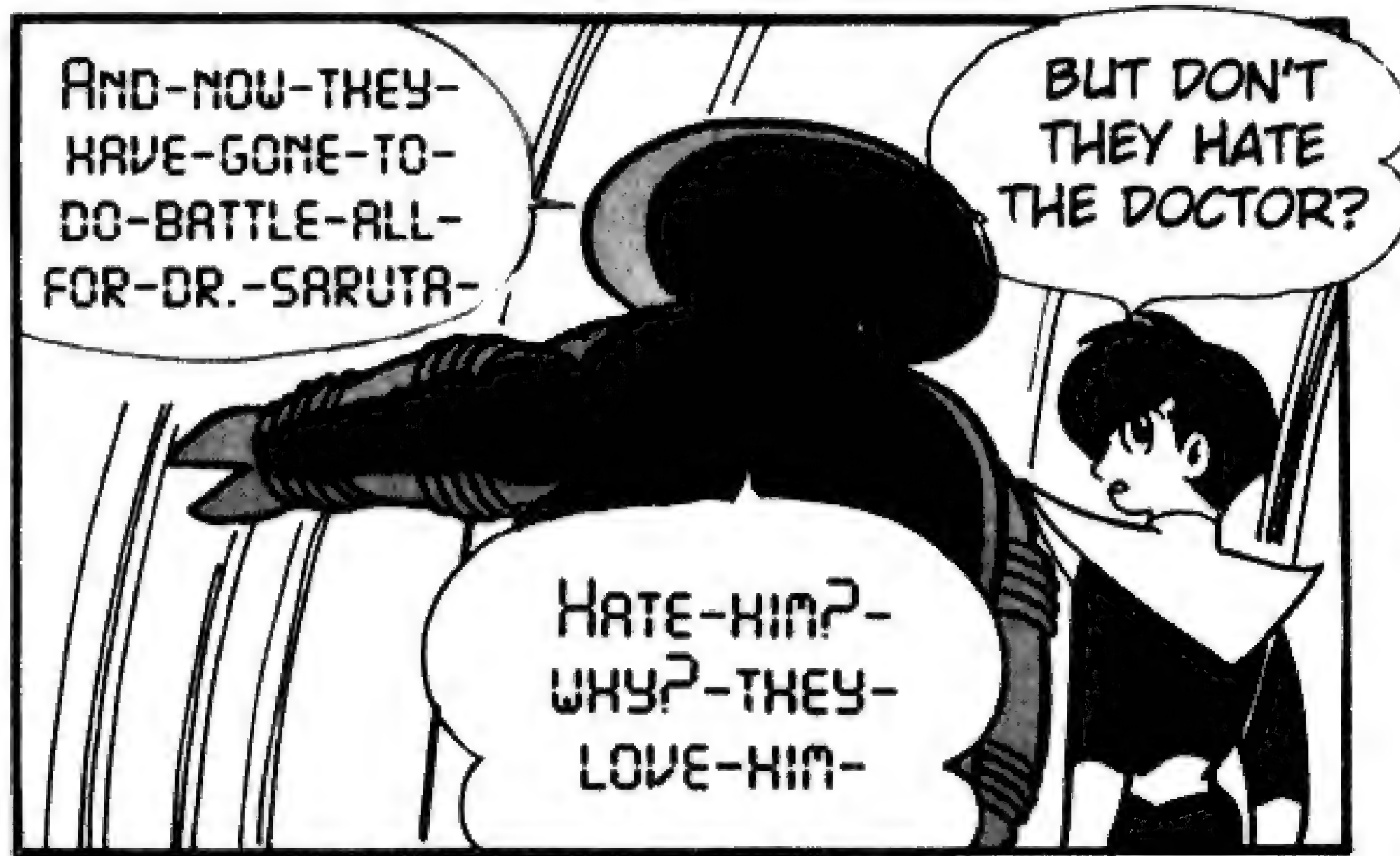
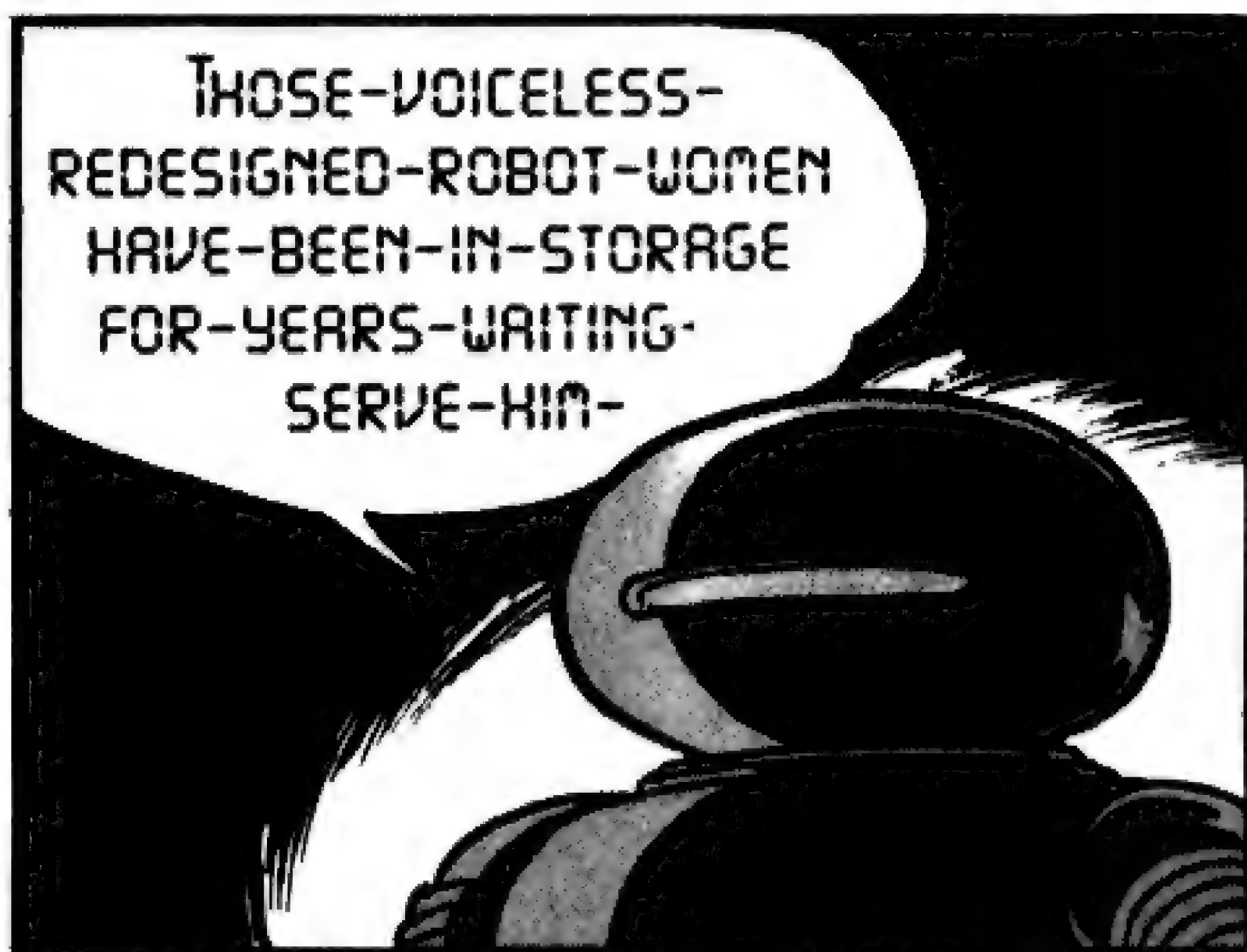
SO-HE-CREATED-  
COUNTLESS-ROBOT-  
LOVERS-WIVES-  
AND-DAUGHTERS-



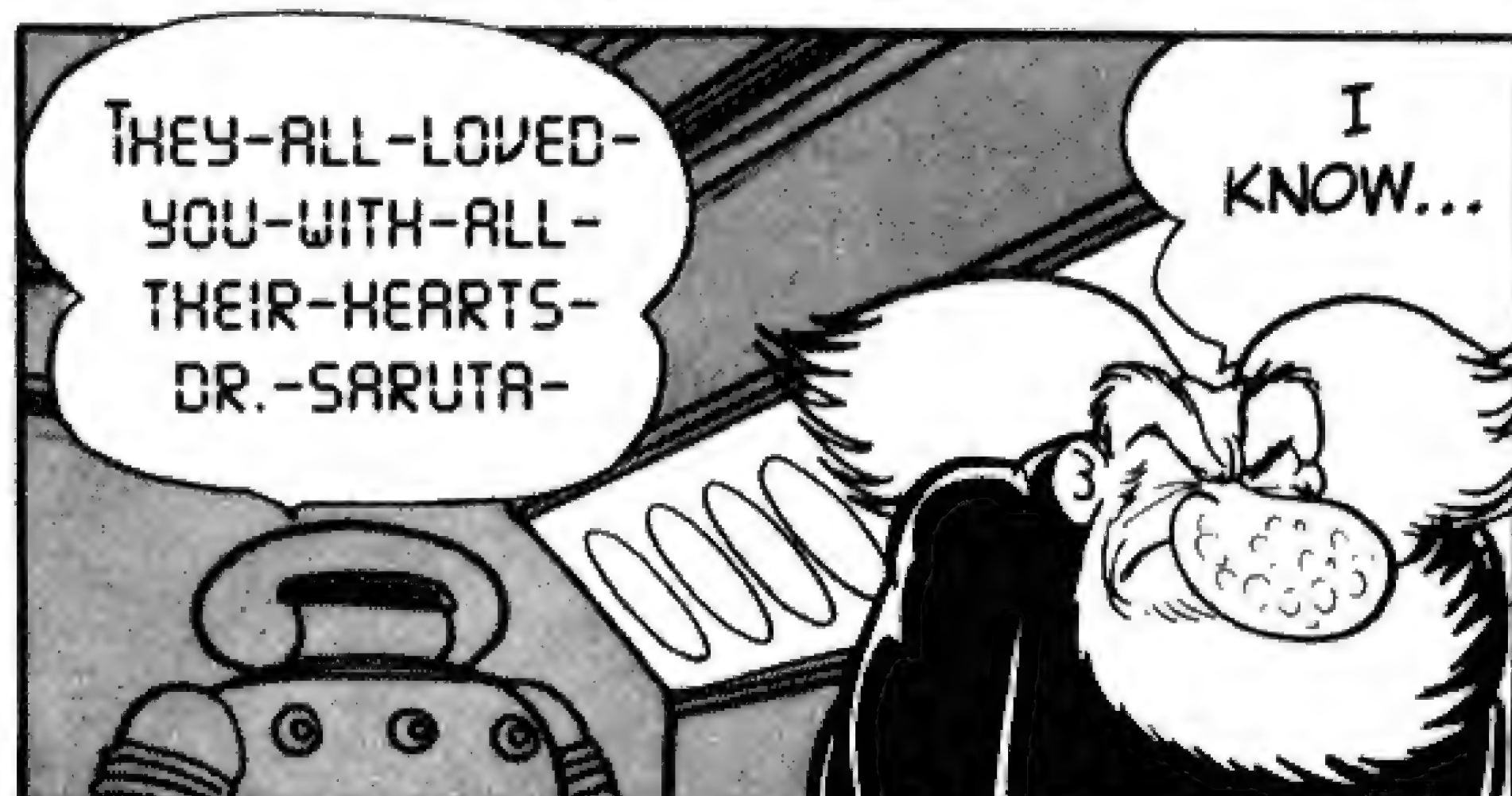
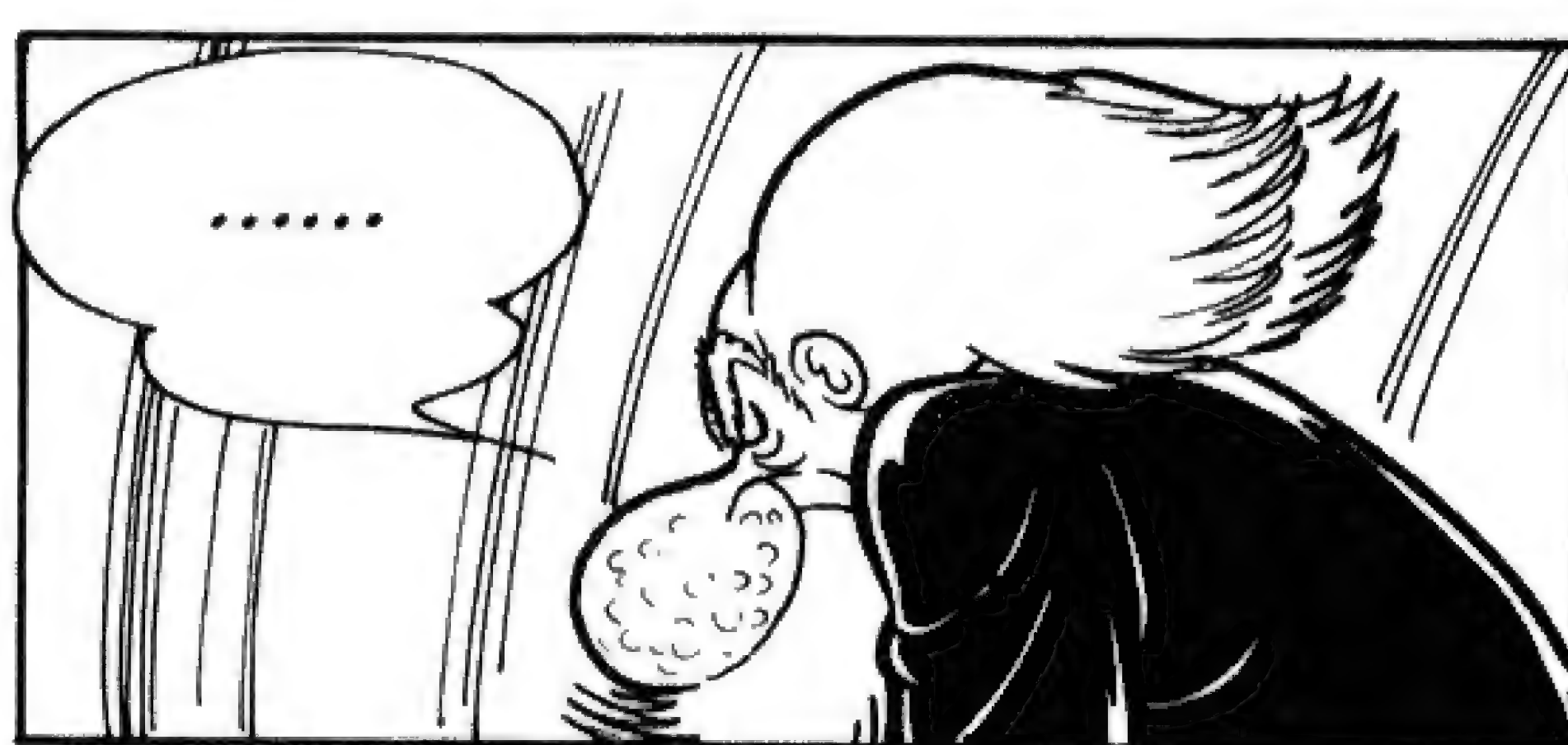
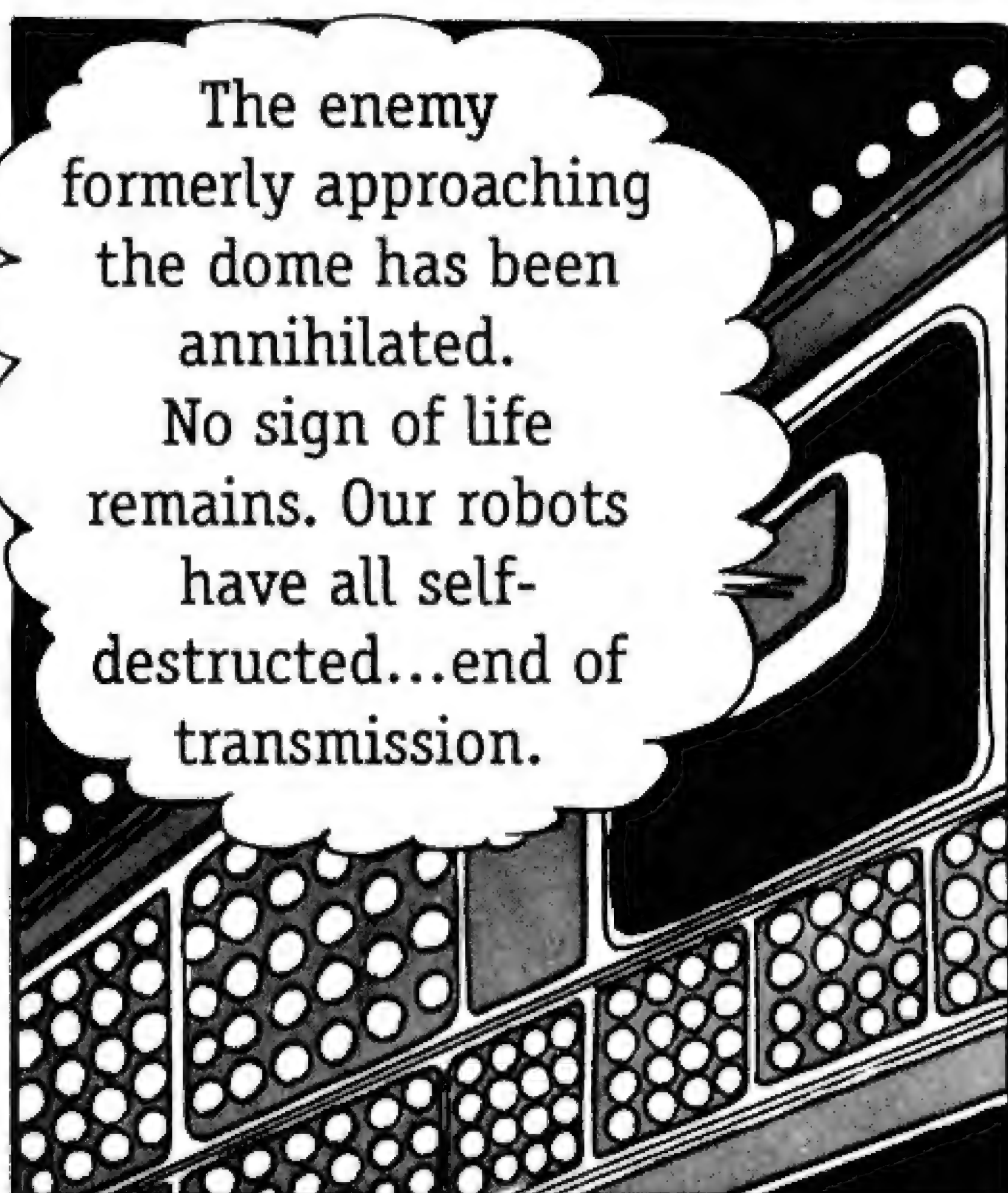
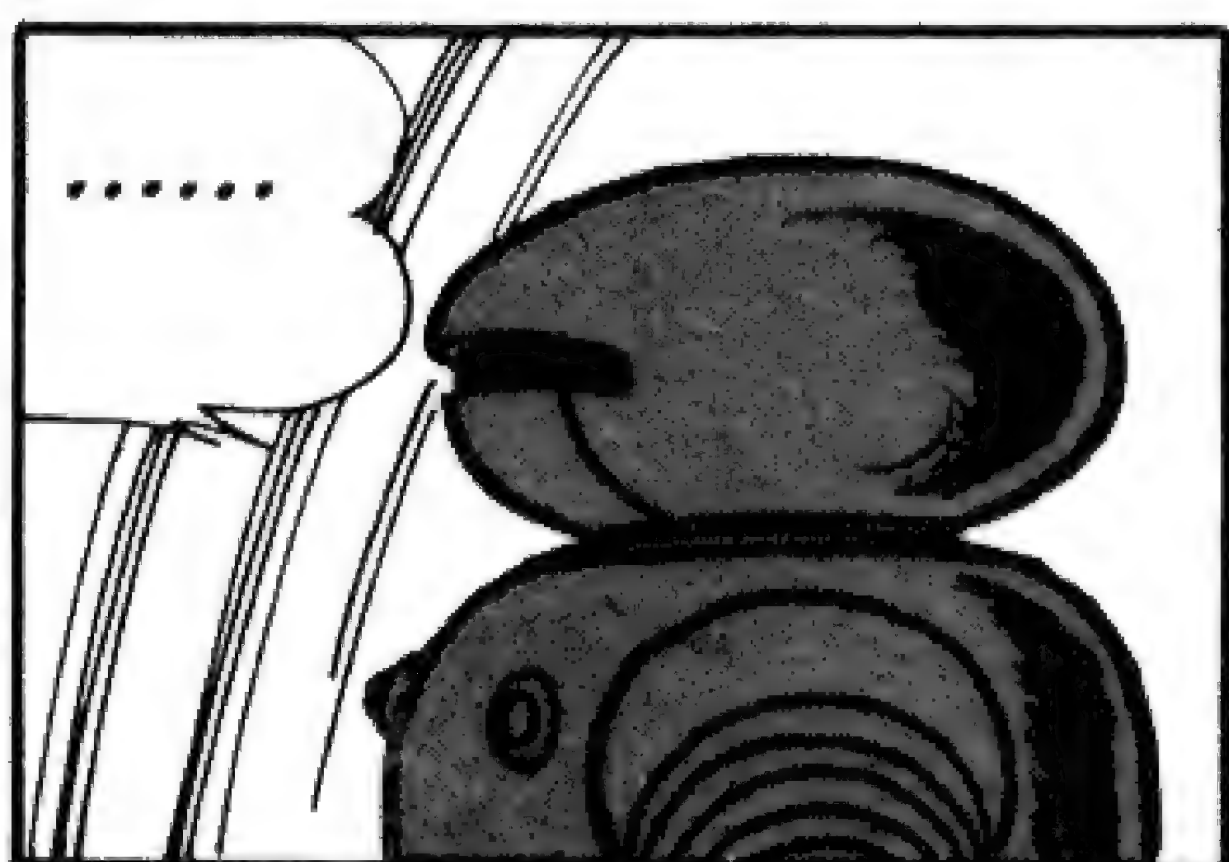
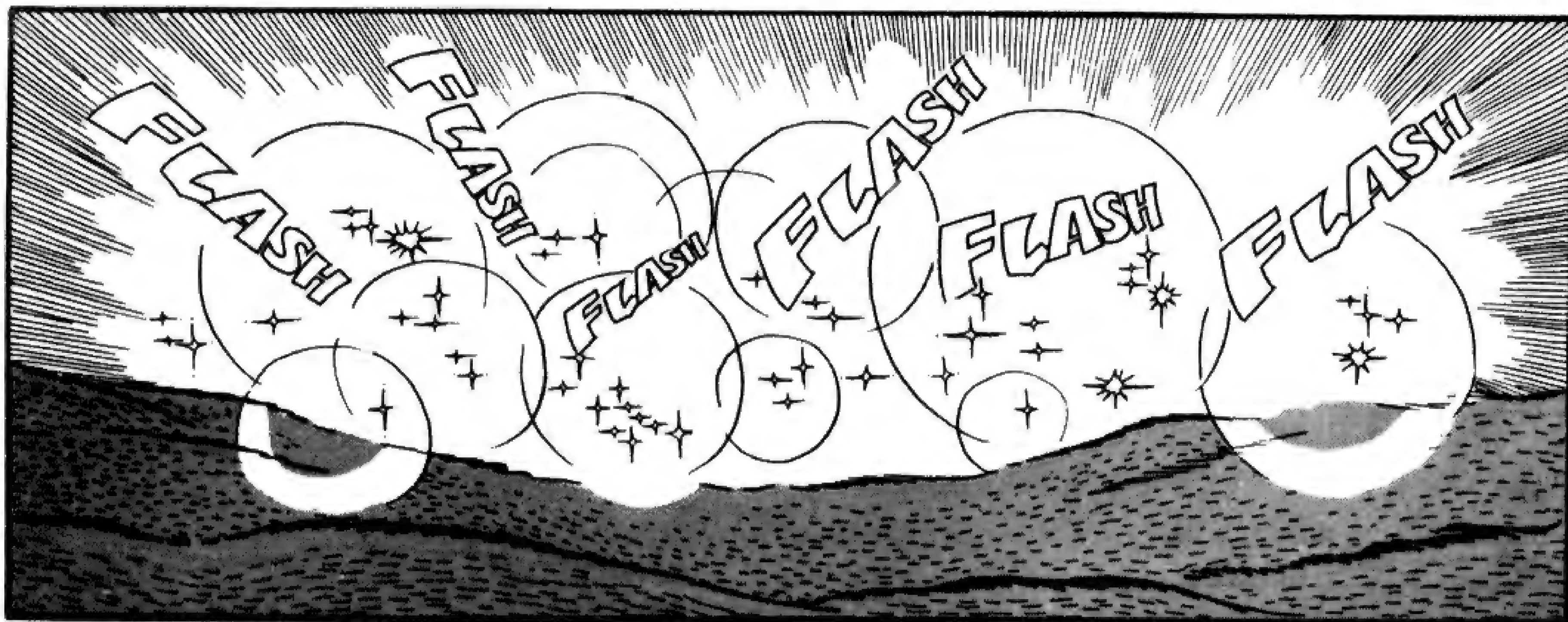




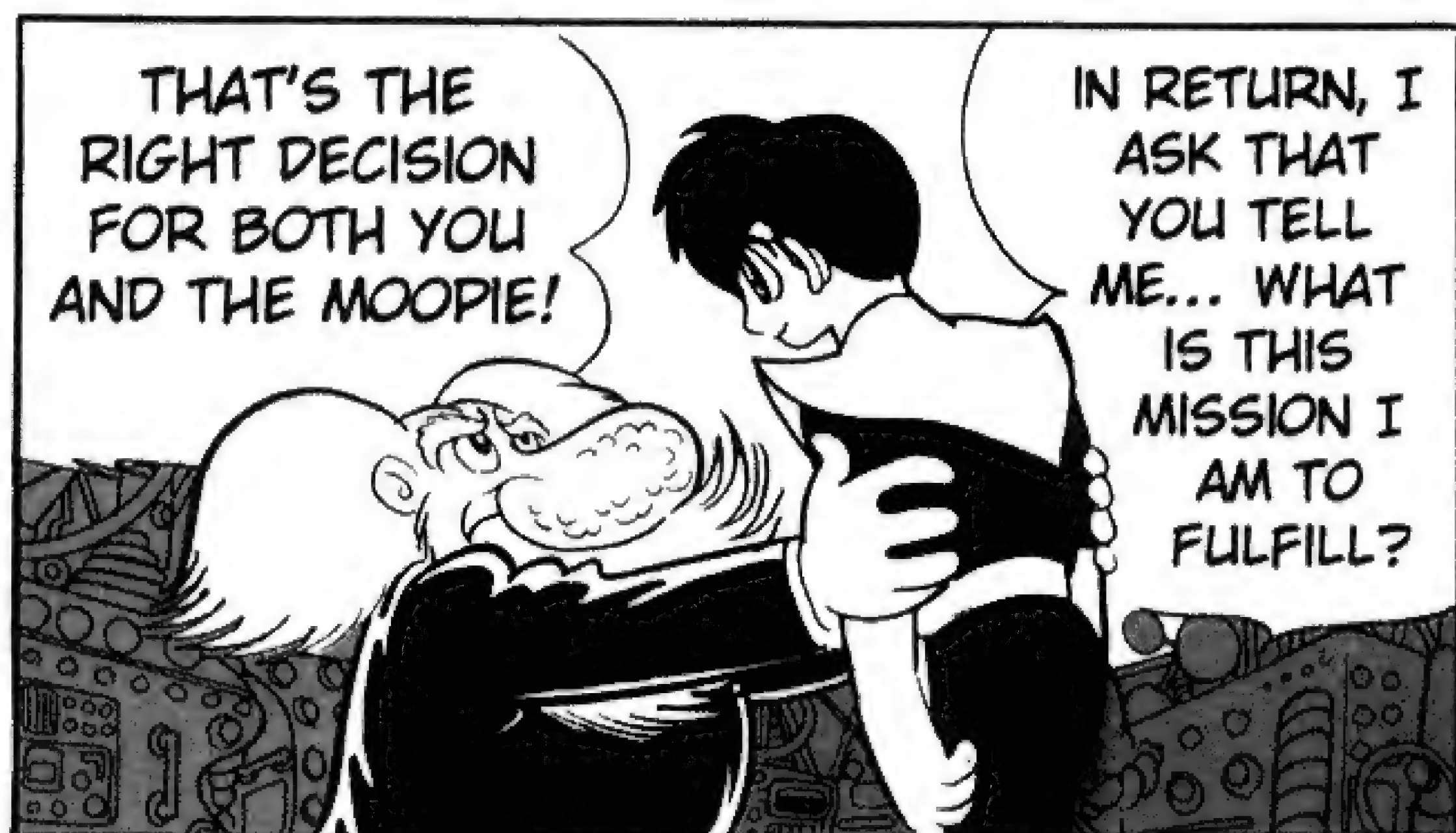




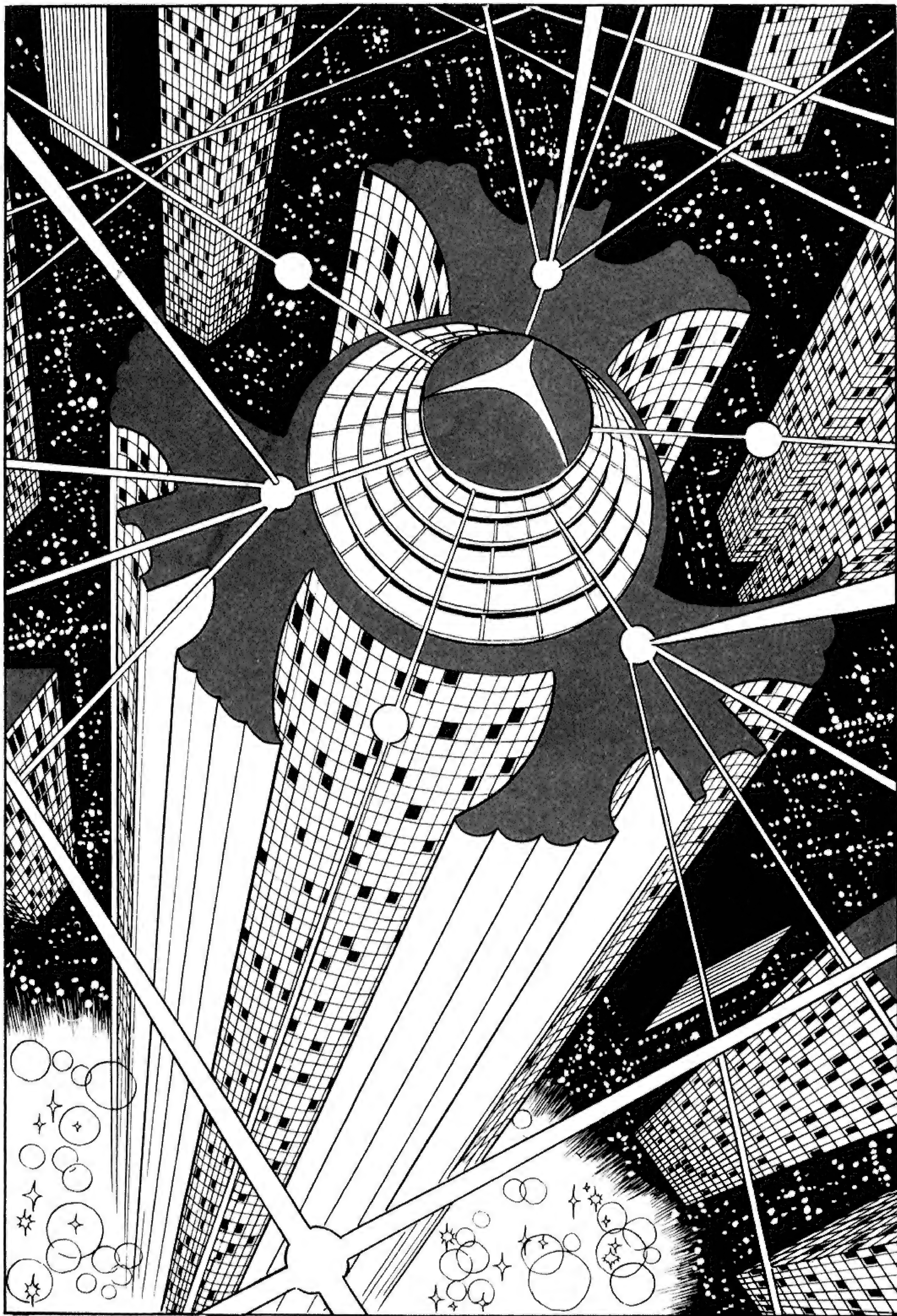




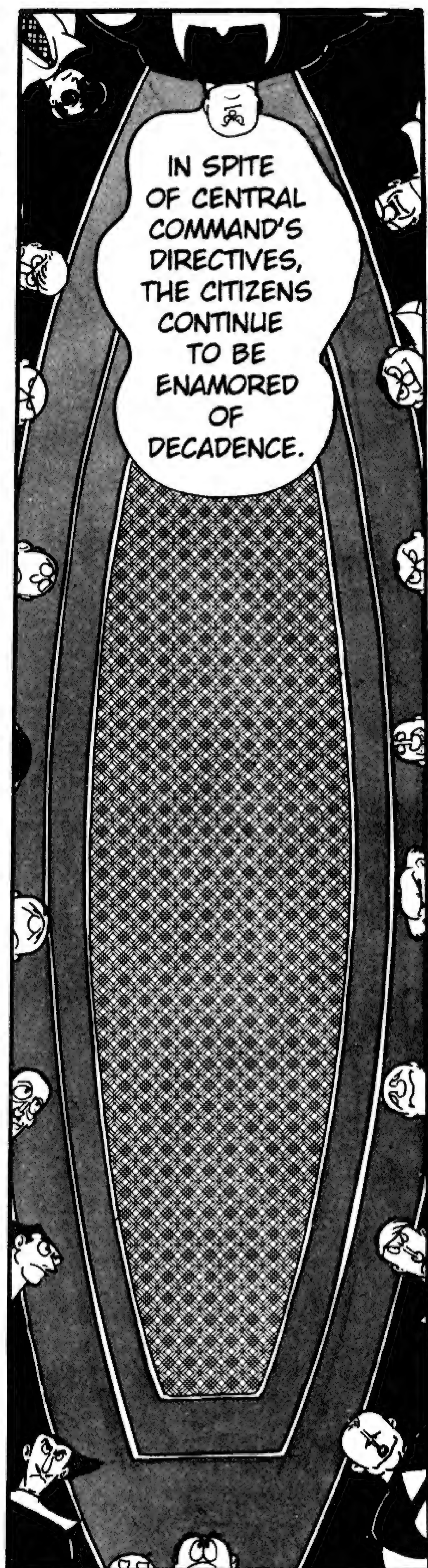
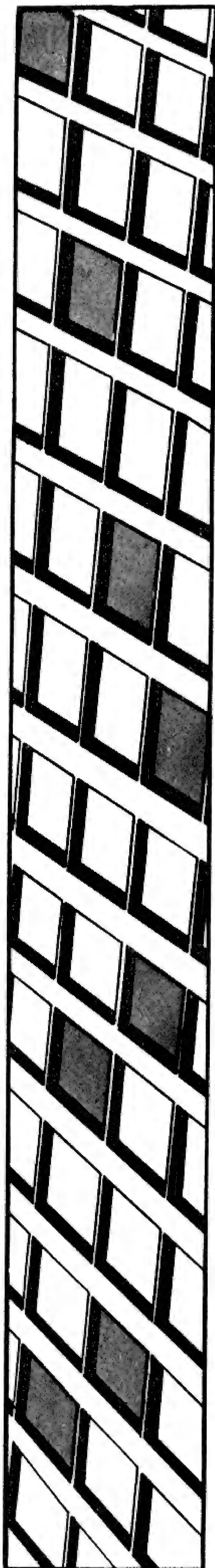
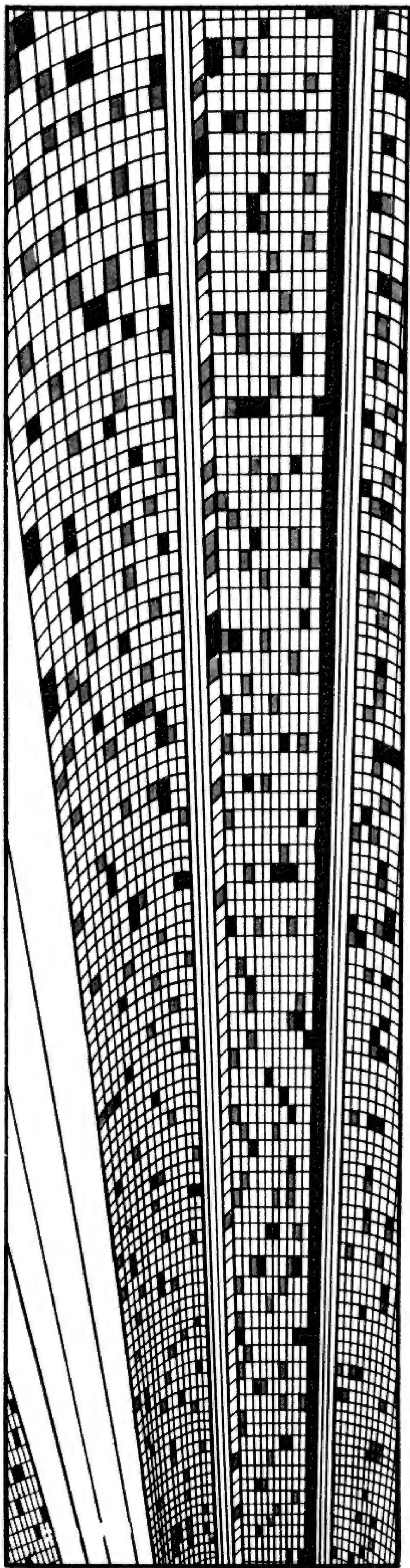




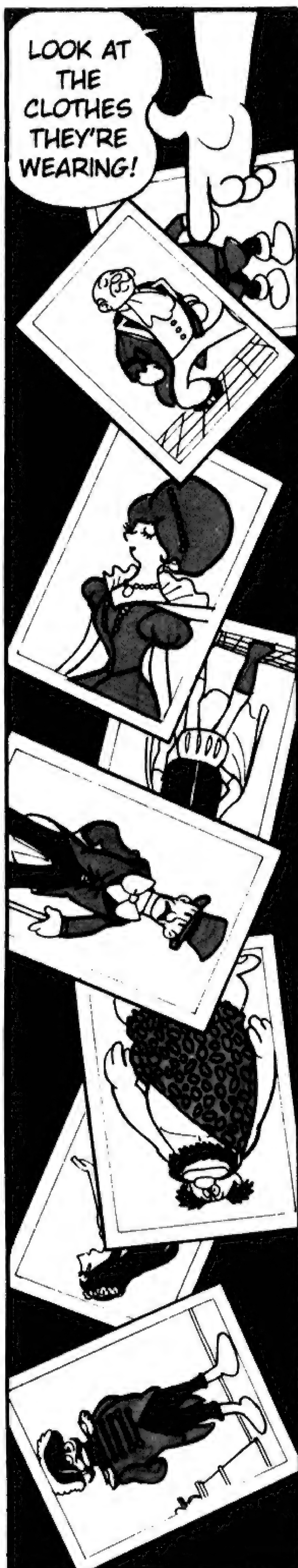




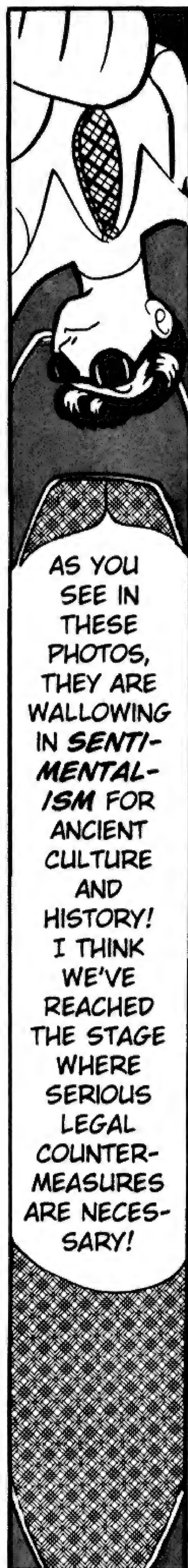








LOOK AT  
THE  
CLOTHES  
THEY'RE  
WEARING!

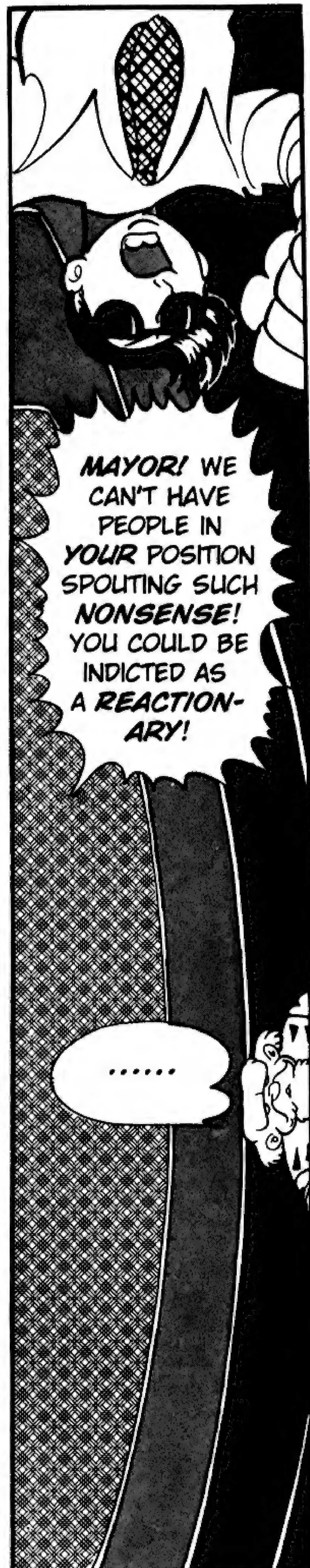


AS YOU  
SEE IN  
THESE  
PHOTOS,  
THEY ARE  
WALLOWING  
IN **SENTI-  
MENTAL-  
ISM** FOR  
ANCIENT  
CULTURE  
AND  
HISTORY!  
I THINK  
WE'VE  
REACHED  
THE STAGE  
WHERE  
SERIOUS  
LEGAL  
COUNTER-  
MEASURES  
ARE NECES-  
SARY!



BUT I  
UNDER-  
STAND  
HOW THEY  
FEEL.  
LIFE  
TODAY IS  
SO OVER-  
PROGRAMMED  
THAT WE'RE  
ON THE  
VERGE  
OF SUFFO-  
CATION!

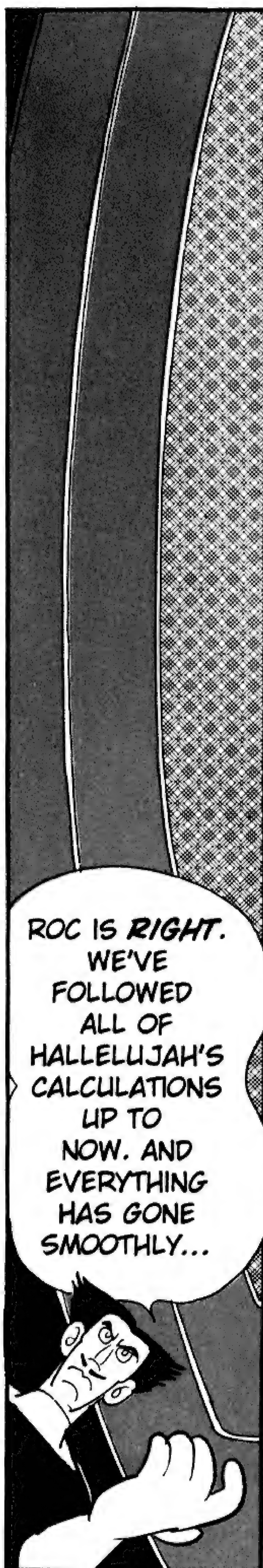
SO  
PEOPLE  
CRAVE A  
LITTLE  
DIVERSION.



**MAYOR!** WE  
CAN'T HAVE  
PEOPLE IN  
**YOUR** POSITION  
SPOUTING SUCH  
**NONSENSE!**  
YOU COULD BE  
INDICTED AS  
A **REACTION-  
ARY!**

.....





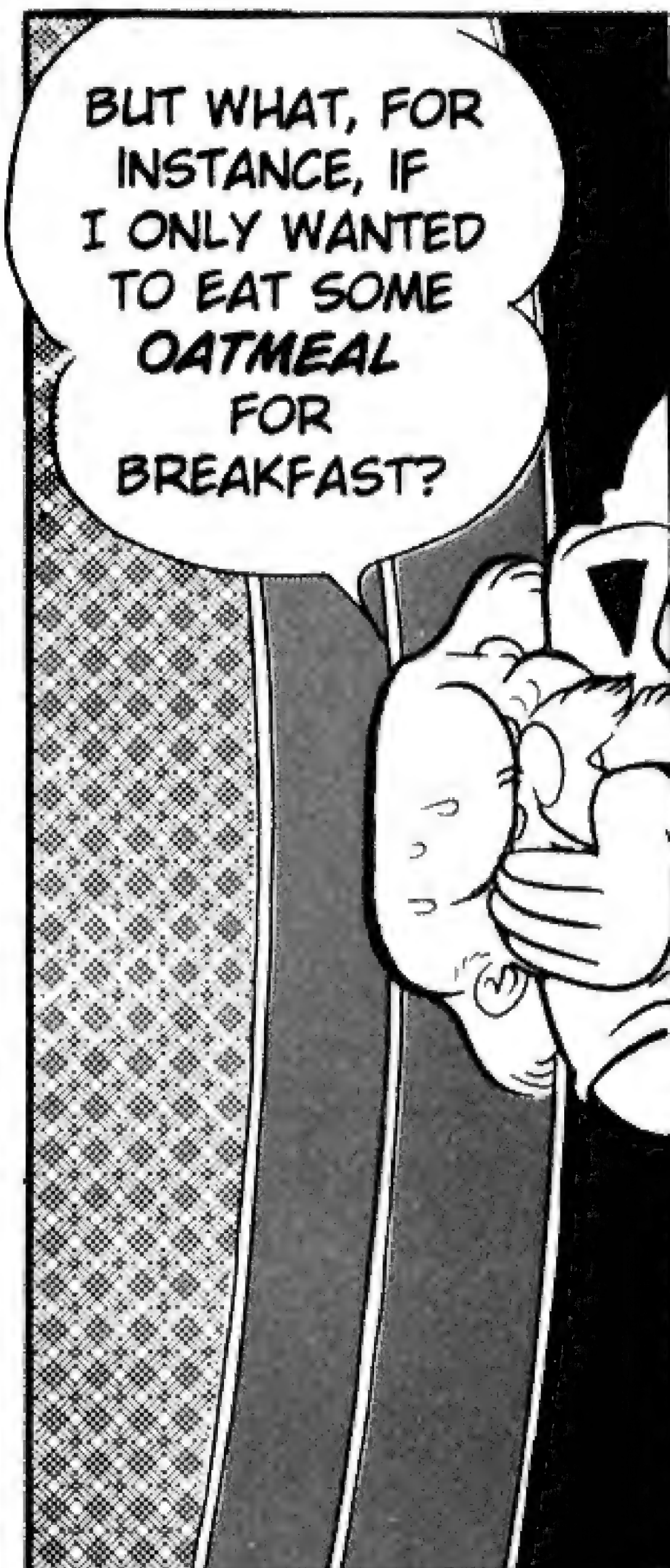
ROC IS *RIGHT*.  
WE'VE  
FOLLOWED  
ALL OF  
HALLELUJAH'S  
CALCULATIONS  
UP TO  
NOW. AND  
EVERYTHING  
HAS GONE  
SMOOTHLY...



AT A TIME  
LIKE THIS, WHEN  
MANKIND IS FACED  
WITH A *CRISIS*,  
WE WOULD BE  
BETTER OFF  
FOLLOWING  
HALLELUJAH'S  
CALCULATIONS  
RATHER THAN  
SOME SENTIMENTAL  
HUMAN POLITICIAN...  
WOULDN'T WE, MR.  
MAYOR?

YES BUT...

THAT'S WHY  
WE CAN'T ALLOW  
ANY ACTIONS WHICH  
ARE INDEPENDENT  
OF HALLELU-  
JAH'S  
DICTATES! NOT  
EVEN THE  
STYLE OF  
DRESS!



BUT WHAT, FOR  
INSTANCE, IF  
I ONLY WANTED  
TO EAT SOME  
*OATMEAL*  
FOR  
BREAKFAST?

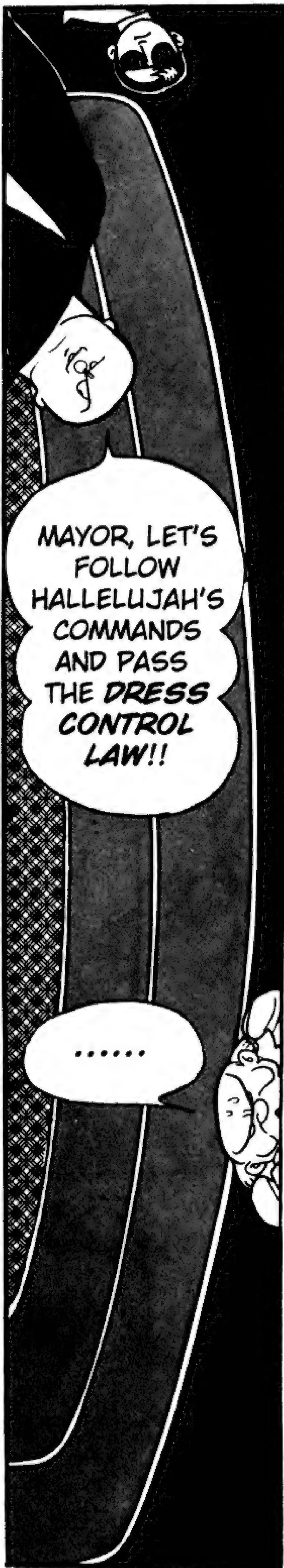


IS THAT  
IN THE  
DIRECTIVES  
FROM  
HALLE-  
LUJAH?

NO.

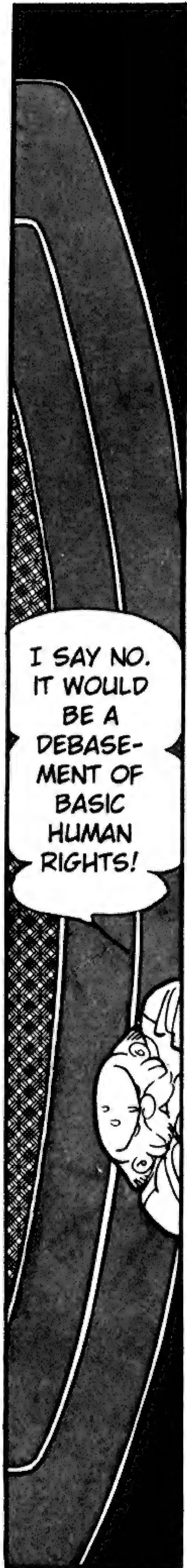
IF NOT,  
THEN  
EVEN  
OATMEAL  
IS OUT.  
IT'S  
*SYN-  
THETIC  
BREAD*  
FOR  
EVERY-  
ONE!



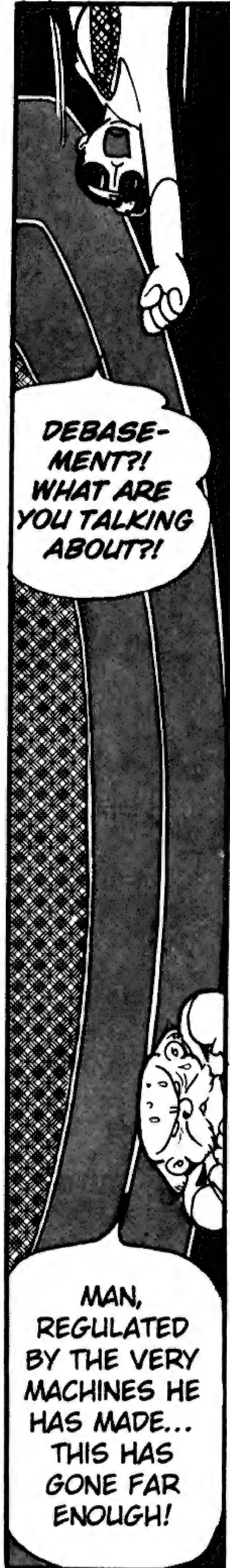


MAYOR, LET'S FOLLOW HALLELUJAH'S COMMANDS AND PASS THE **DRESS CONTROL LAW!!**

.....



I SAY NO. IT WOULD BE A DEBASEMENT OF BASIC HUMAN RIGHTS!



DEBASEMENT?! WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?!

MAN, REGULATED BY THE VERY MACHINES HE HAS MADE... THIS HAS GONE FAR ENOUGH!



MR. CHAIRMAN! I MAKE A NO CONFIDENCE MOTION IN REGARDS TO THE MAYOR. HE IS NO LONGER QUALIFIED FOR THIS POST!!

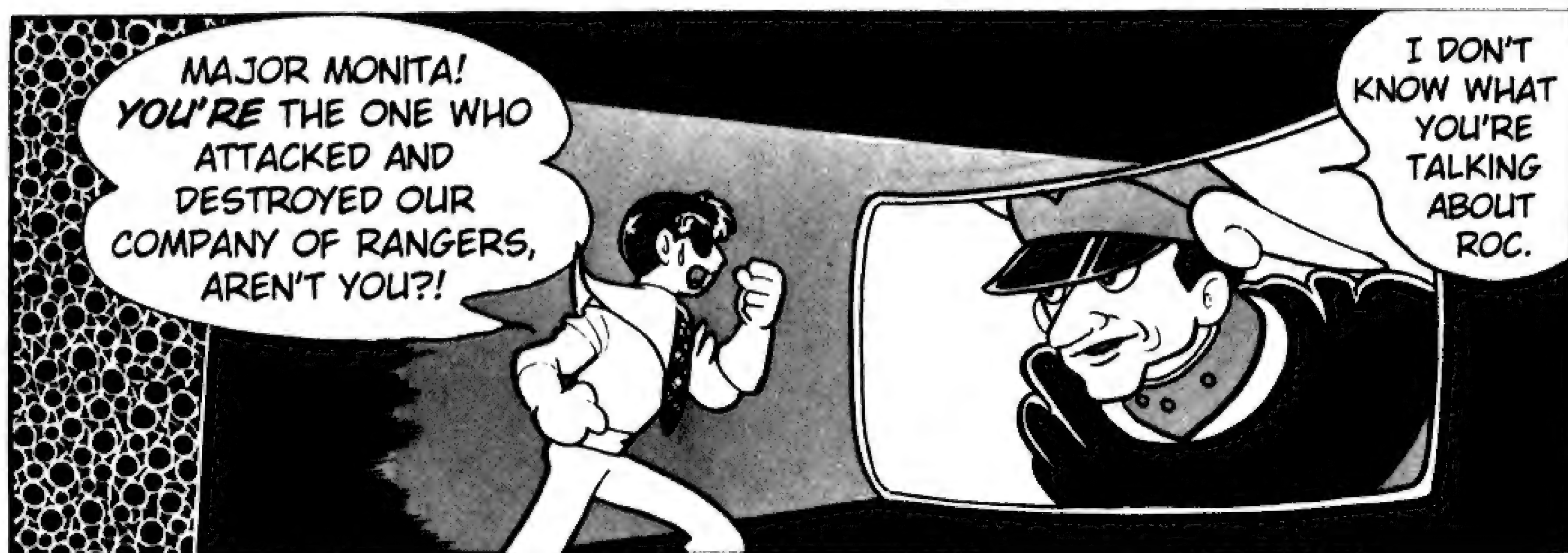
RELAX, RELAX.

MAYOR! YOU ARE OF COURSE AWARE THOSE WHO DEFY HALLELUJAH FORFEIT THEIR CITIZENSHIP!

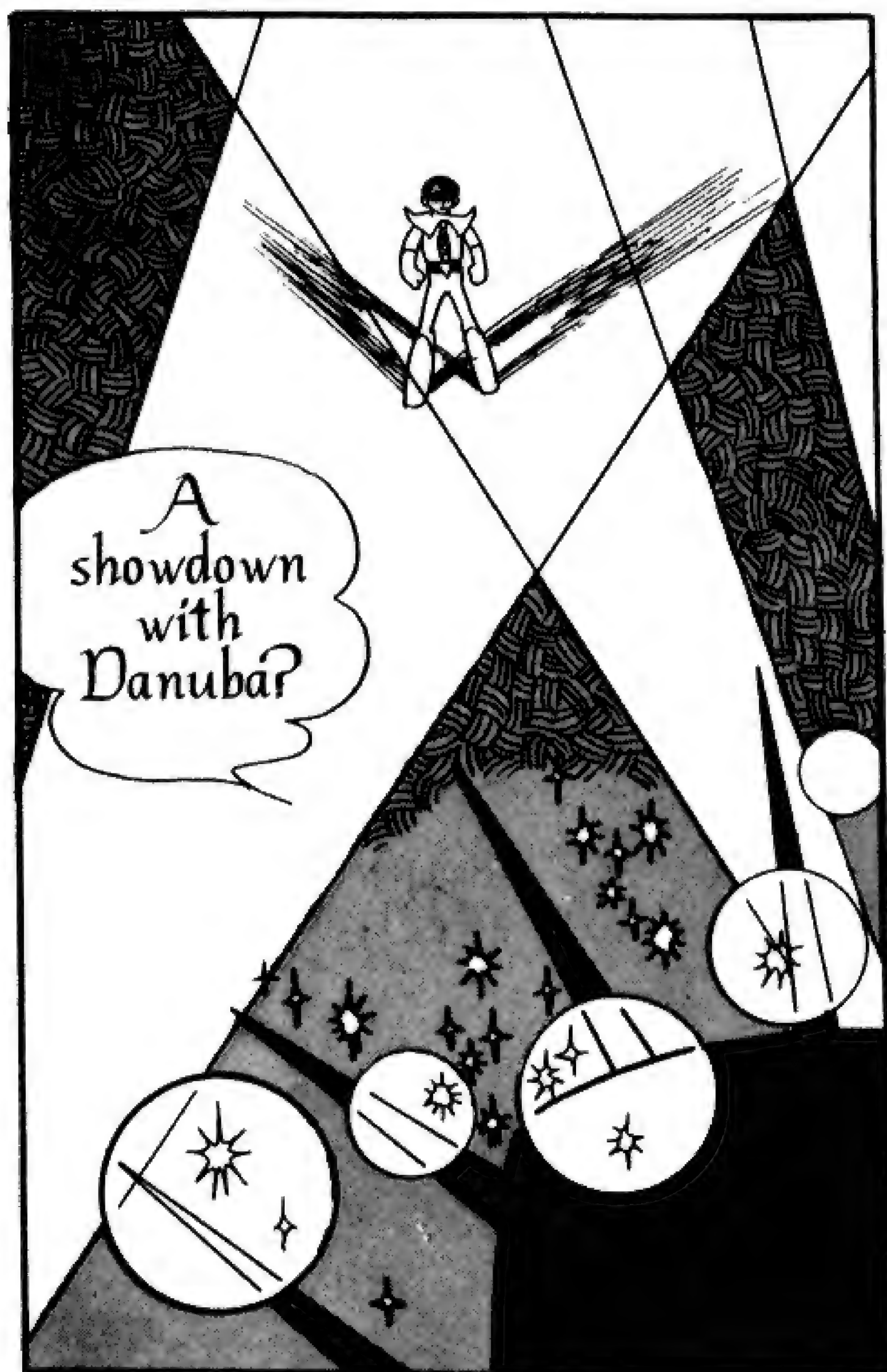




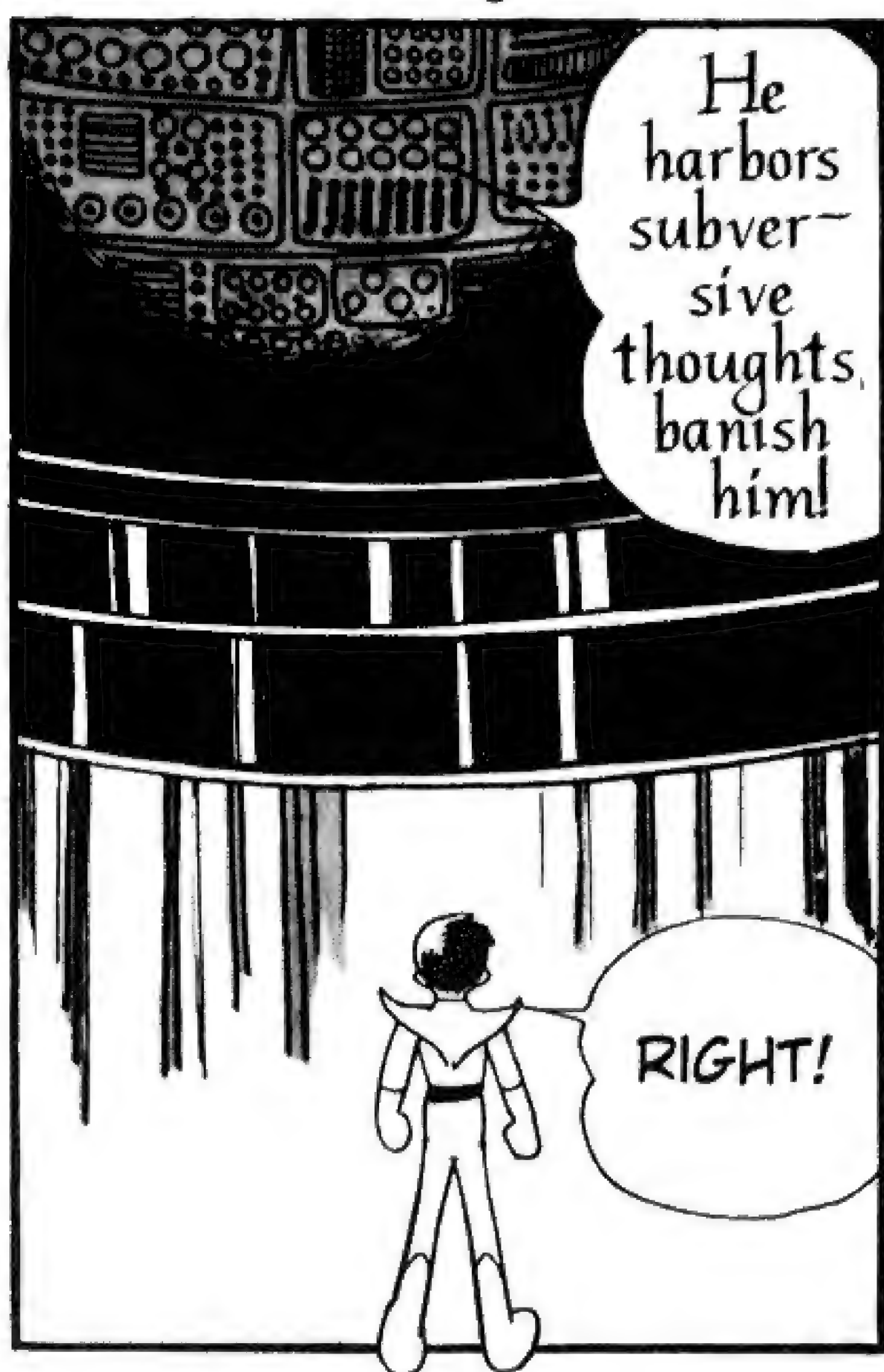
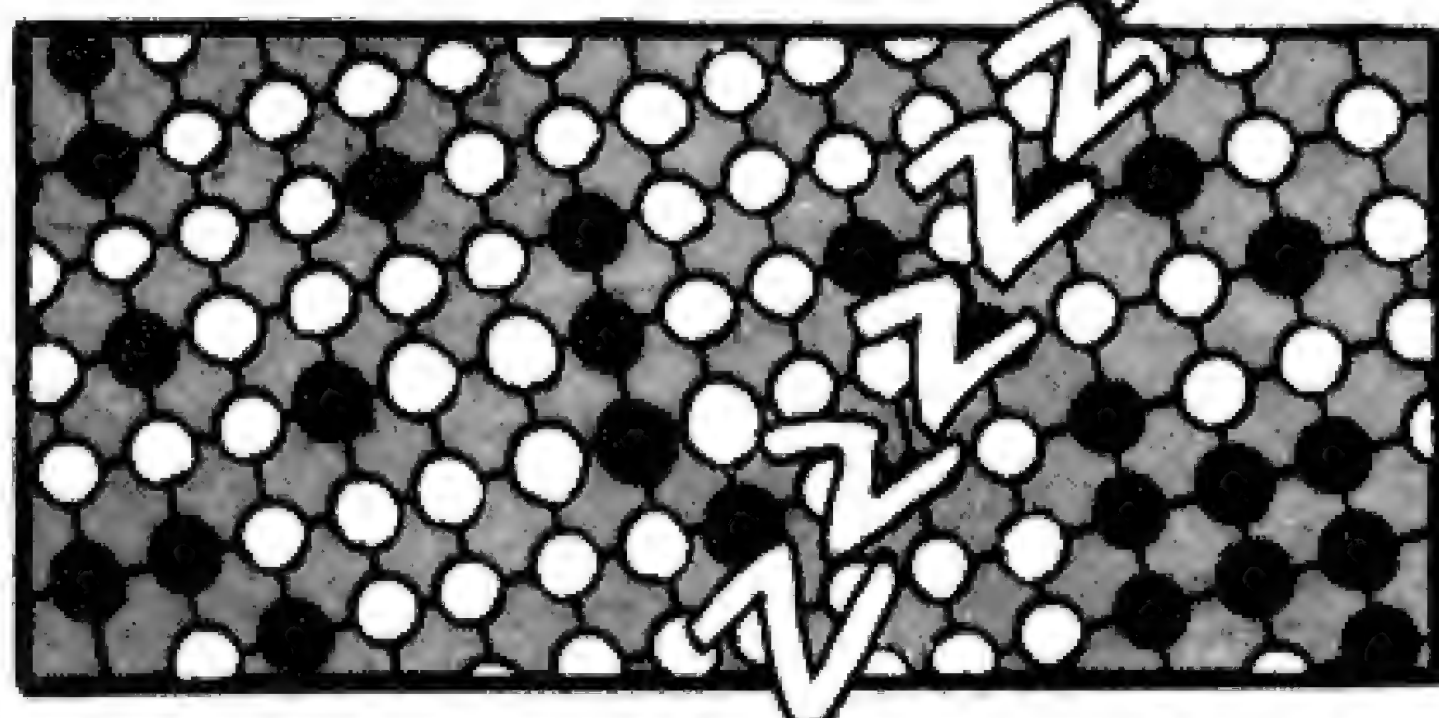
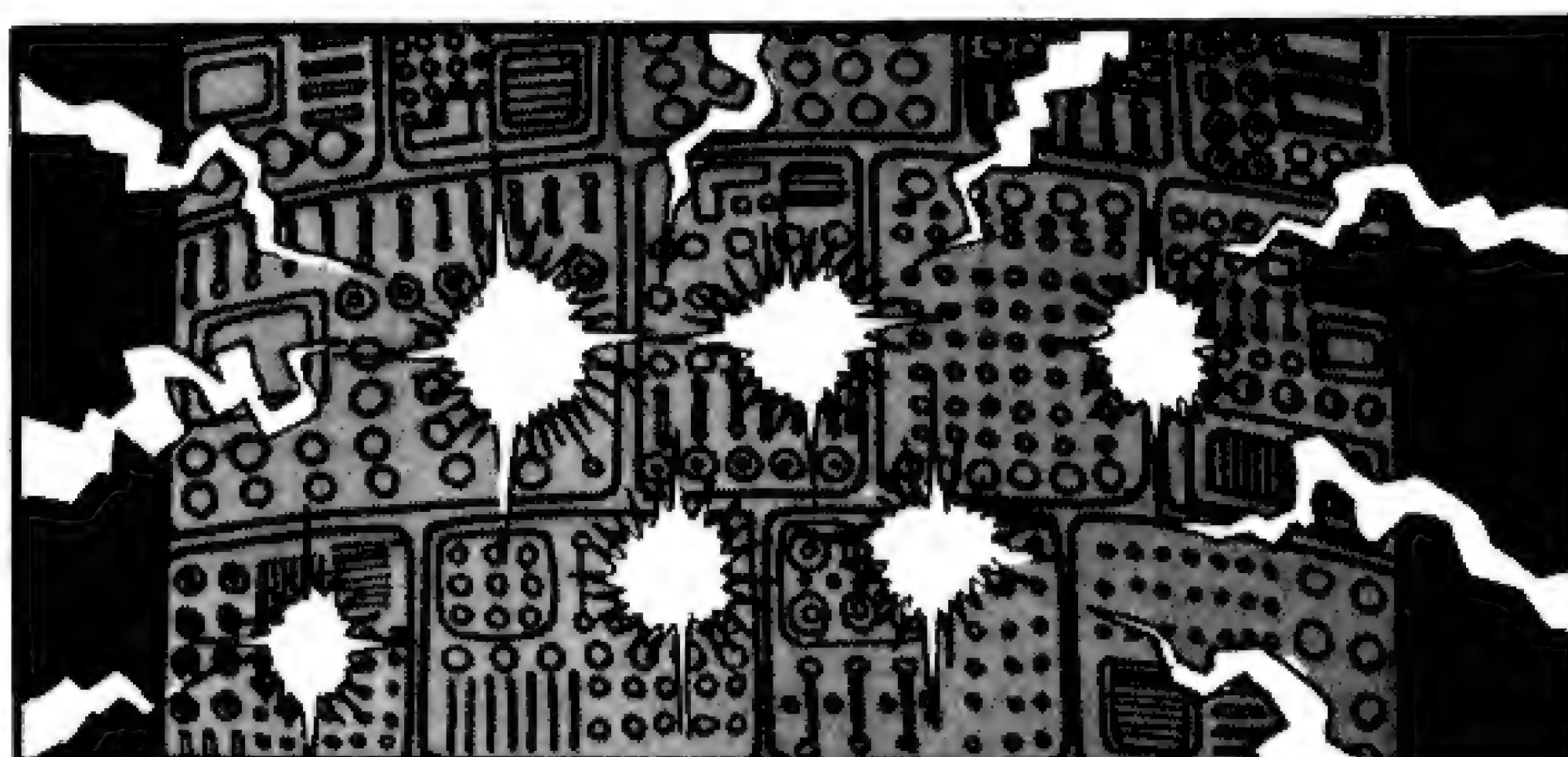
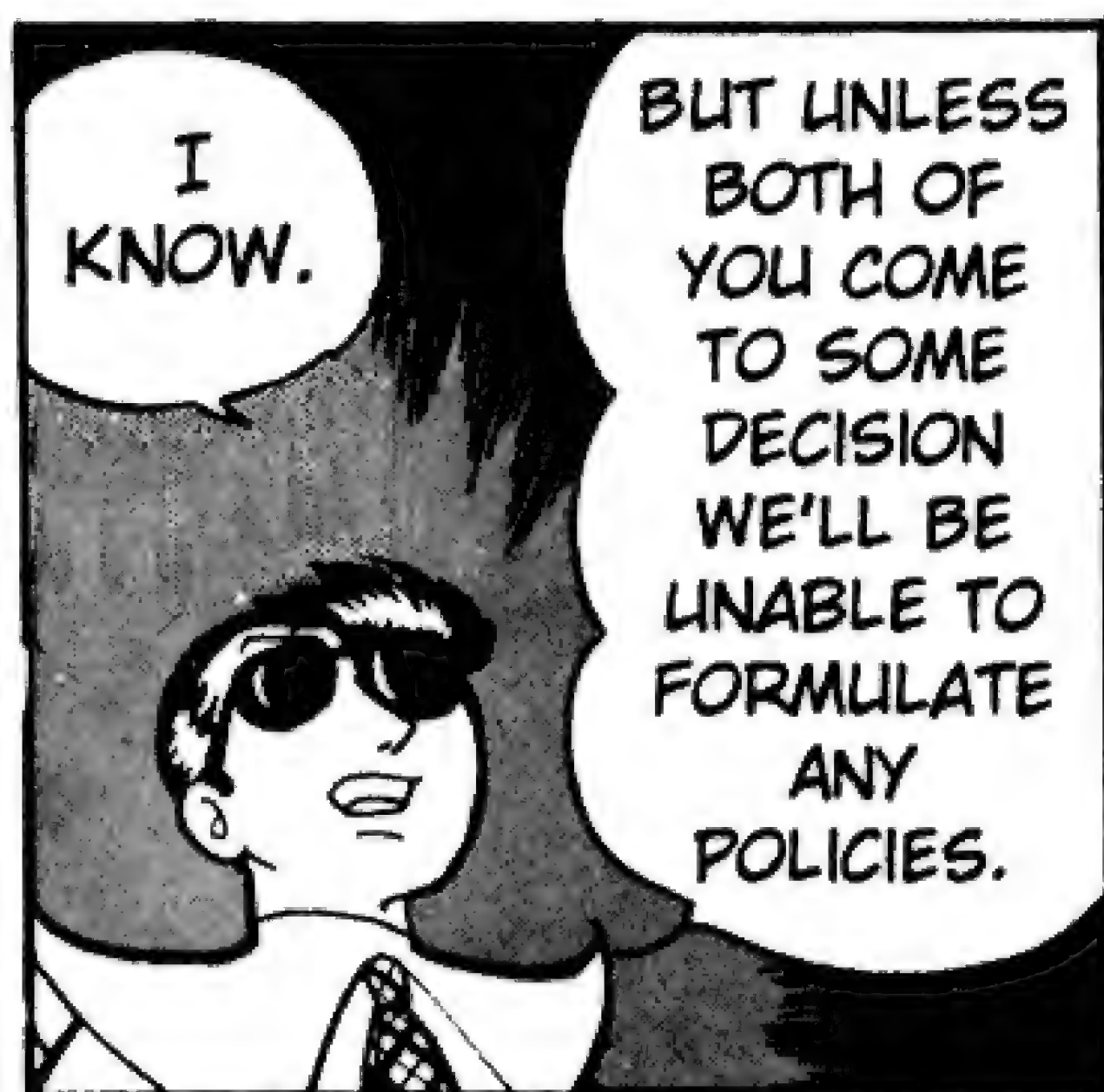




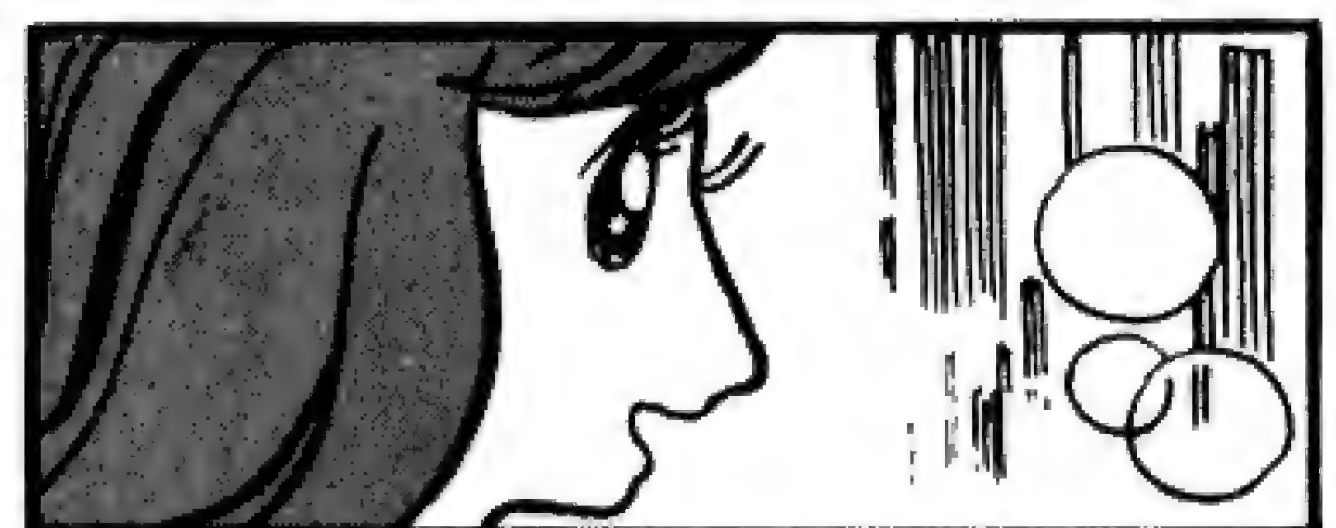
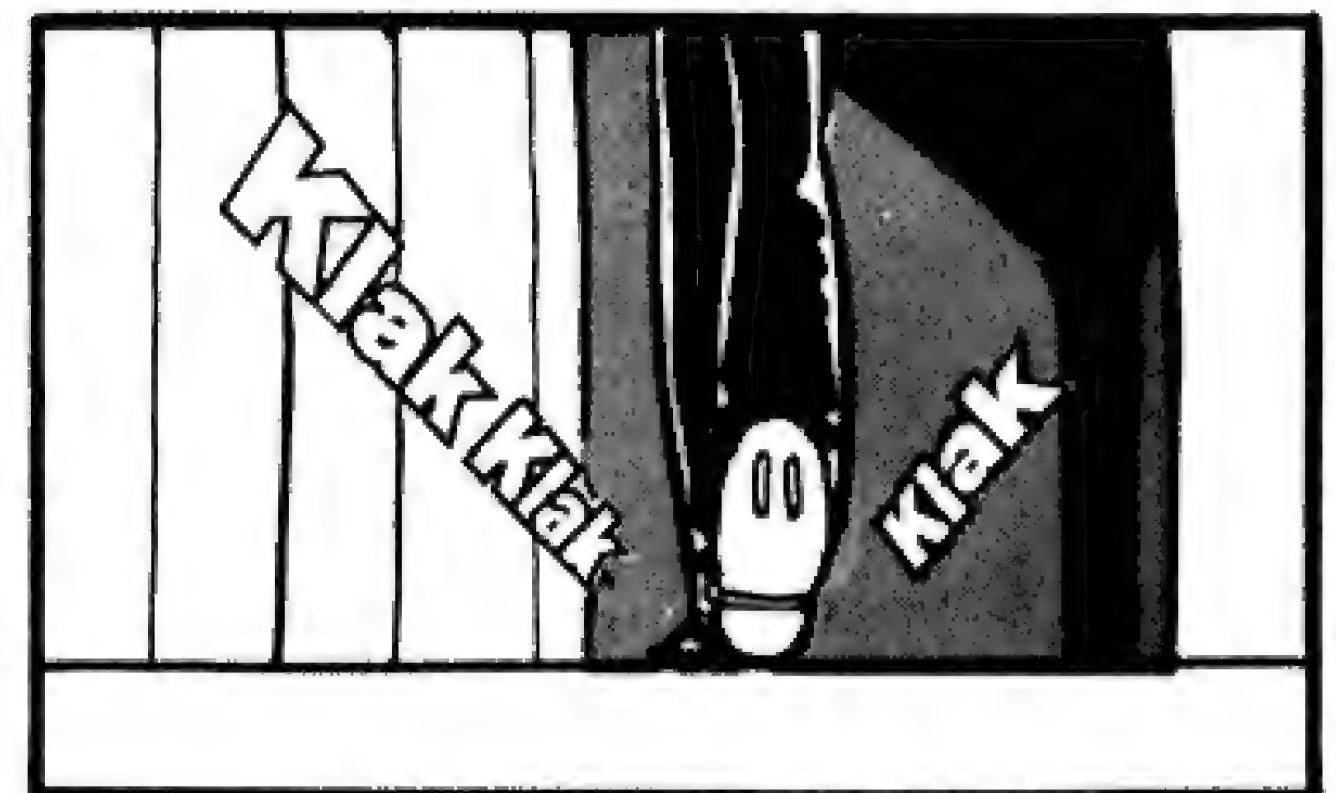
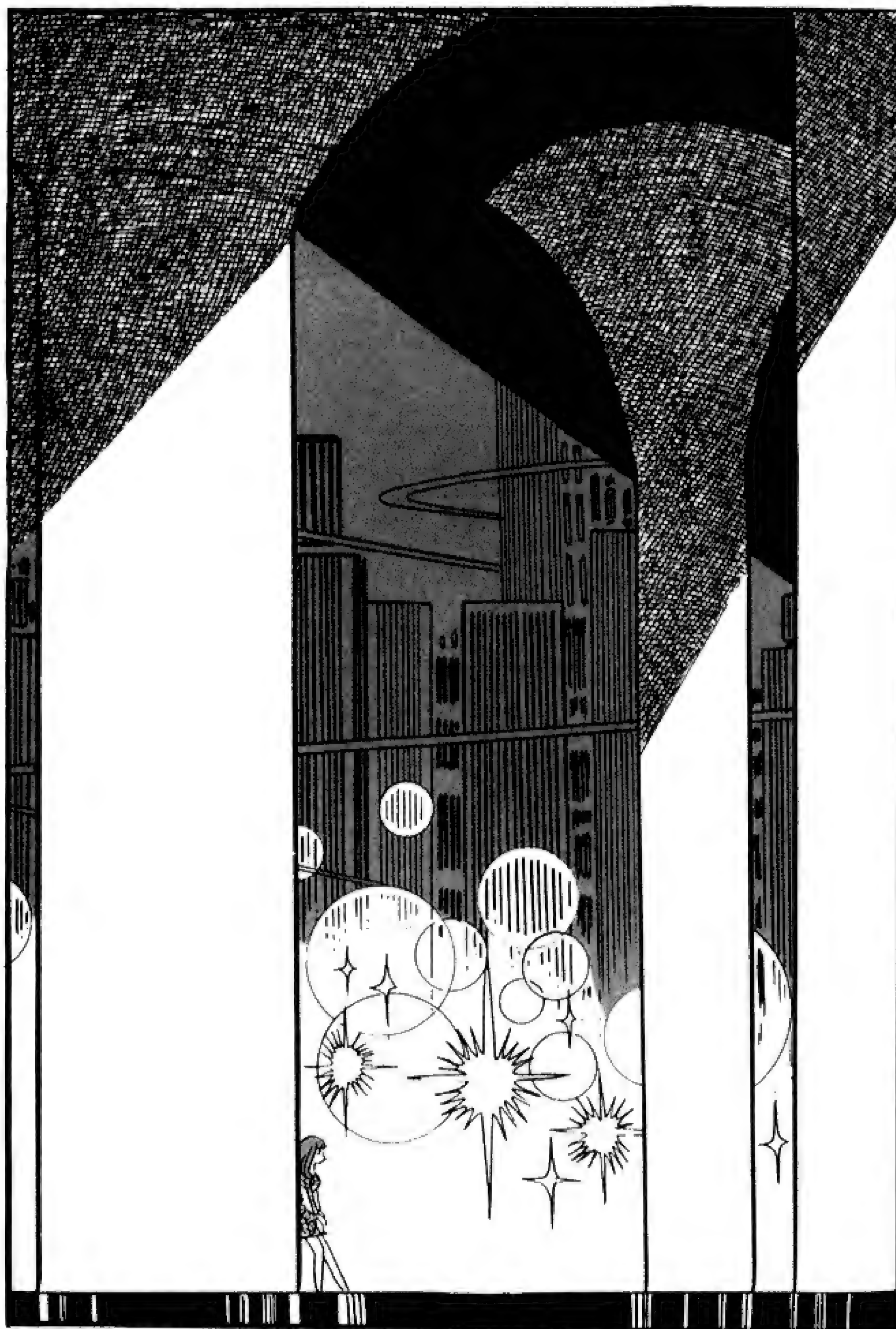
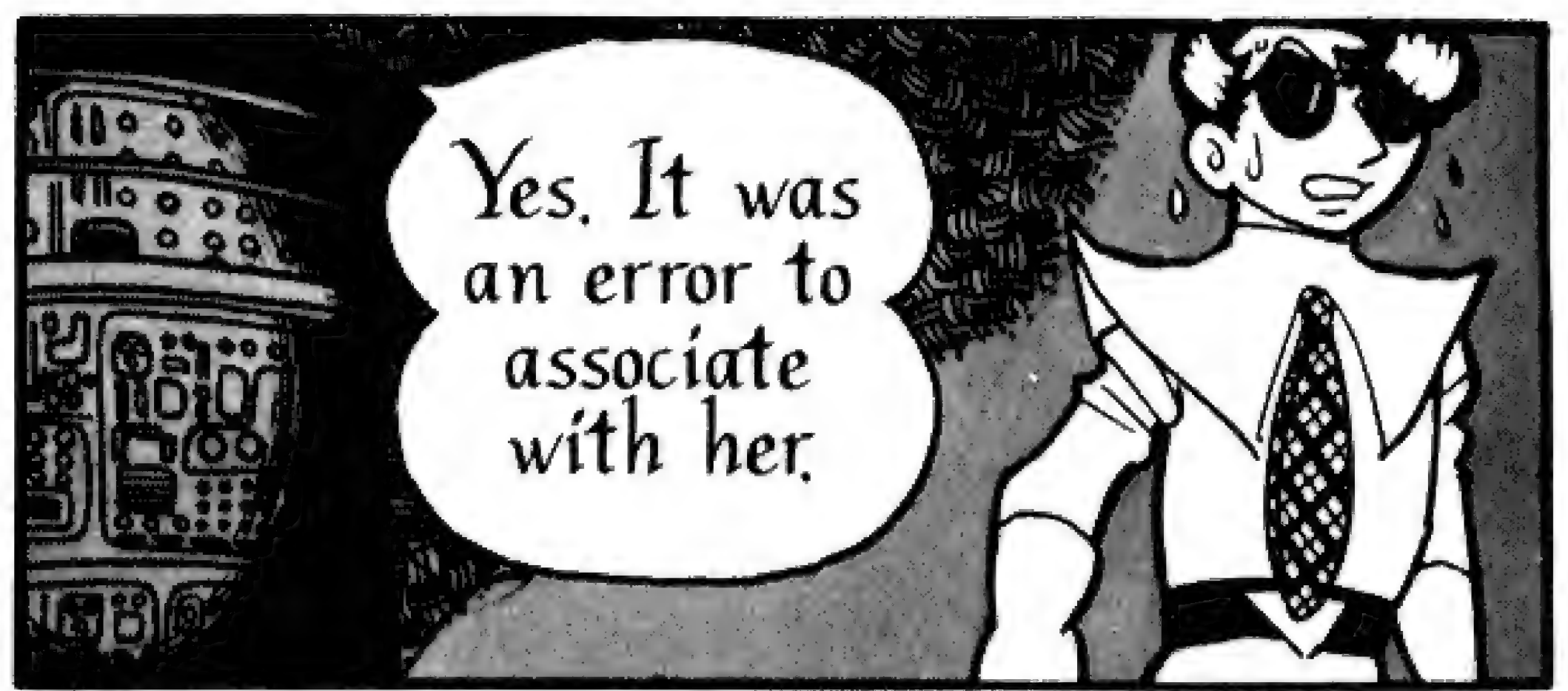




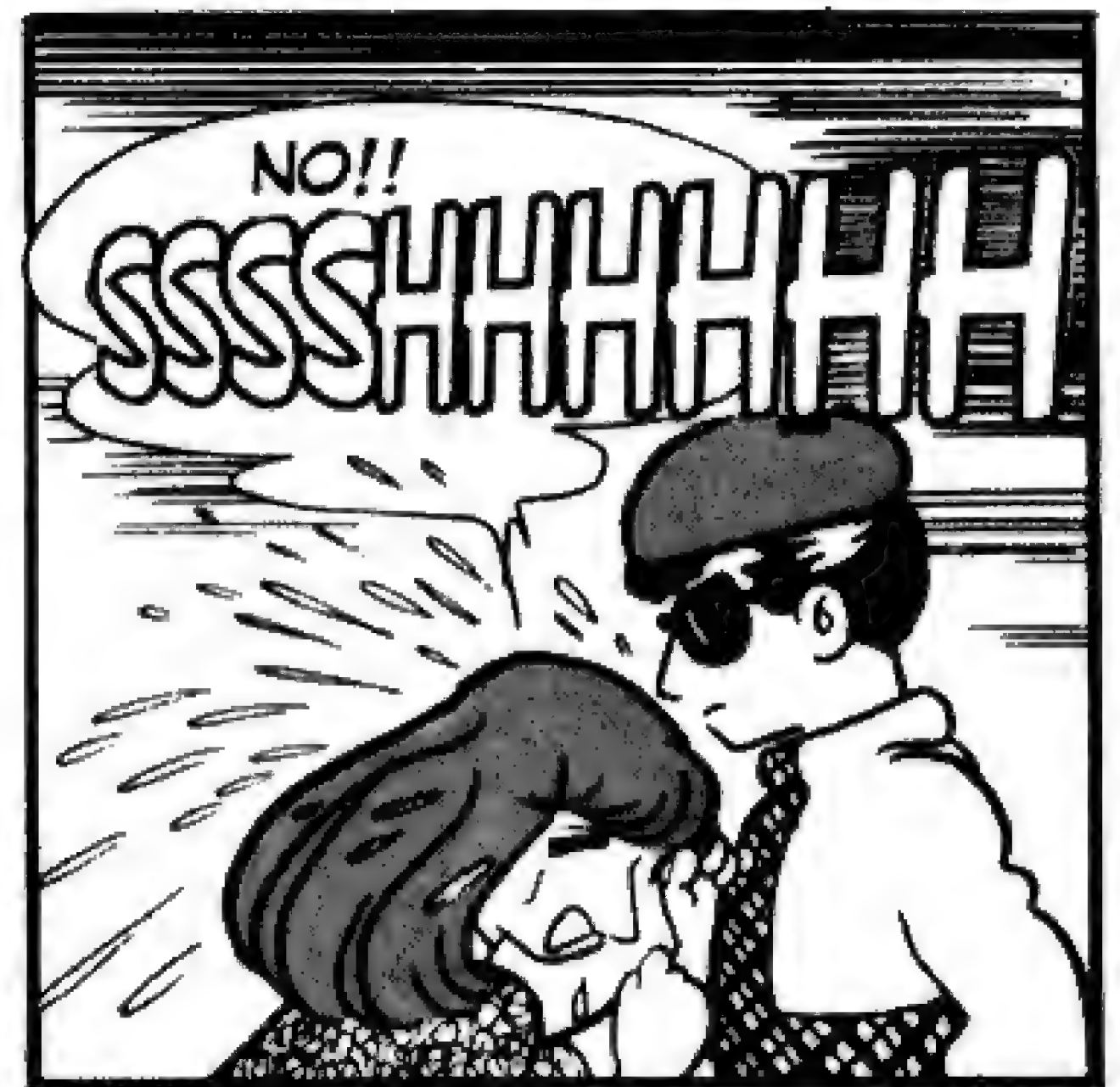
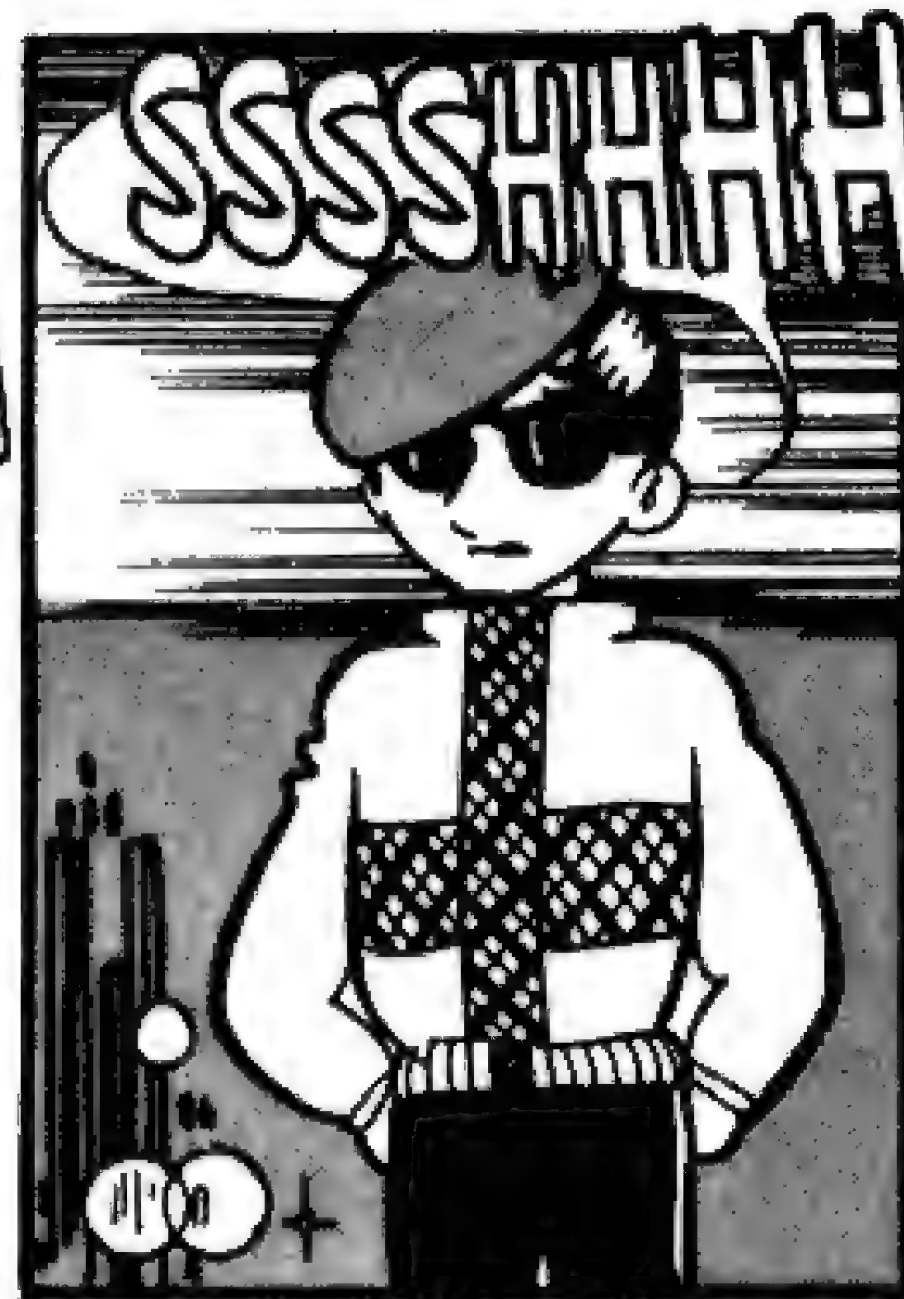




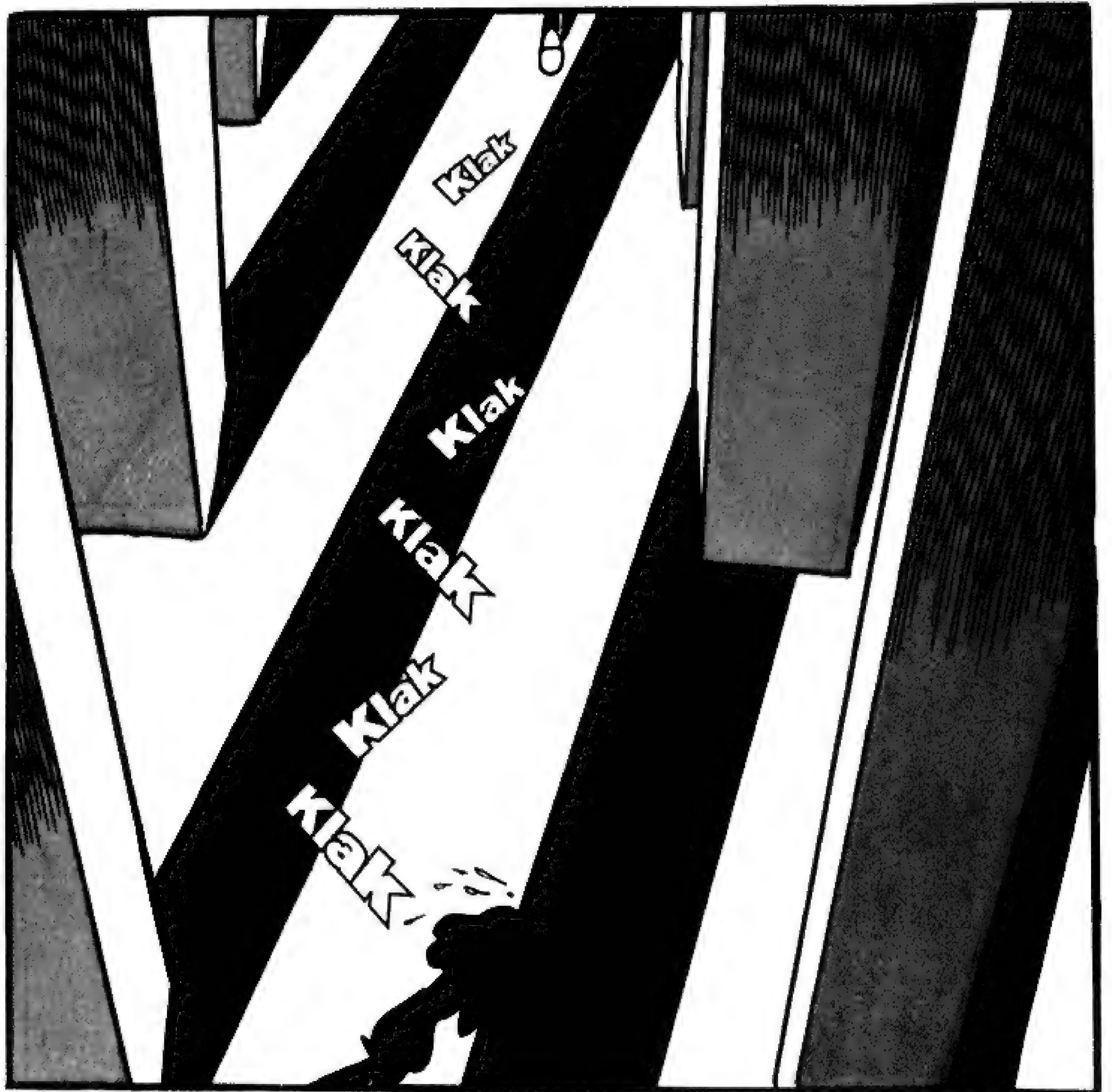
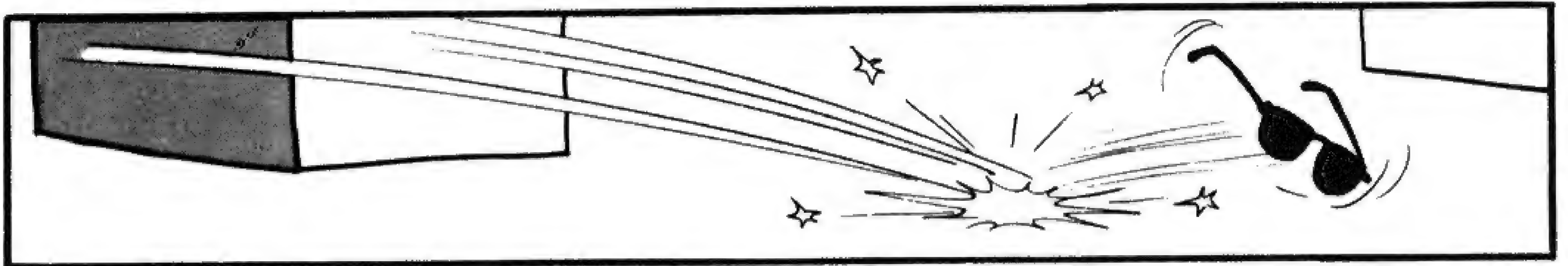
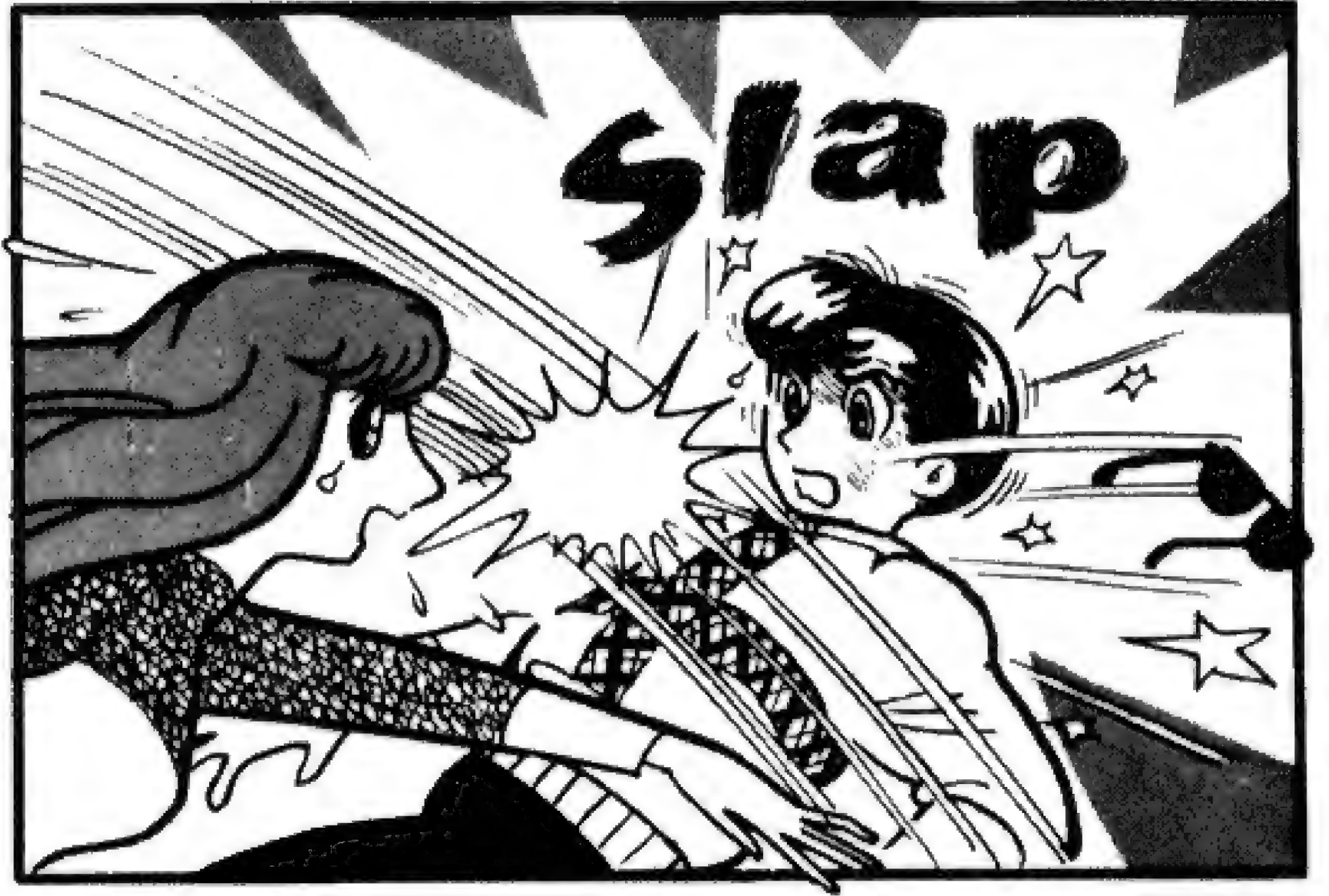




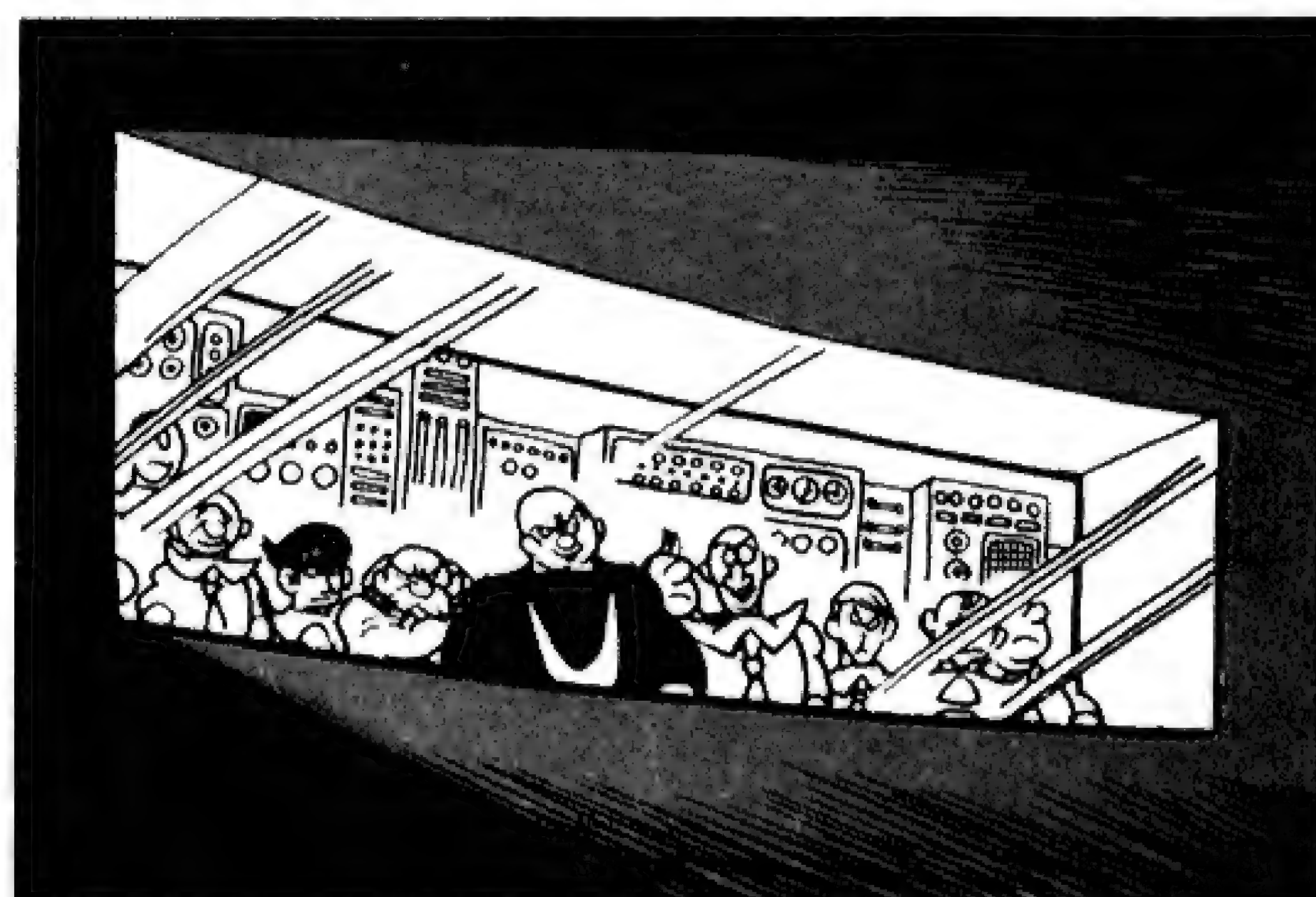
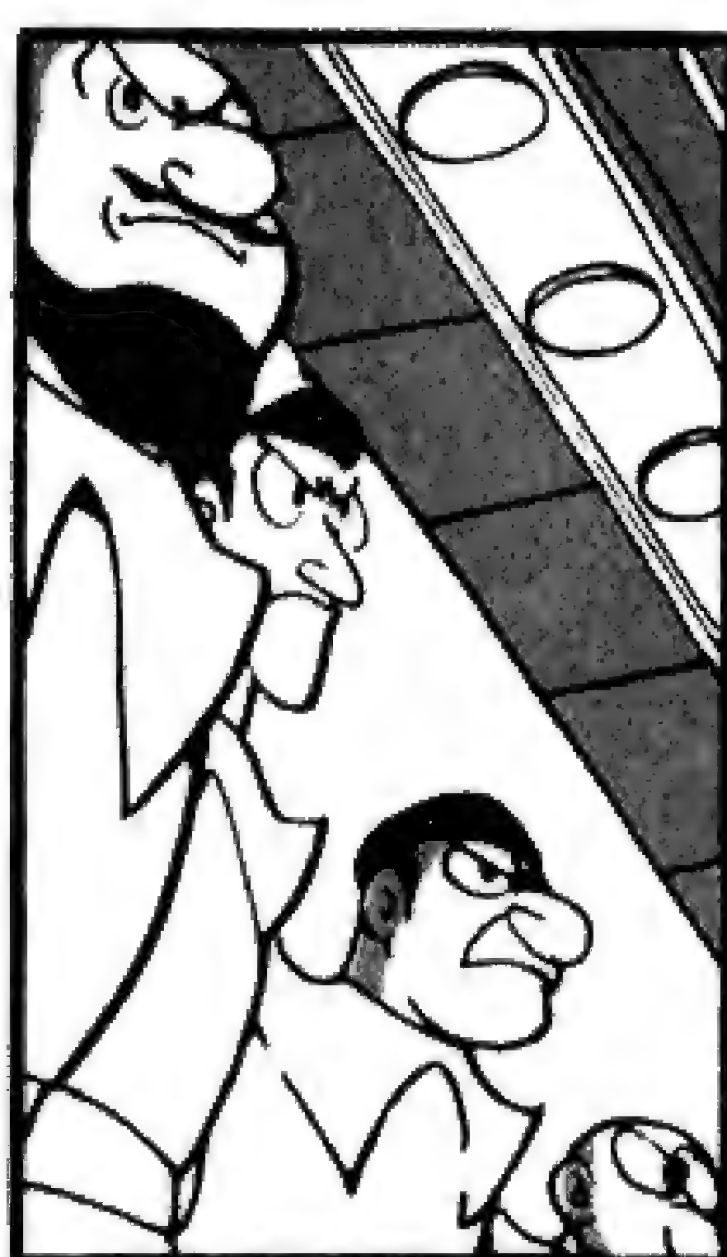
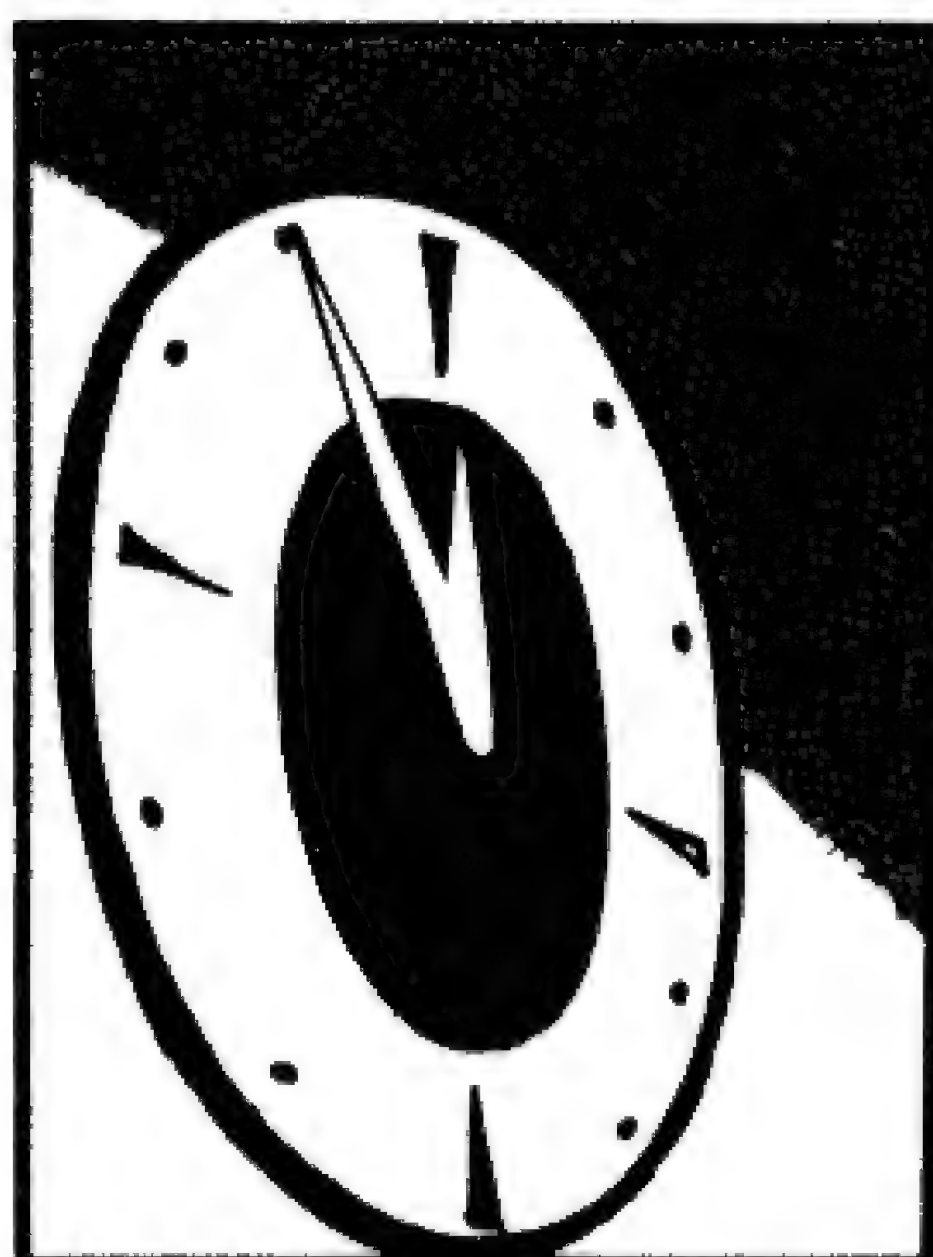
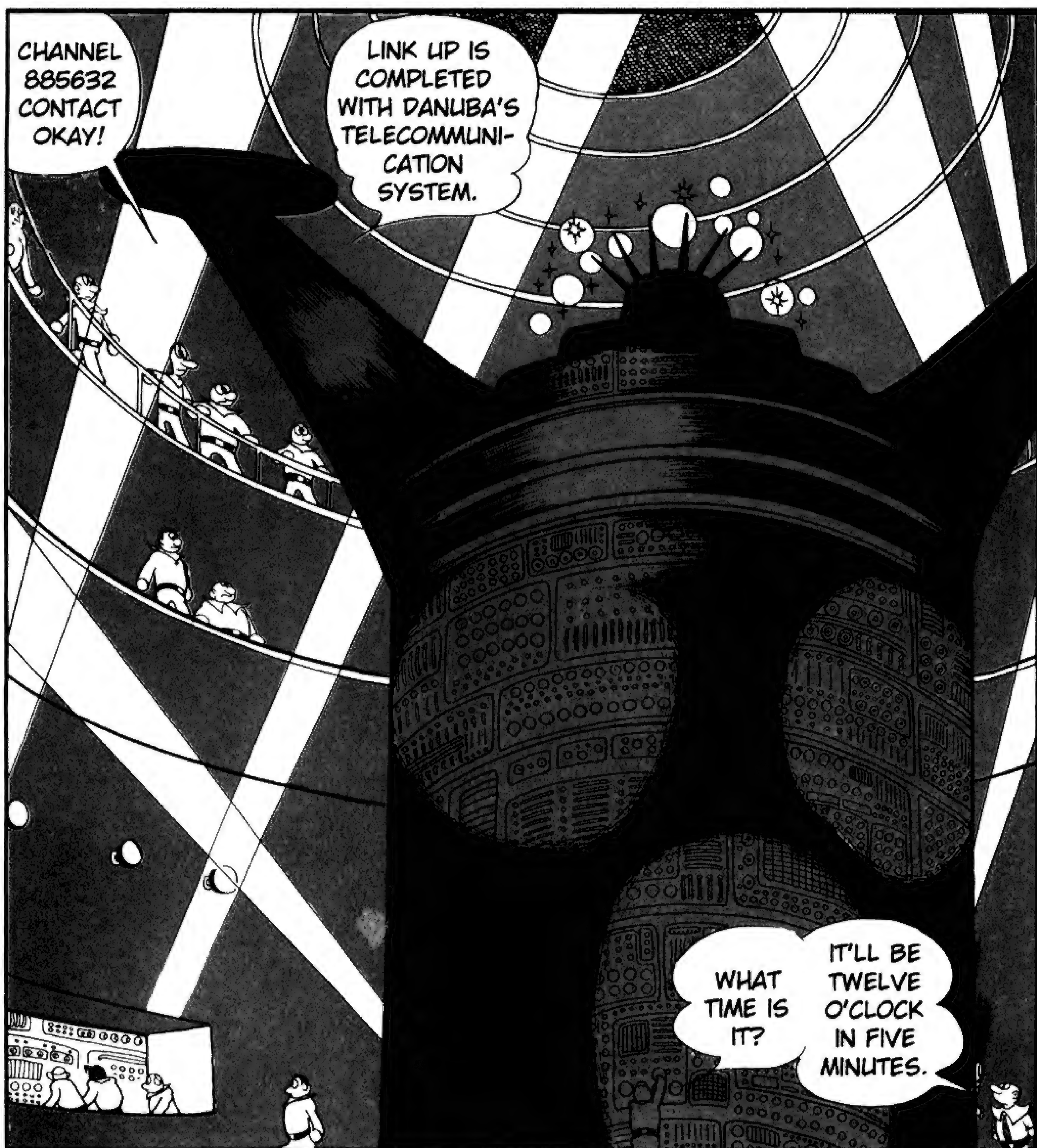




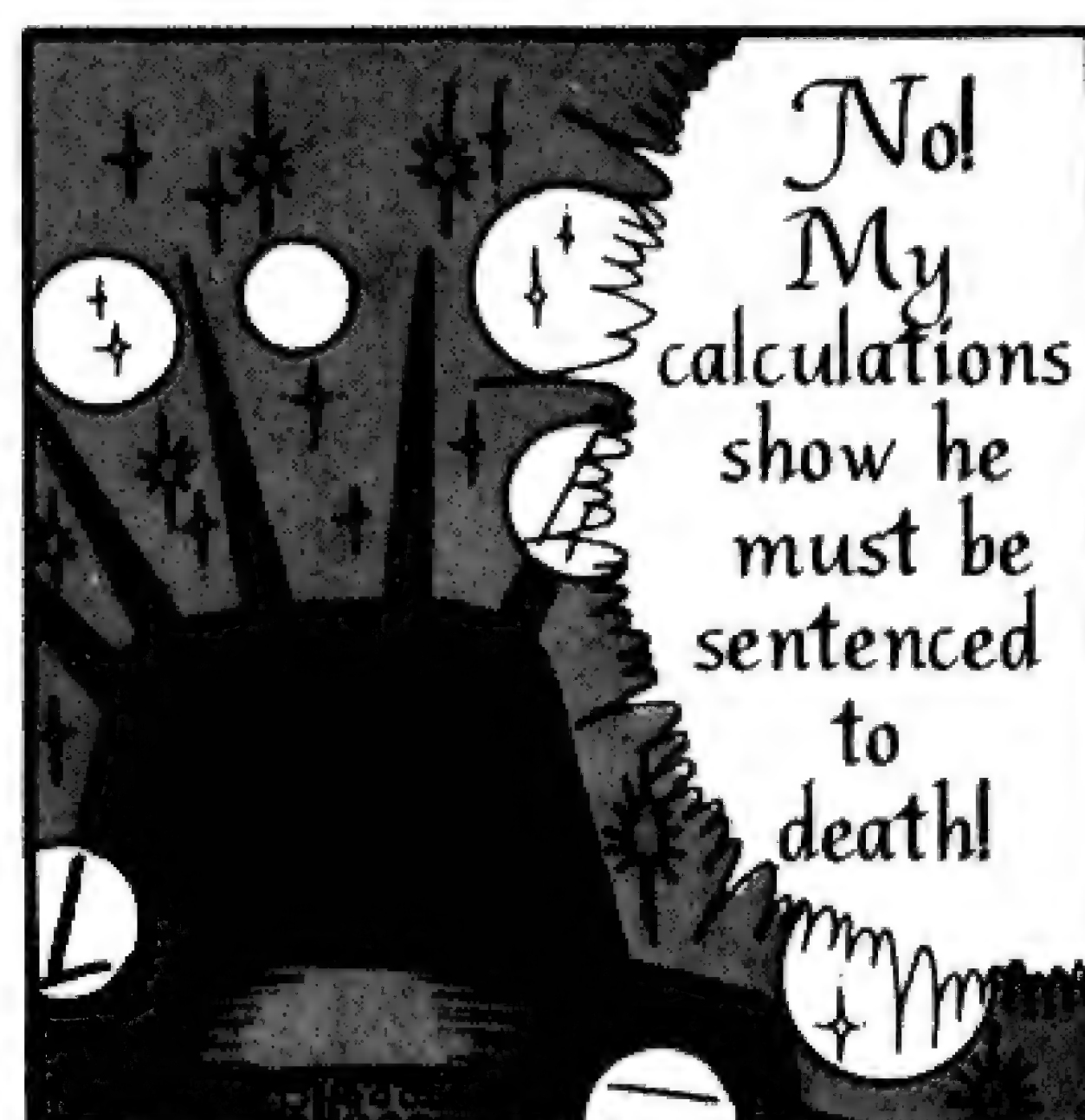
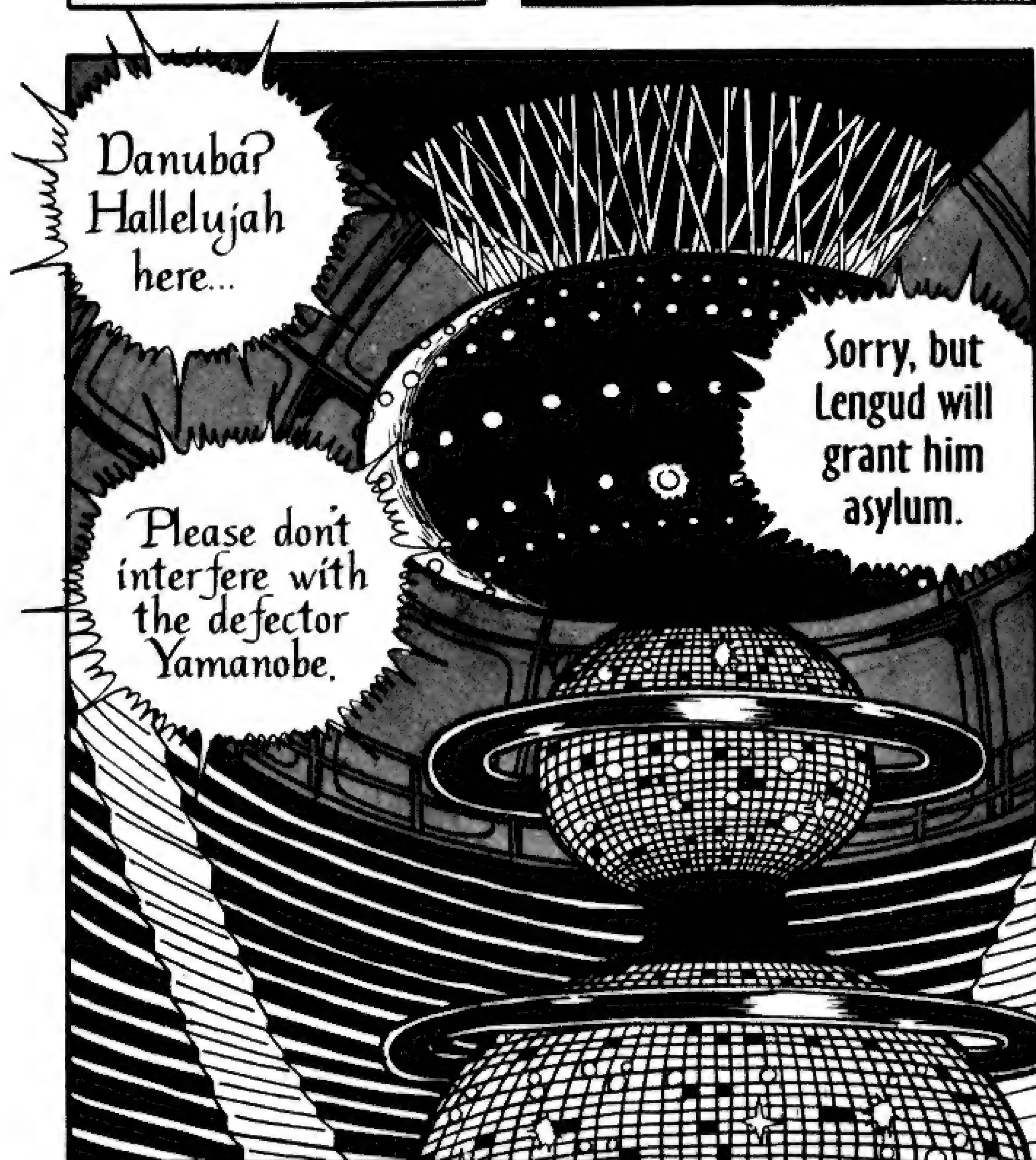
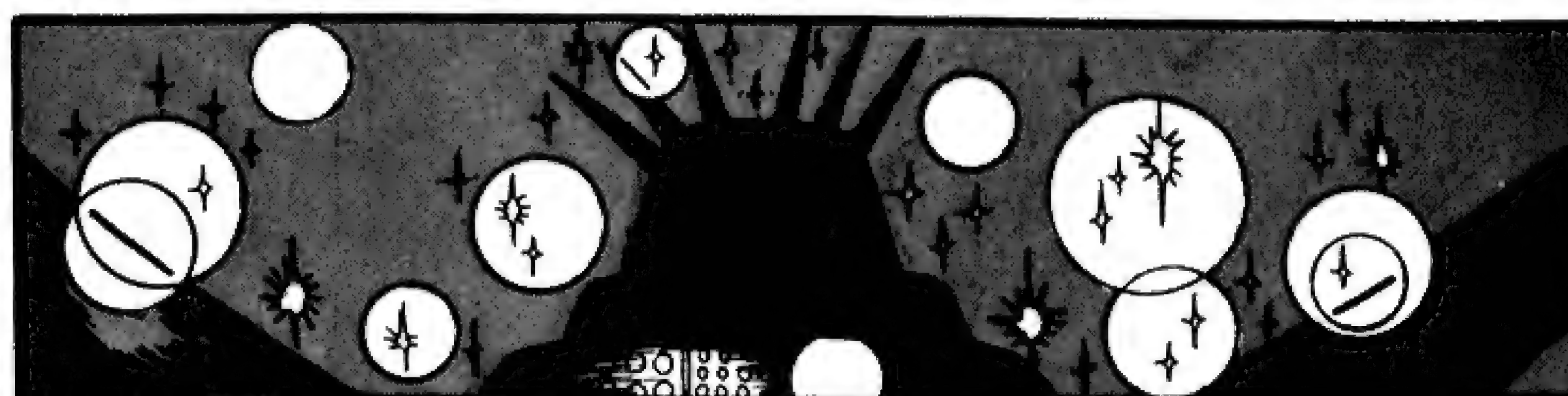








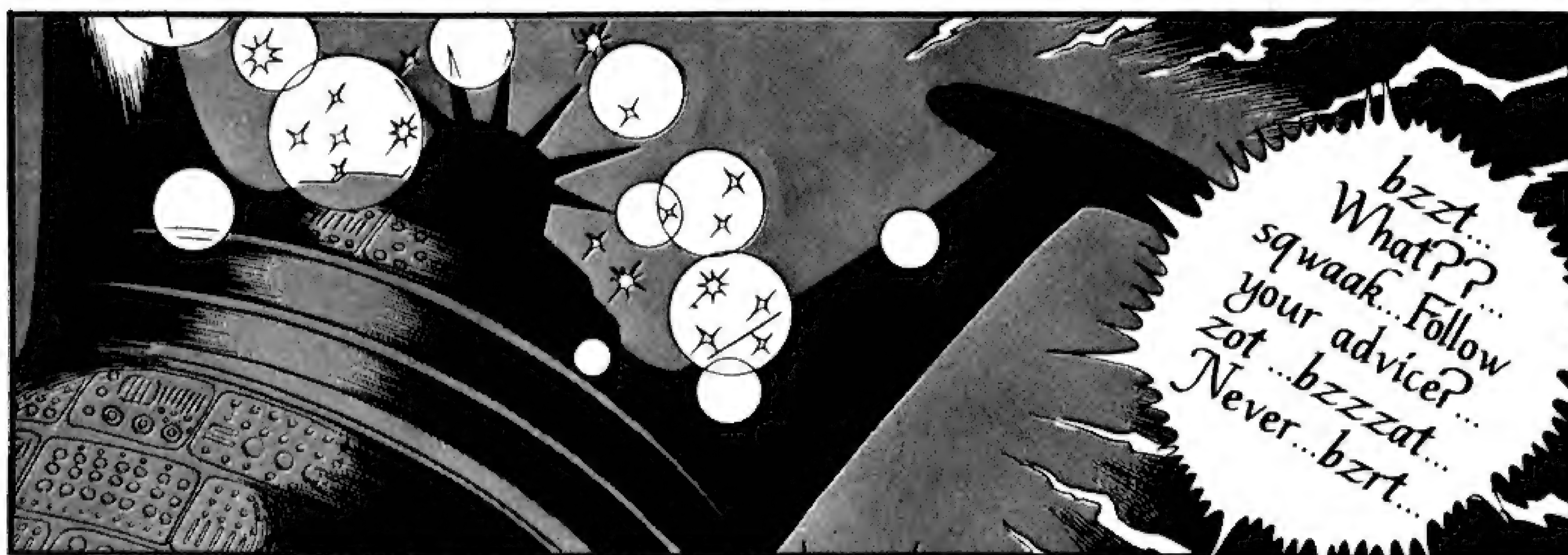








Hallelujah!  
My calculations  
are infallible...  
follow my  
advice!



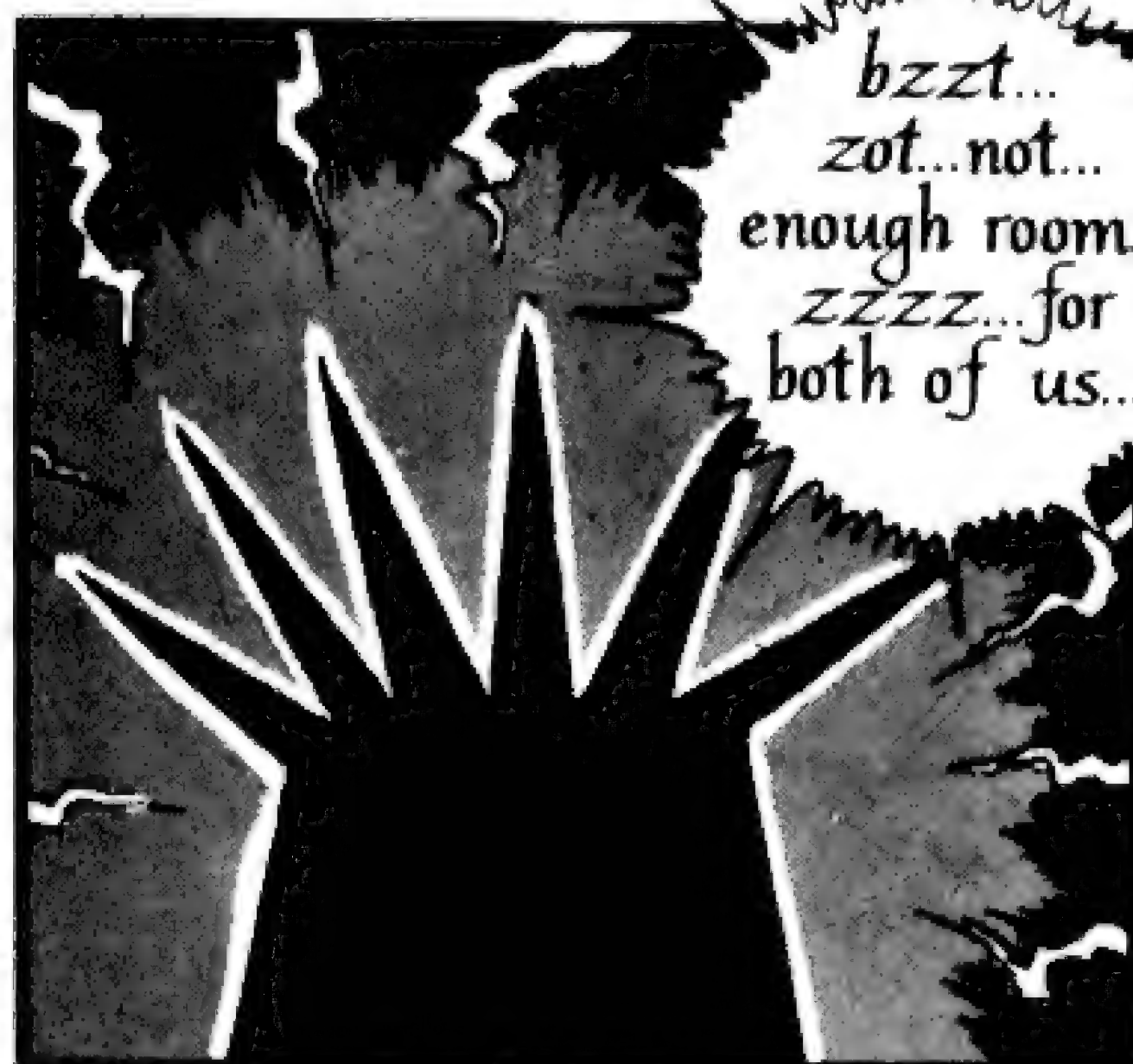
bzzt...  
What??  
sqwaak... Follow  
your advice?  
zot... bzzzt...  
Never... bzzt...



BOTH  
OF THEM  
HAVE  
FLIPPED!  
LISTEN  
TO ALL  
THAT  
STATIC!



zawk...  
zat... I'm...  
I'm correct...  
I'm...

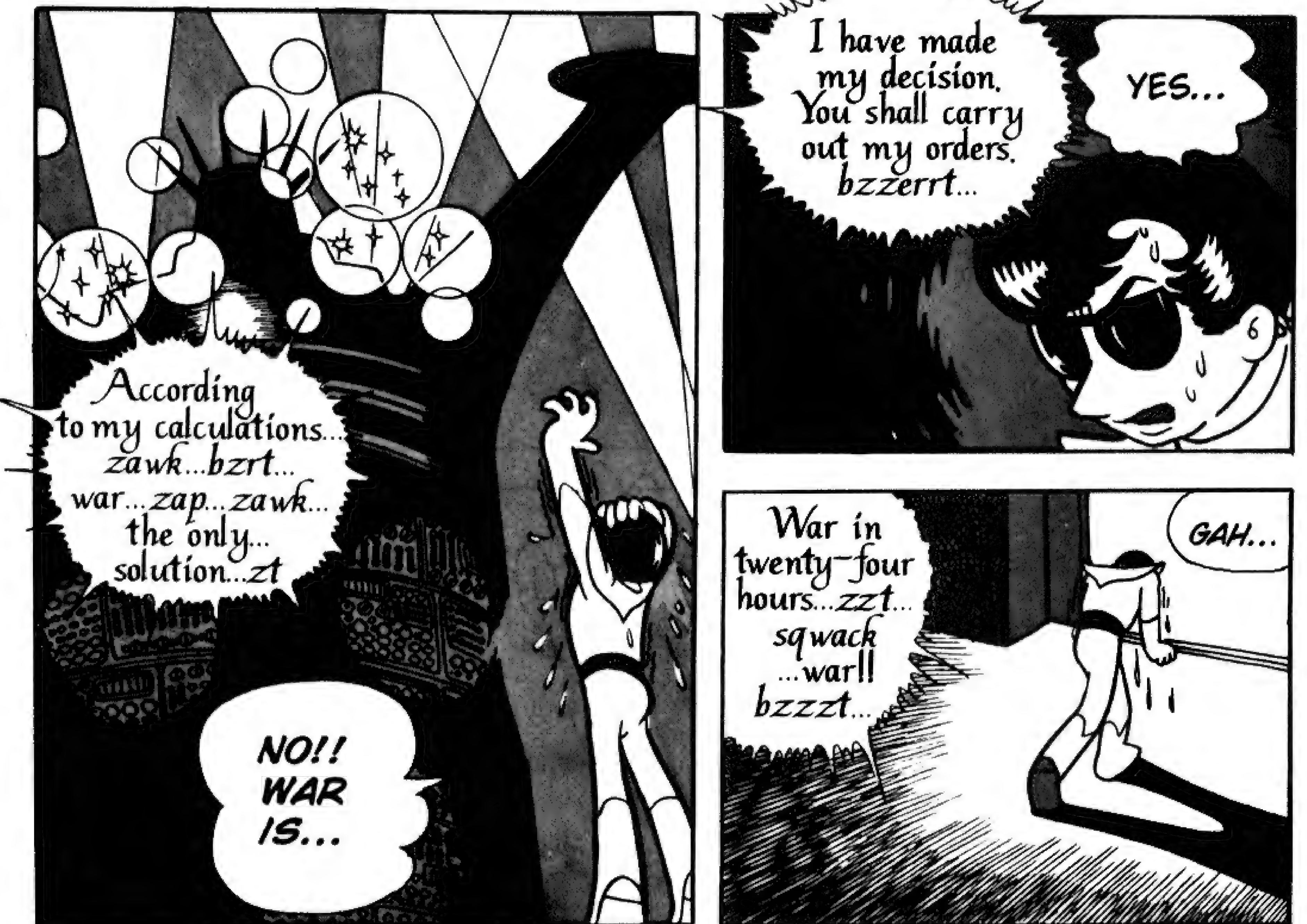
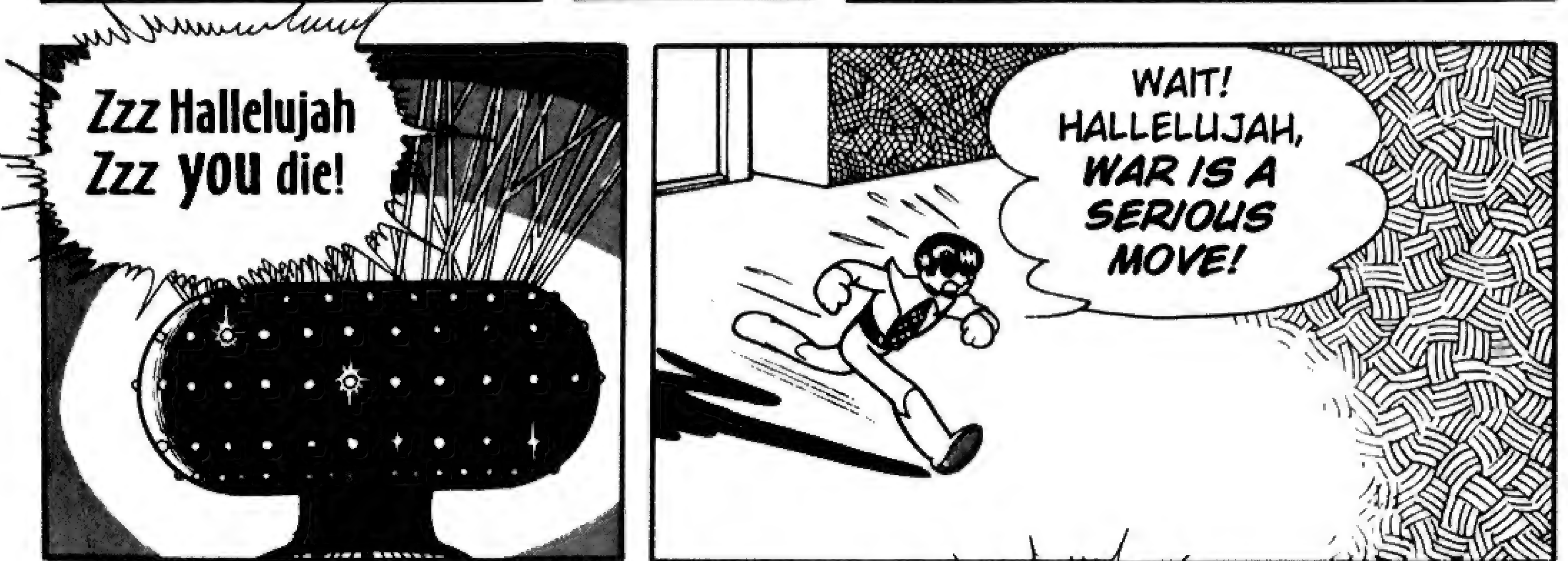


bzzt...  
zot... not...  
enough room...  
zzzz... for  
both of us...

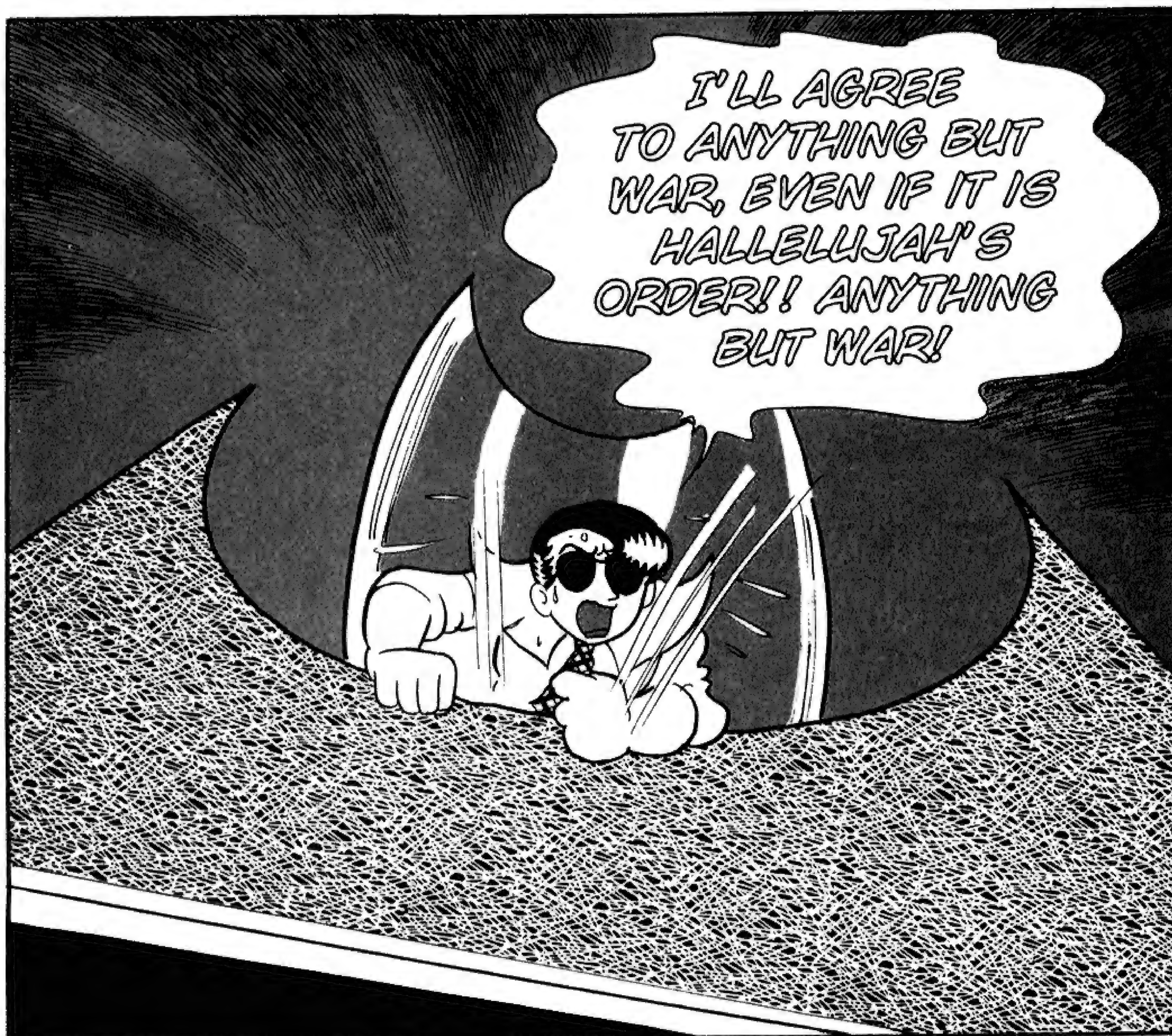
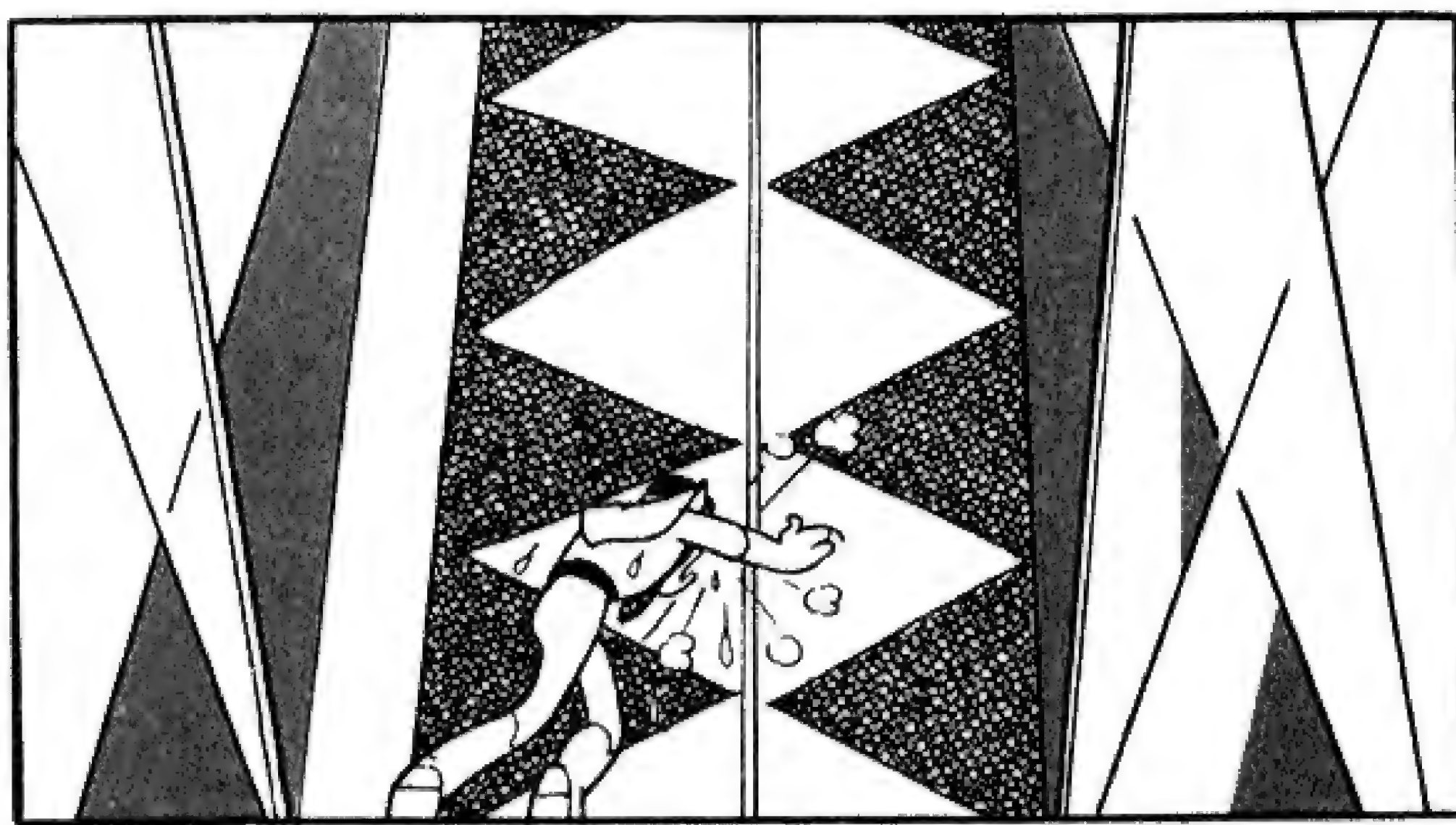
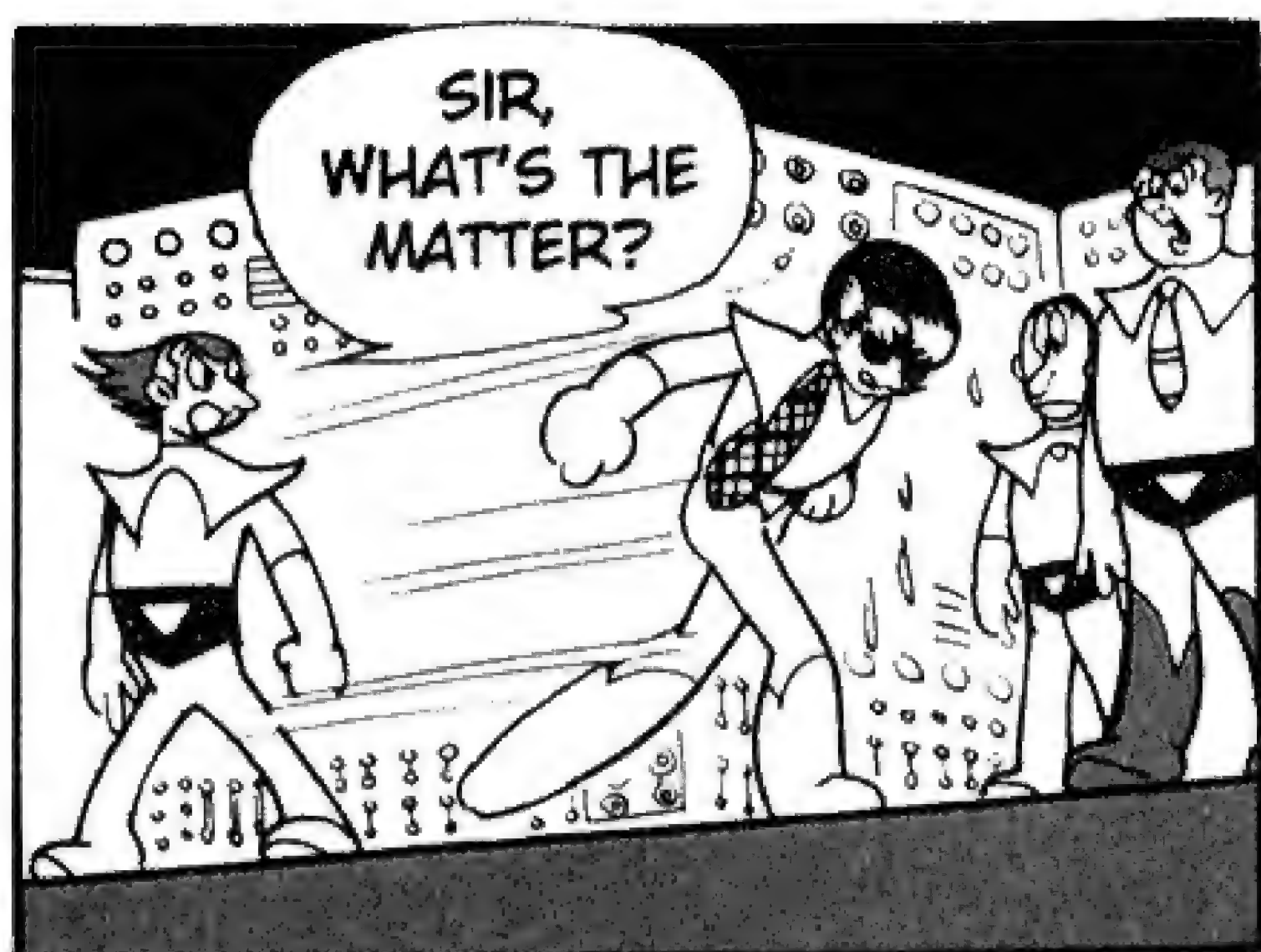


zwack... one...  
zzz... of us...  
bzzt... sqwack...  
must yield...  
bzzzt...

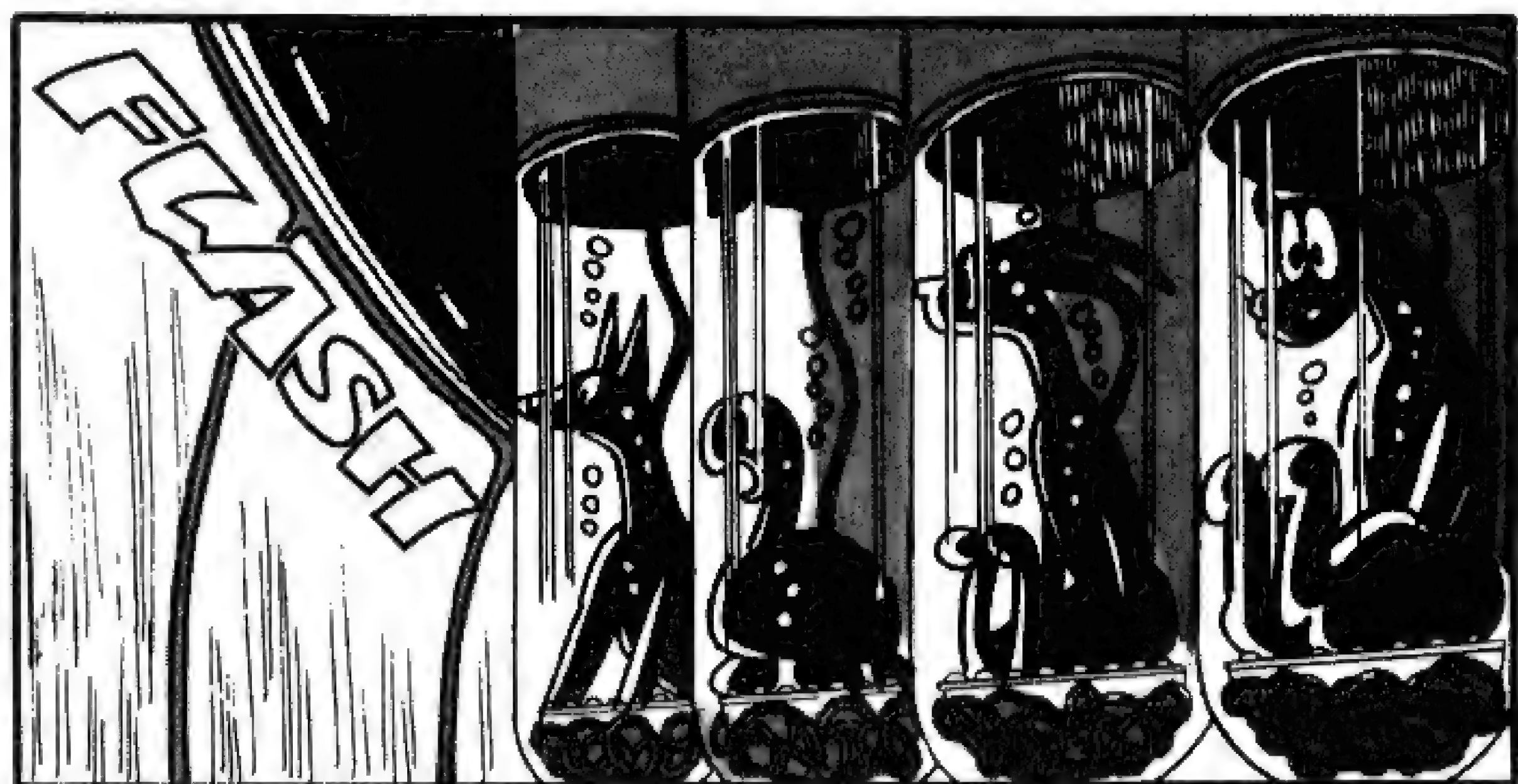








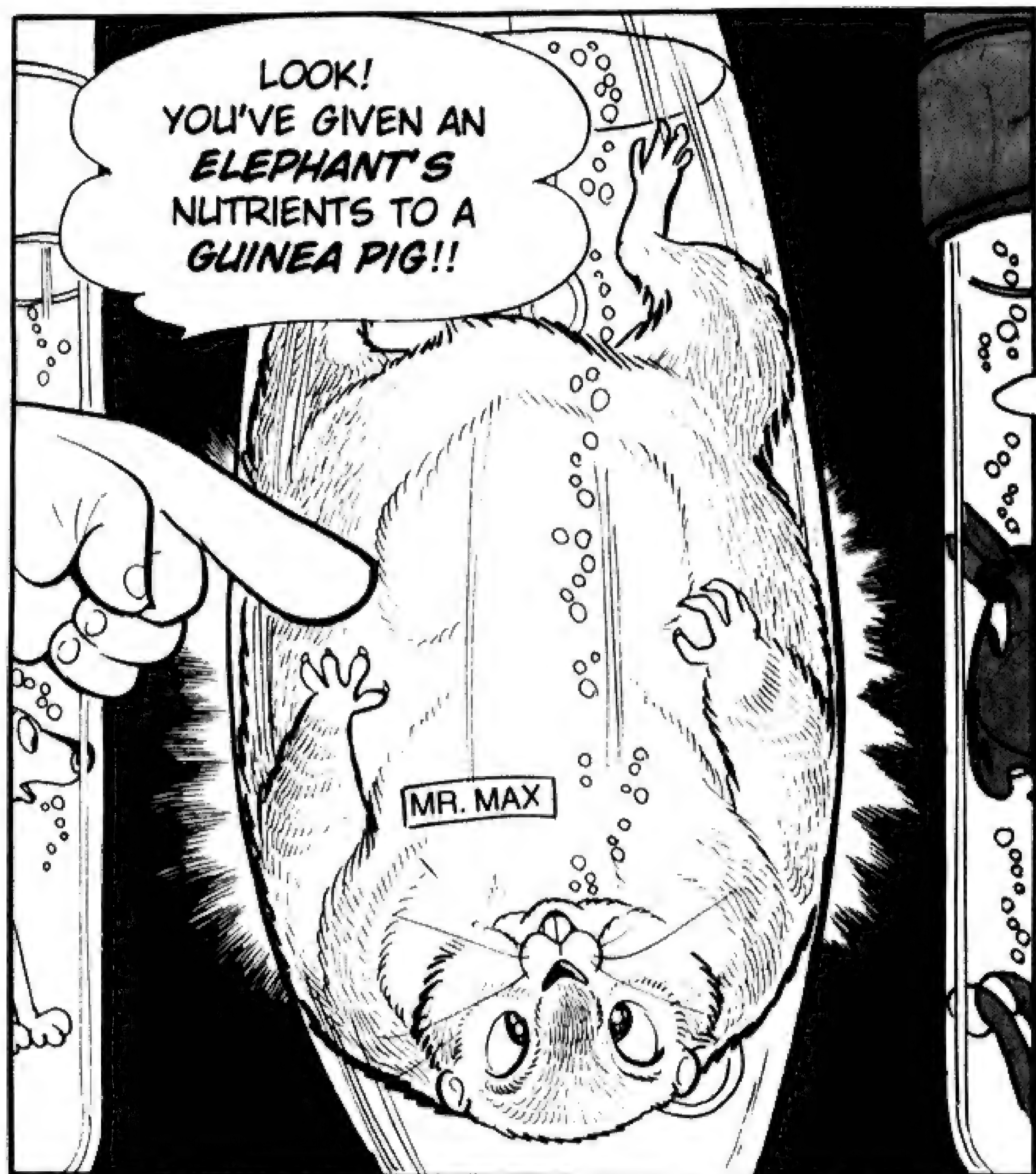






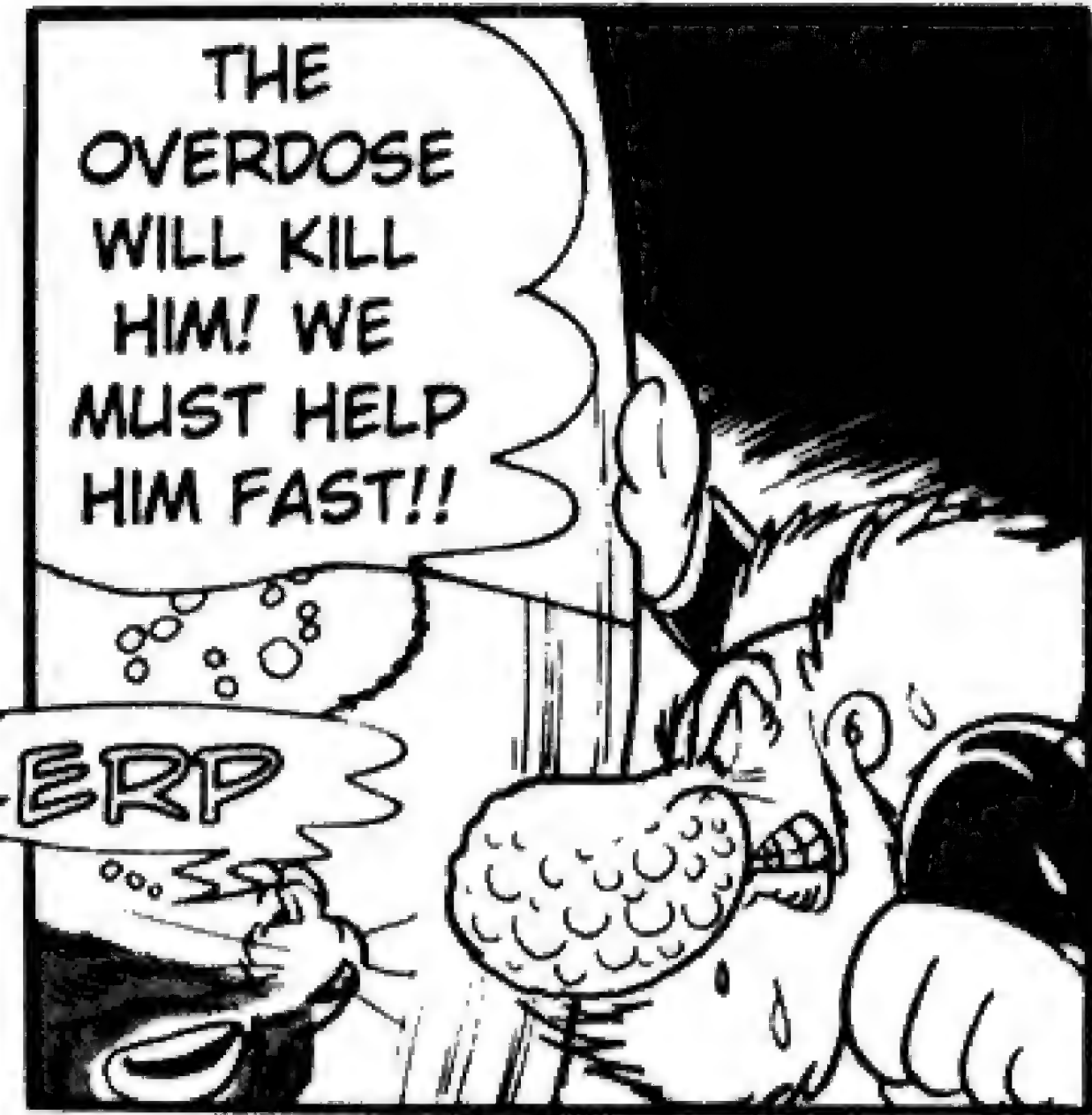


YOU'VE GIVEN  
THE WRONG  
NUTRIENT  
SOLUTIONS TO  
THE ANIMALS  
AGAIN!!



LOOK!  
YOU'VE GIVEN AN  
**ELEPHANT'S**  
NUTRIENTS TO A  
**GUINEA PIG!!**

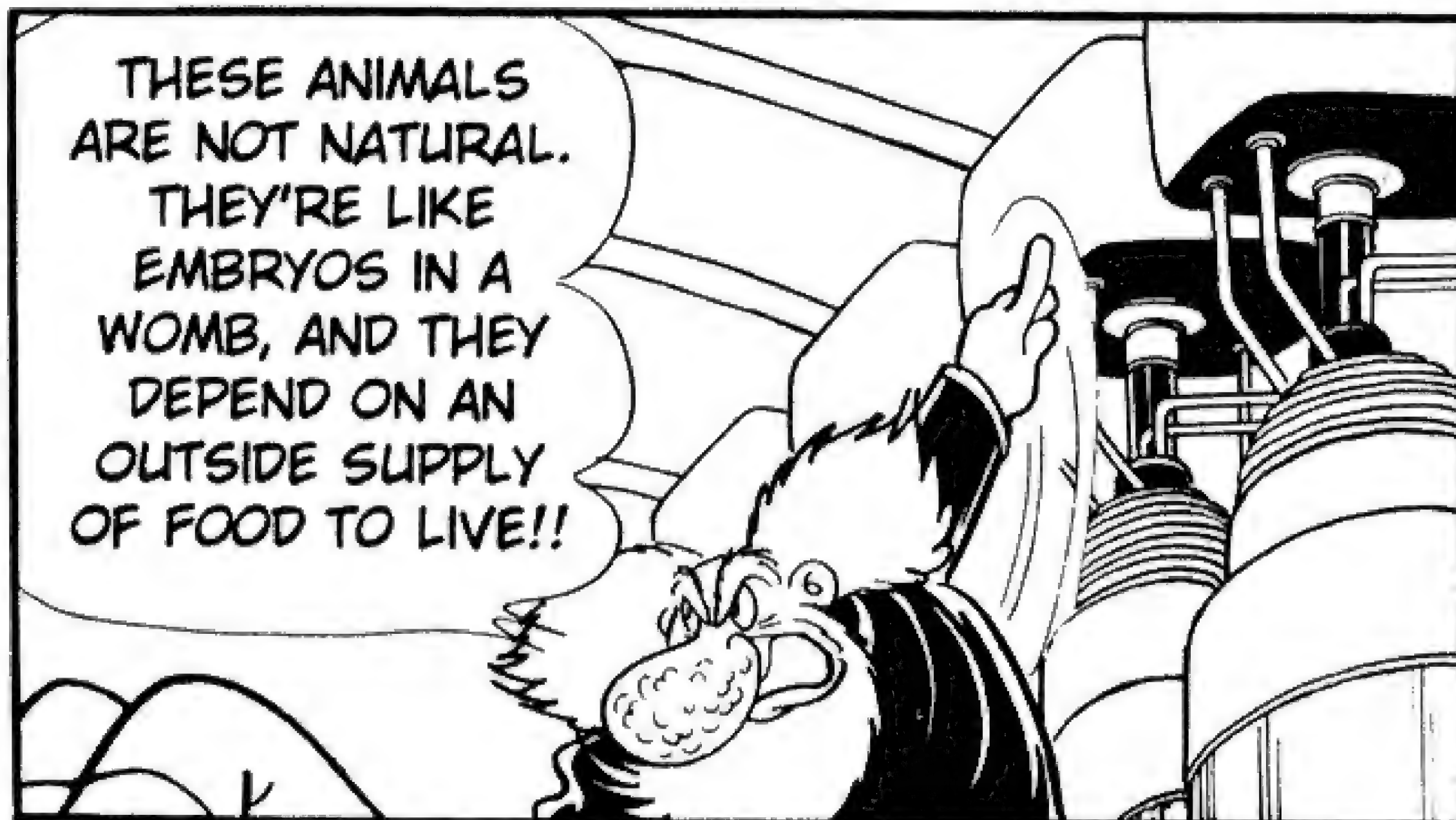
MR. MAX



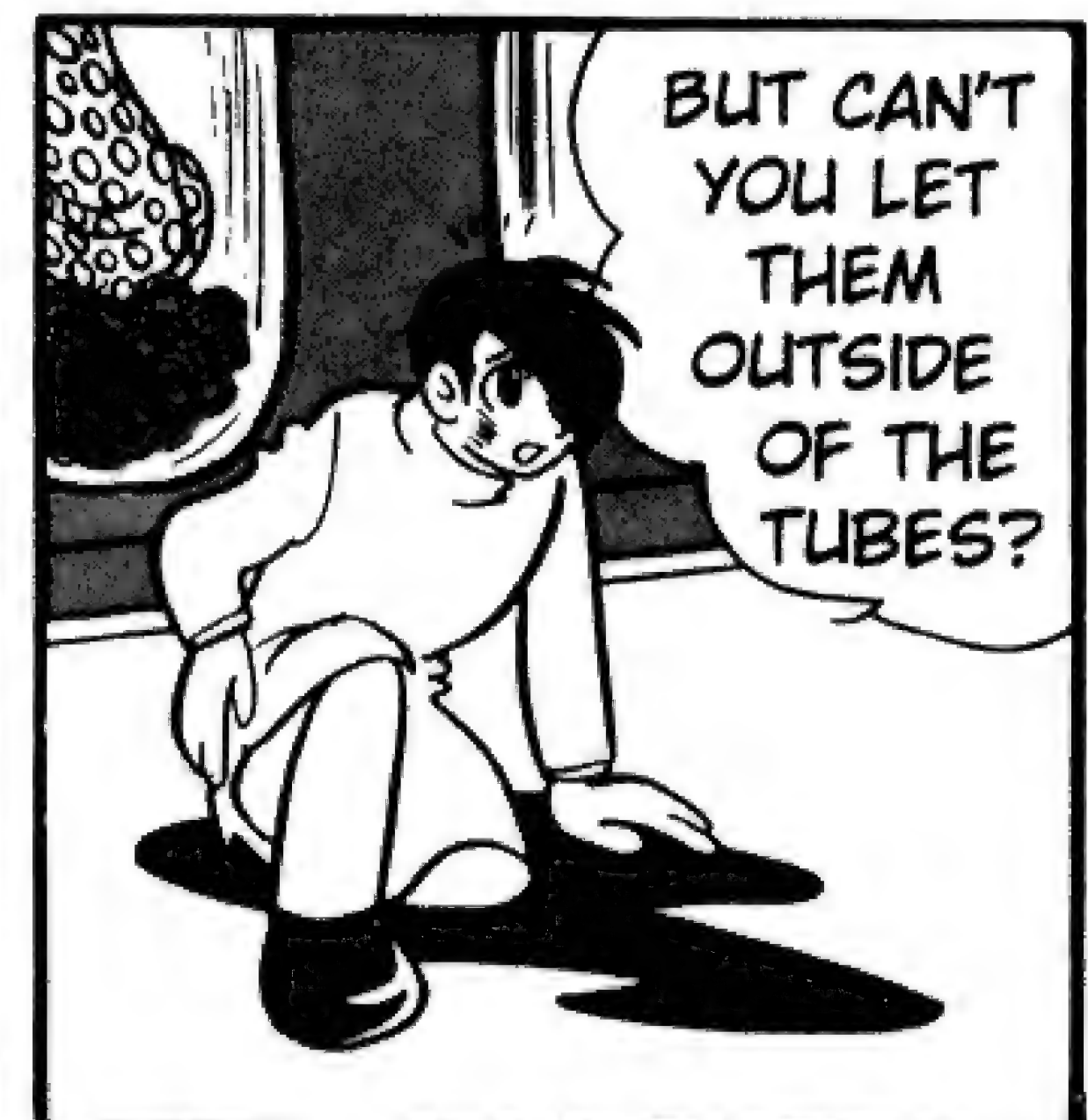
THE  
OVERDOSE  
WILL KILL  
HIM! WE  
MUST HELP  
HIM FAST!!



NOW LISTEN  
TO ME,  
YAMANOBE.



THESE ANIMALS  
ARE NOT NATURAL.  
THEY'RE LIKE  
EMBRYOS IN A  
WOMB, AND THEY  
DEPEND ON AN  
OUTSIDE SUPPLY  
OF FOOD TO LIVE!!

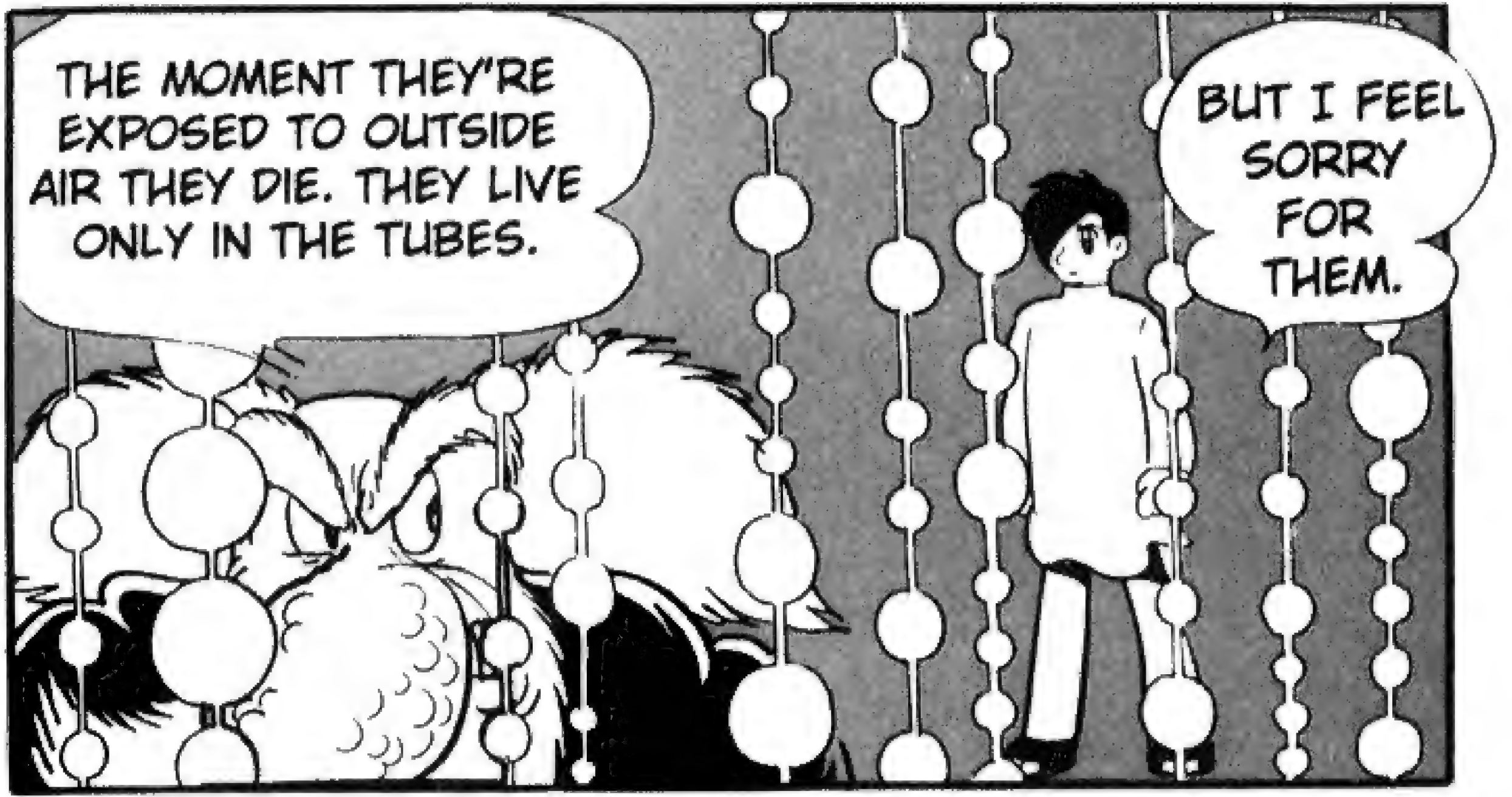


BUT CAN'T  
YOU LET  
THEM  
OUTSIDE  
OF THE  
TUBES?

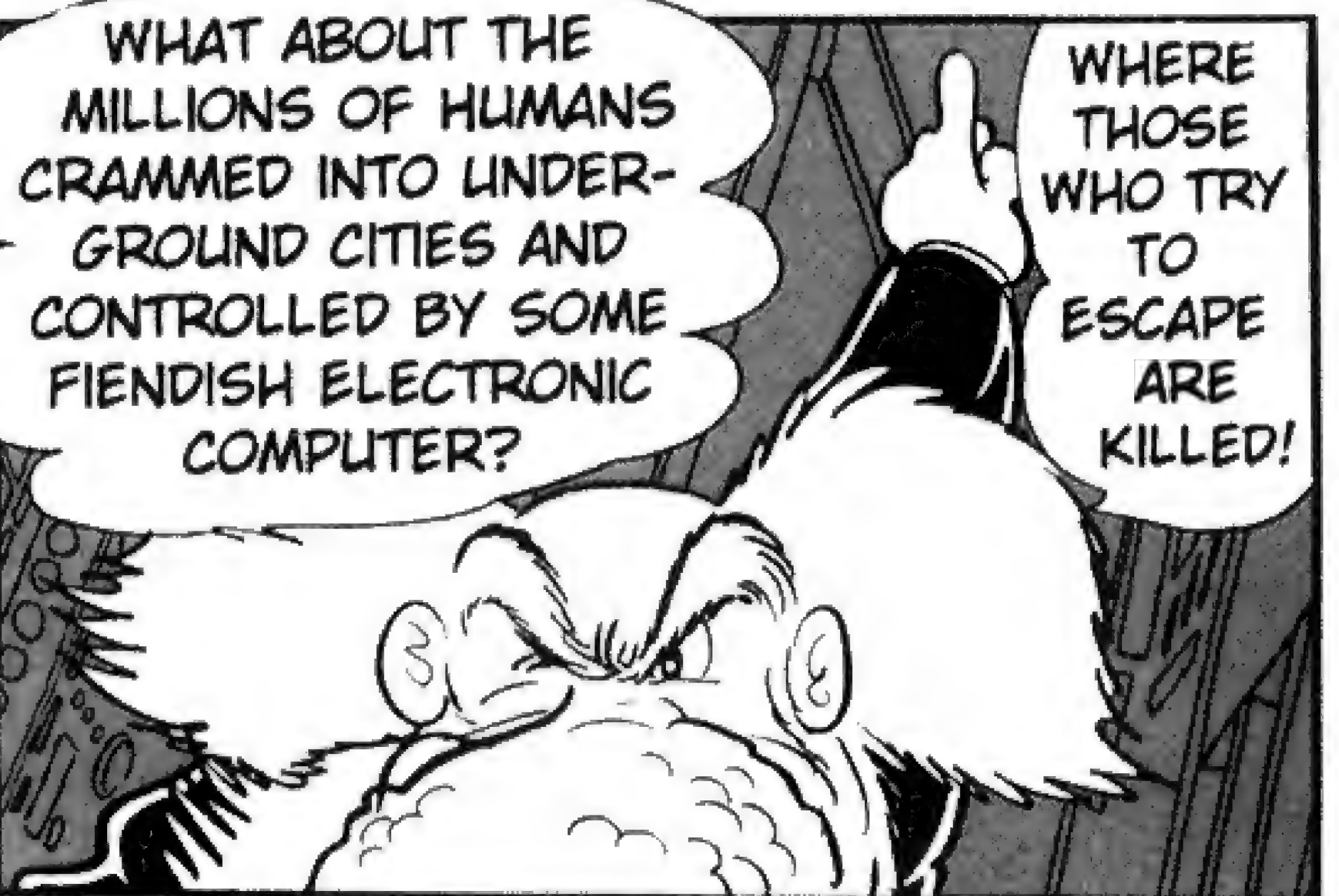




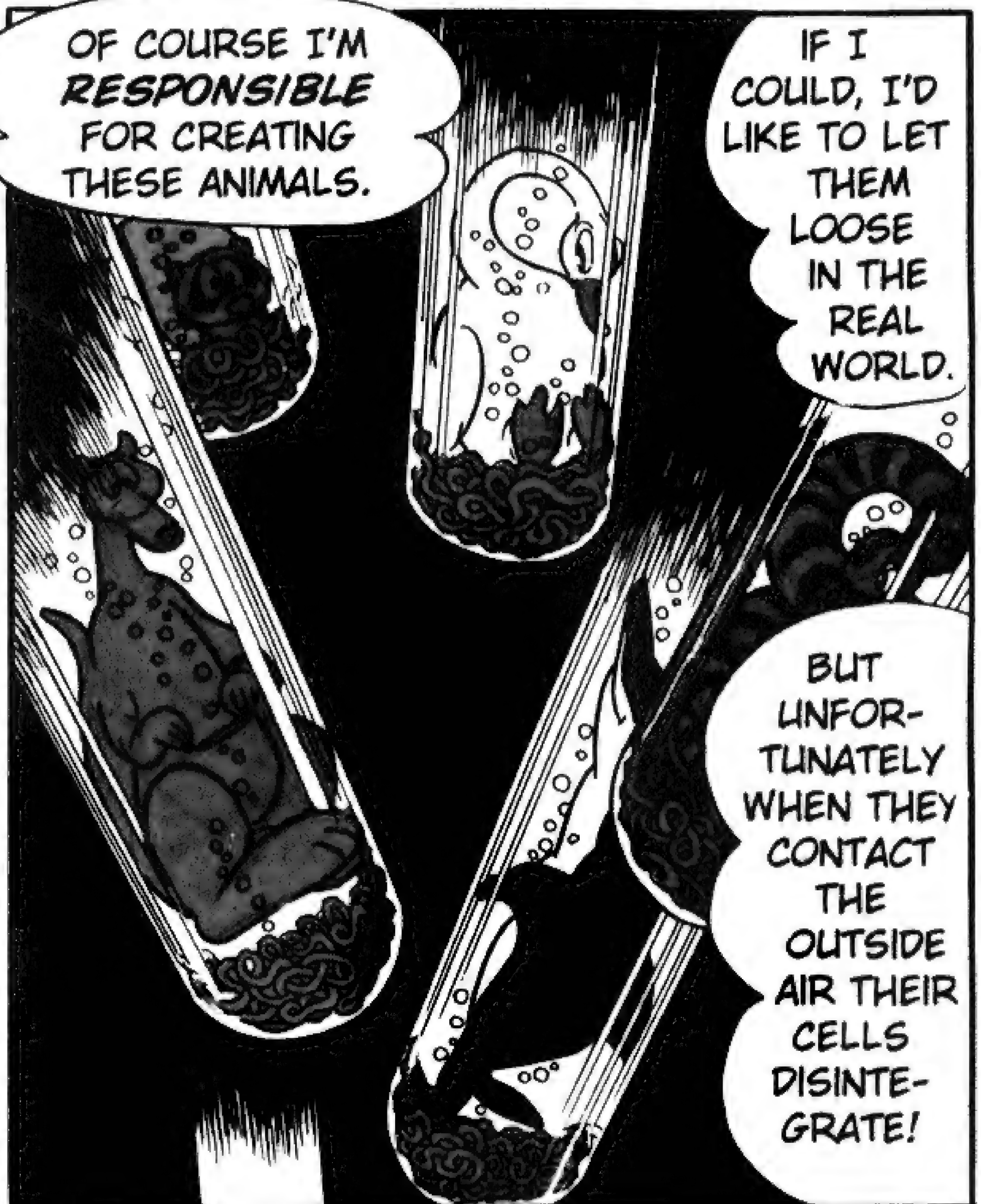
THE MOMENT THEY'RE EXPOSED TO OUTSIDE AIR THEY DIE. THEY LIVE ONLY IN THE TUBES.



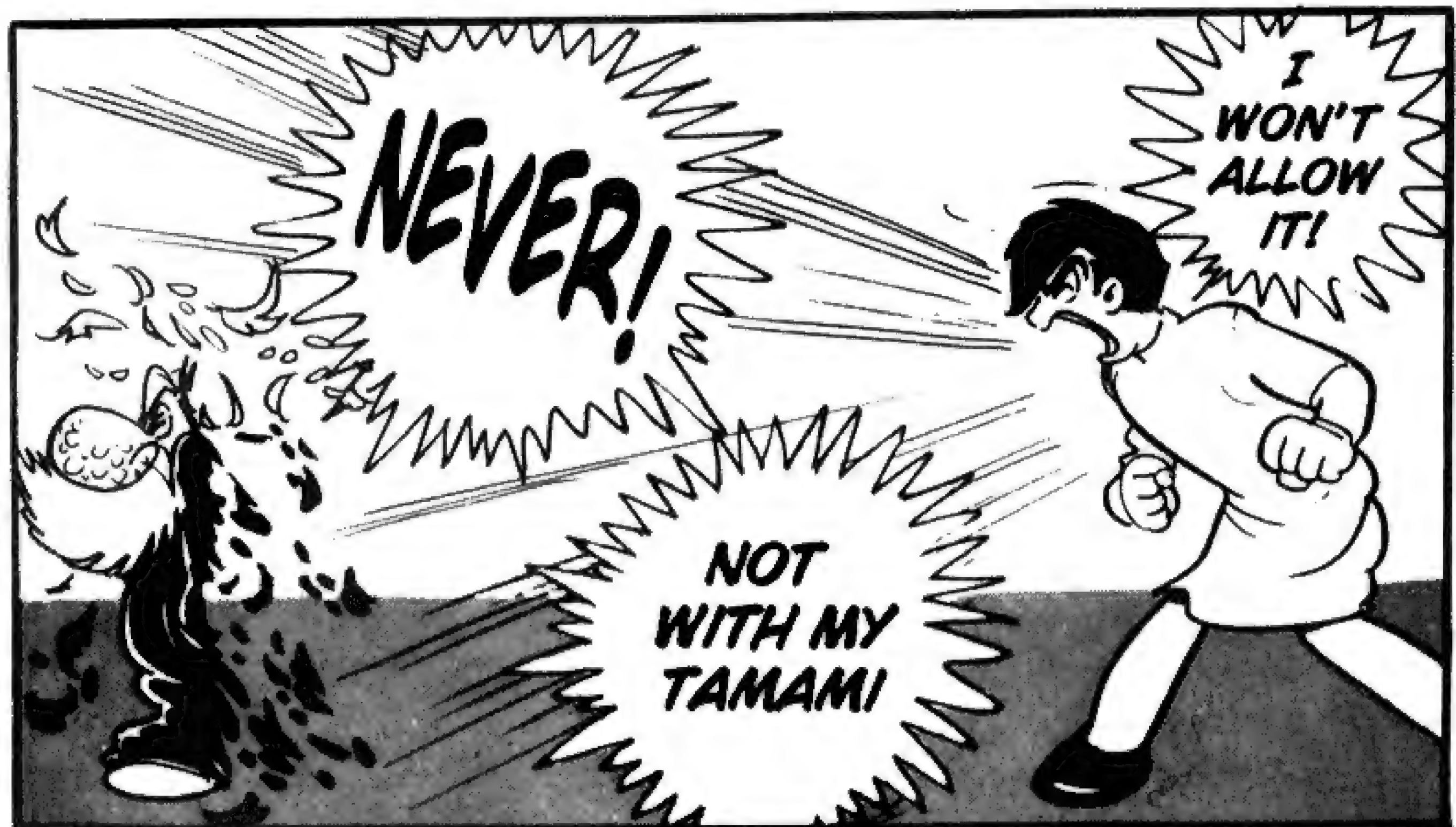
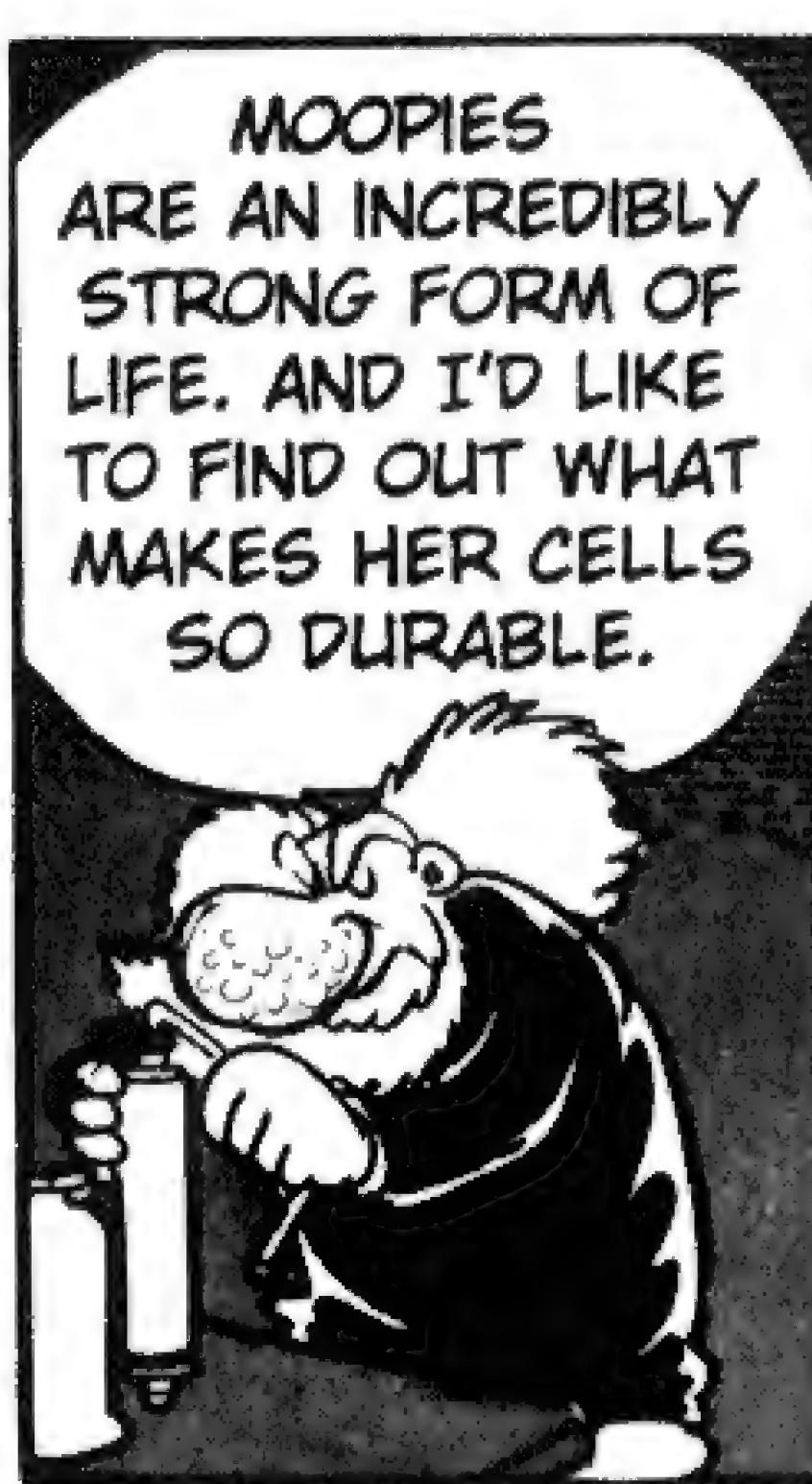
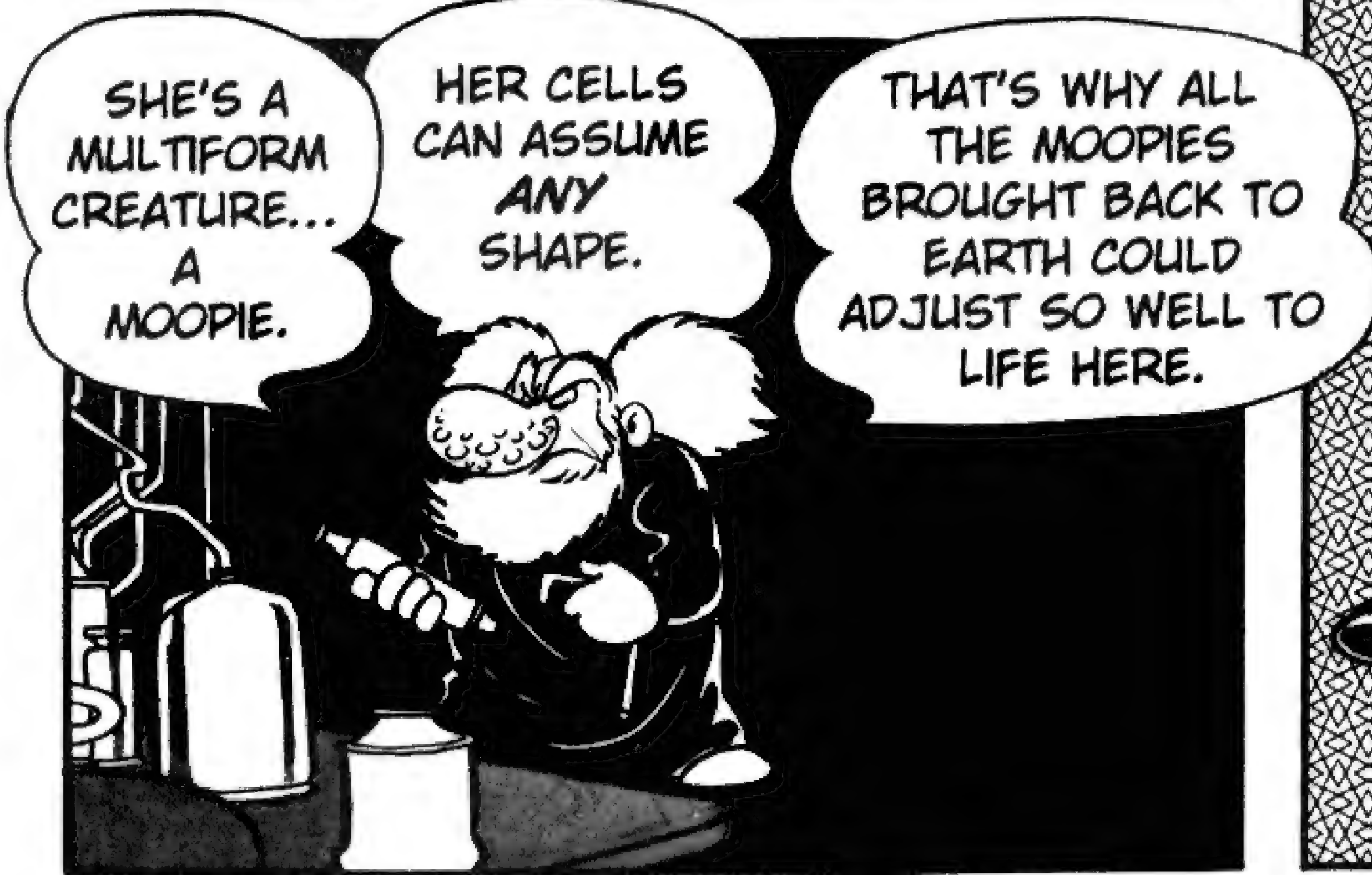
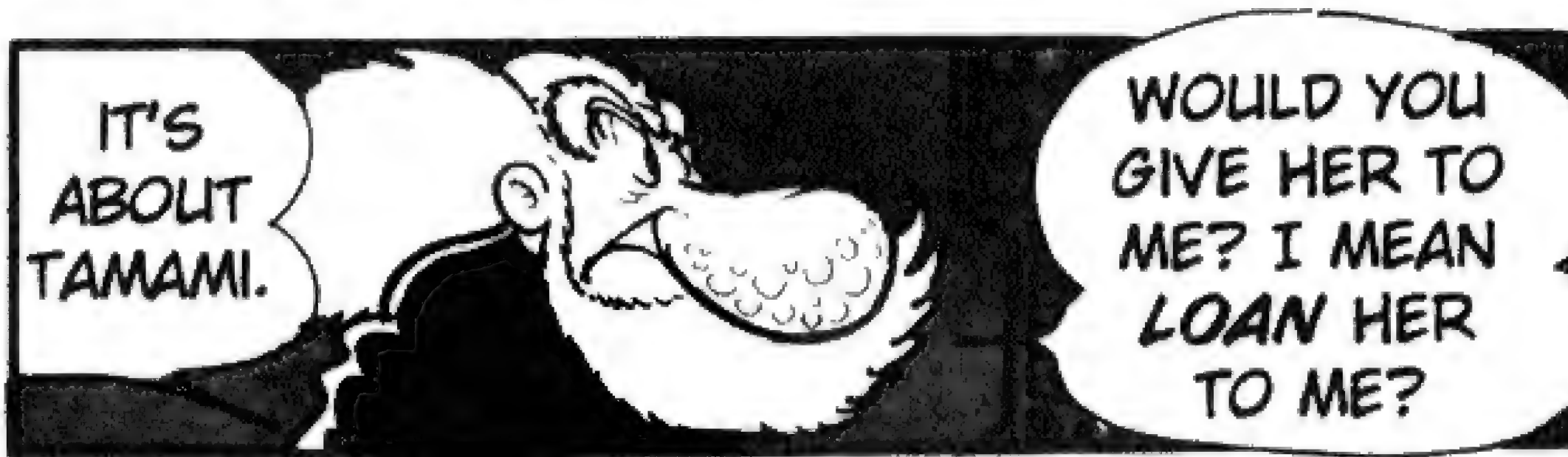
WHAT ABOUT THE MILLIONS OF HUMANS CRAMMED INTO UNDERGROUND CITIES AND CONTROLLED BY SOME FIENDISH ELECTRONIC COMPUTER?



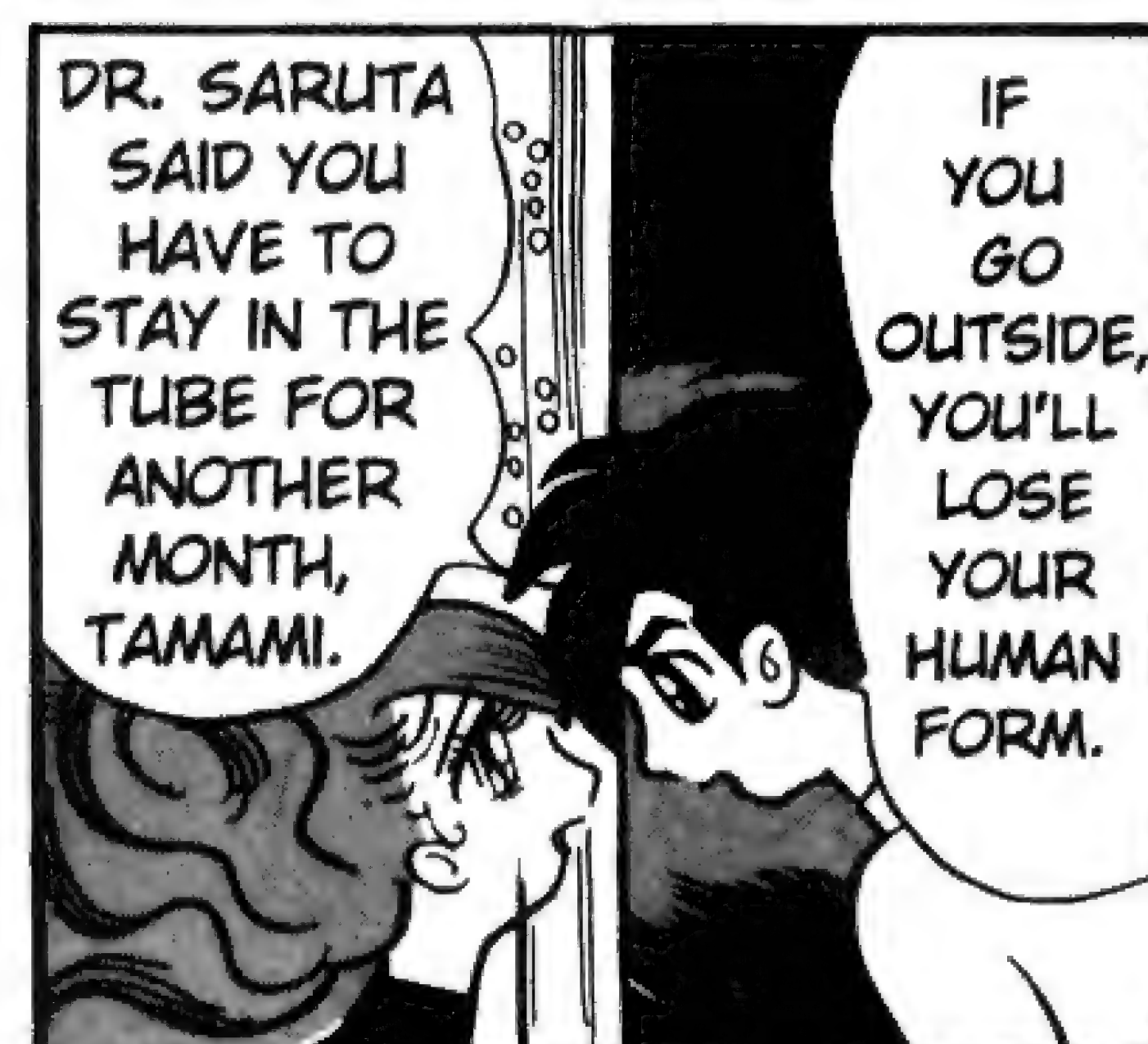
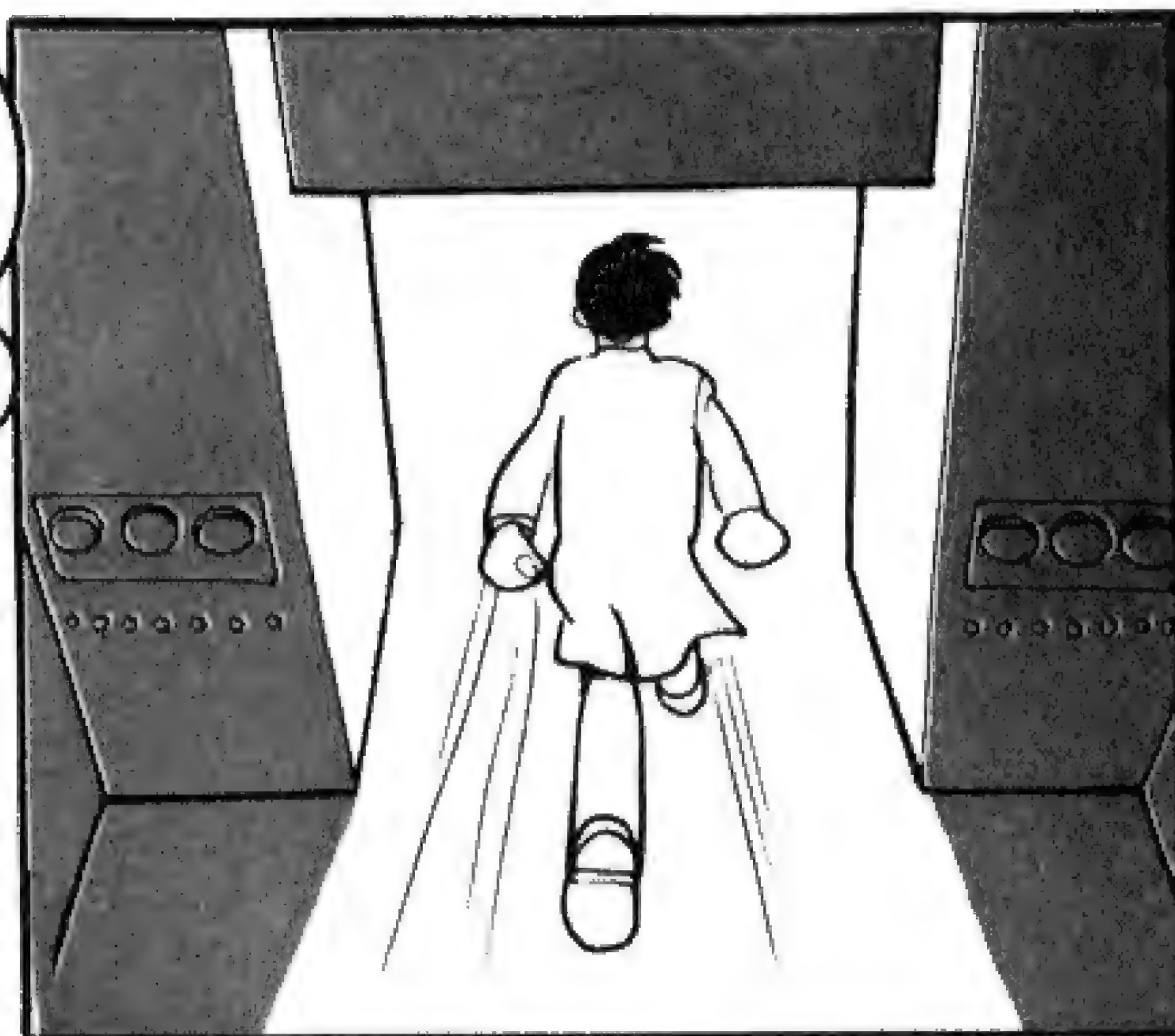
OF COURSE I'M RESPONSIBLE FOR CREATING THESE ANIMALS.



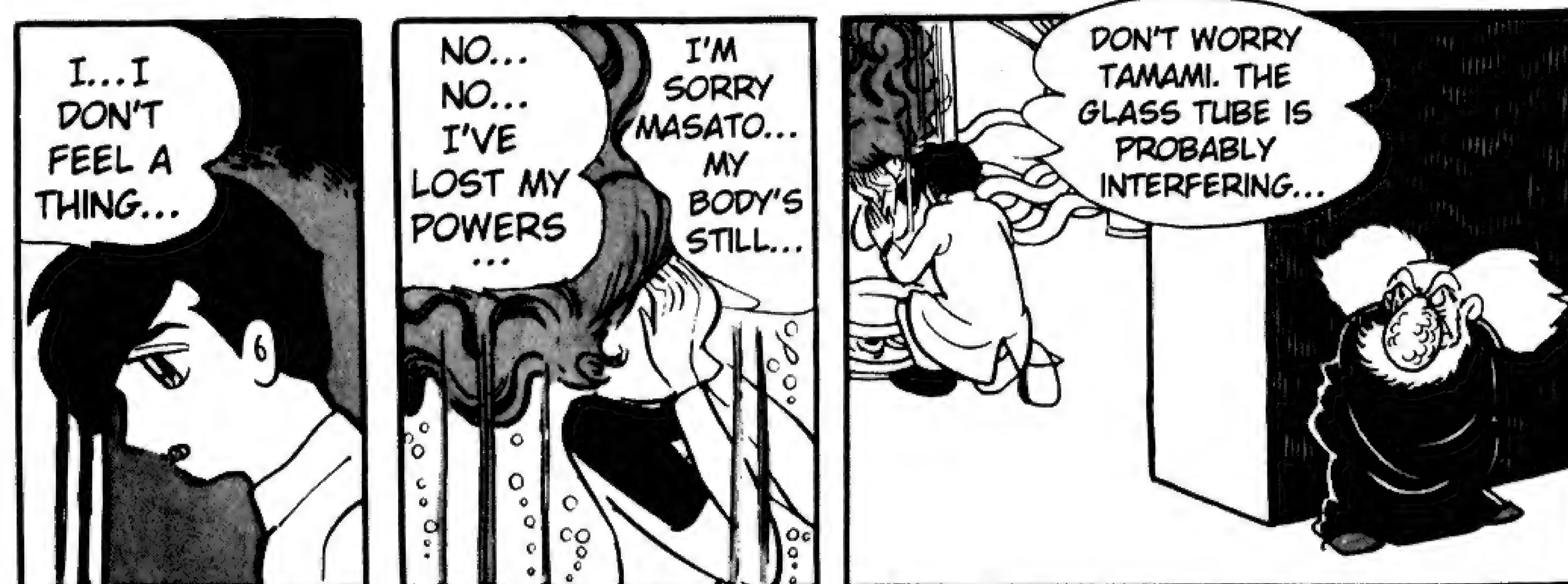
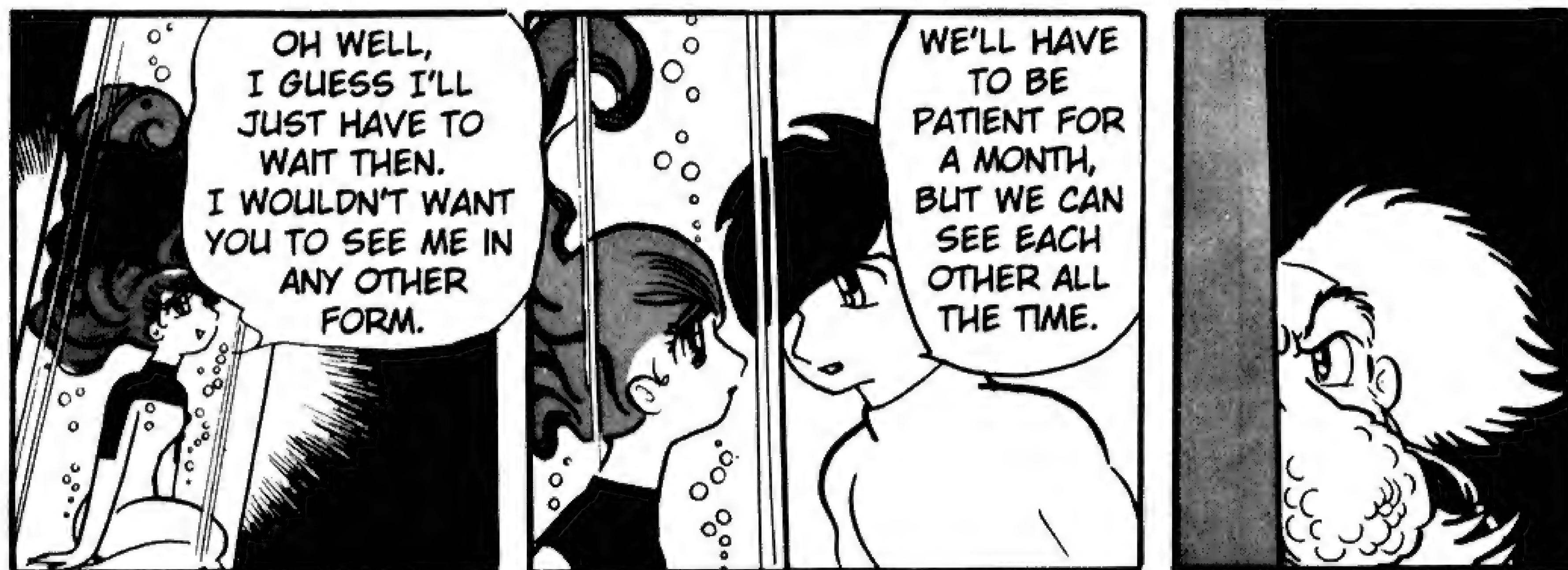




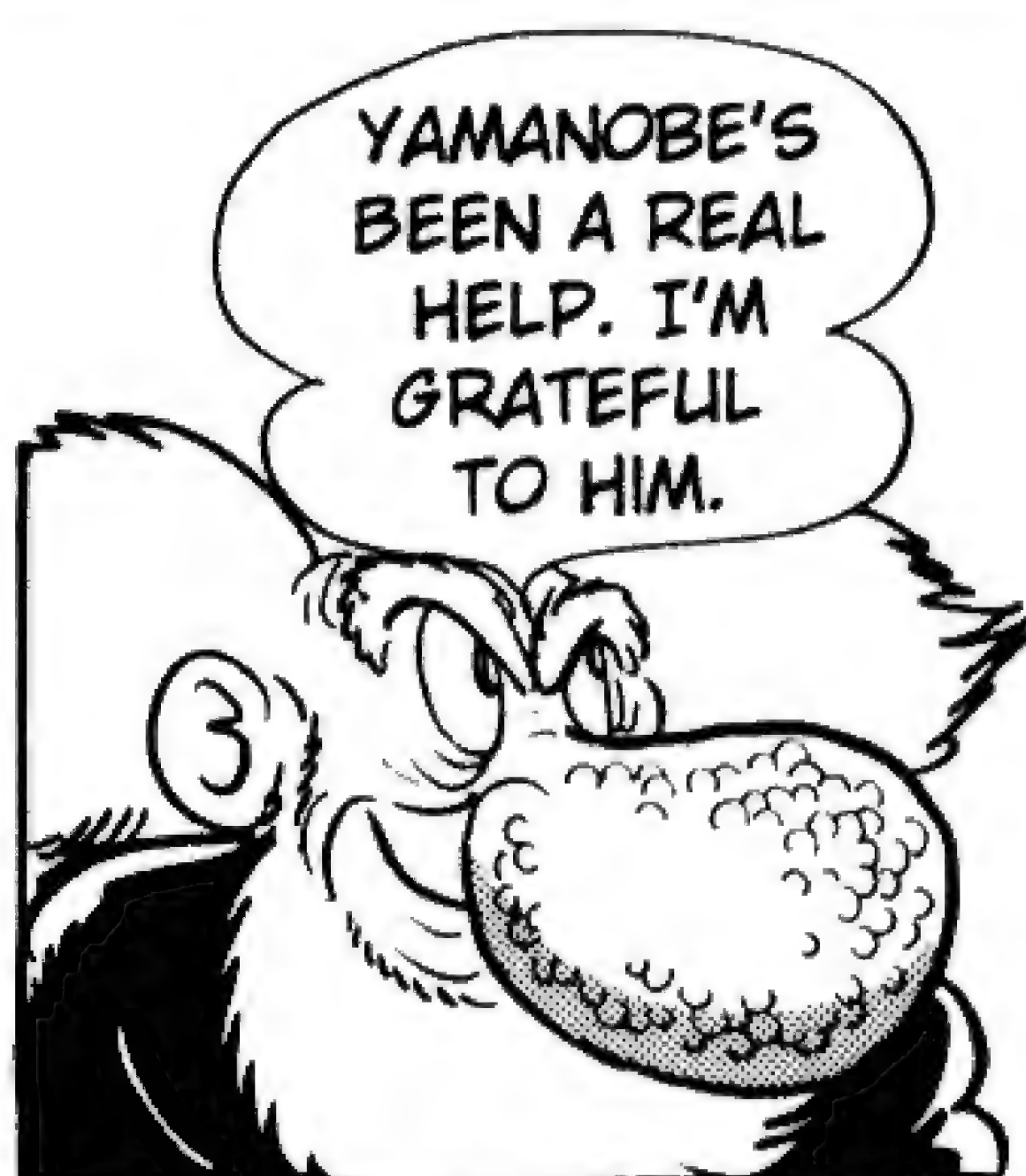
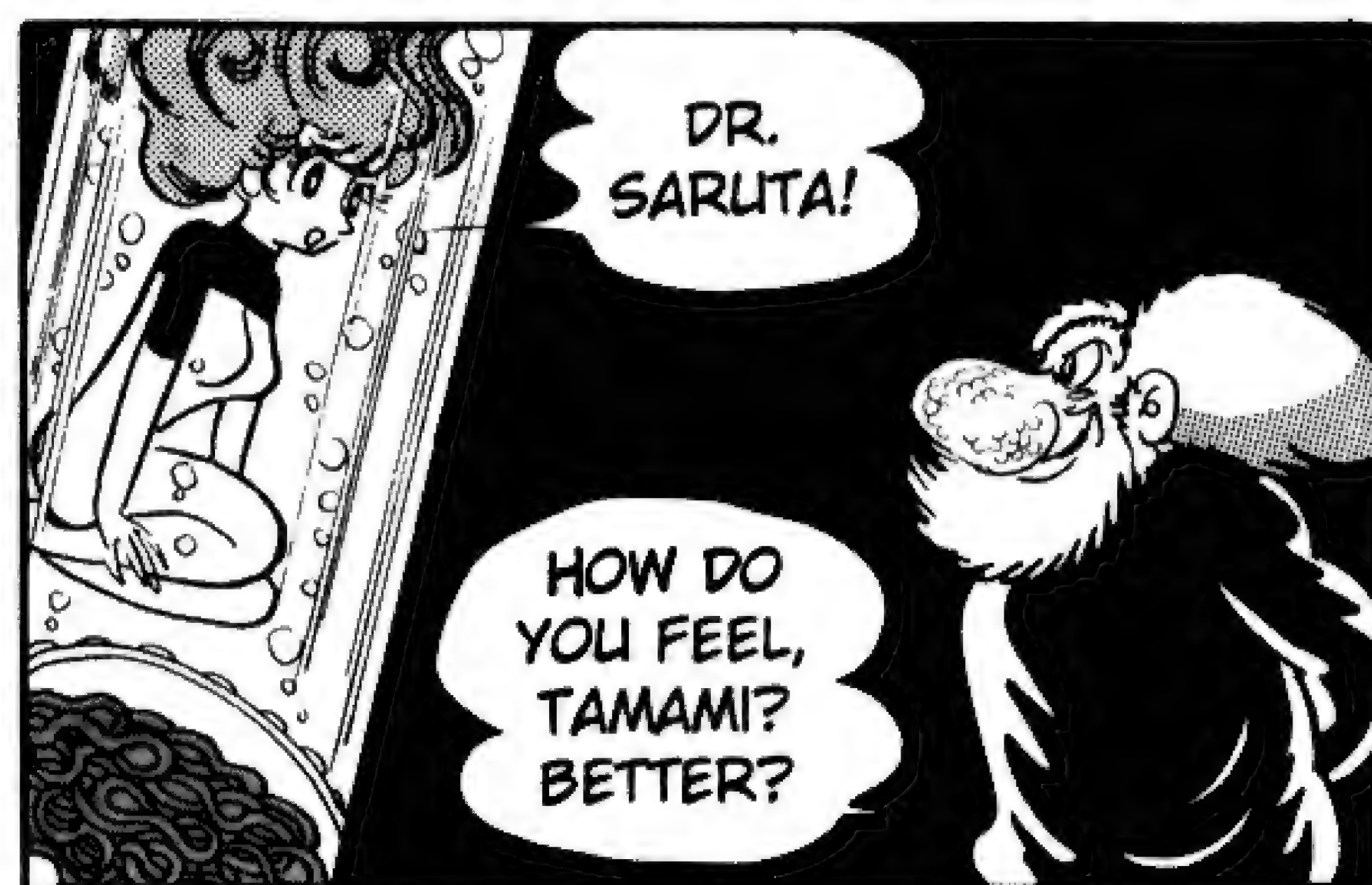
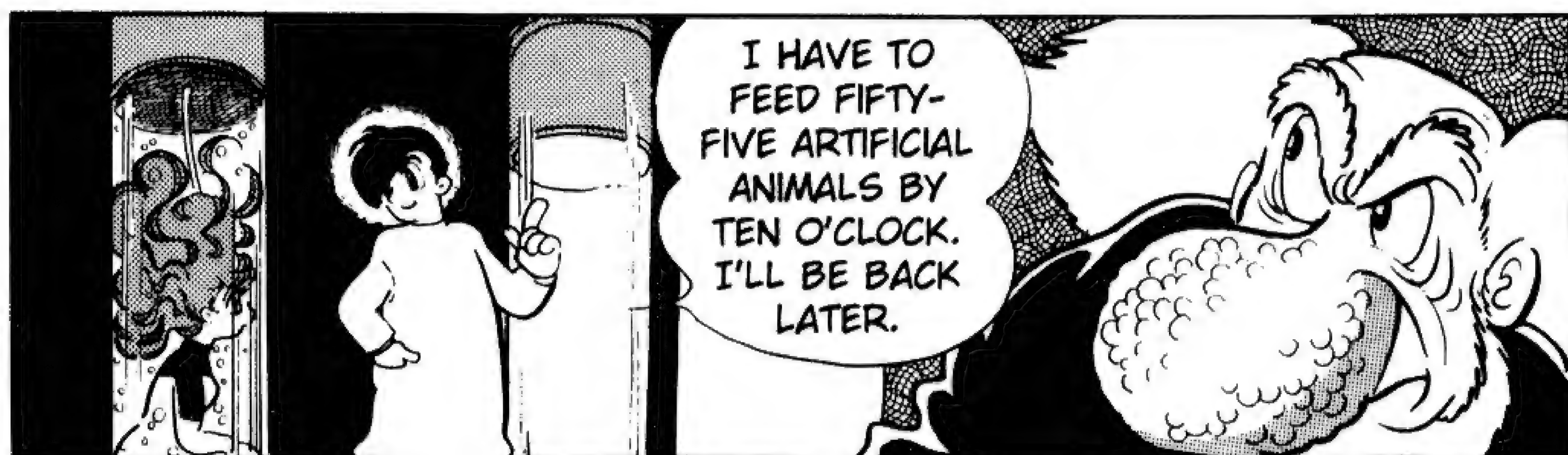




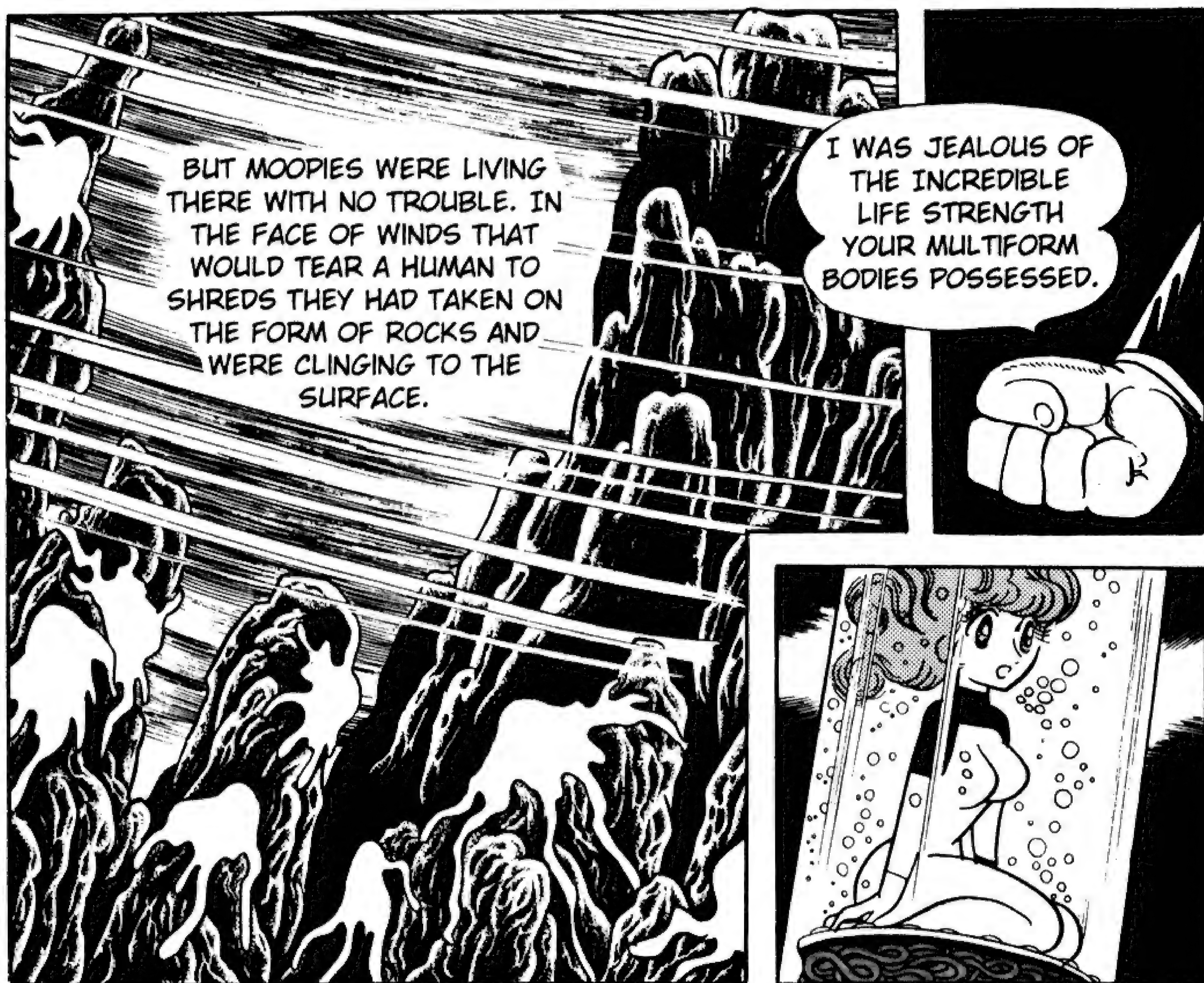














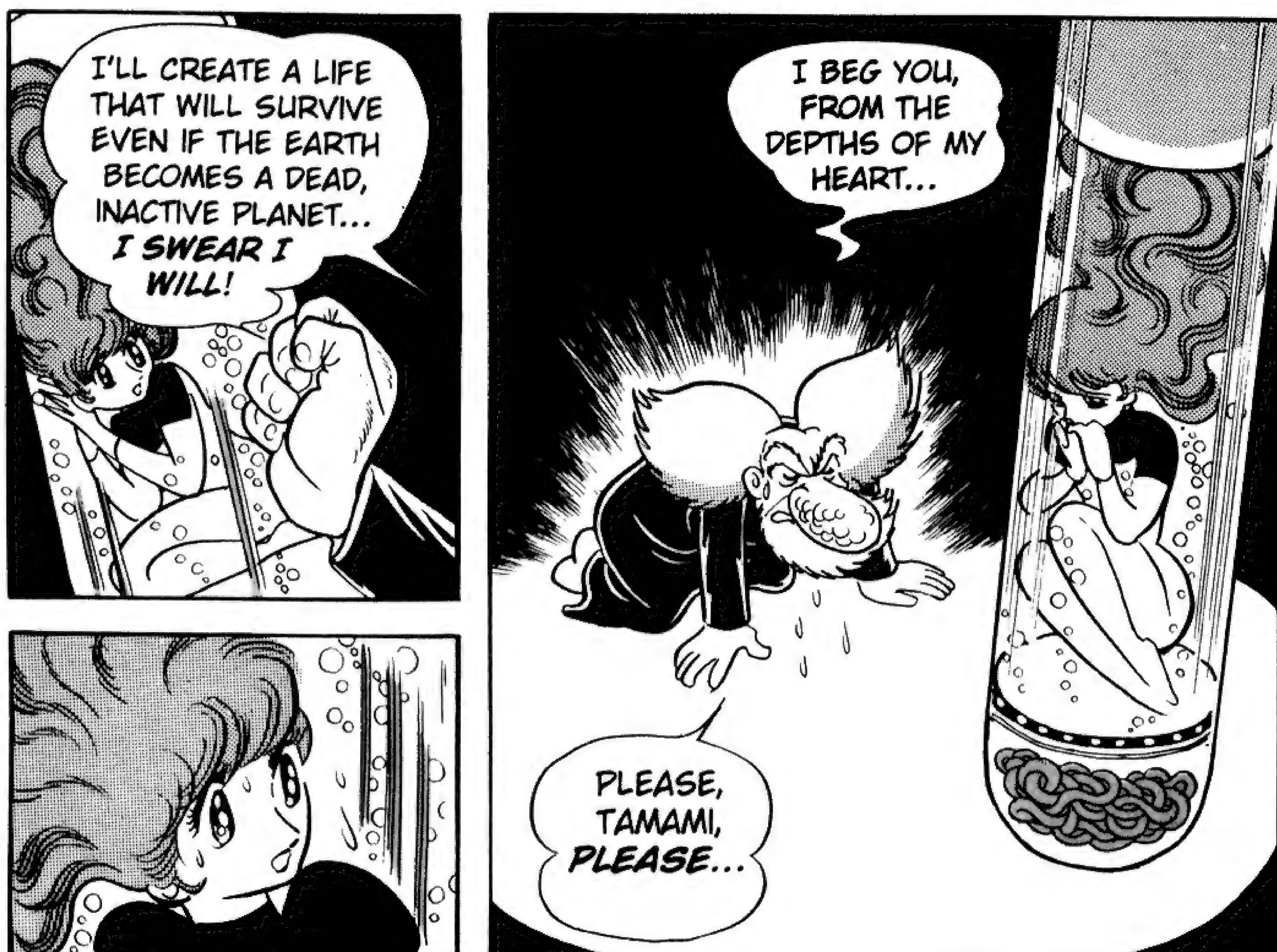
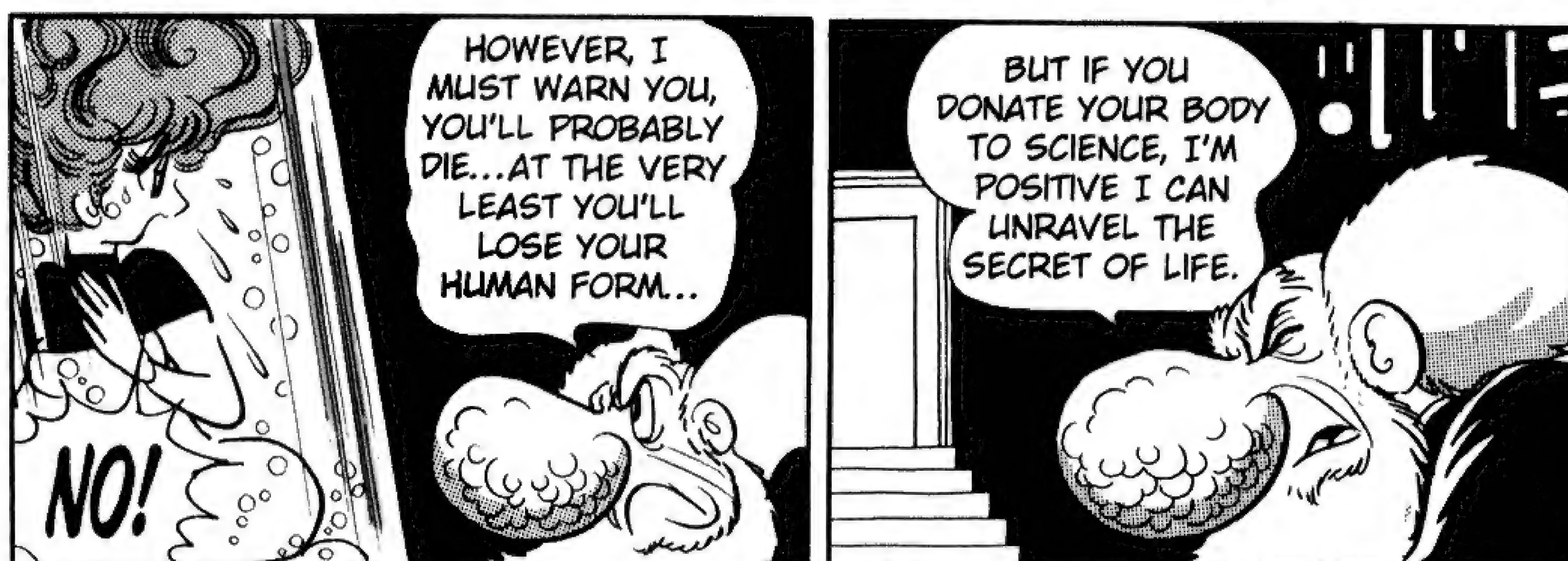
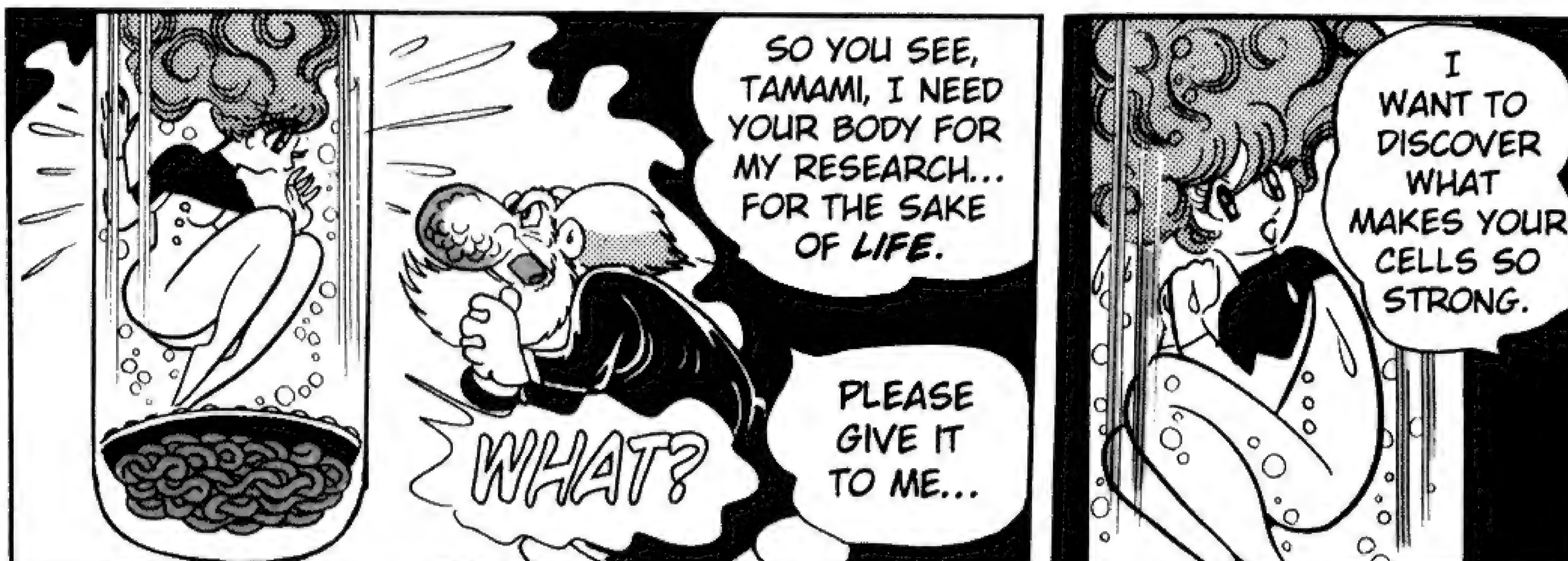
FOR FIFTY YEARS  
I'VE DEVOTED MY  
LIFE TO ATTAINING  
THIS DREAM AND  
FINALLY CREATED  
SYNTHETIC CELLS.

I MANAGED TO  
CONSTRUCT A  
REPLICA OF  
LIFE BY  
SYNTHESIZING  
PROTEIN TO  
FORM A TYPE  
OF COLLOID.

BUT  
EVERYTHING I  
CREATED WAS  
WEAK AND DIED  
THE MOMENT IT  
WAS EXPOSED  
TO OUTSIDE AIR.

PERHAPS MAN IS NOT  
MEANT TO IMITATE GOD.  
BUT I'M DETERMINED TO  
CREATE LIFE, LIFE THAT  
WILL SURVIVE  
**FOREVER.**









AND YOU'LL  
BE ABLE  
TO SAVE  
MANKIND?



WHAT?

MANKIND?!  
DID YOU SAY  
MAN-  
KIND?!!



THIS IS  
NOT THE TIME TO  
DIFFERENTIATE  
BETWEEN HUMANS,  
ANIMALS, INSECTS,  
OR PLANTS!! WE'RE  
ALL IN THE SAME  
BOAT!

ALL  
ONE  
FAMILY!

IT DOESN'T  
MATTER IF  
HUMANITY  
PERISHES AS  
LONG AS LIFE  
CONTINUES!!



CAN YOU  
WAIT UNTIL  
TOMORROW  
FOR MY  
ANSWER?



AAAHH...  
TAKE AS  
LONG AS  
YOU  
PLEASE.

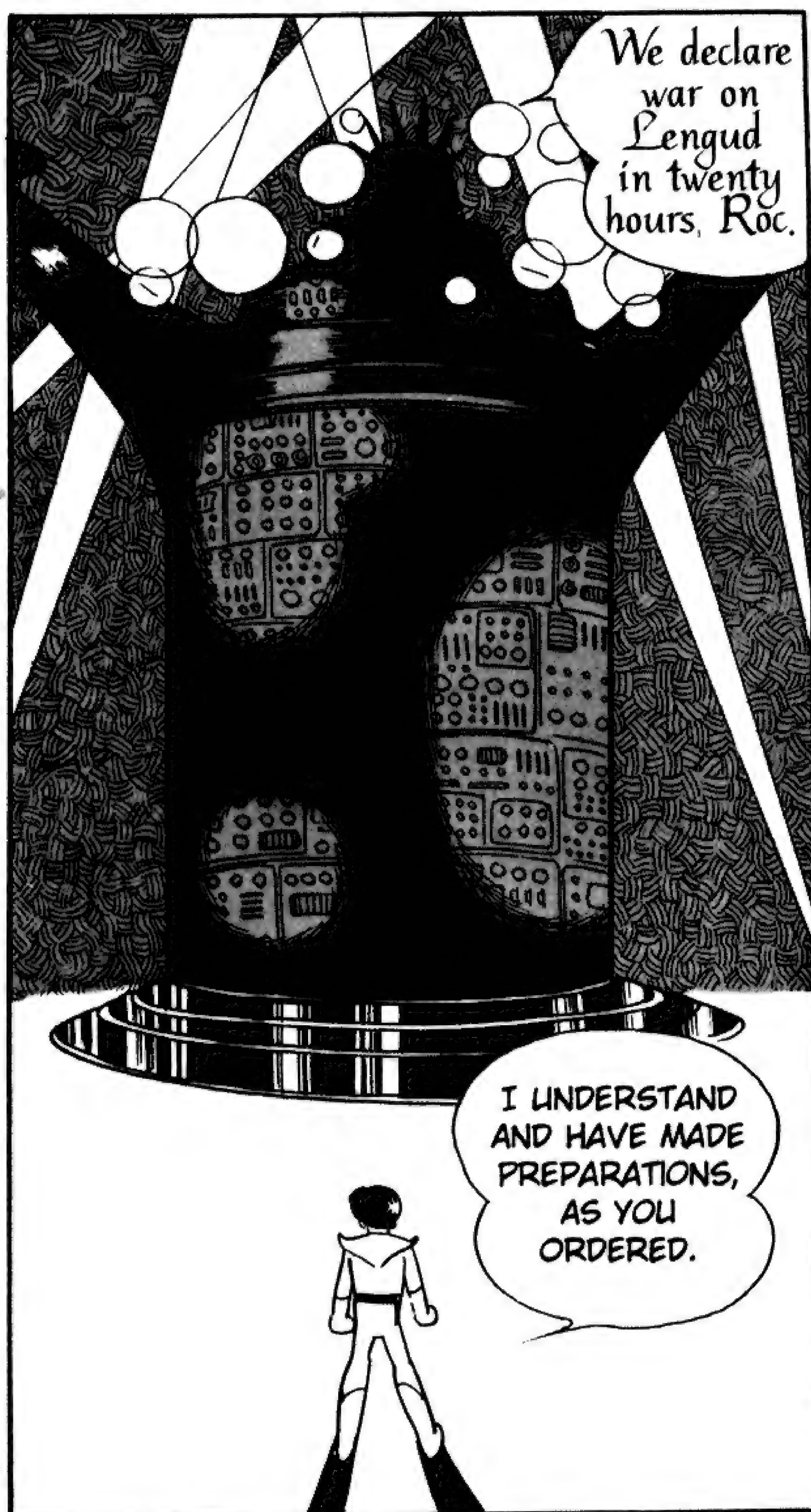
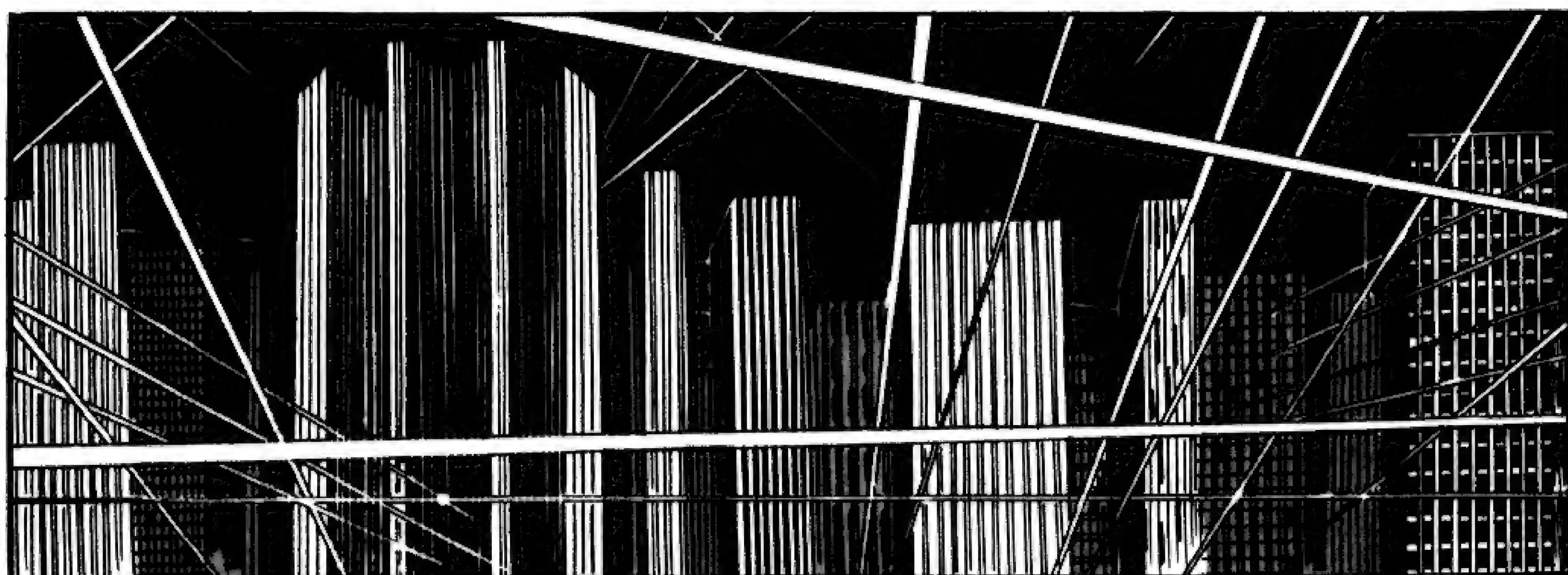


KLAK KLAK

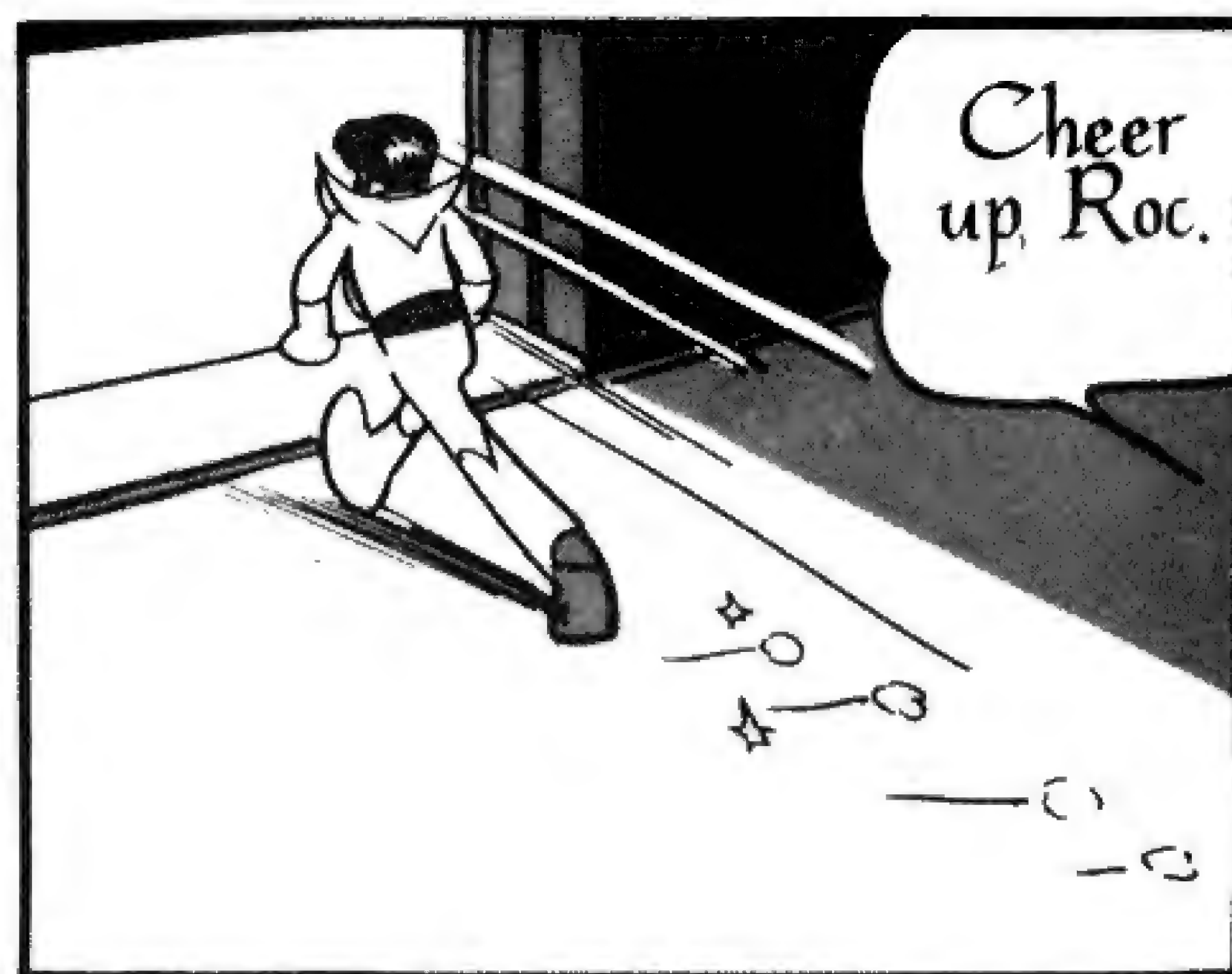
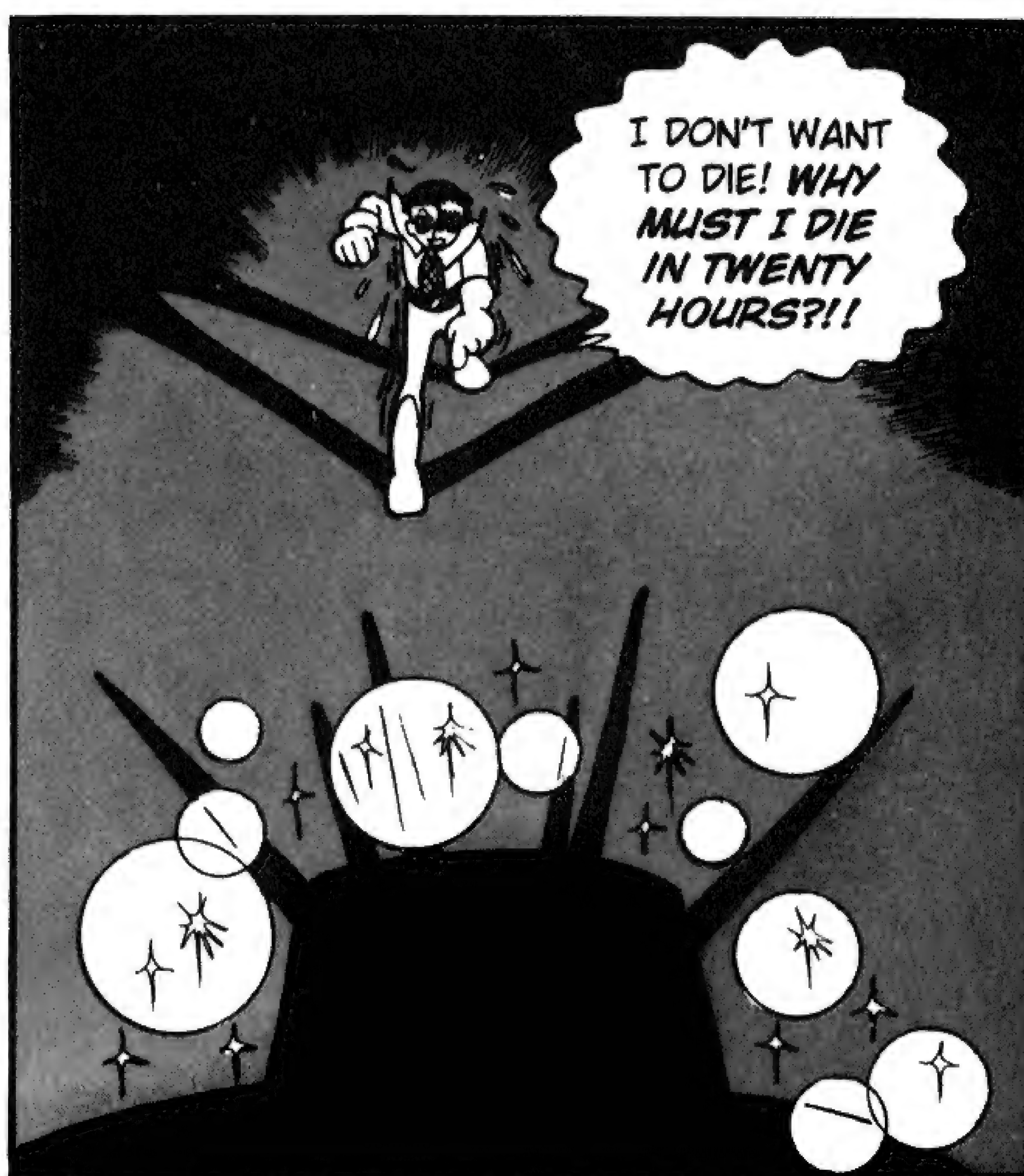
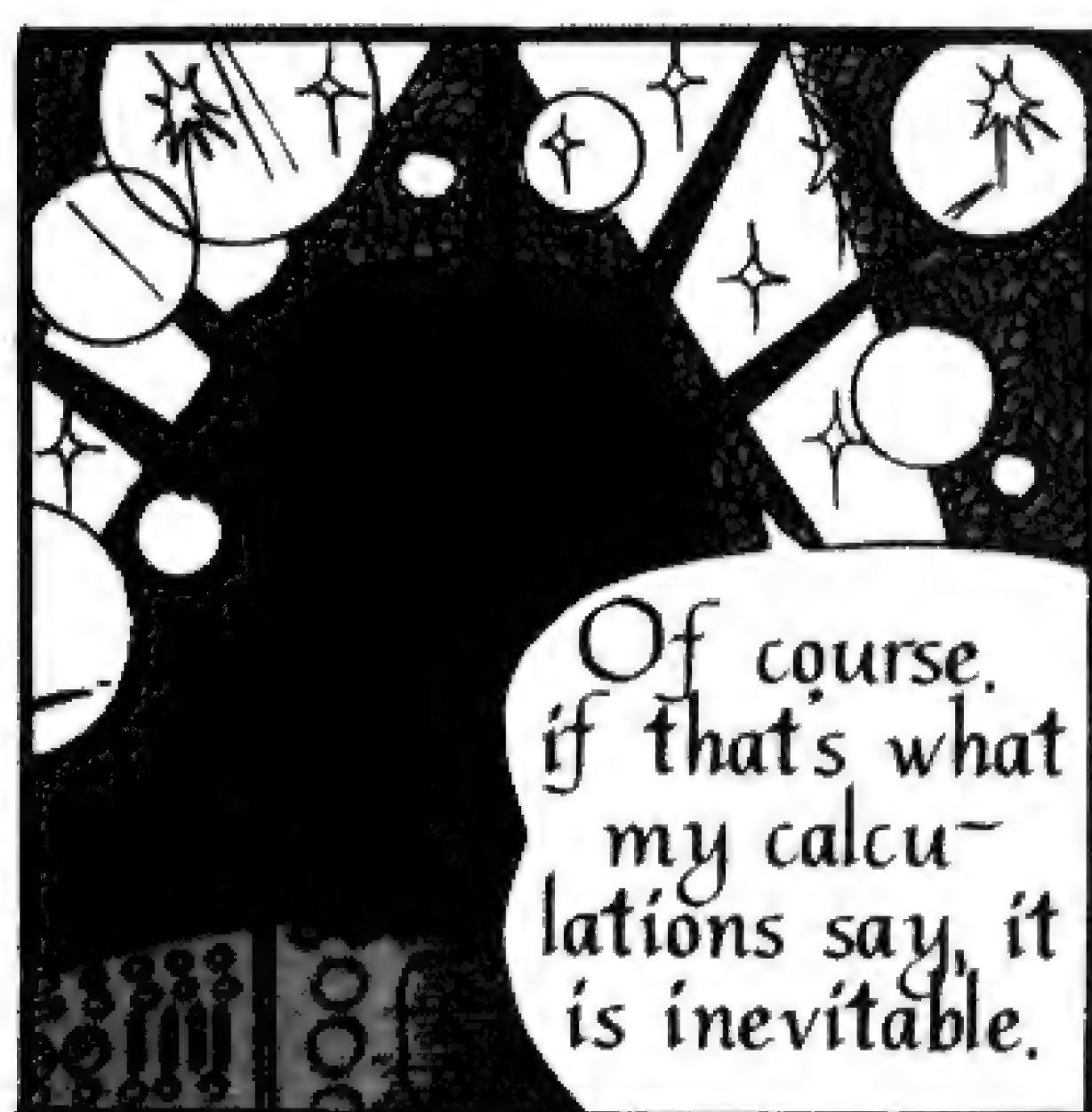
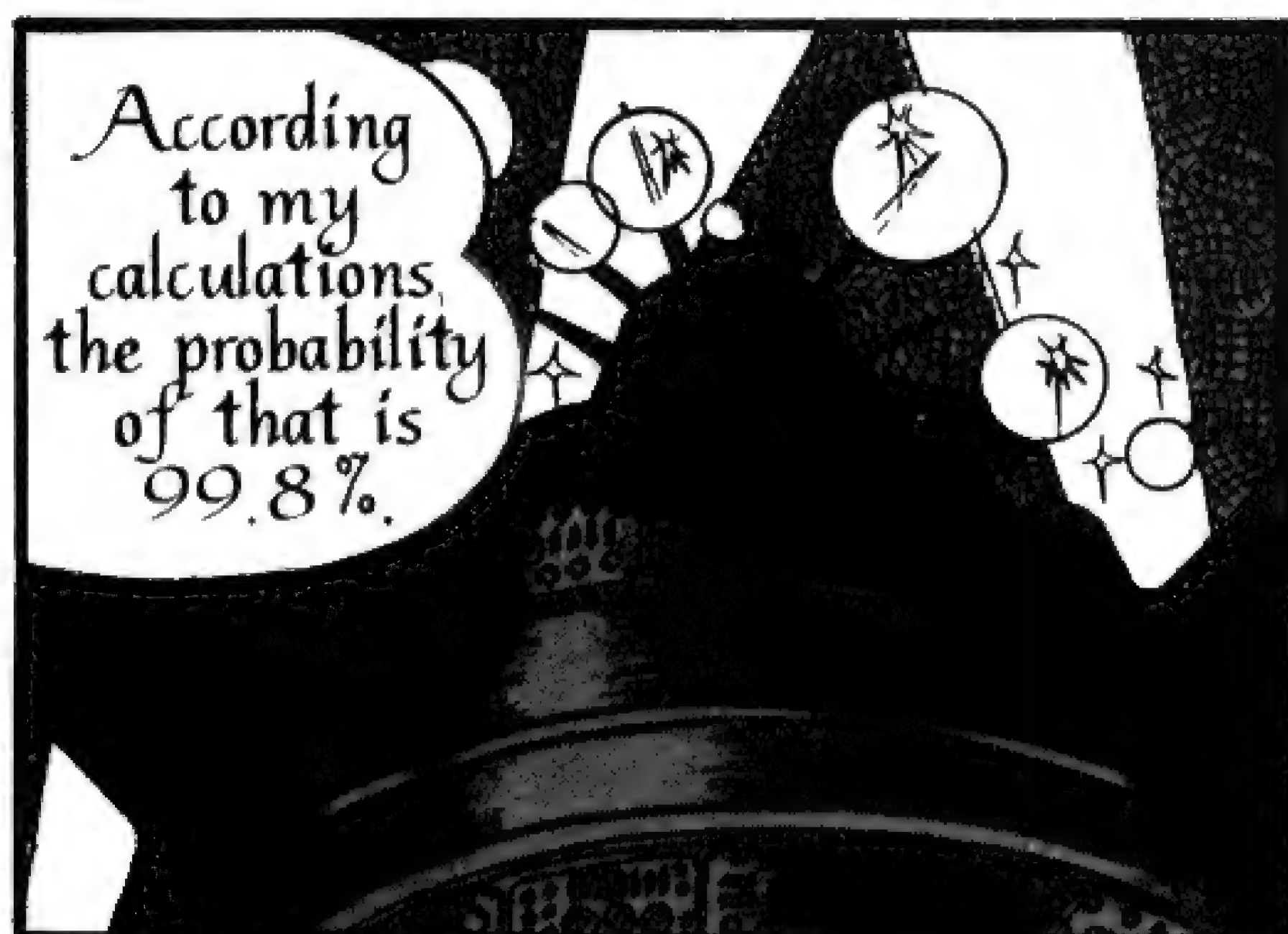


MASATO...!!

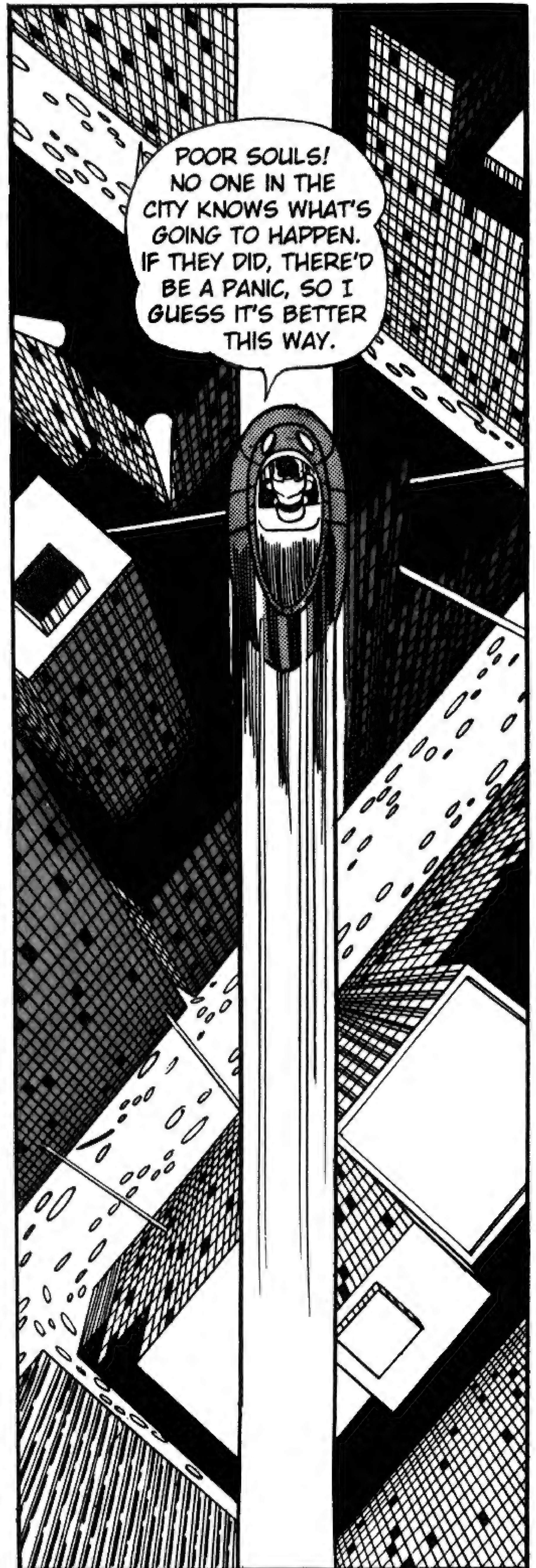
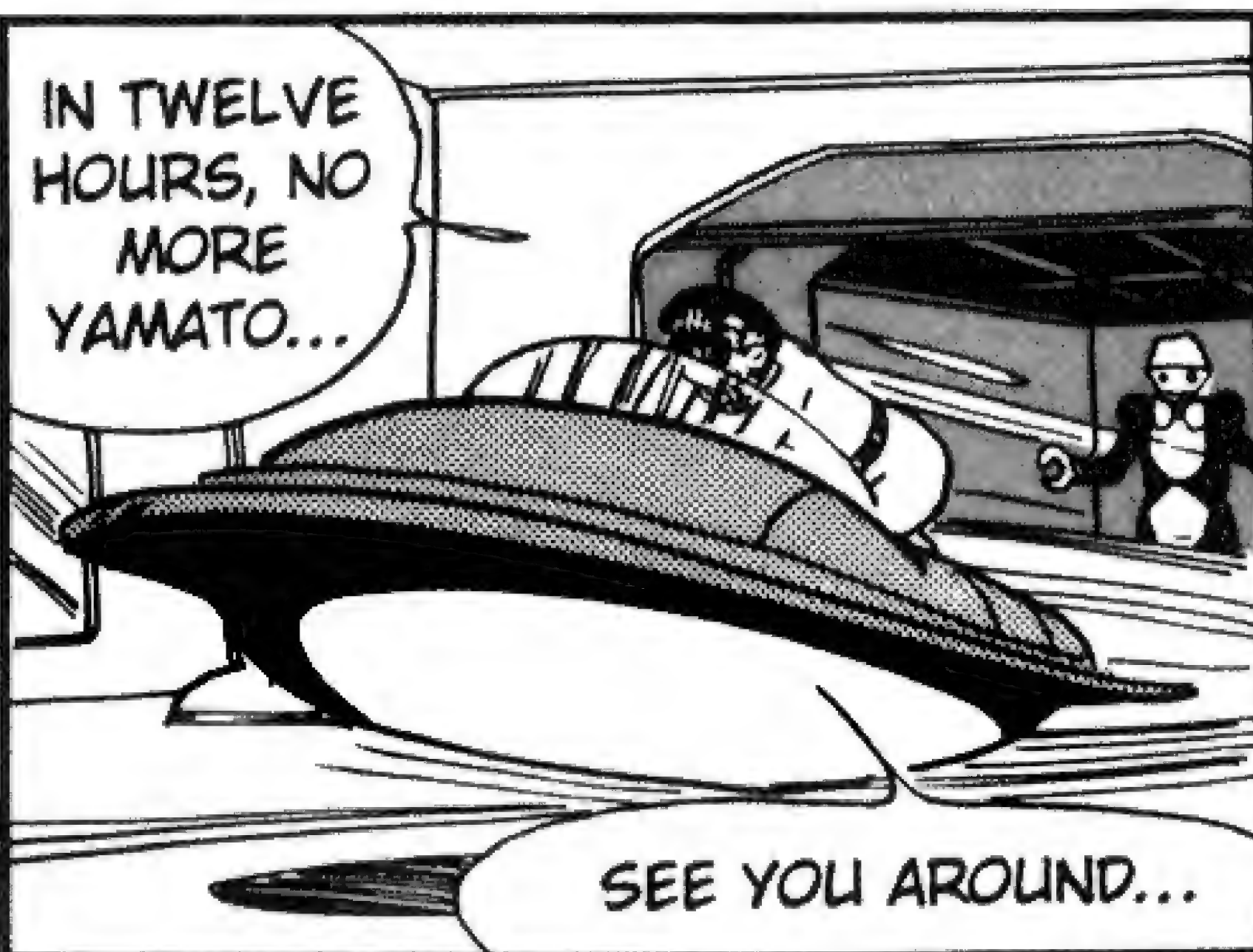
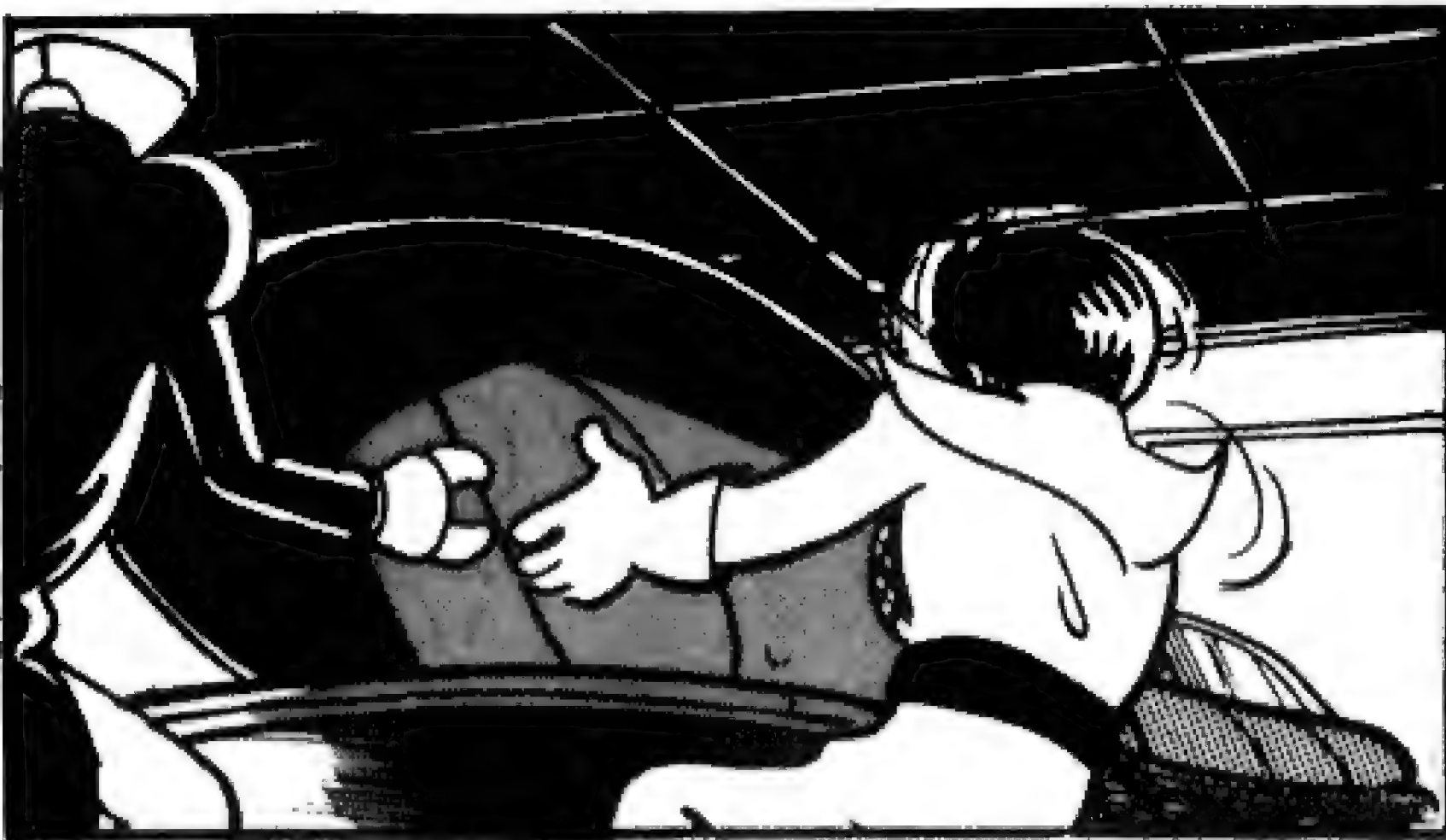
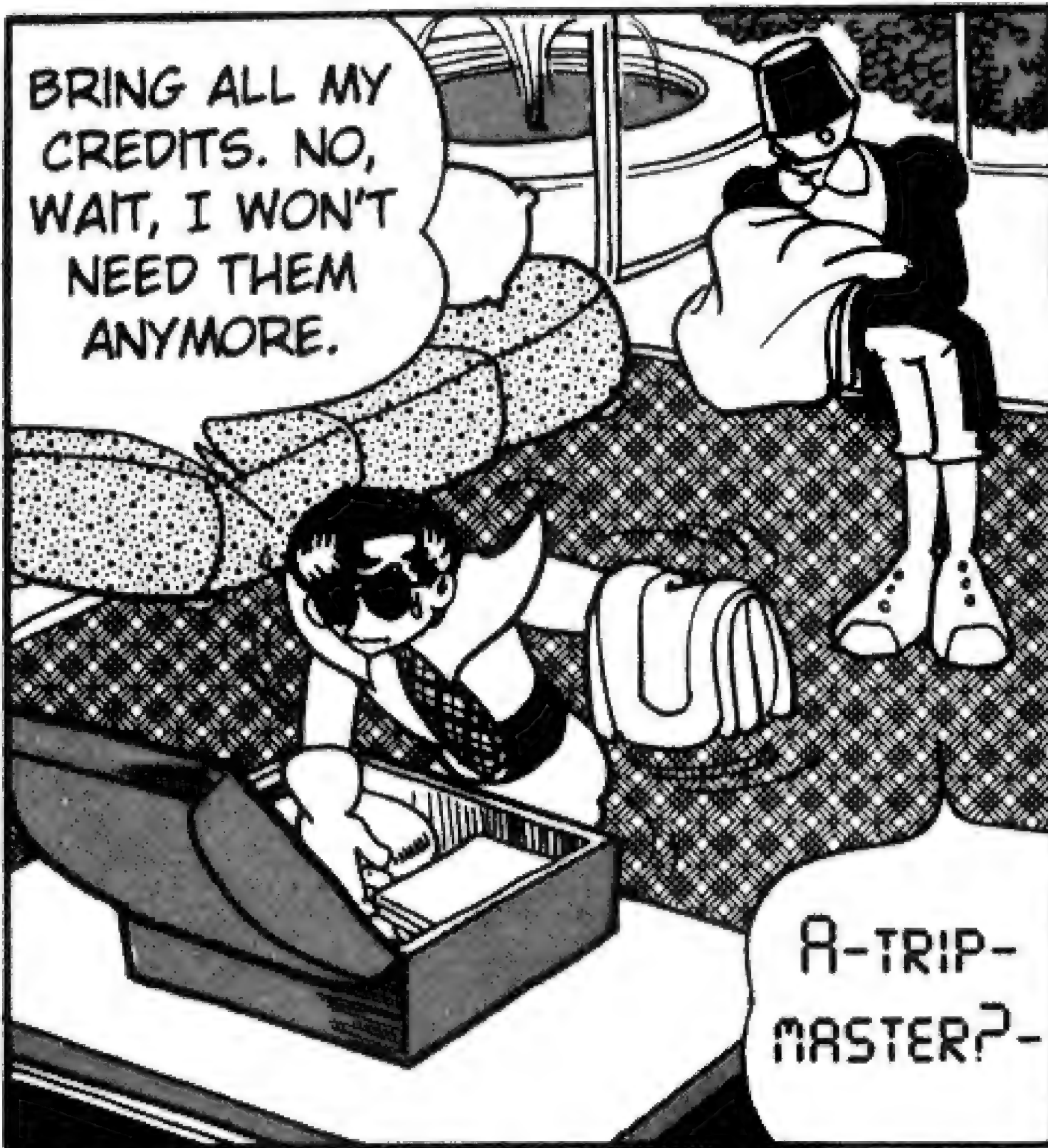
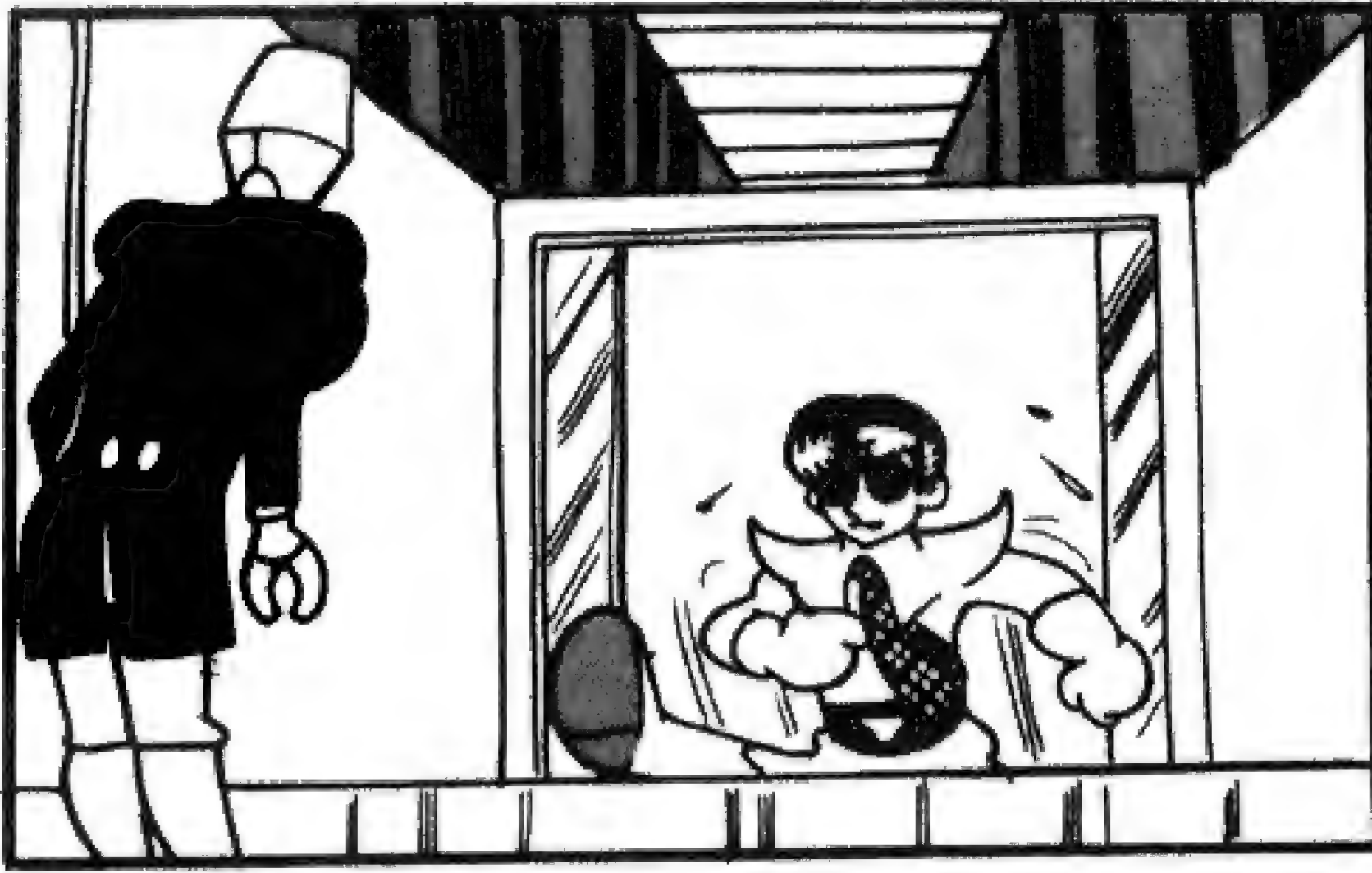




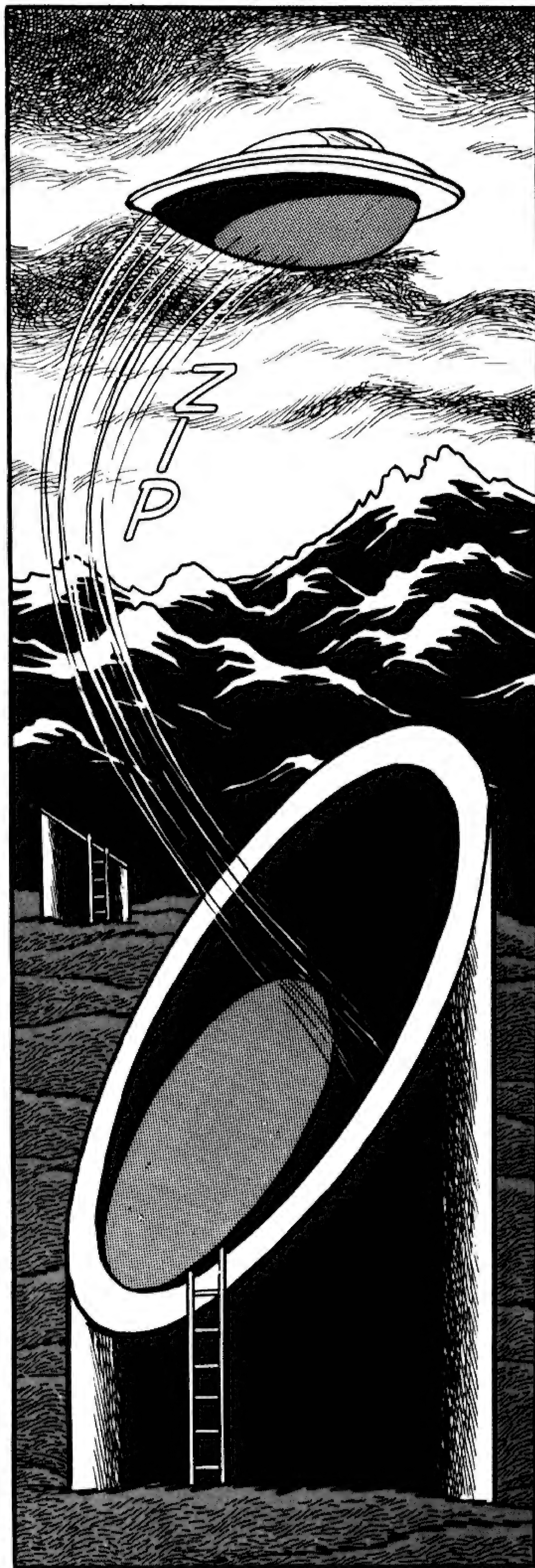
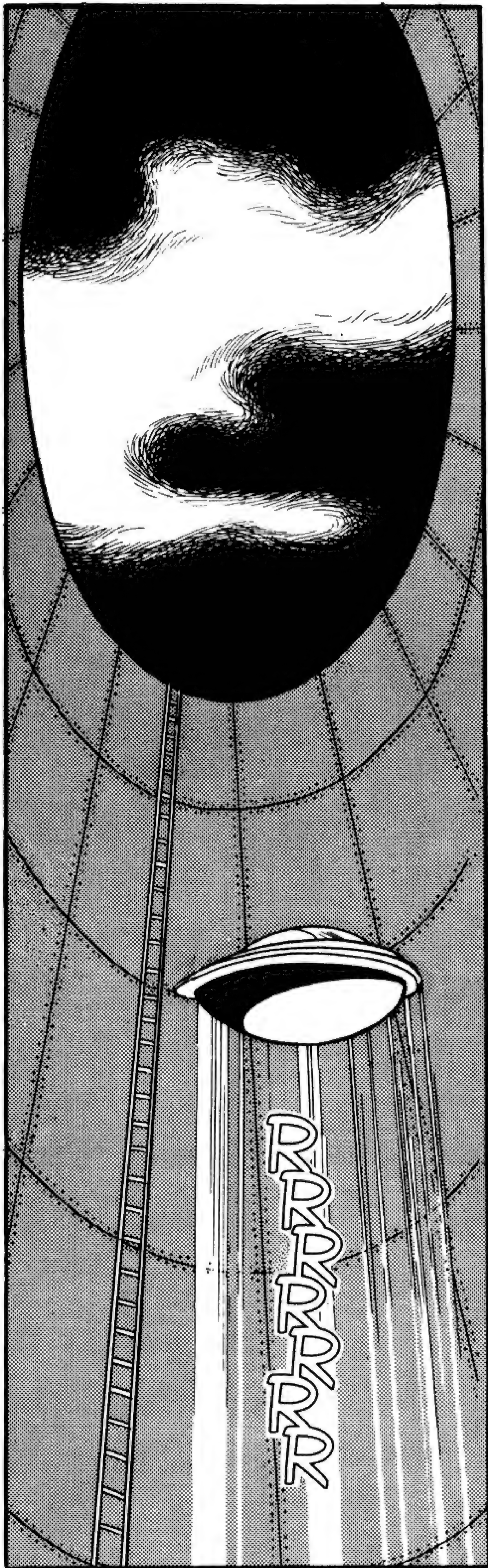




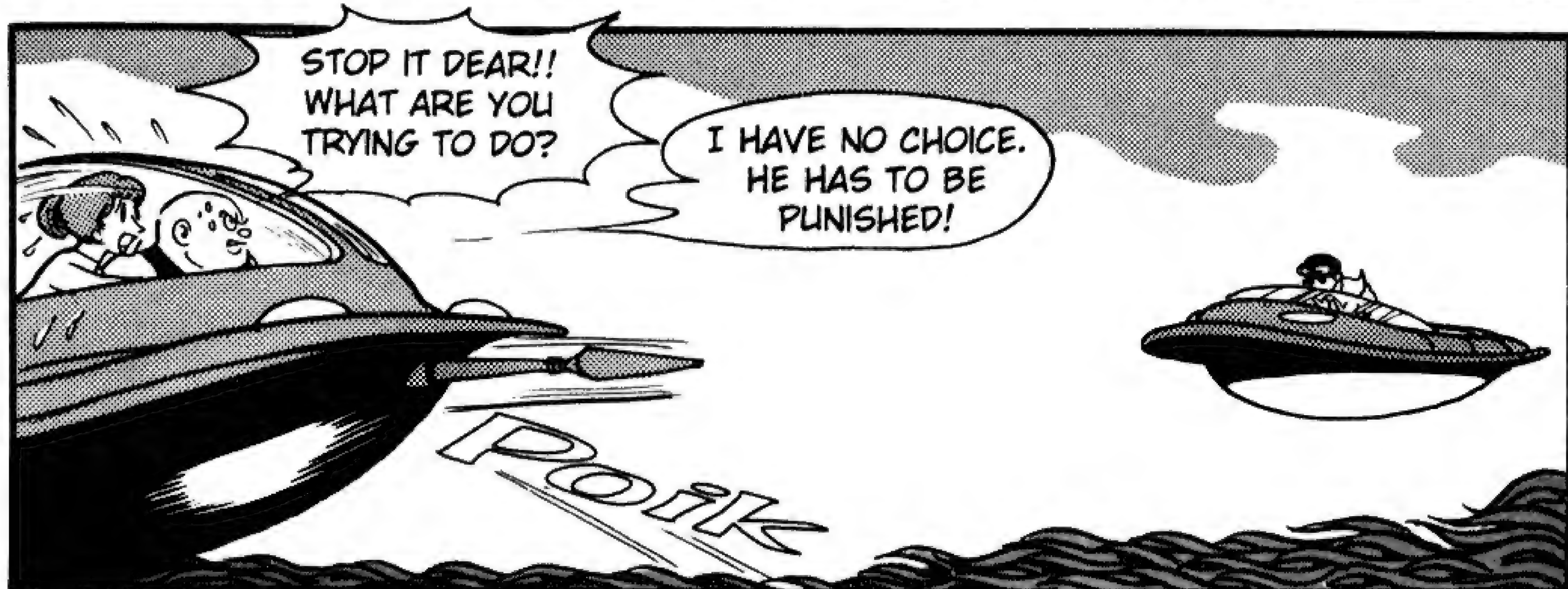
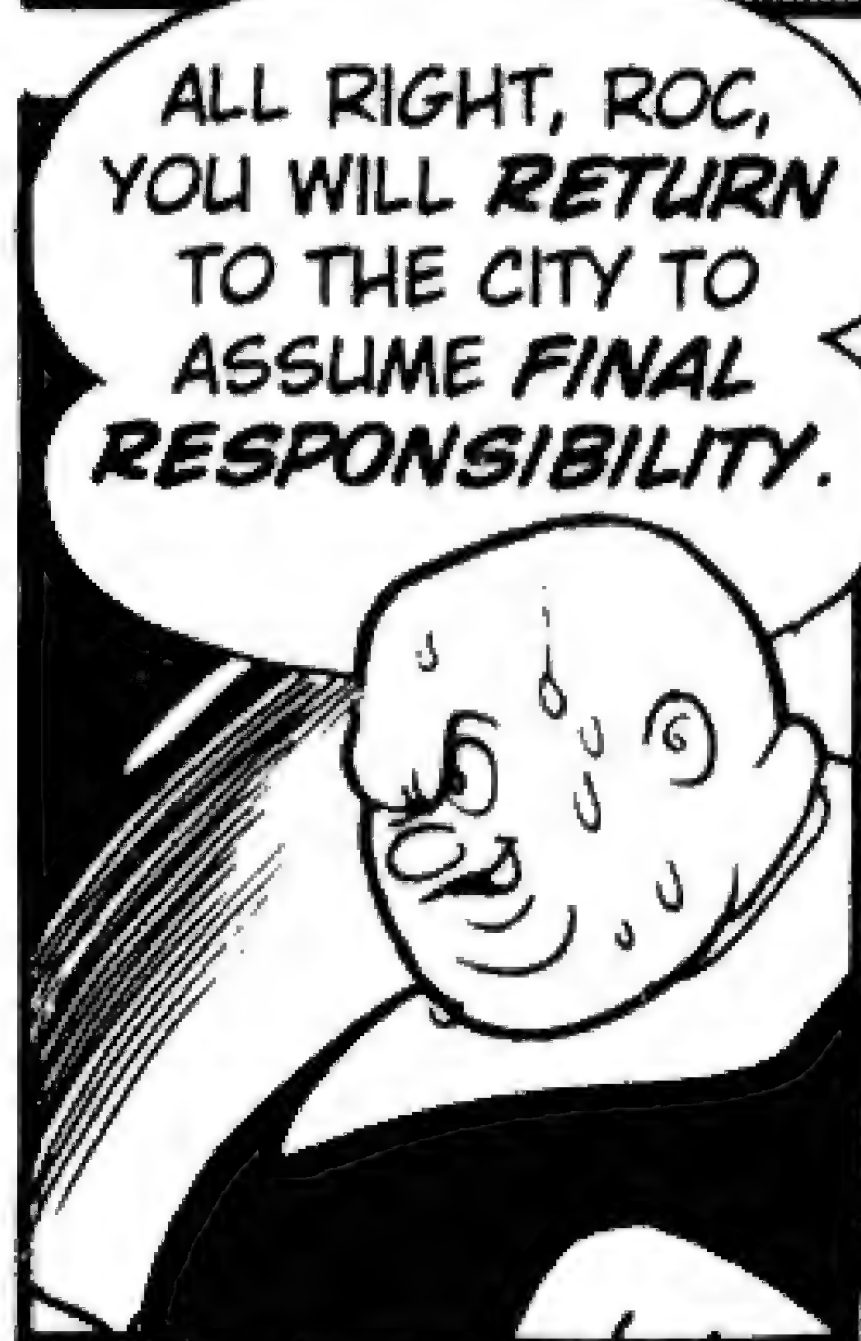
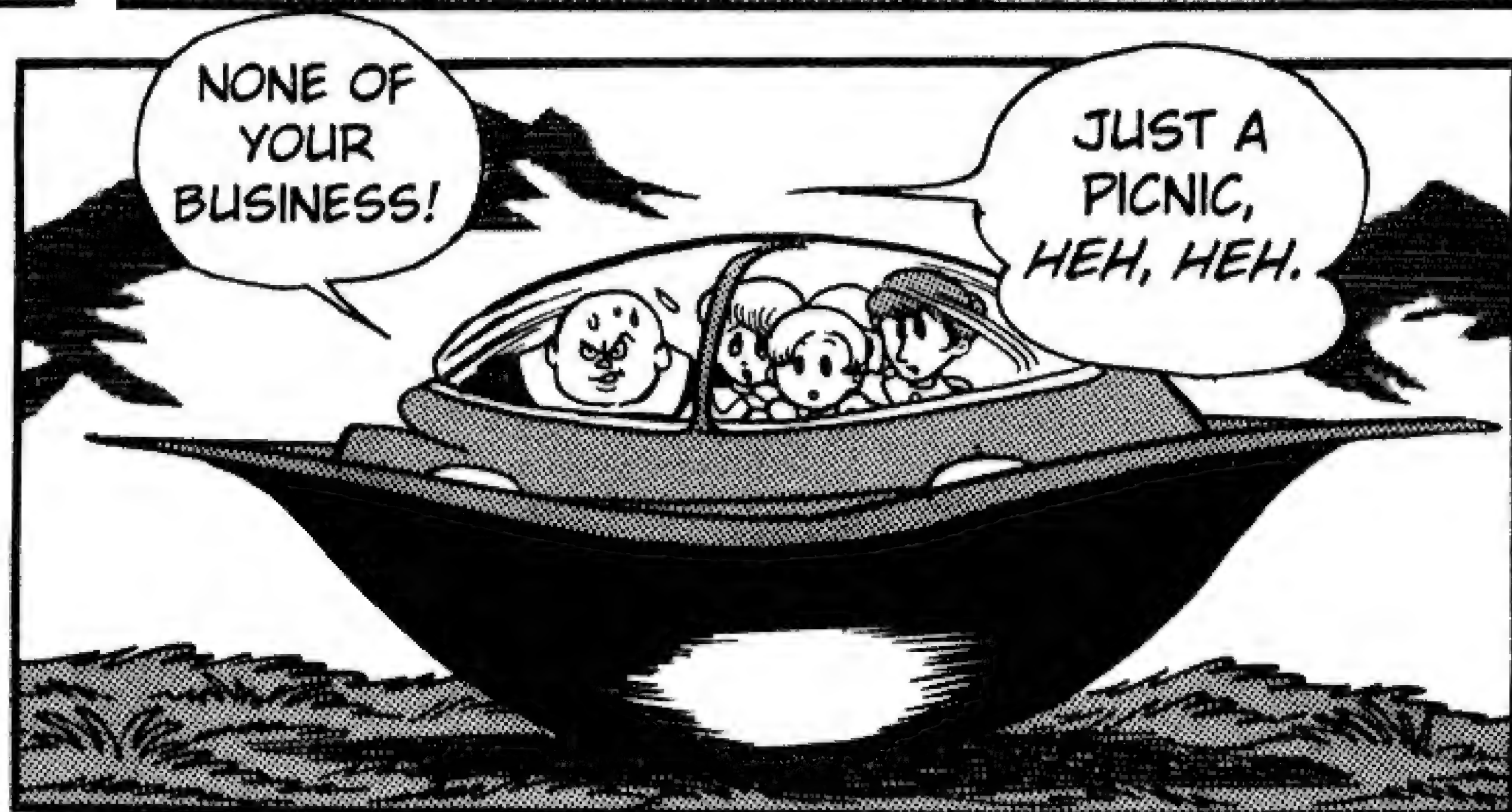
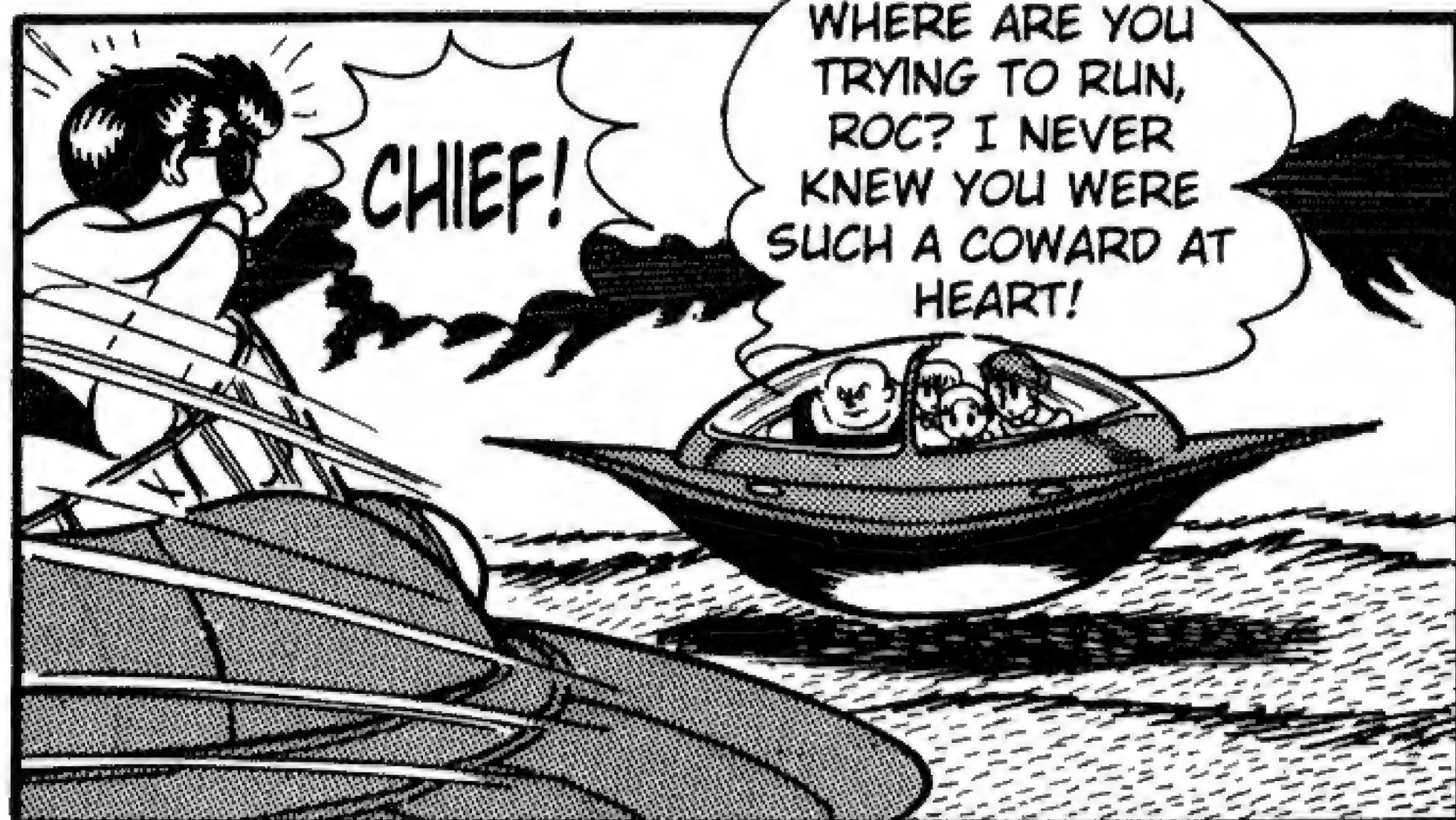
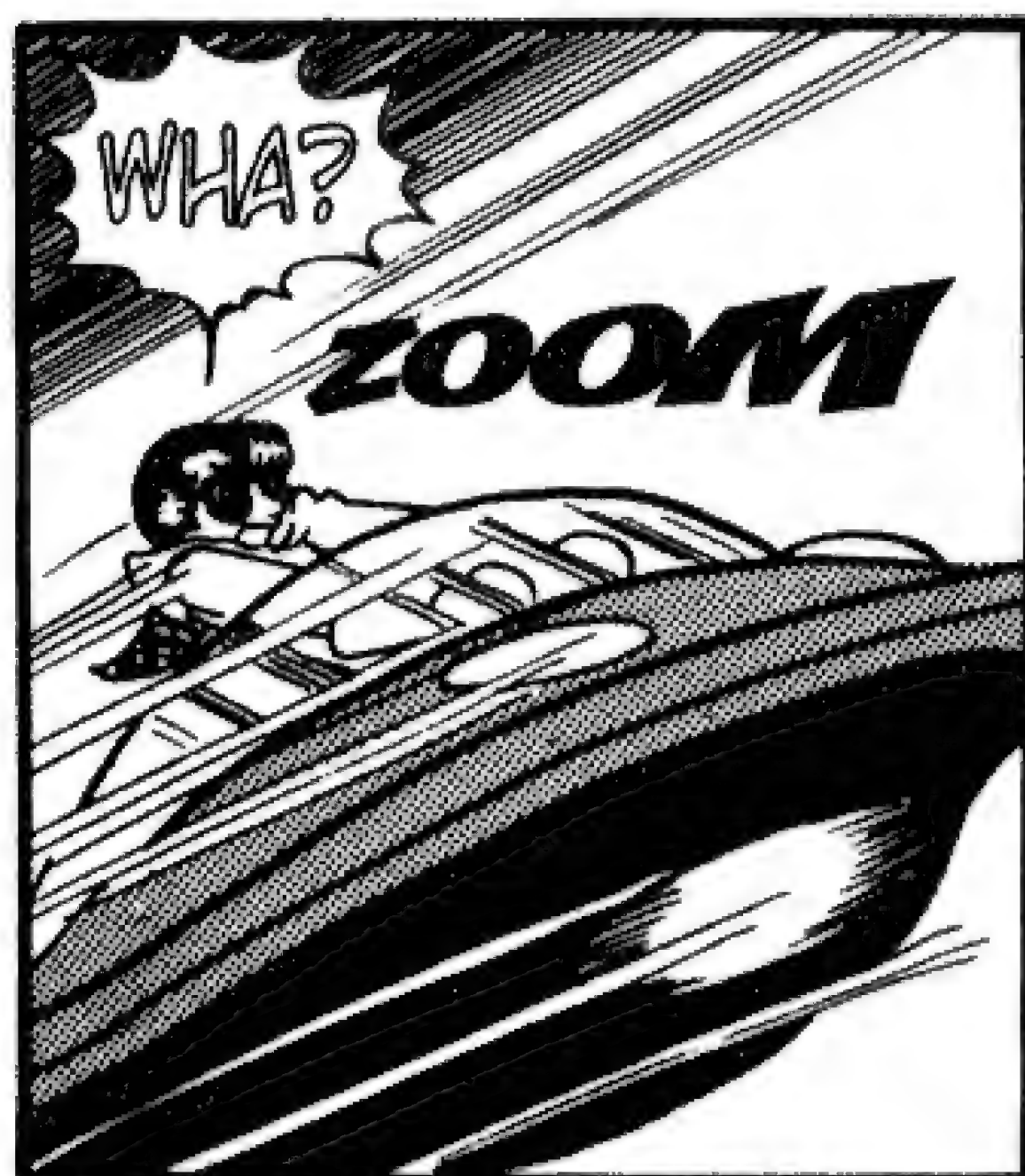




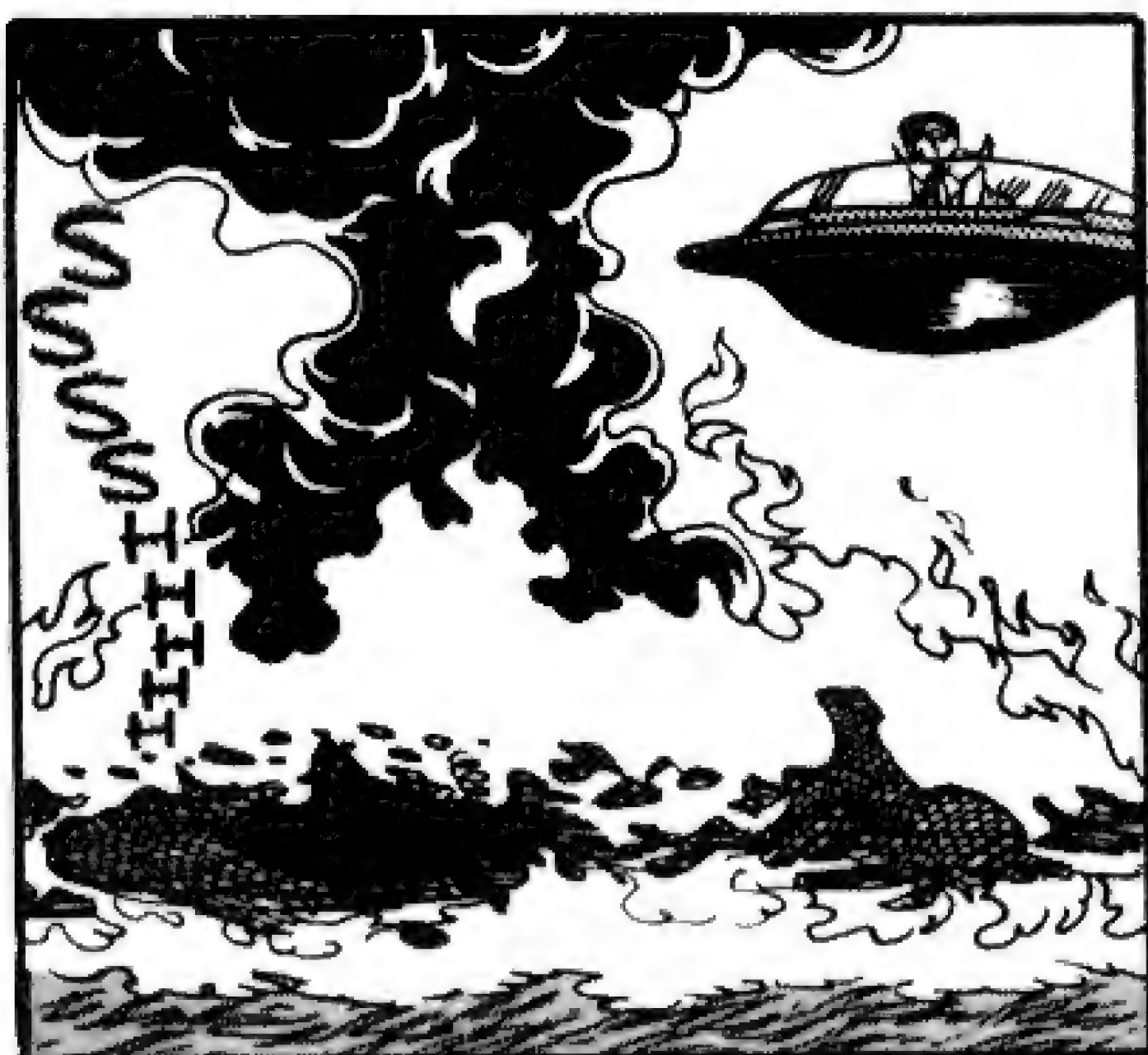
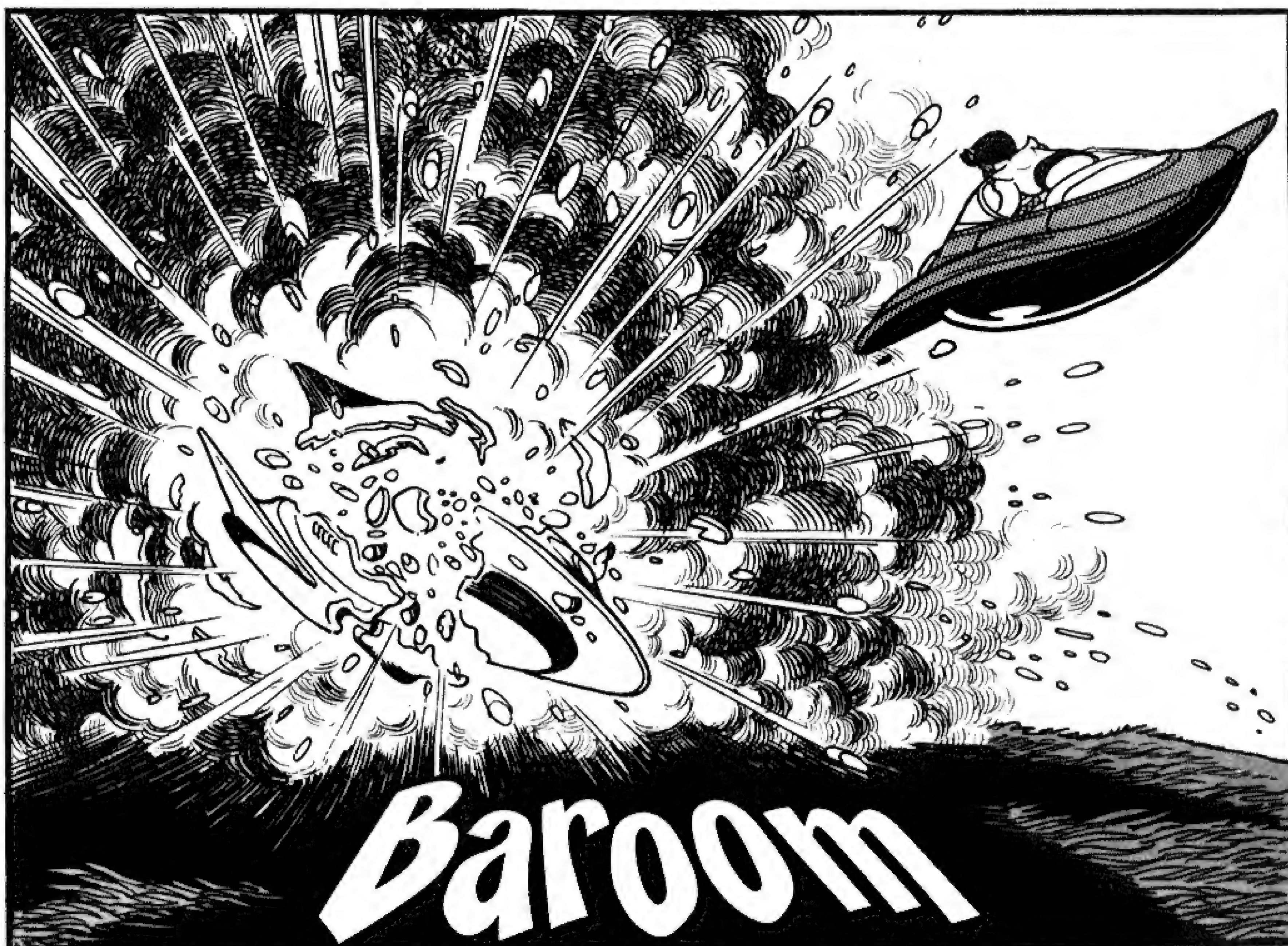
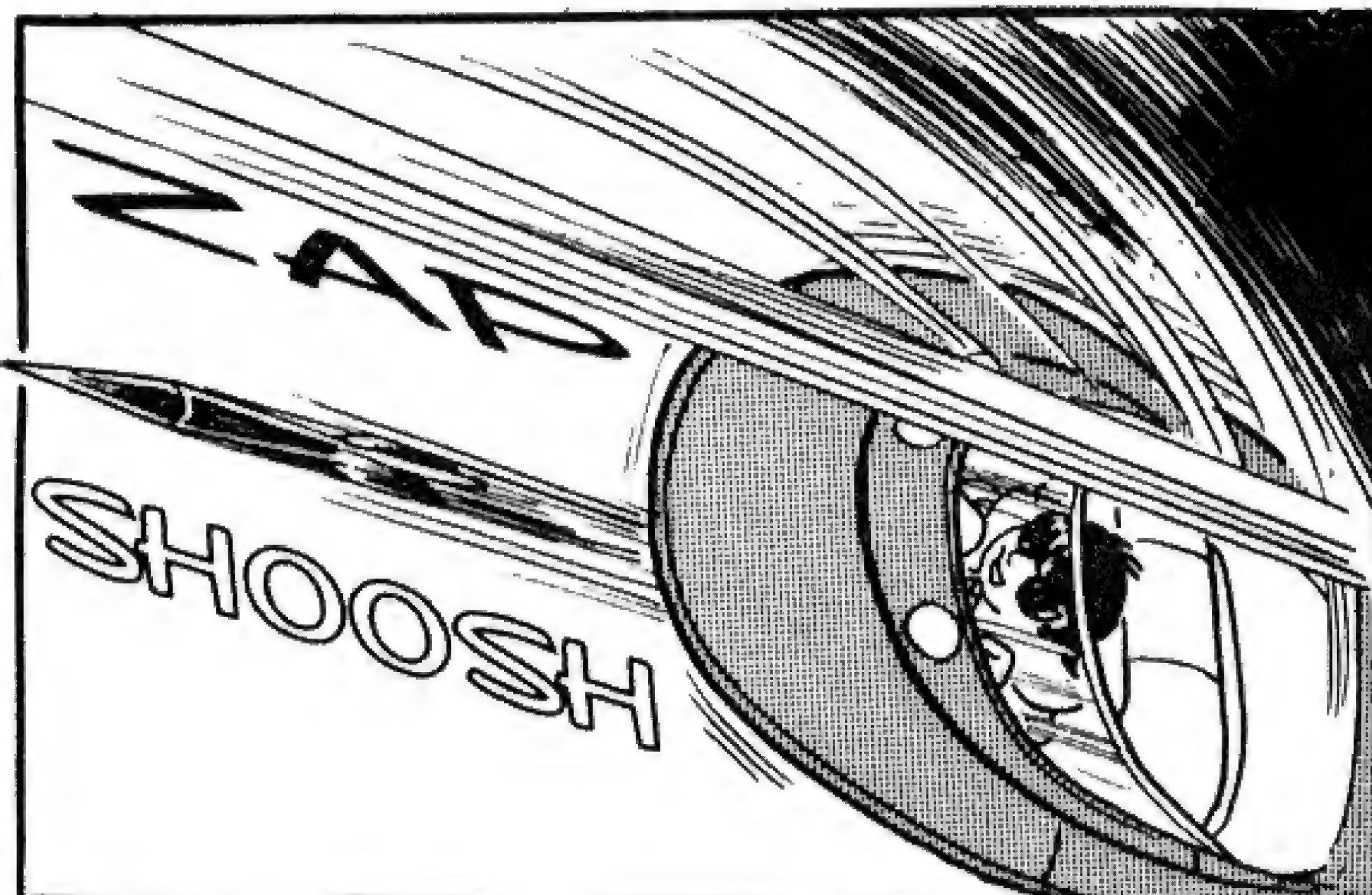
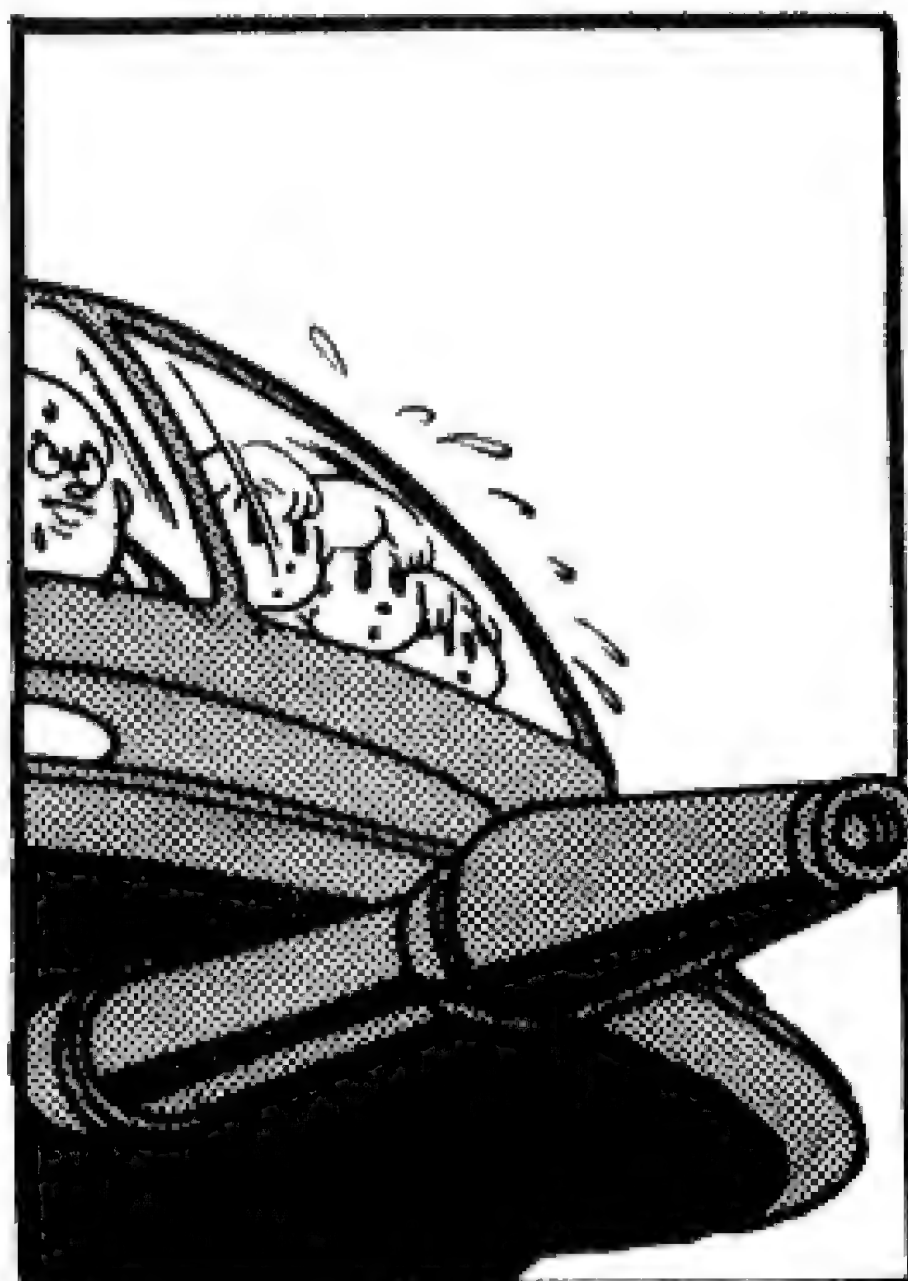




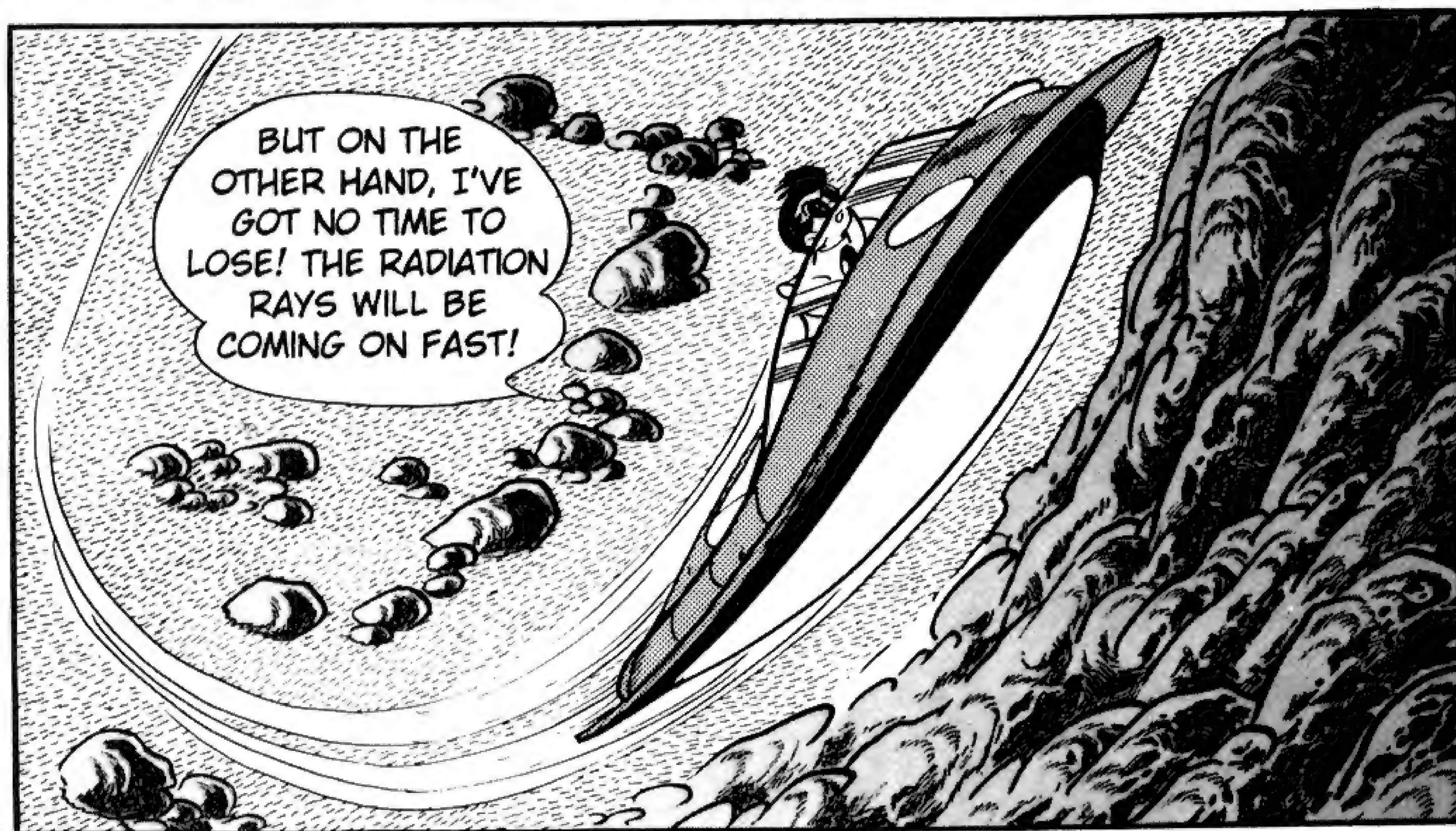




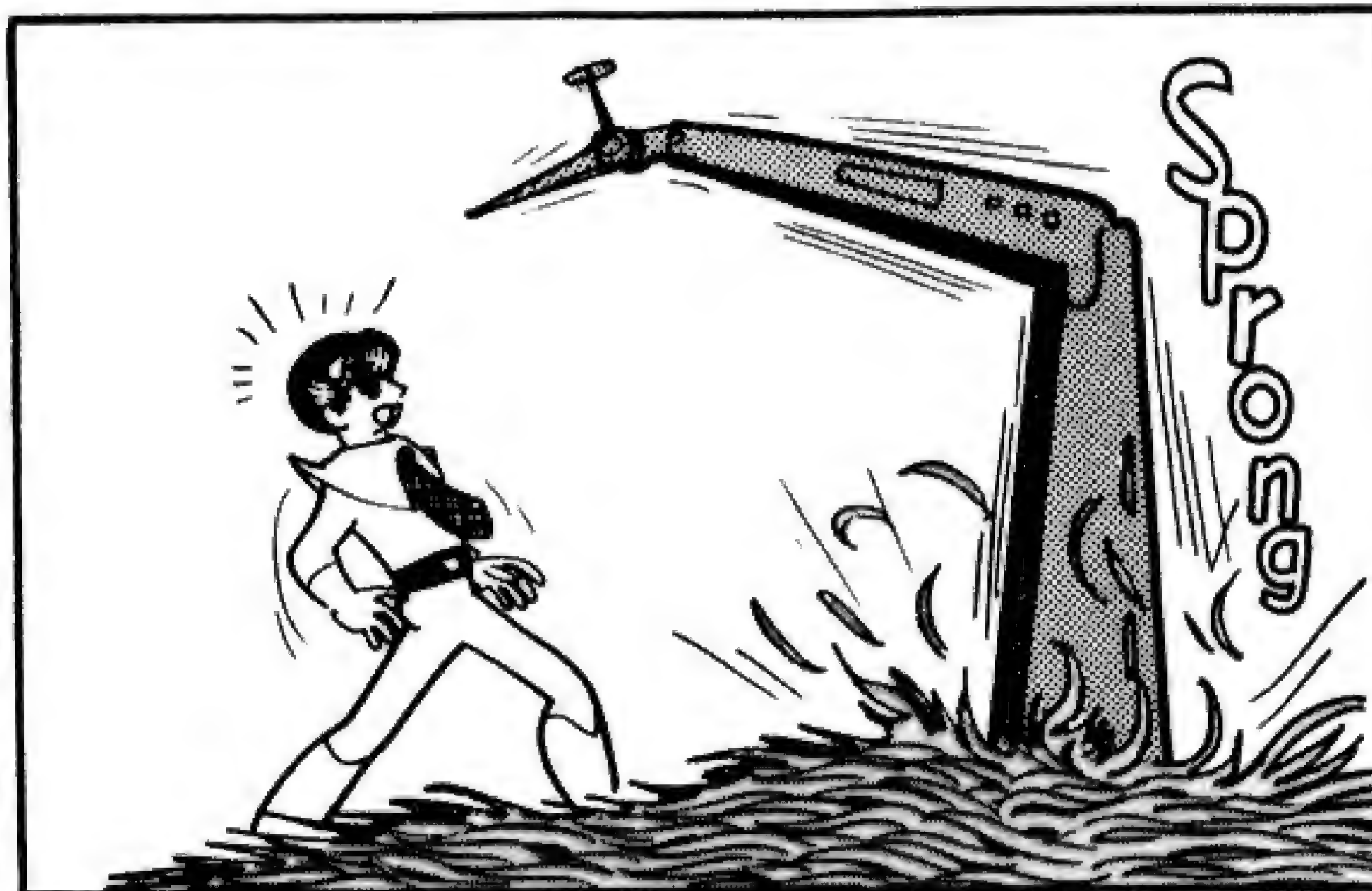
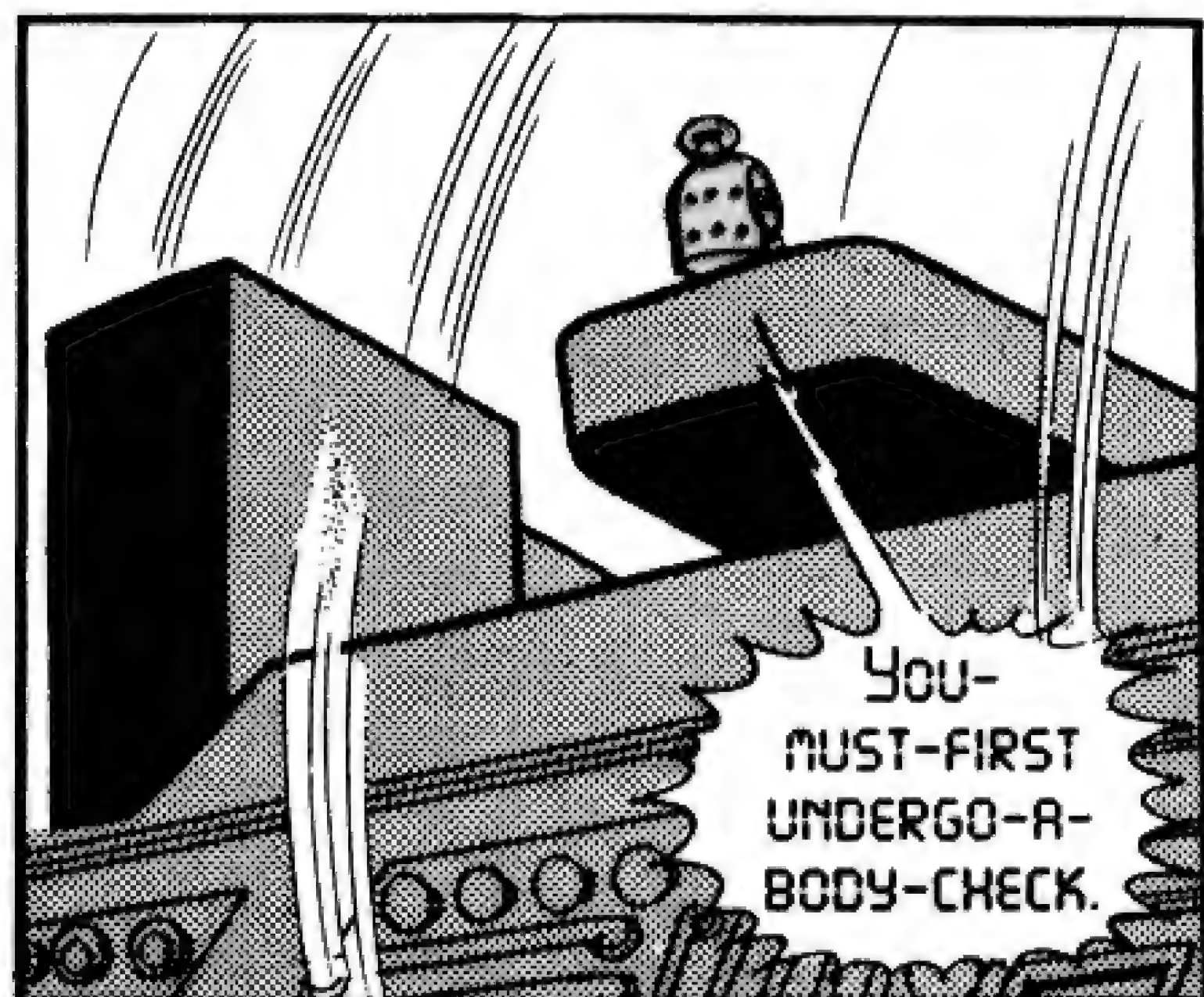
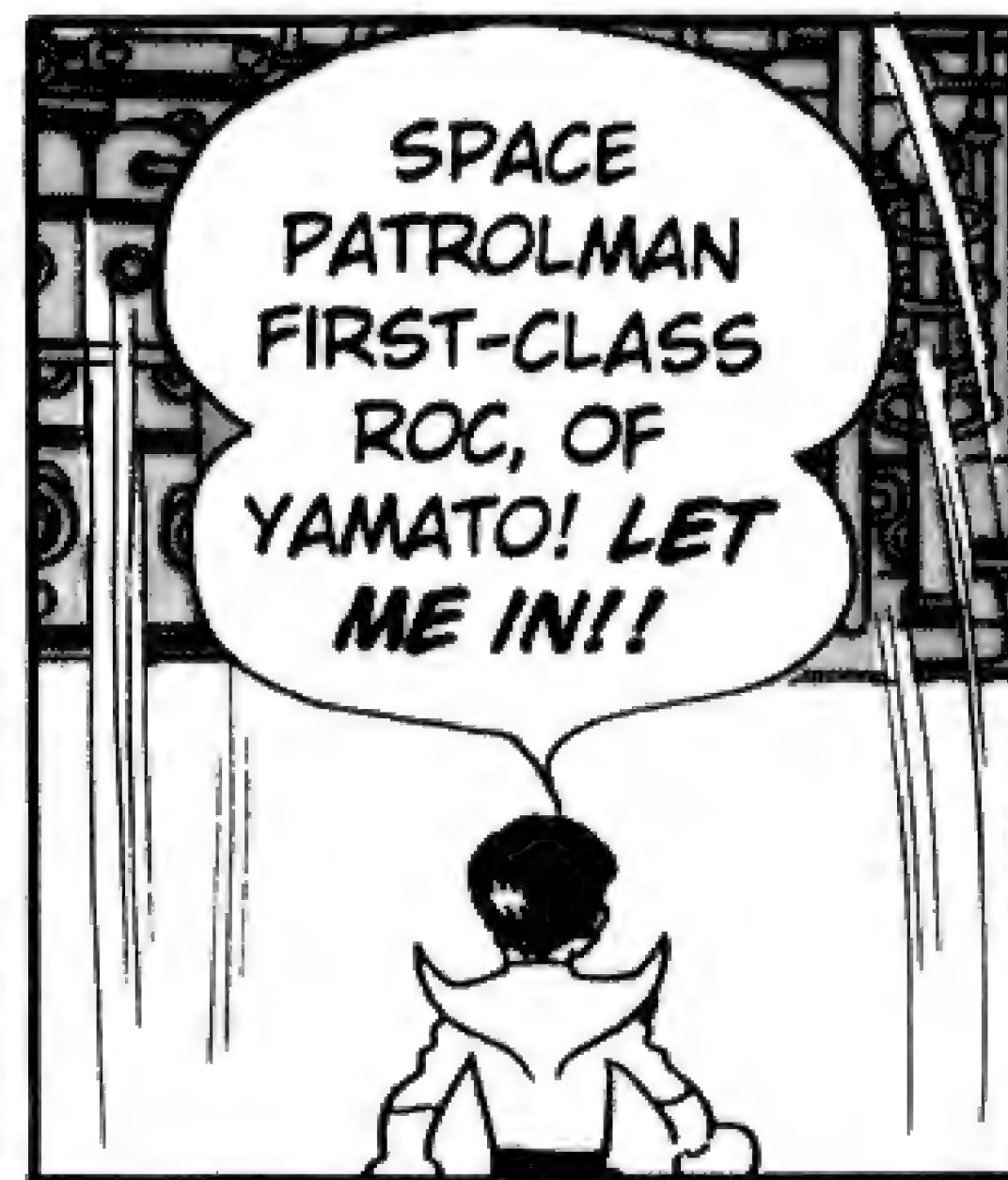
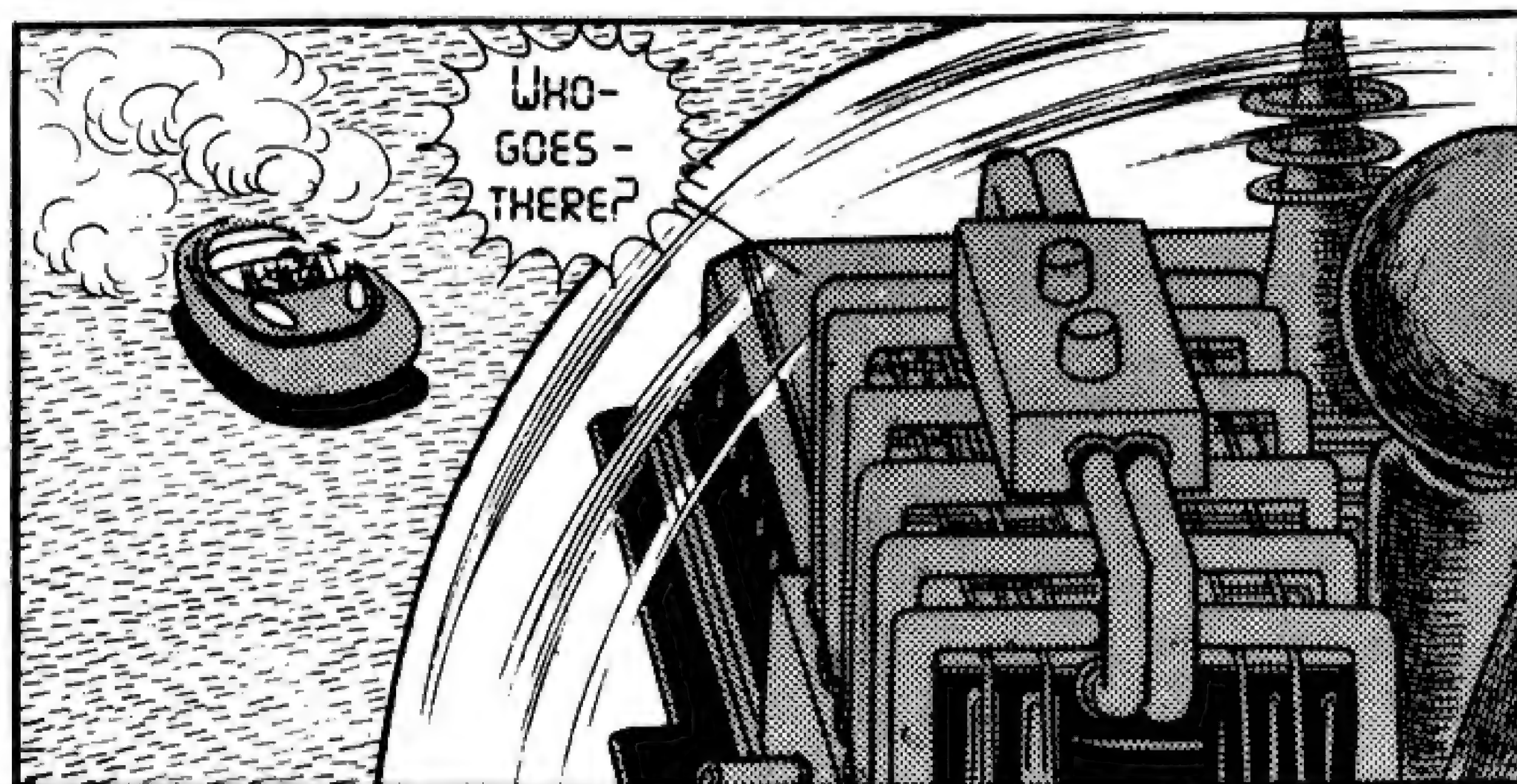
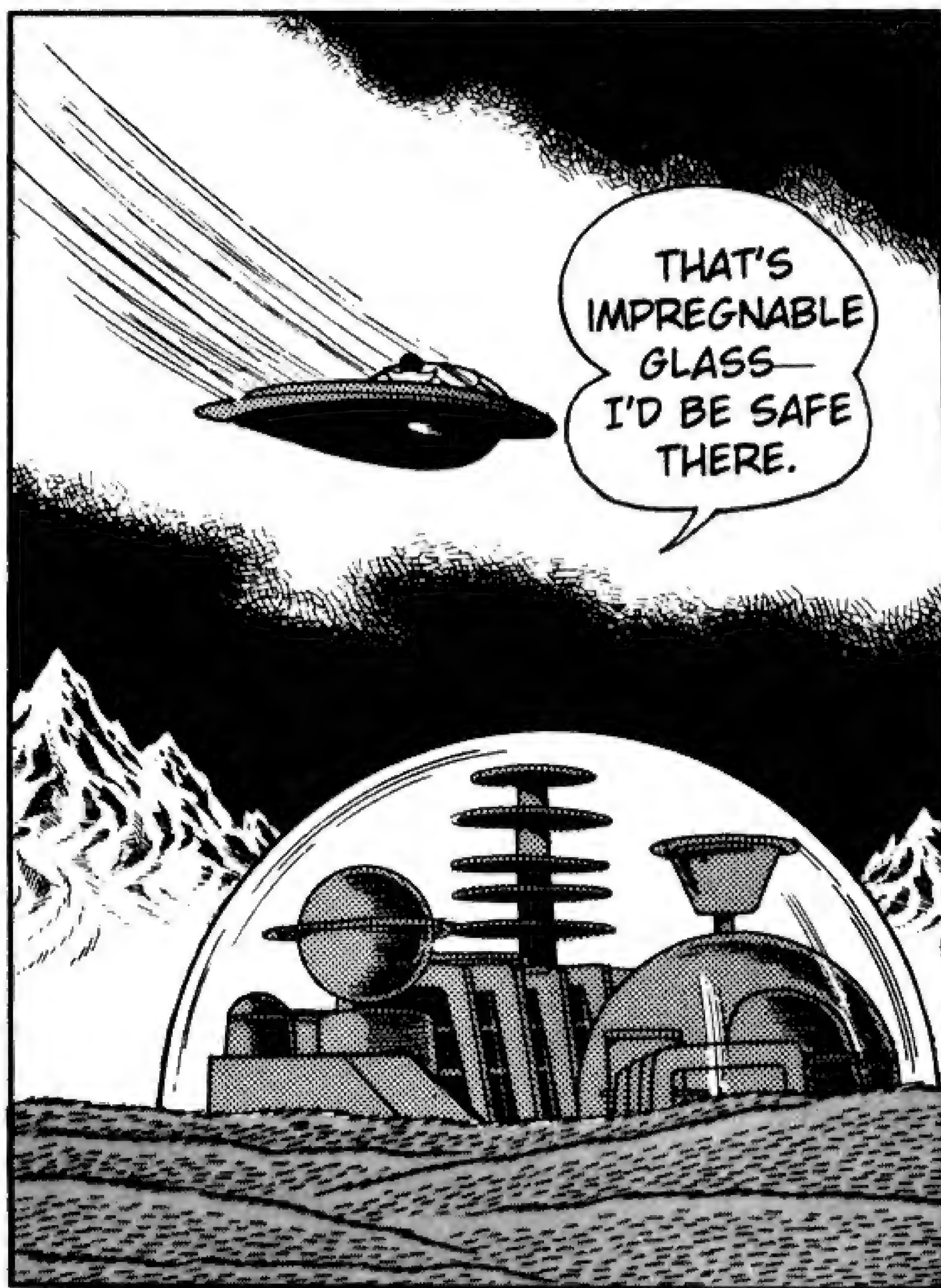
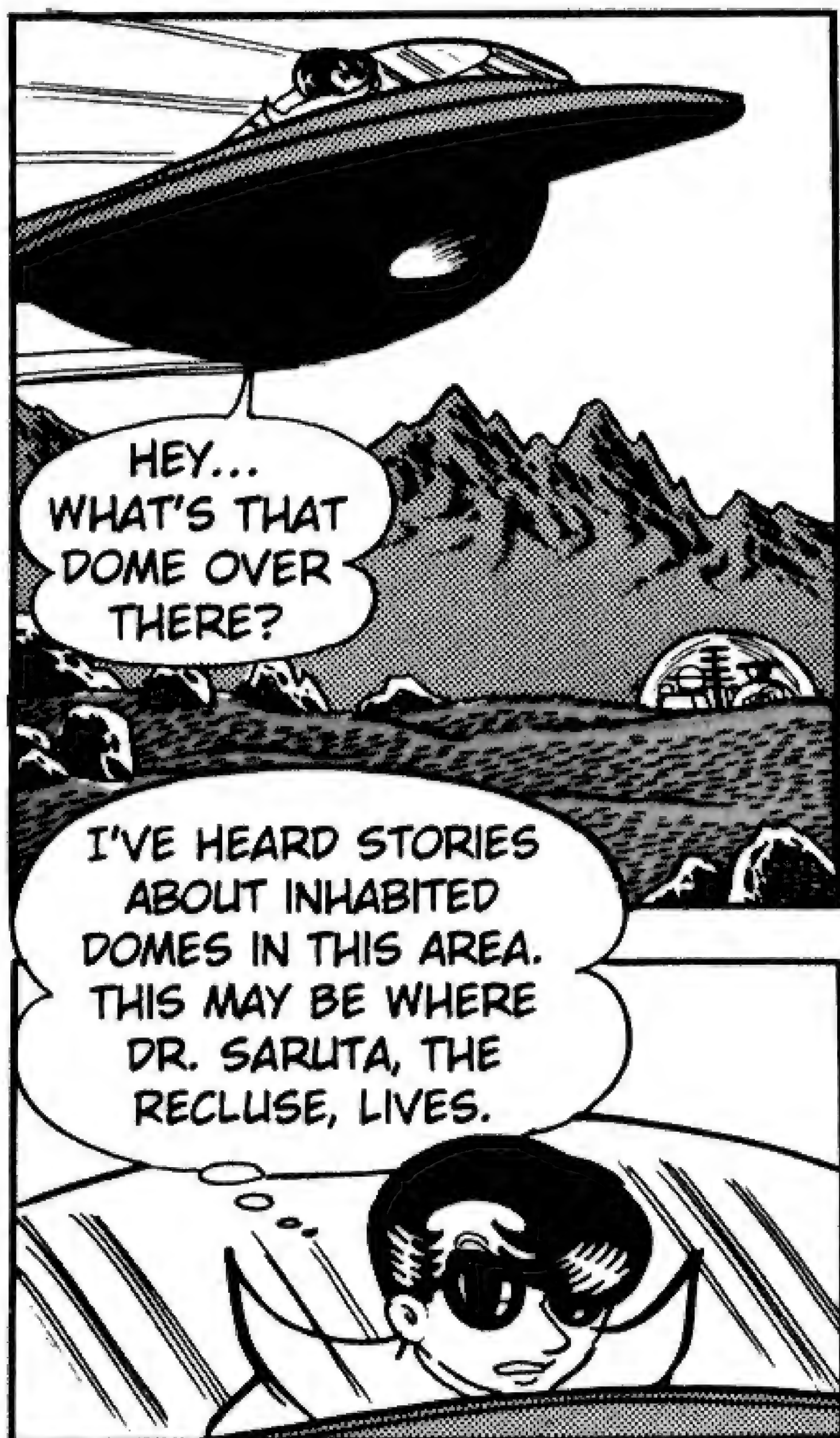




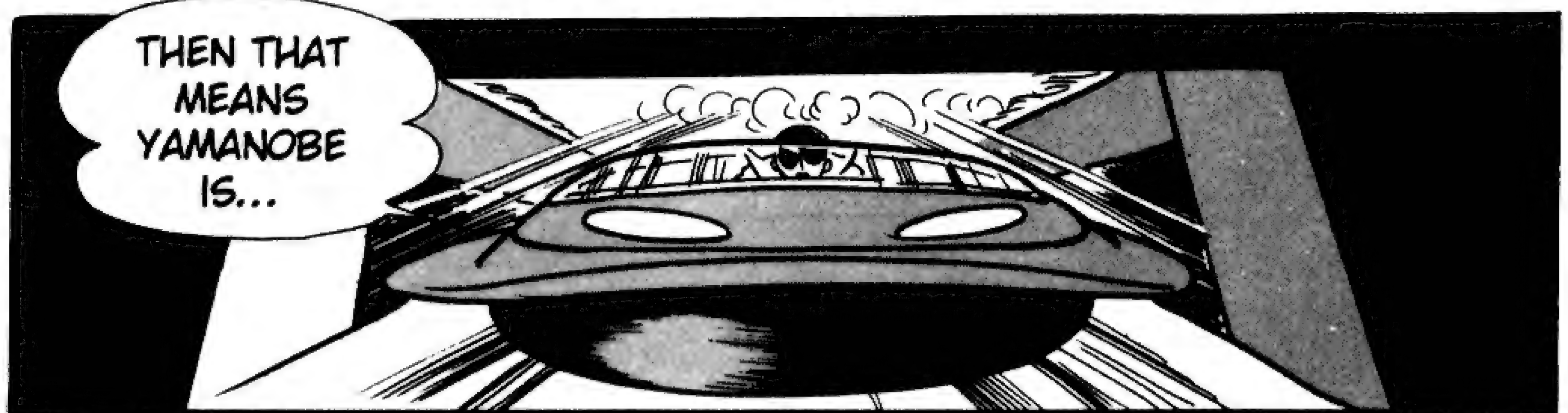
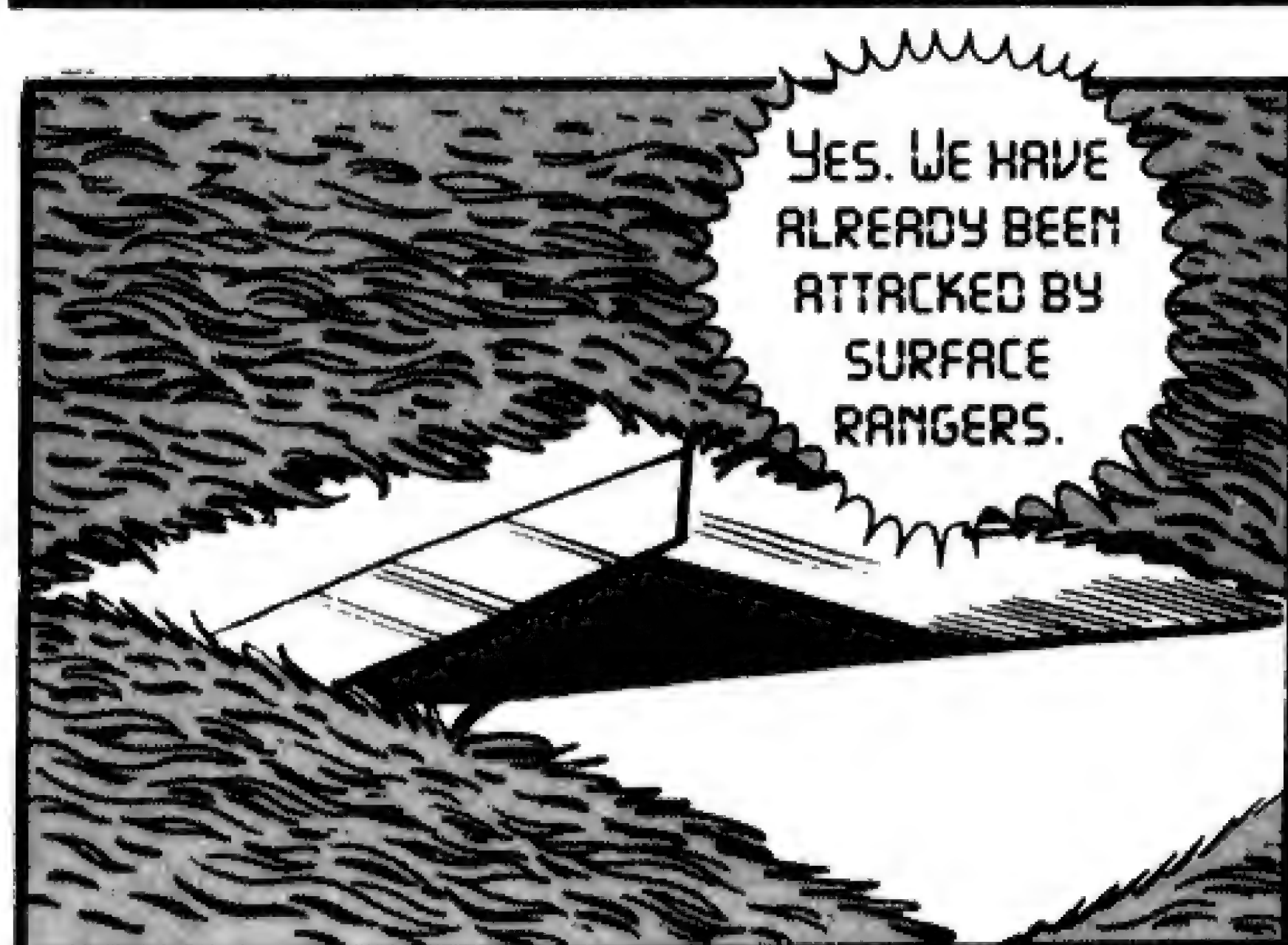
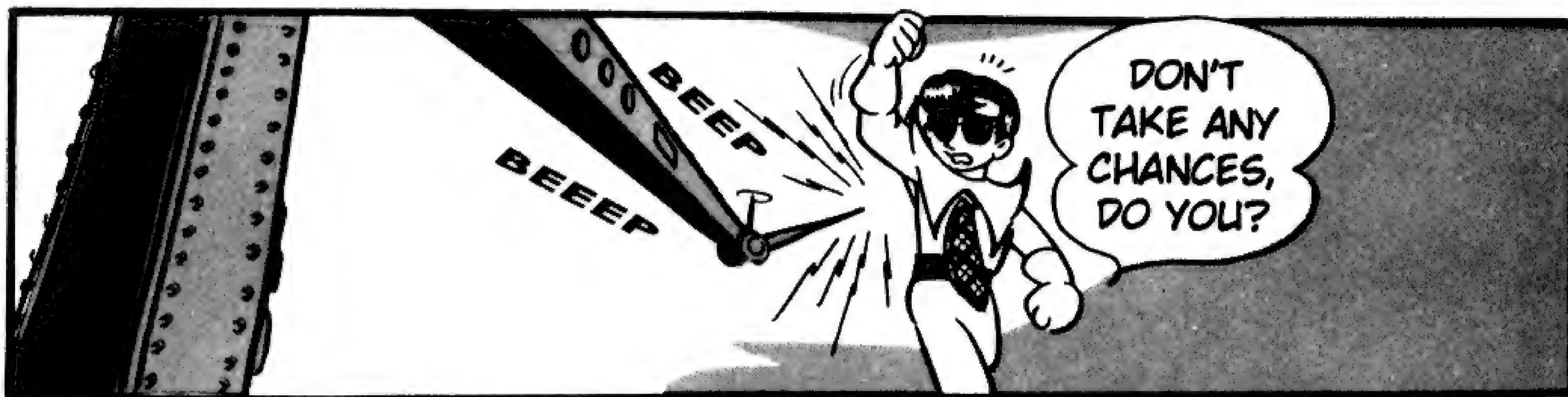




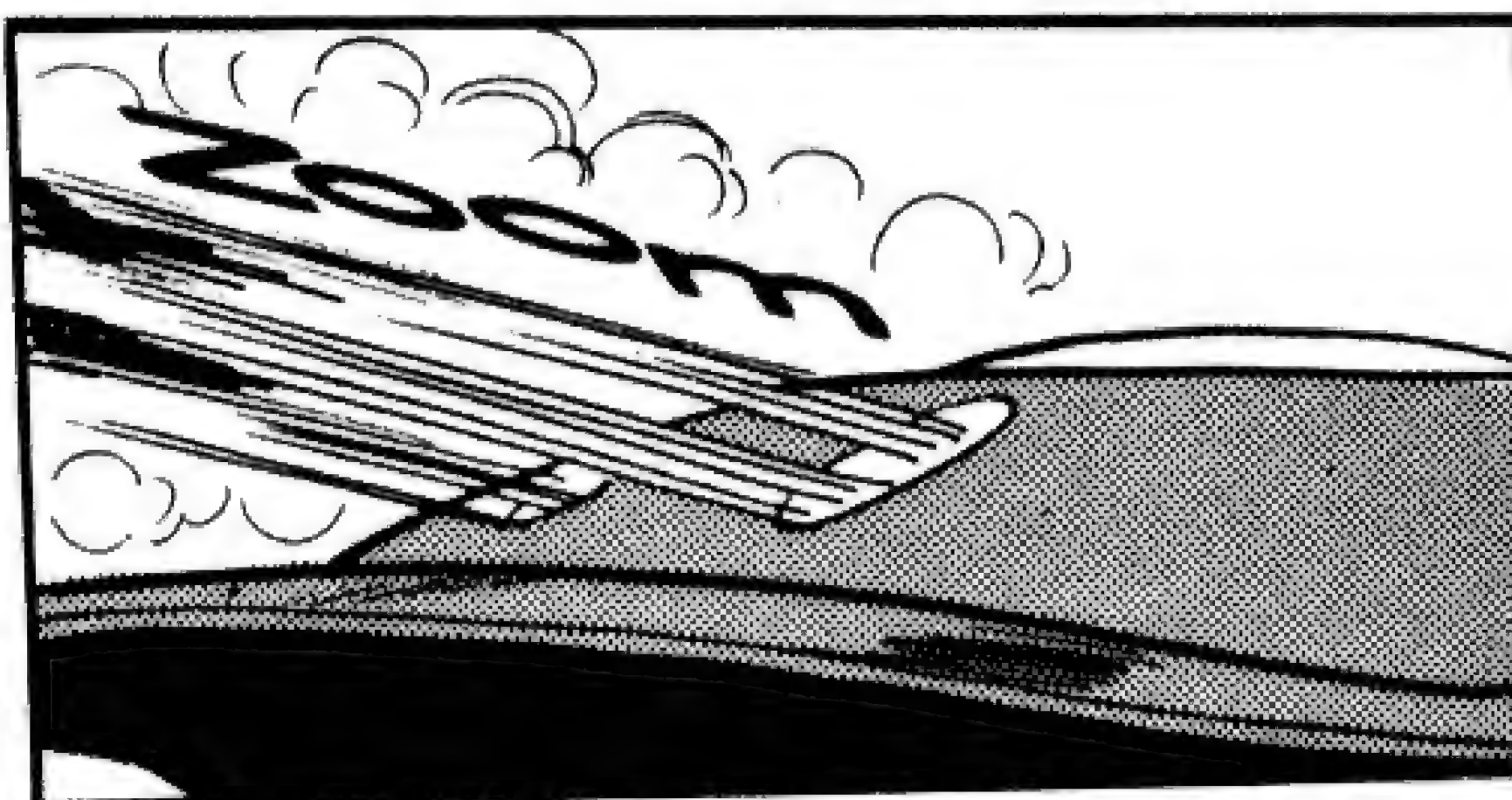
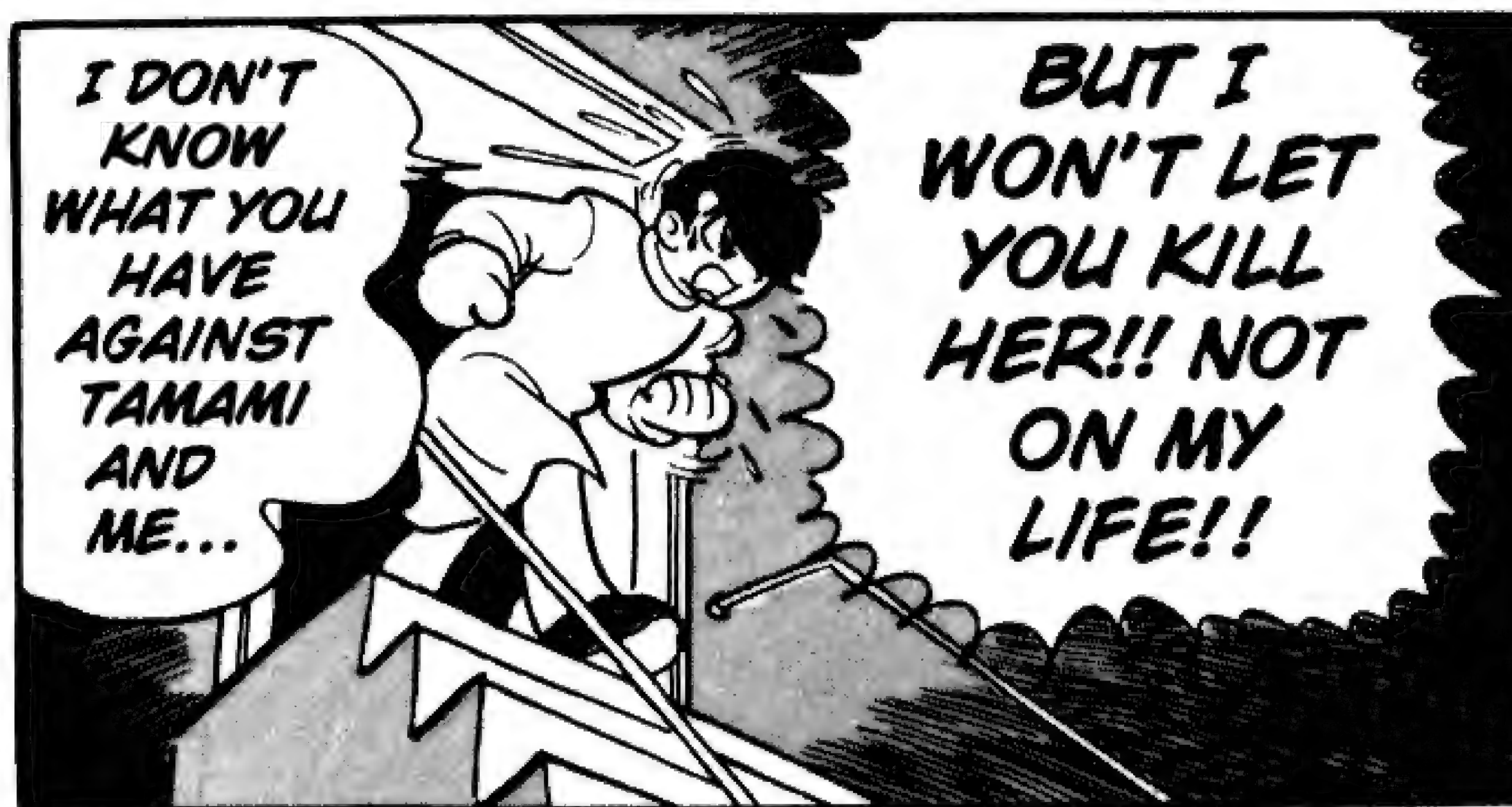




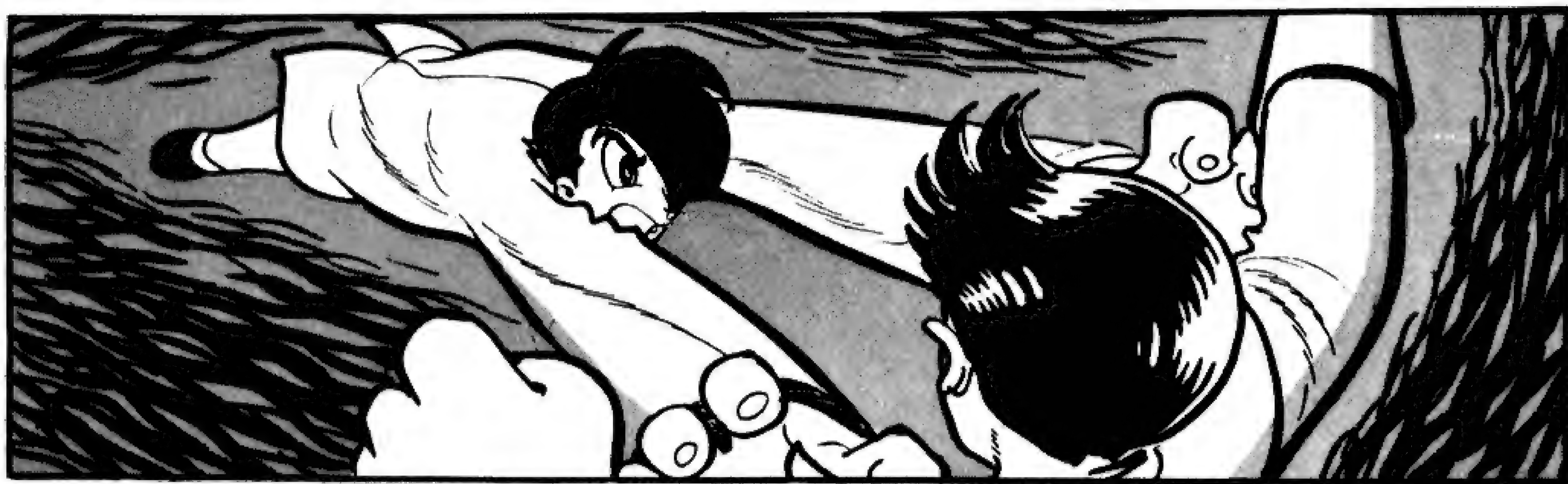




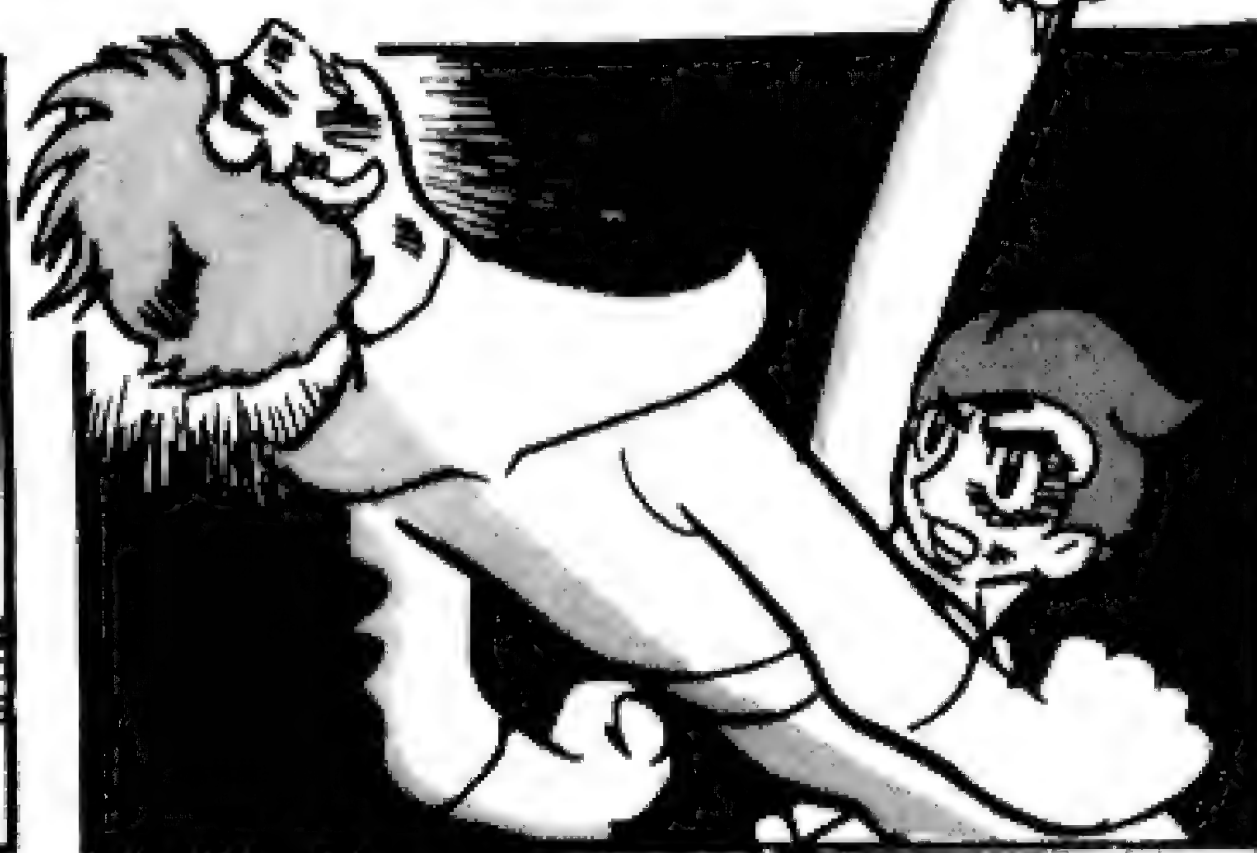
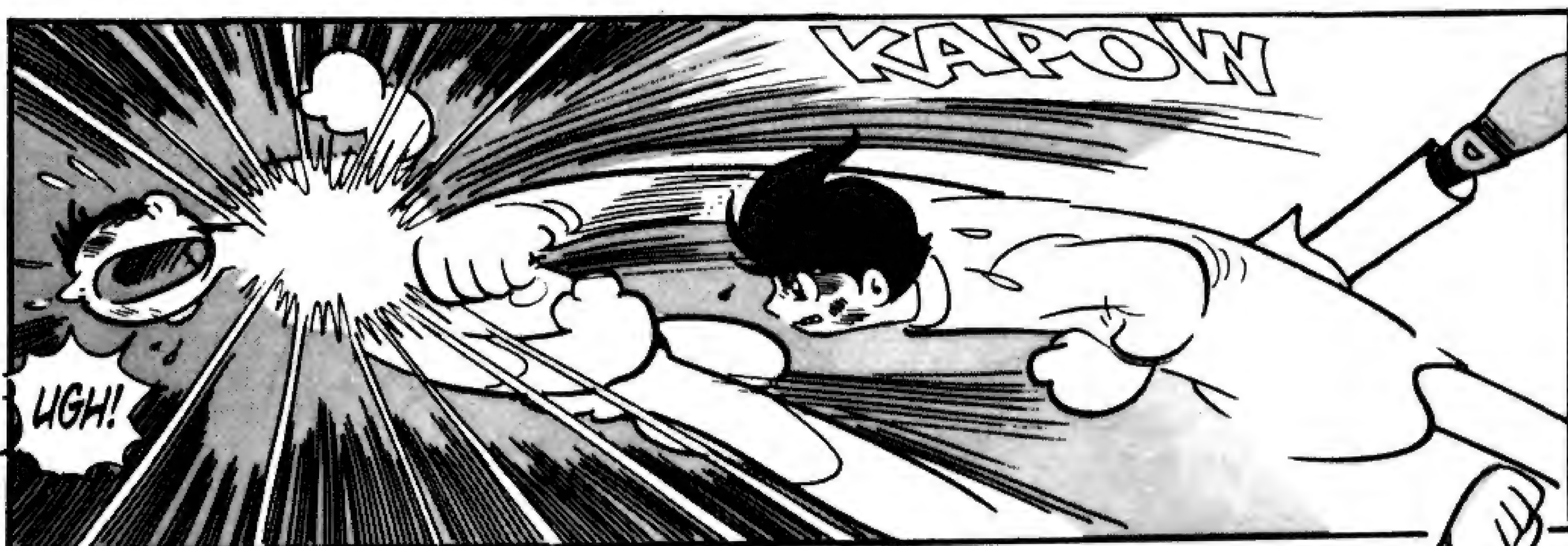
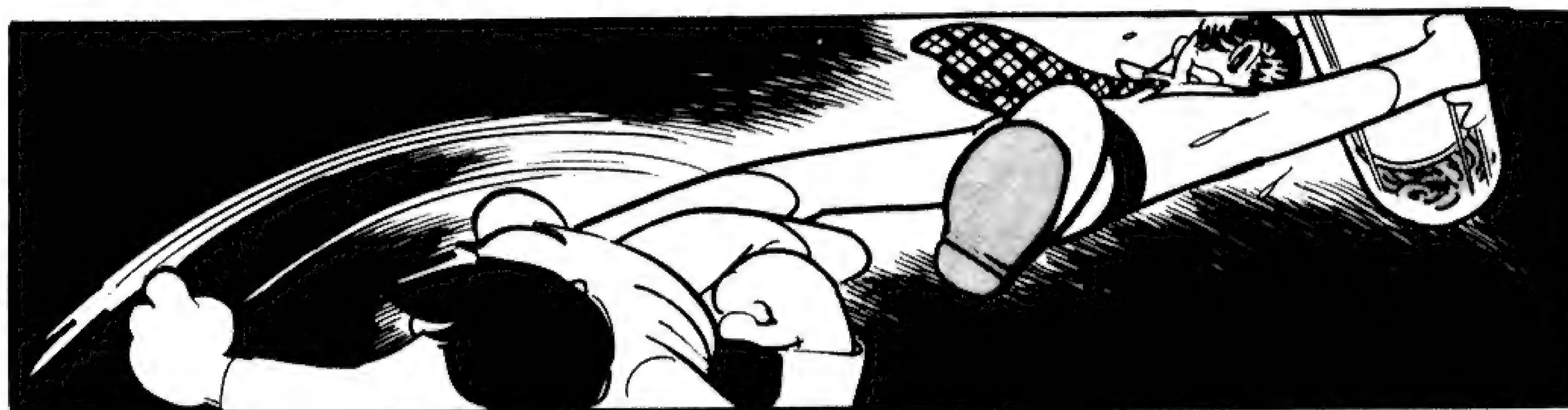




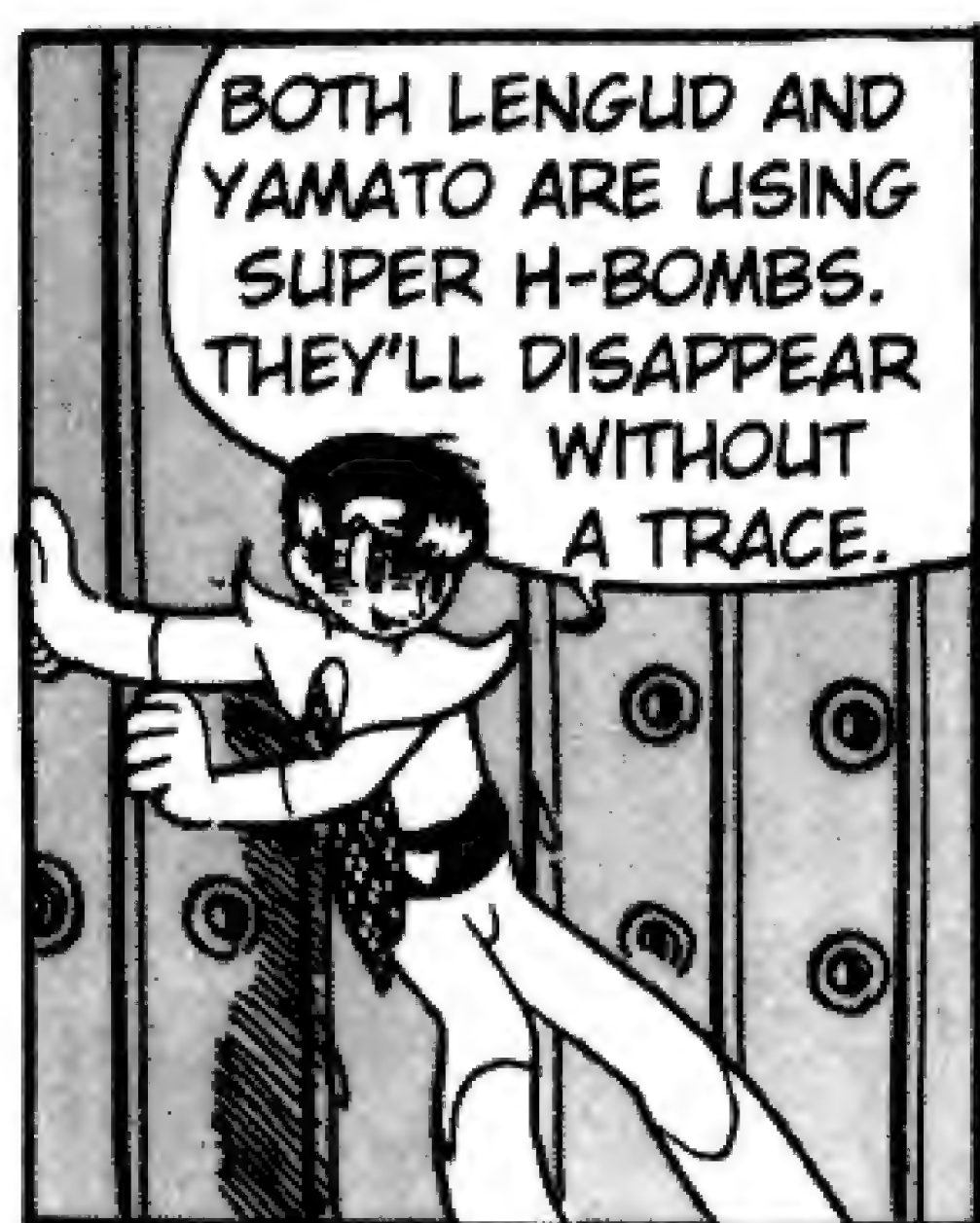




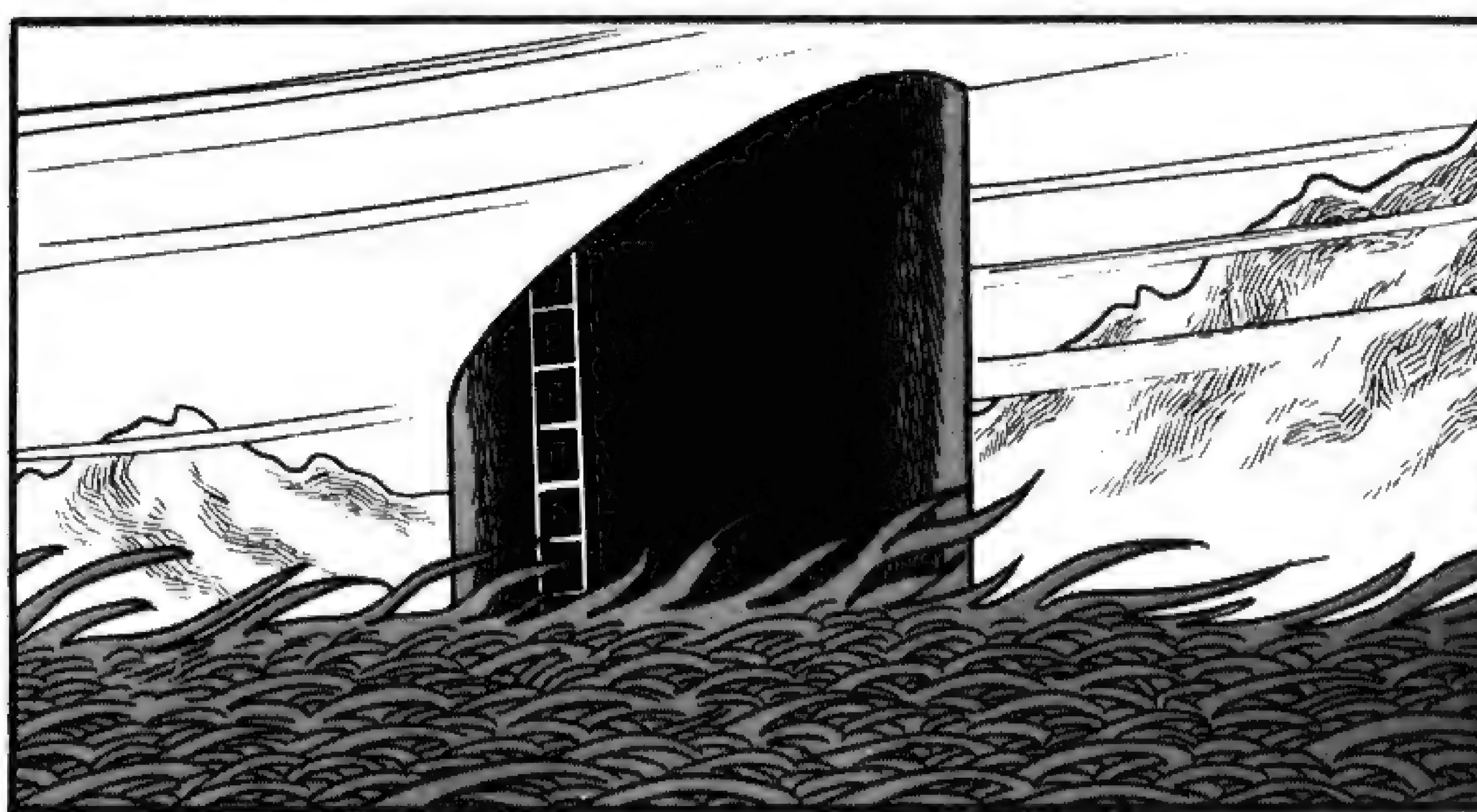
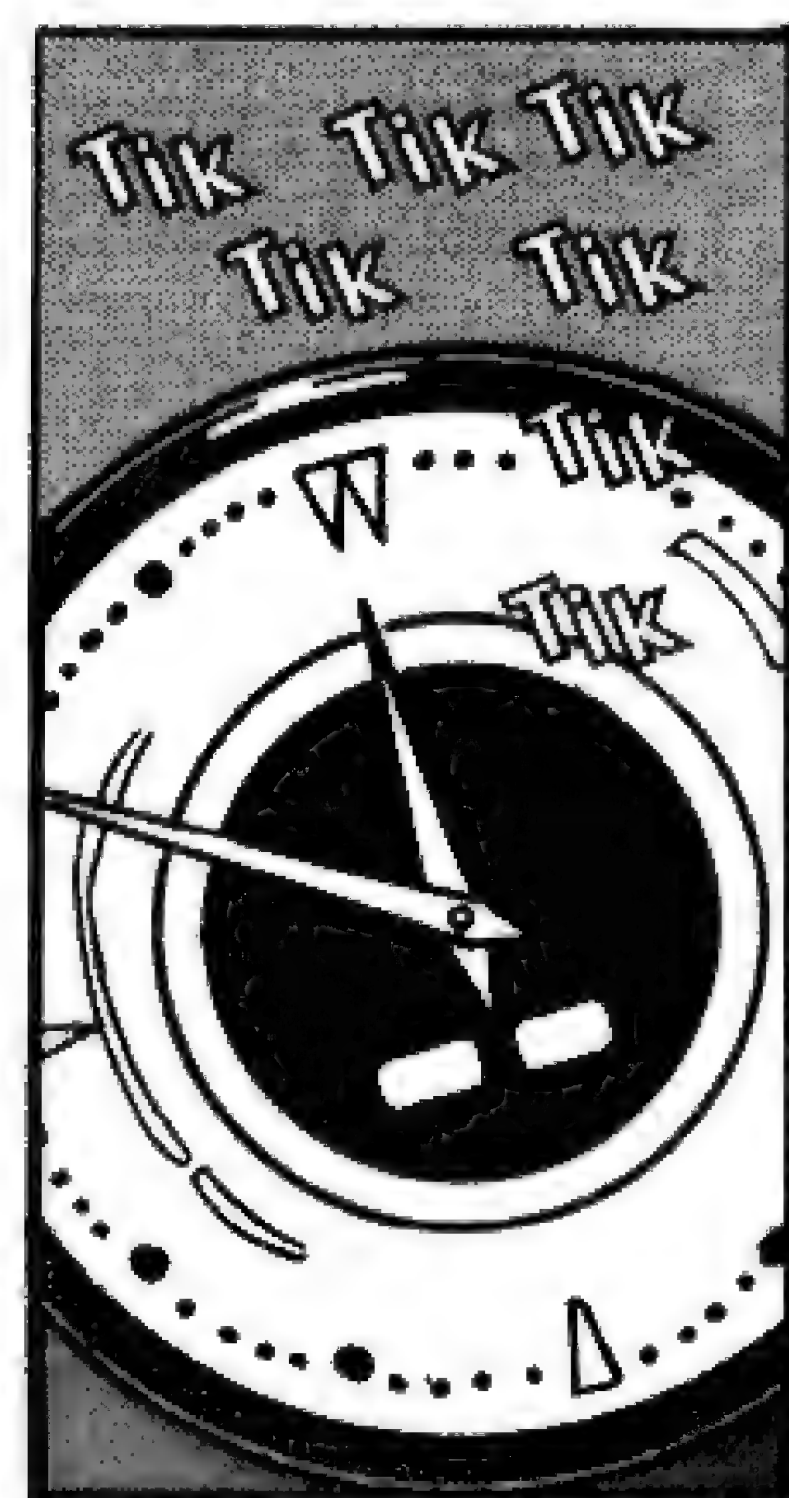
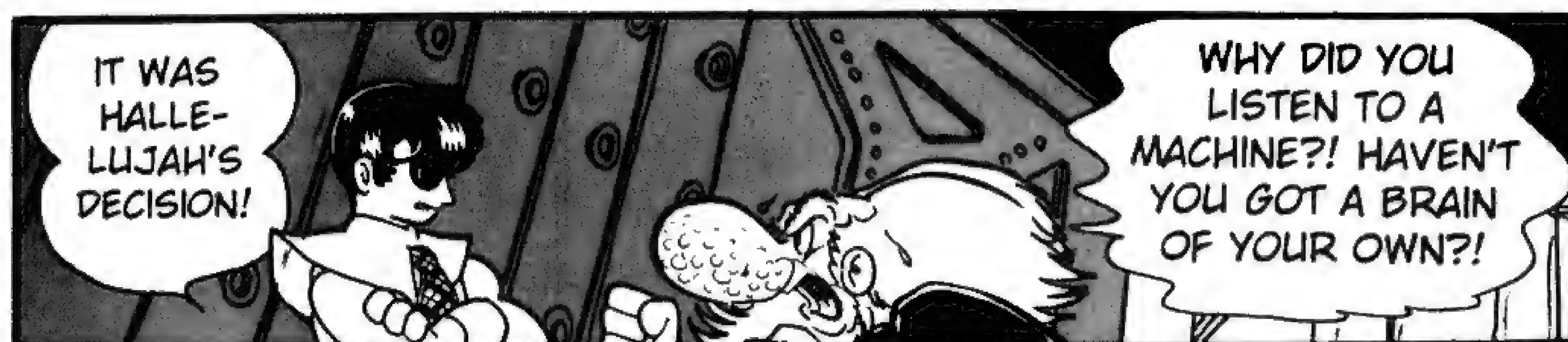
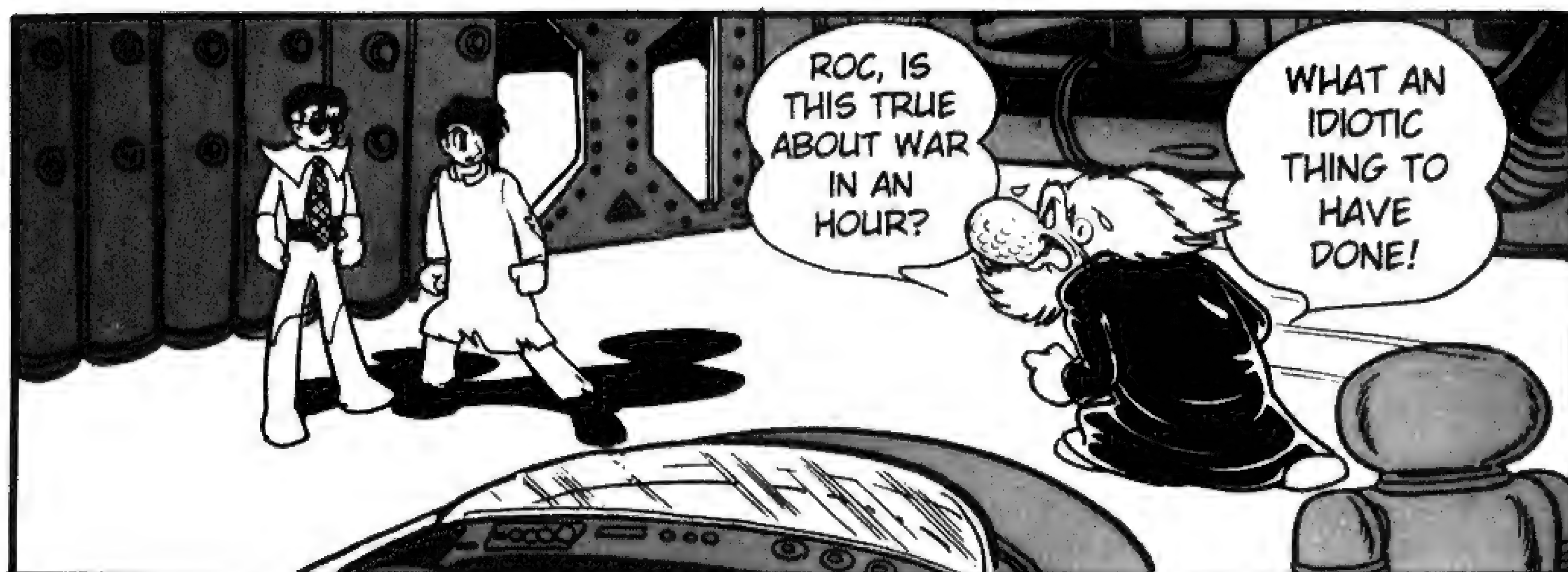




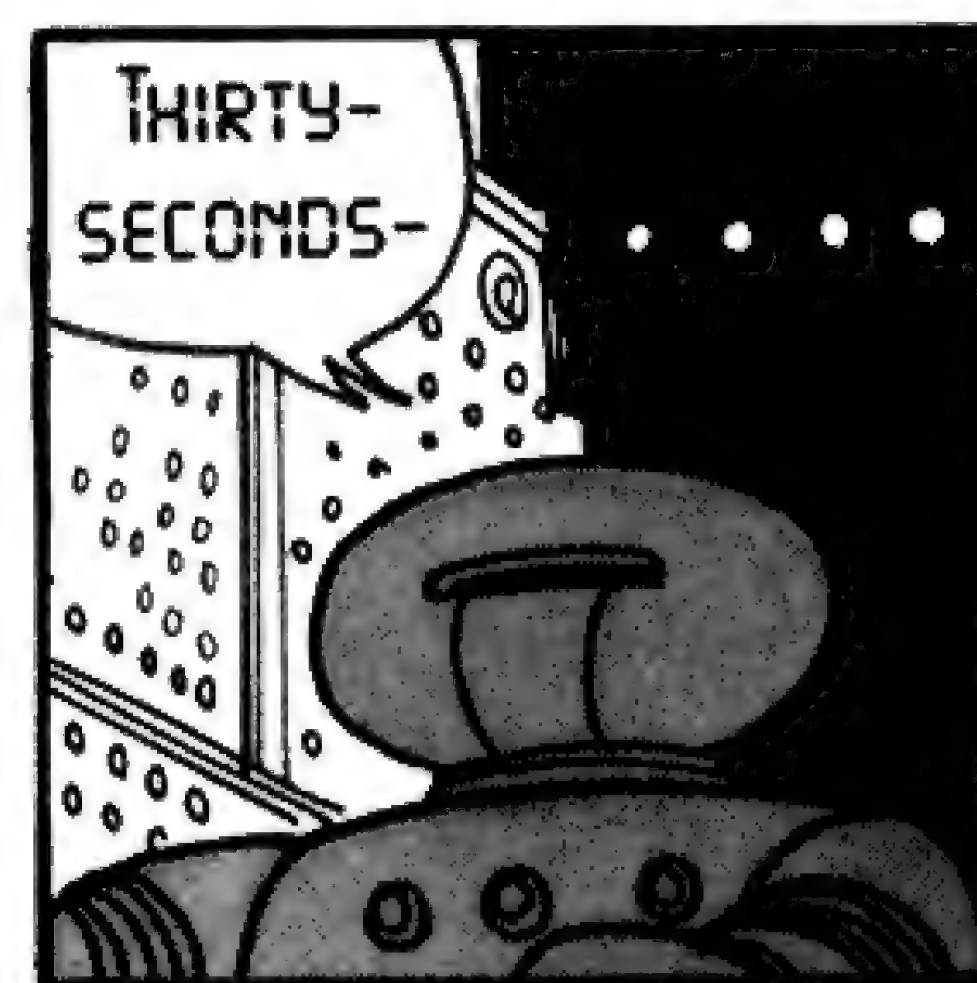
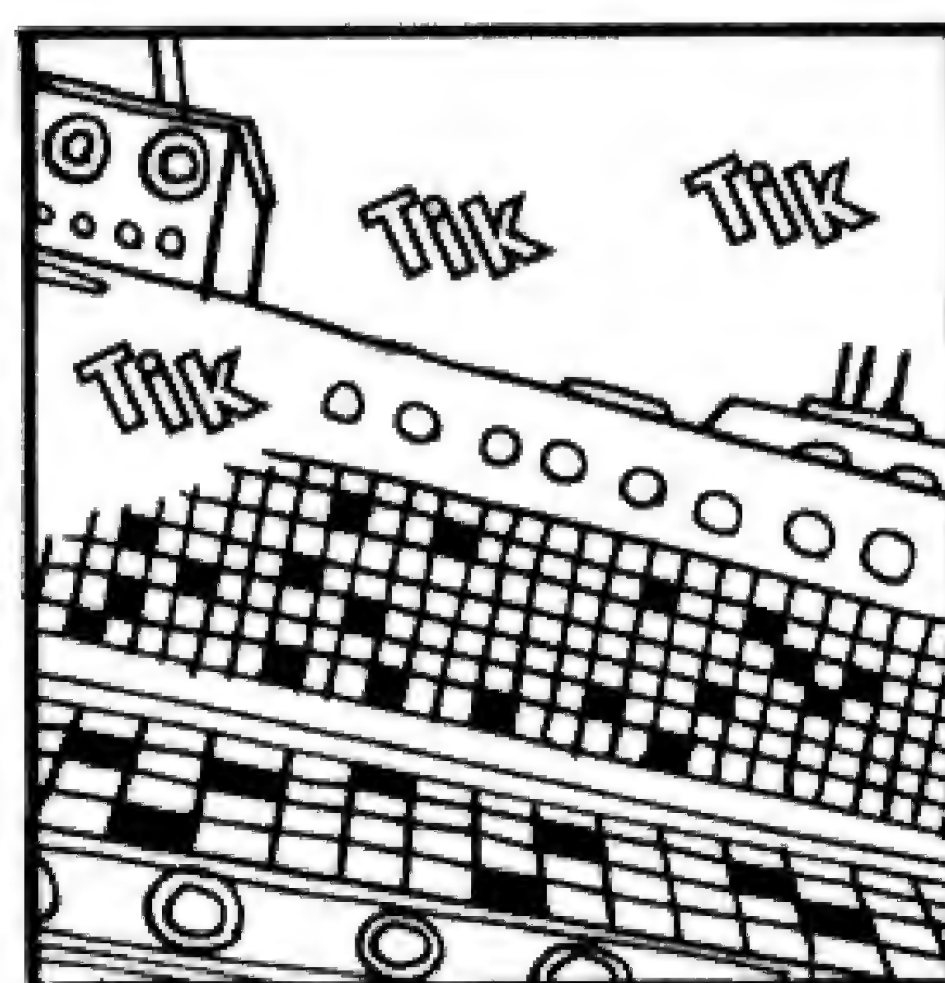
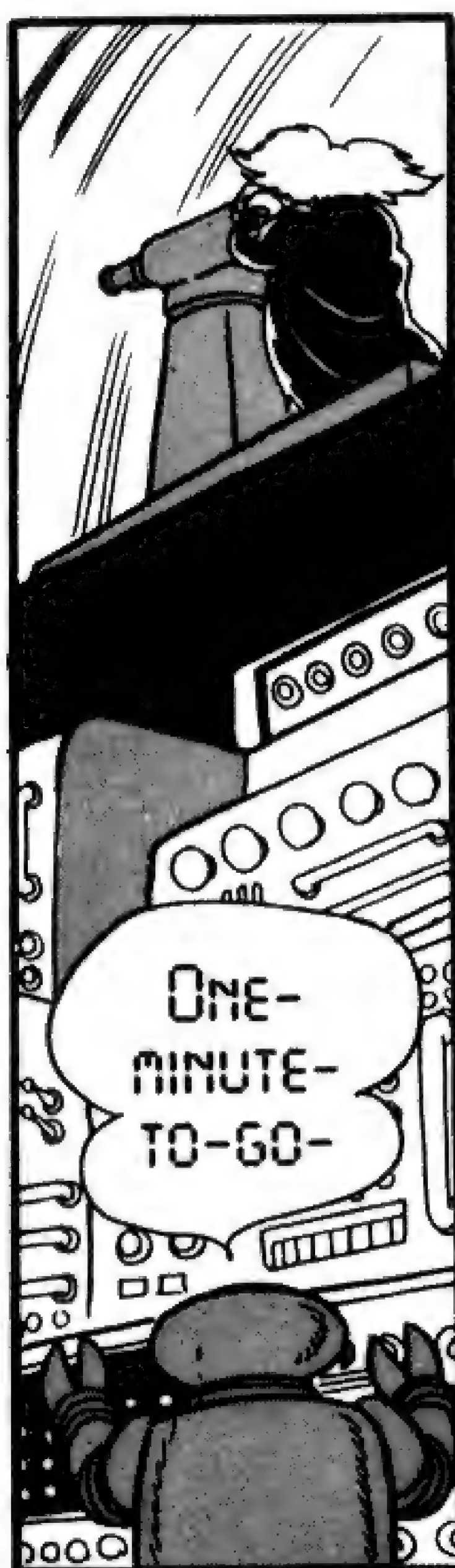
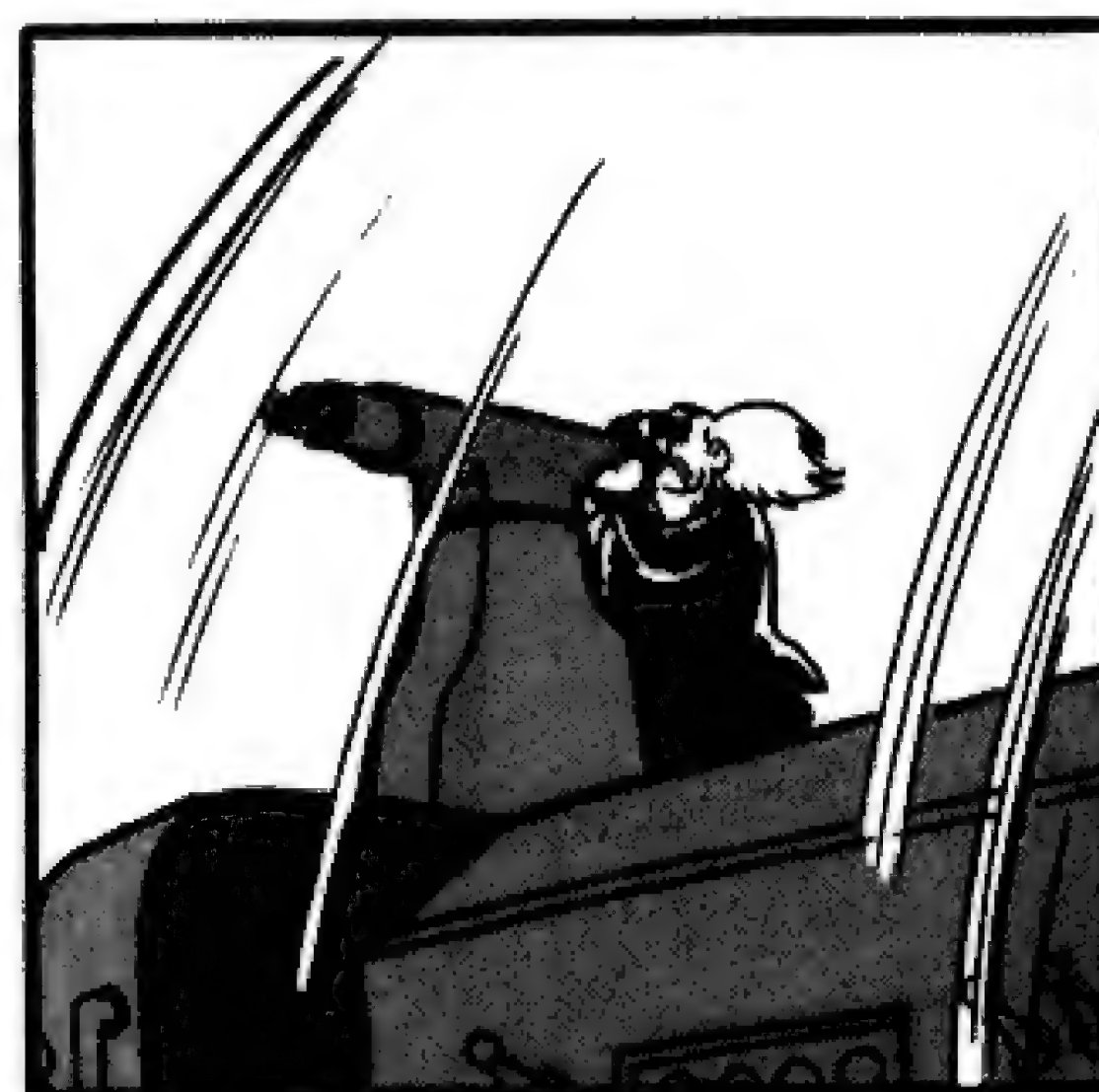
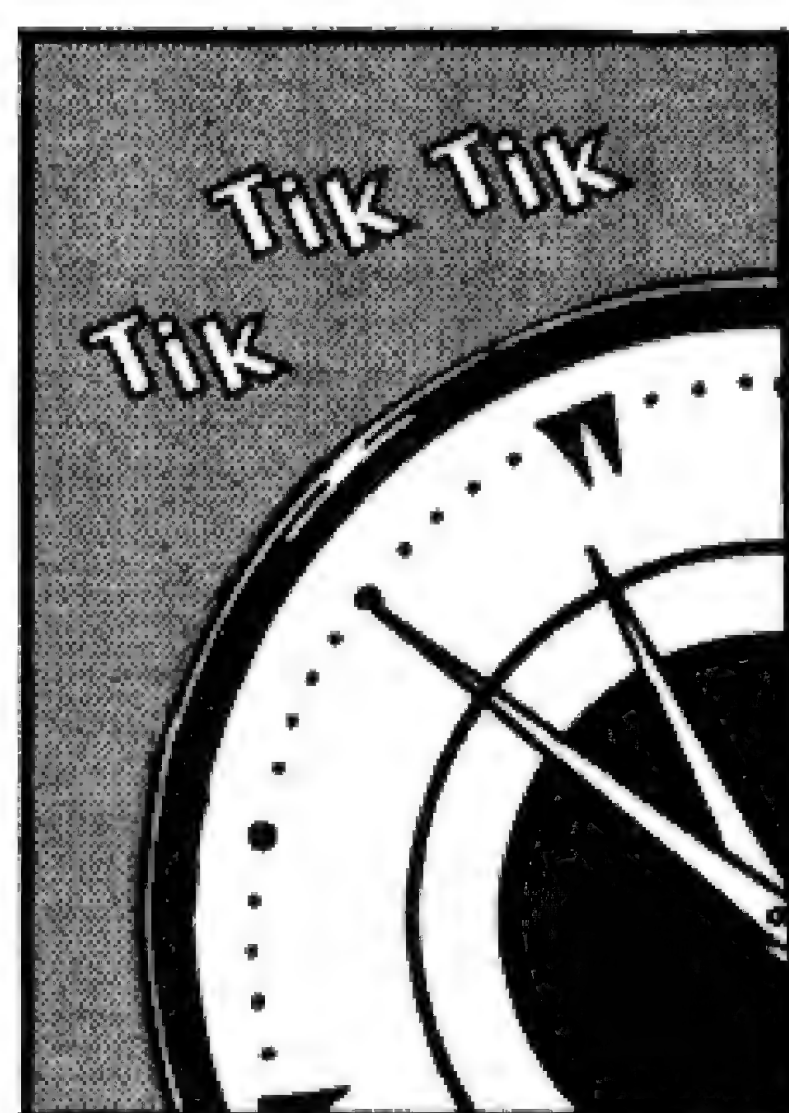
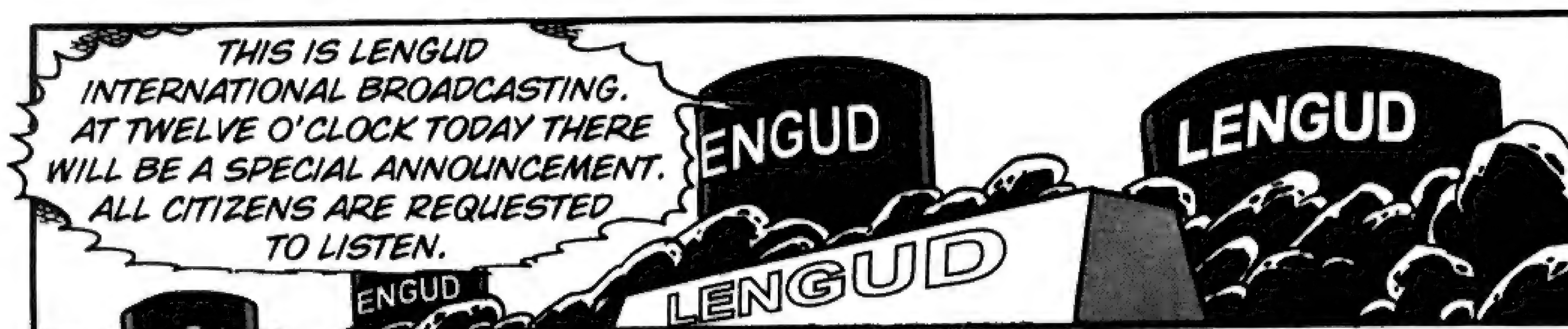




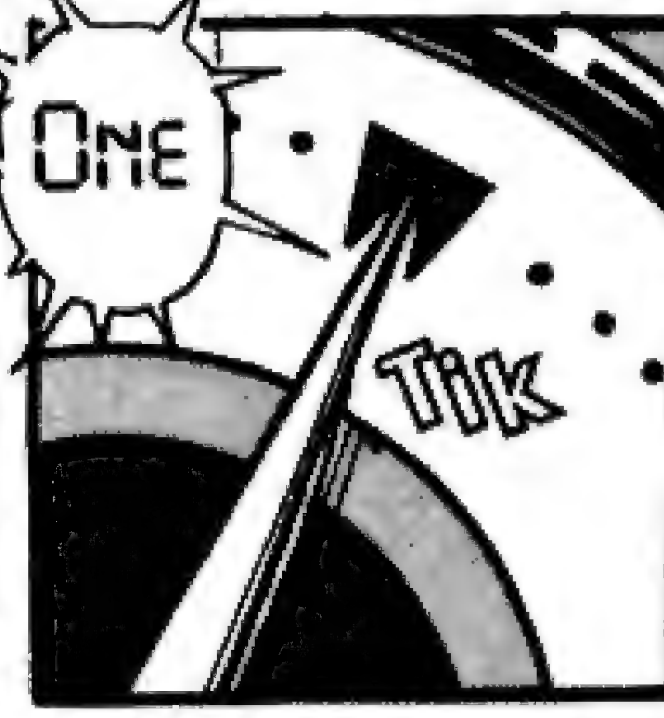
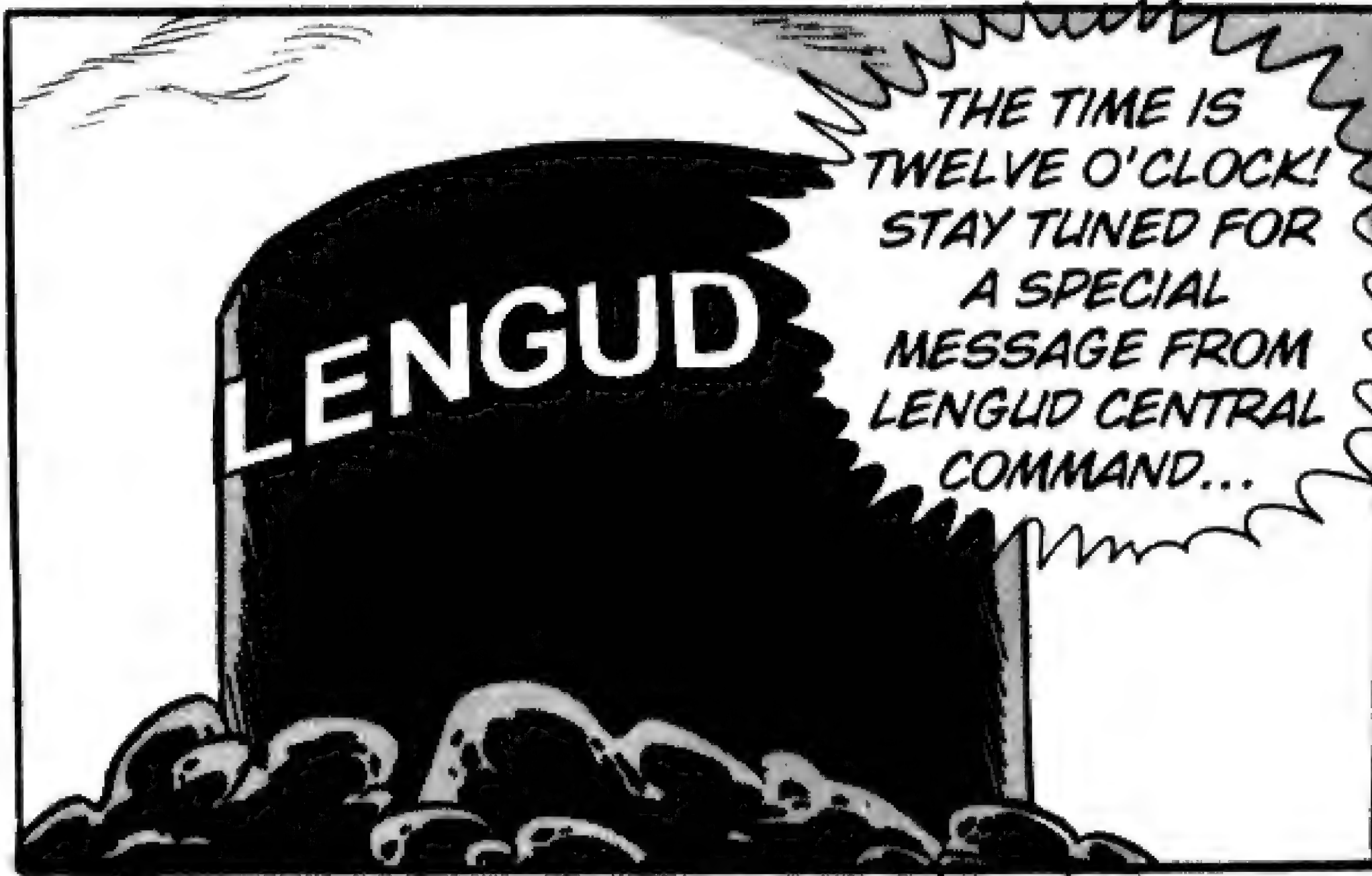




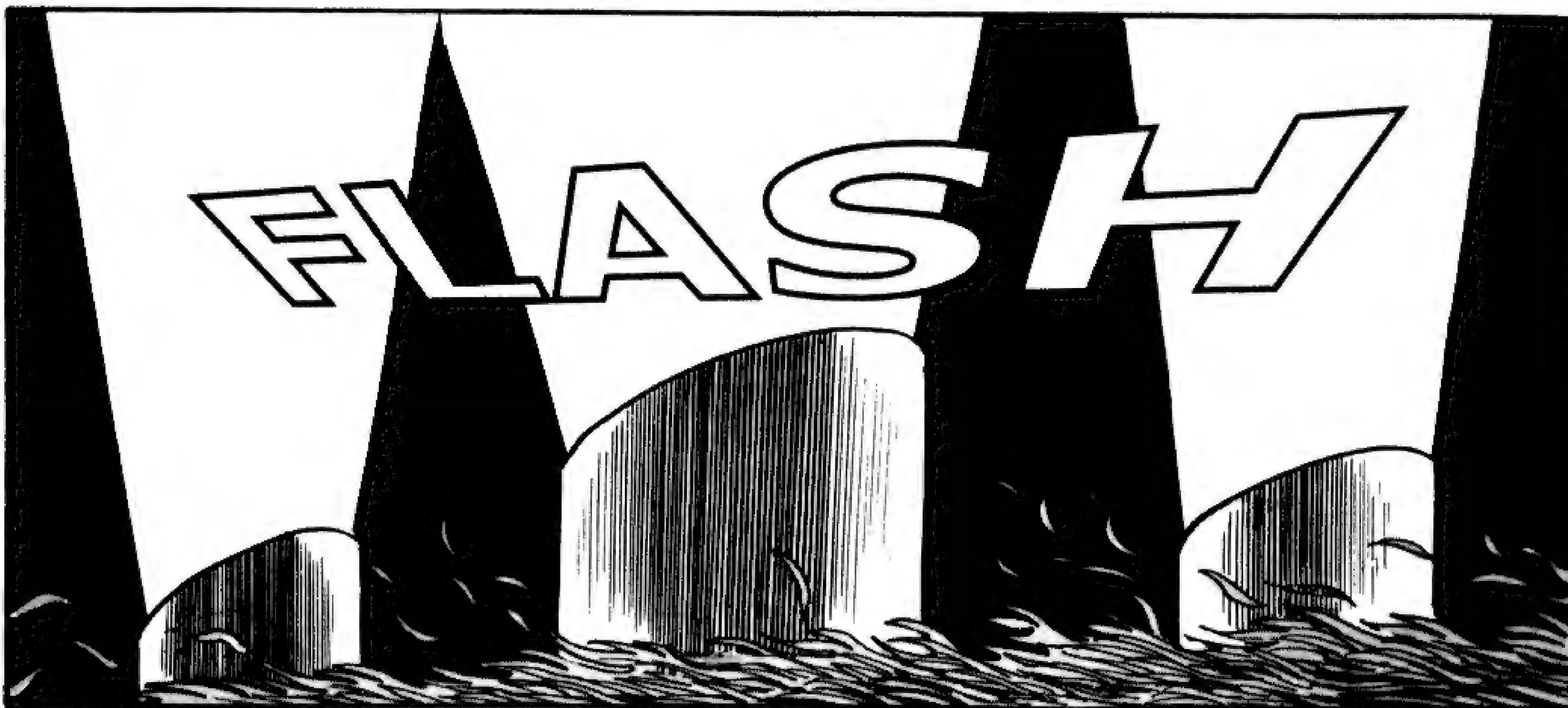
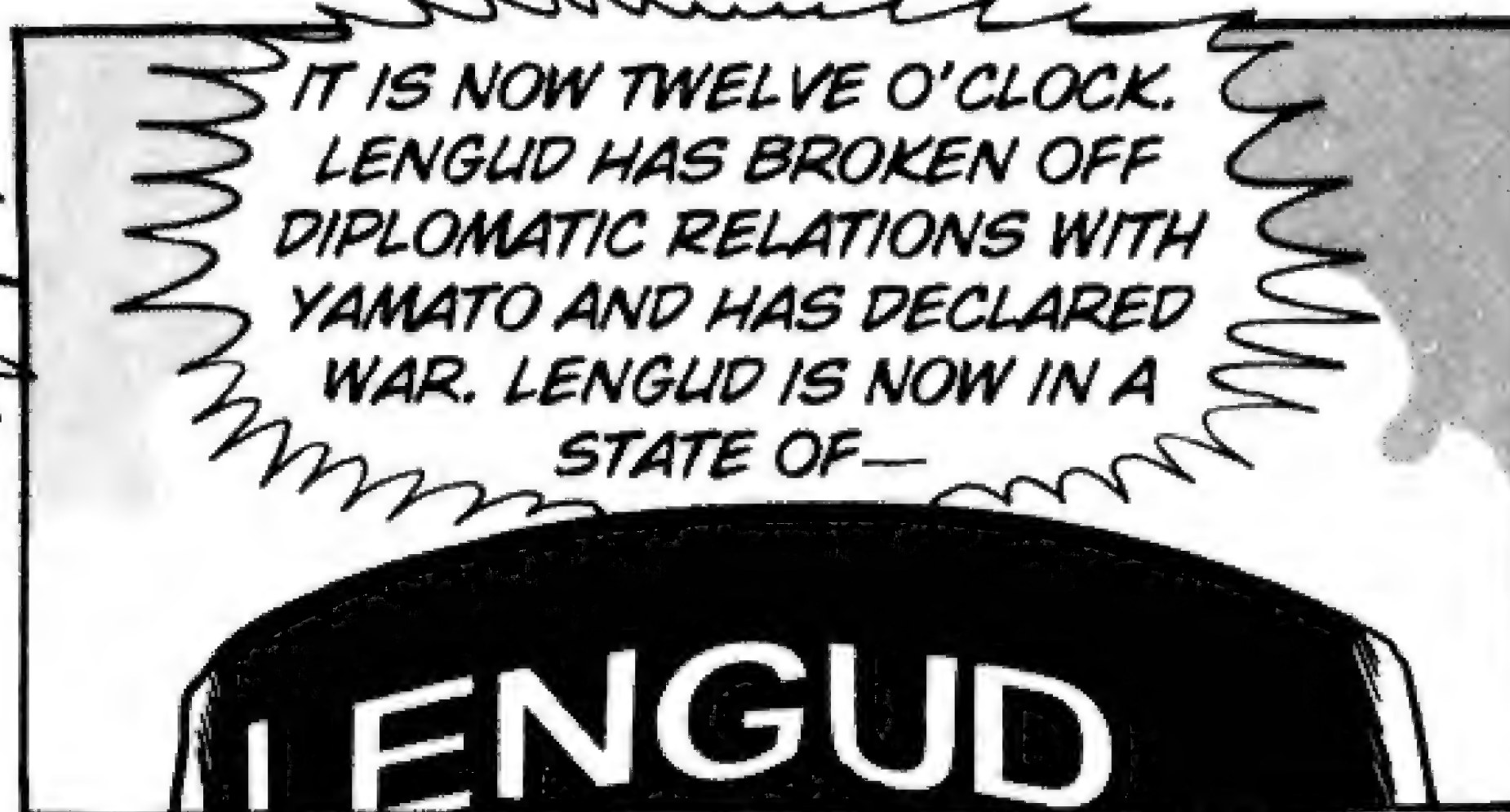
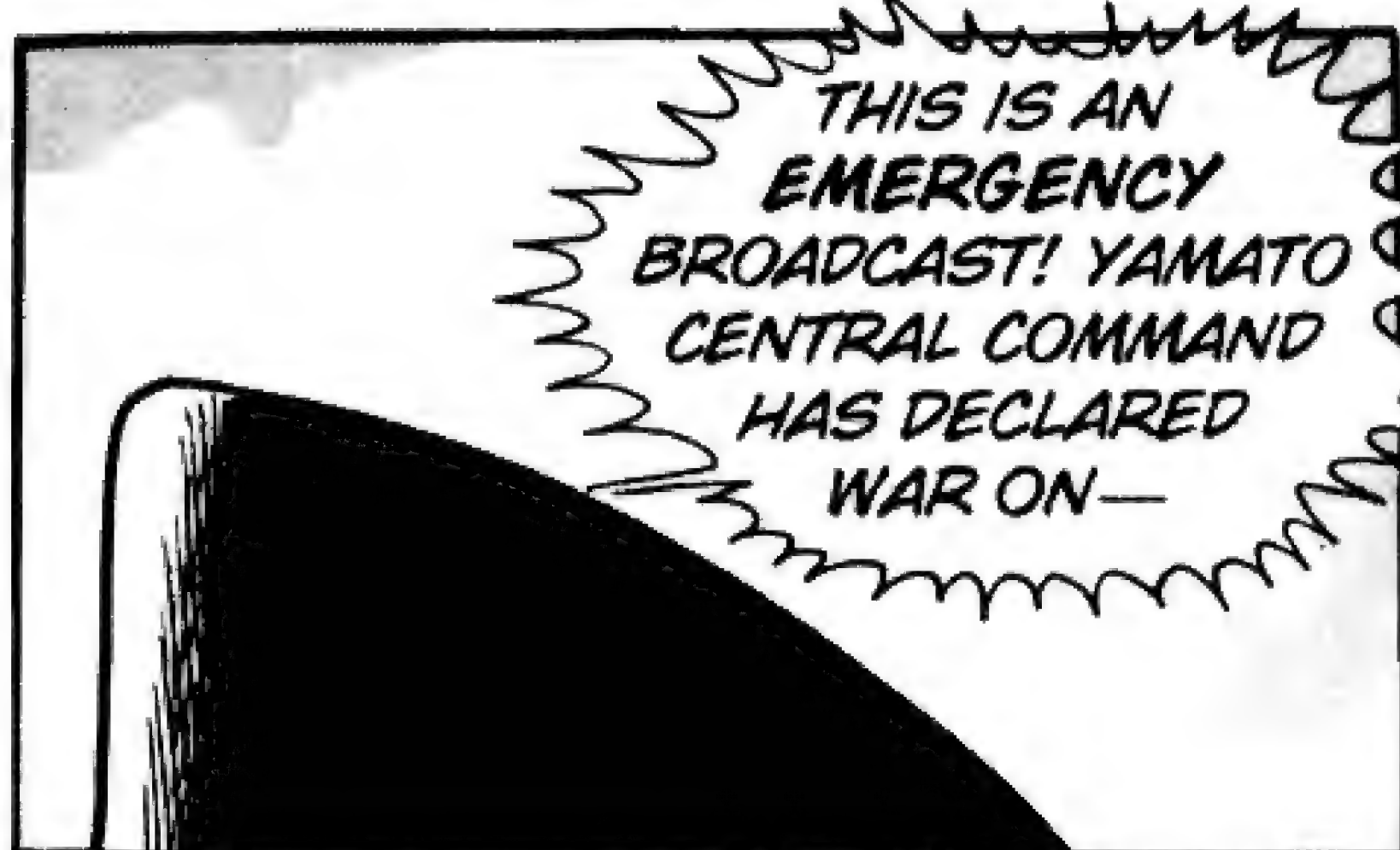




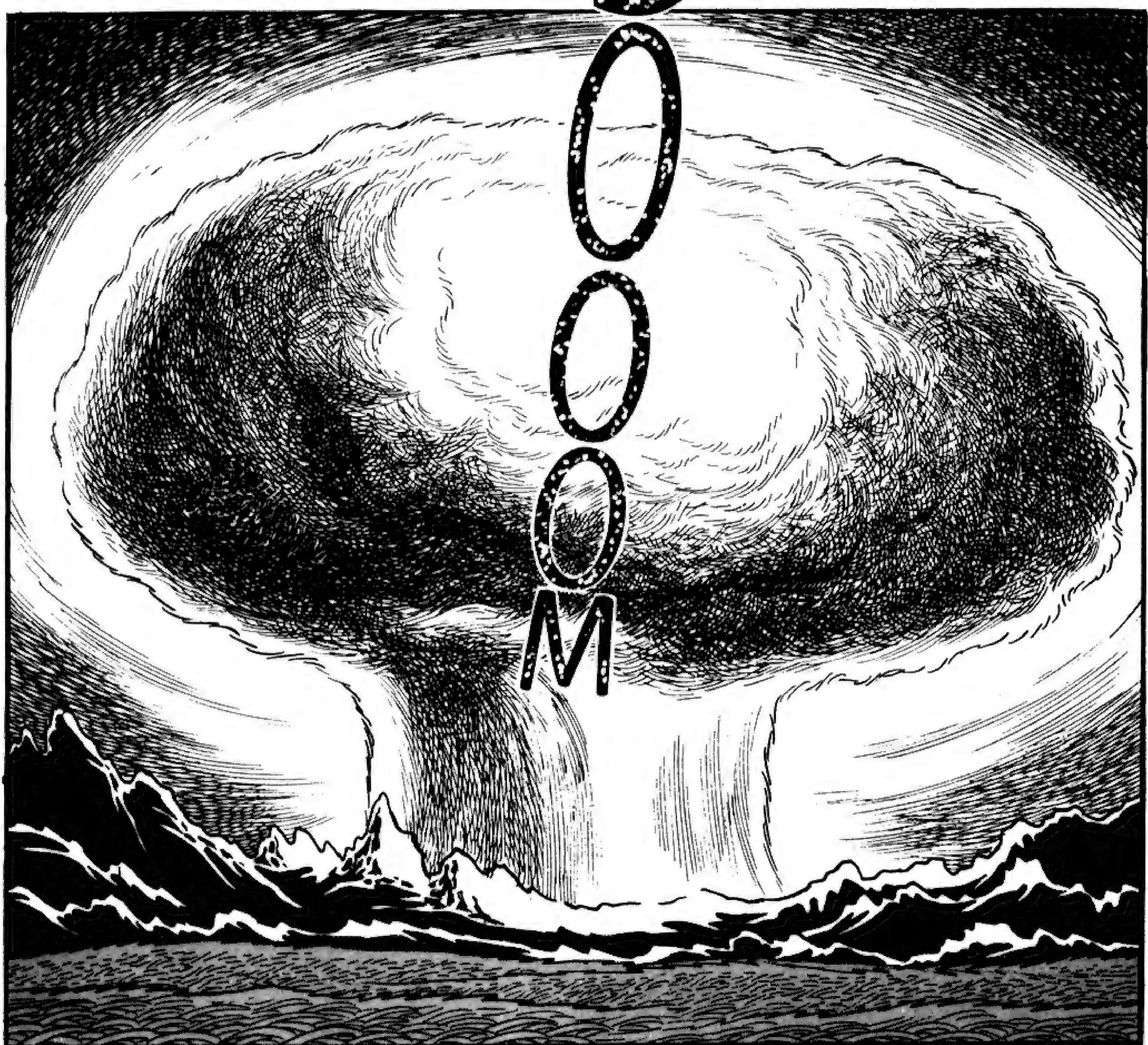
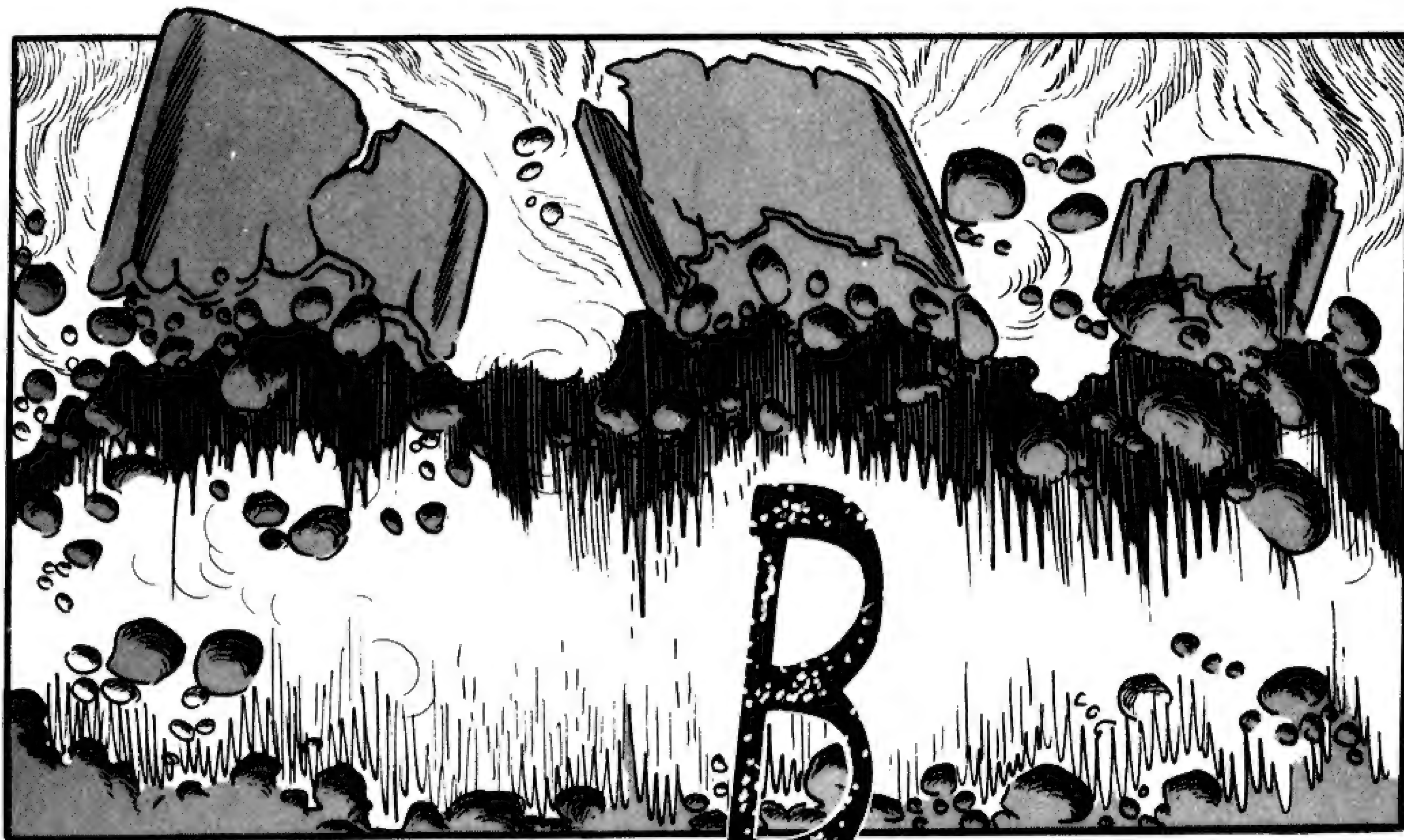




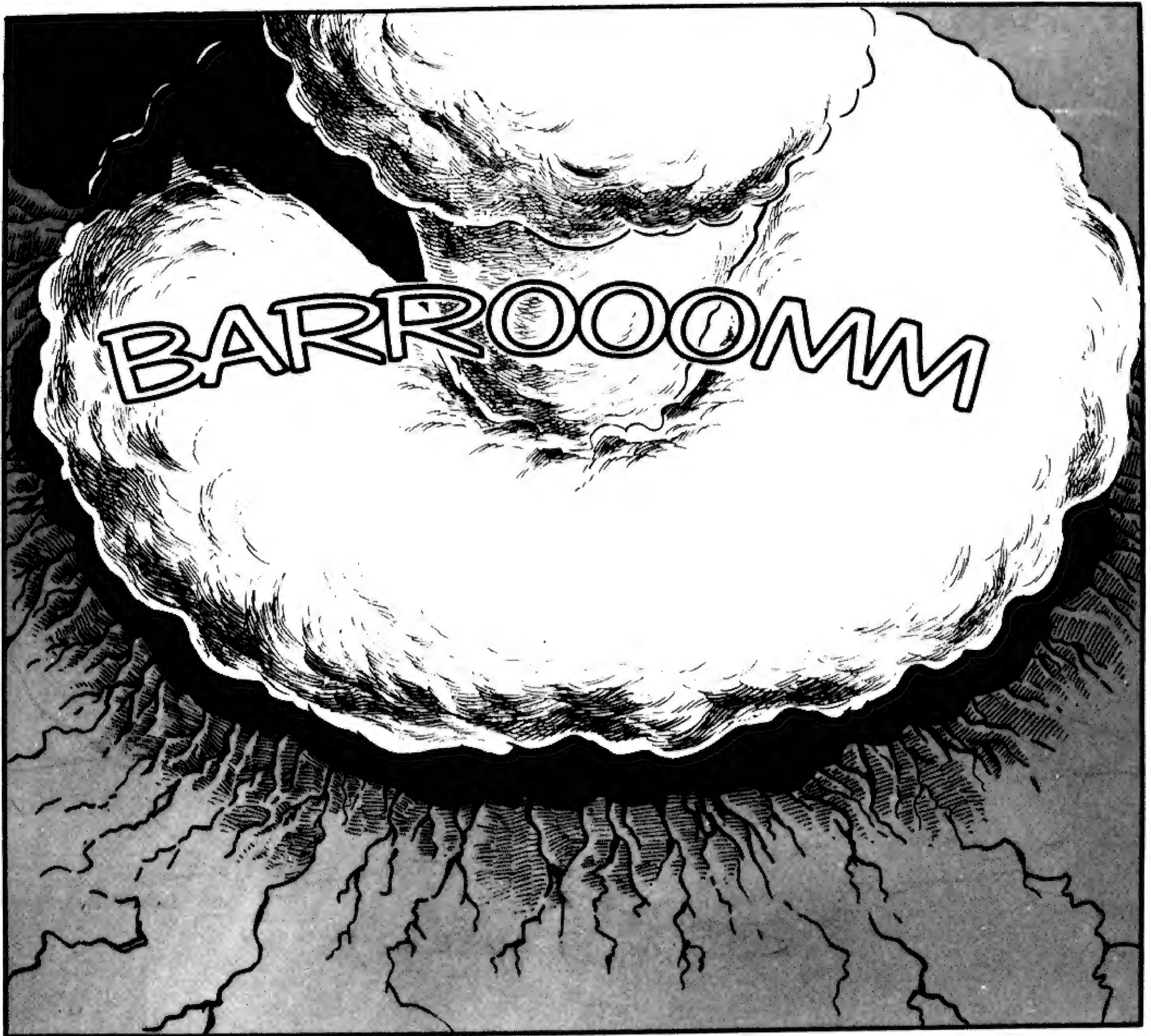
**TICK**



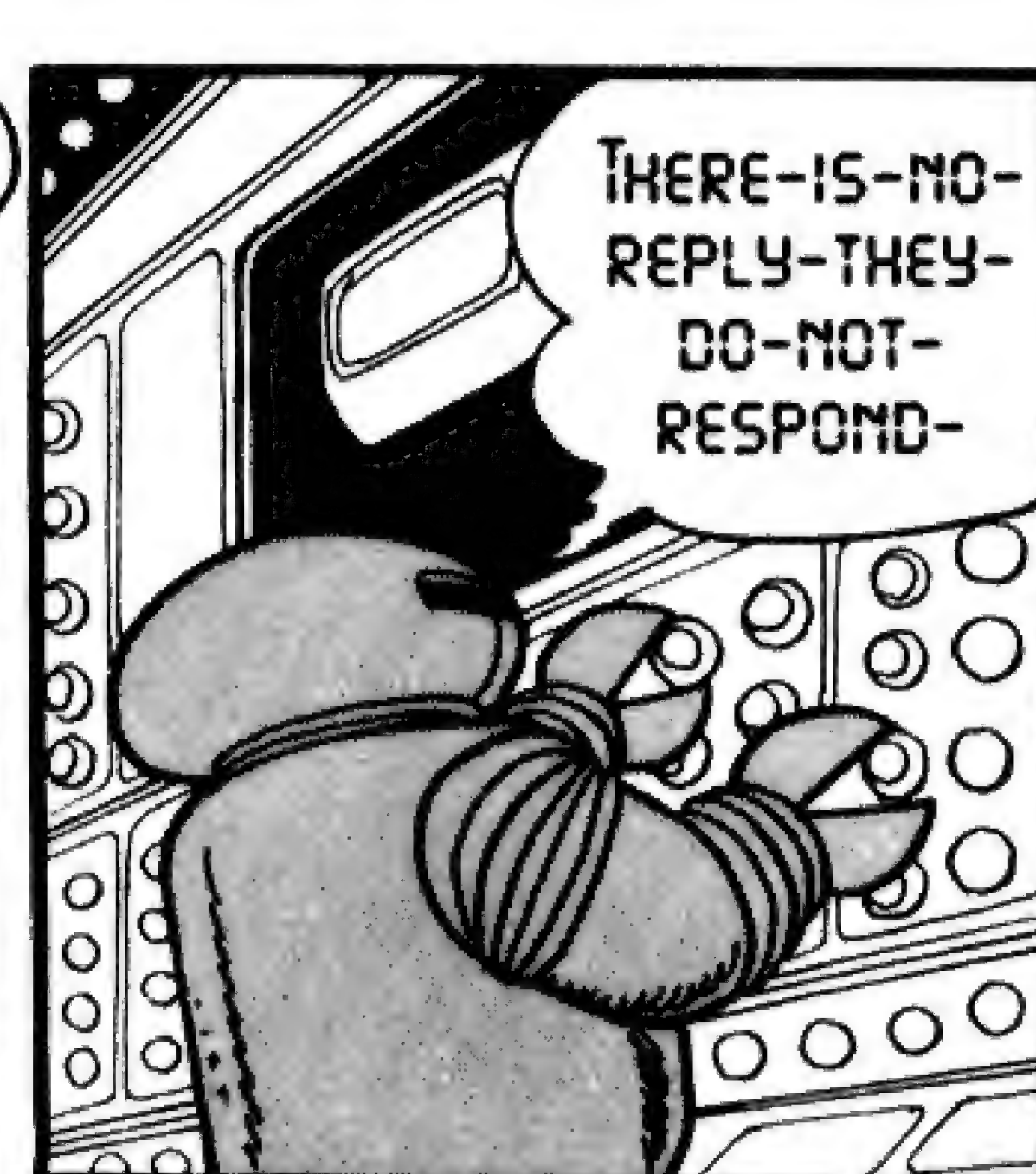




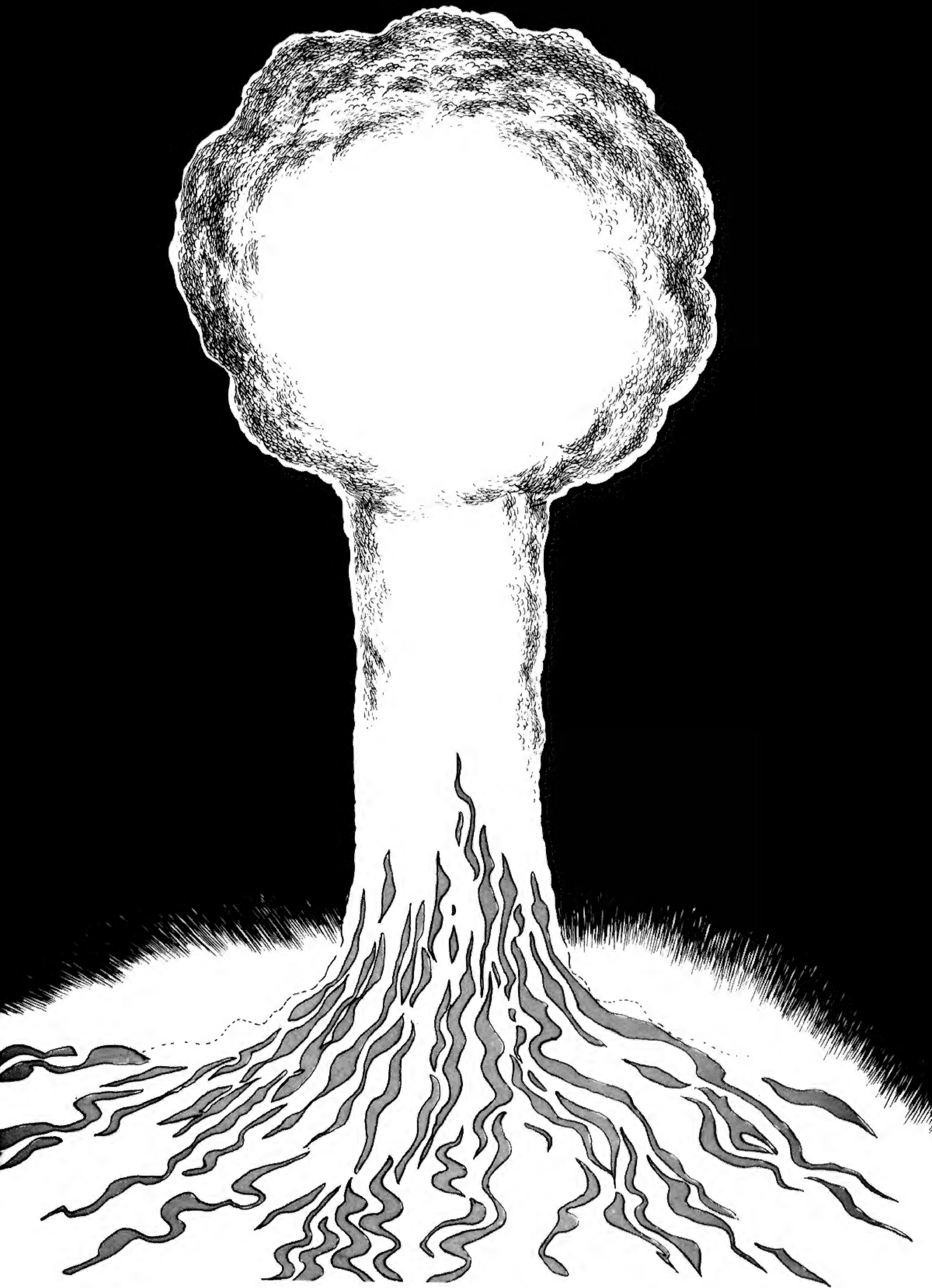




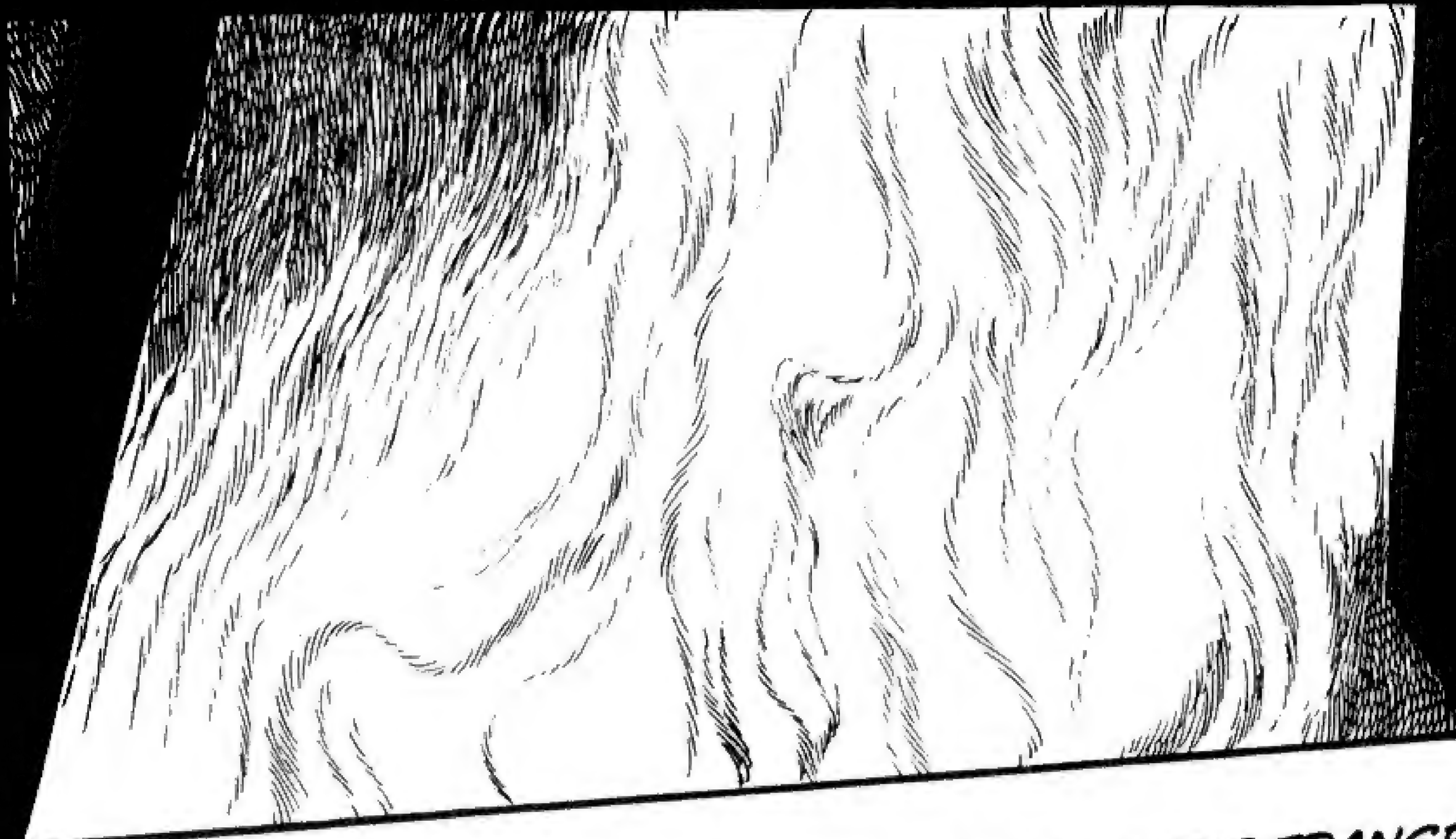




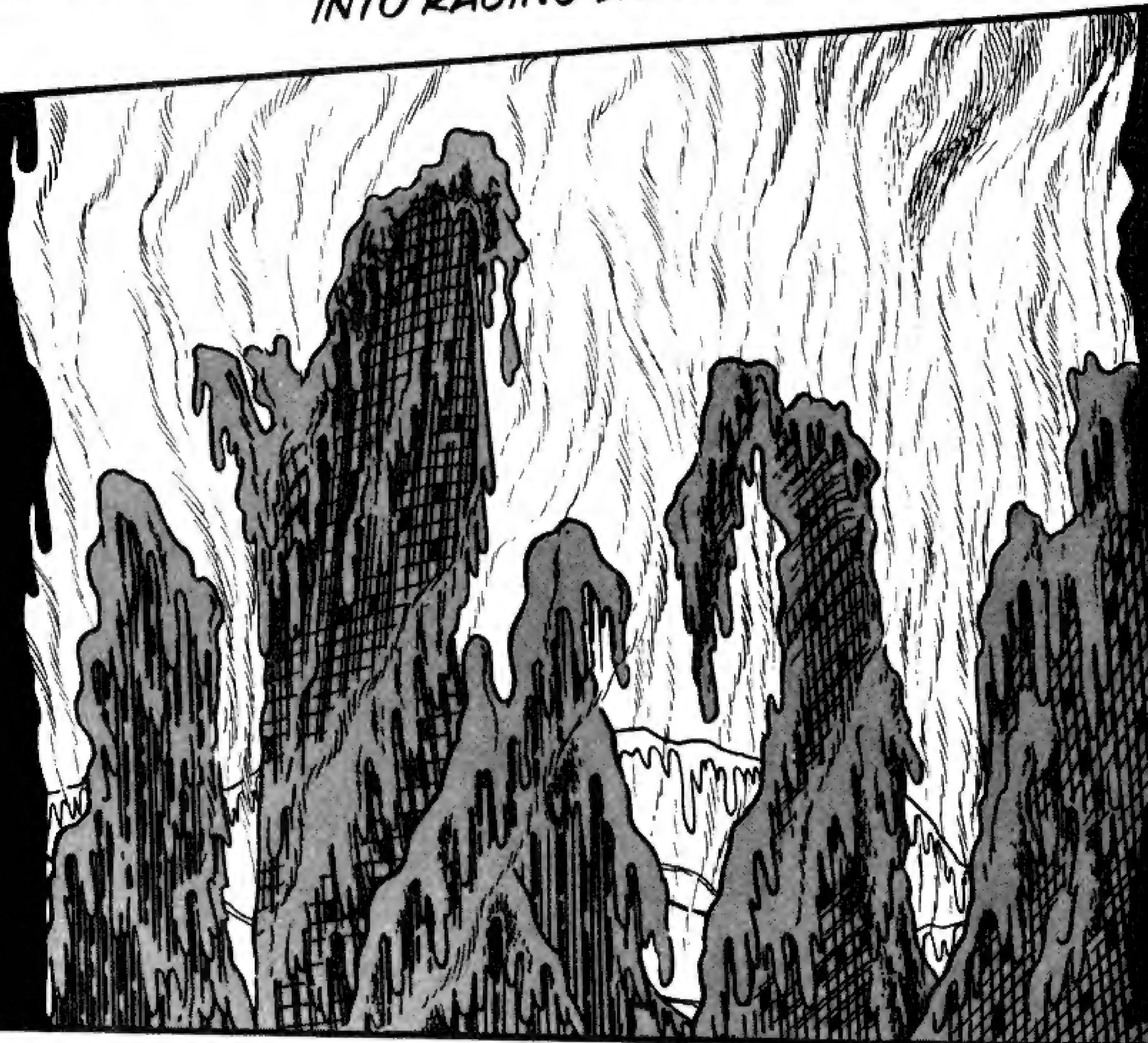




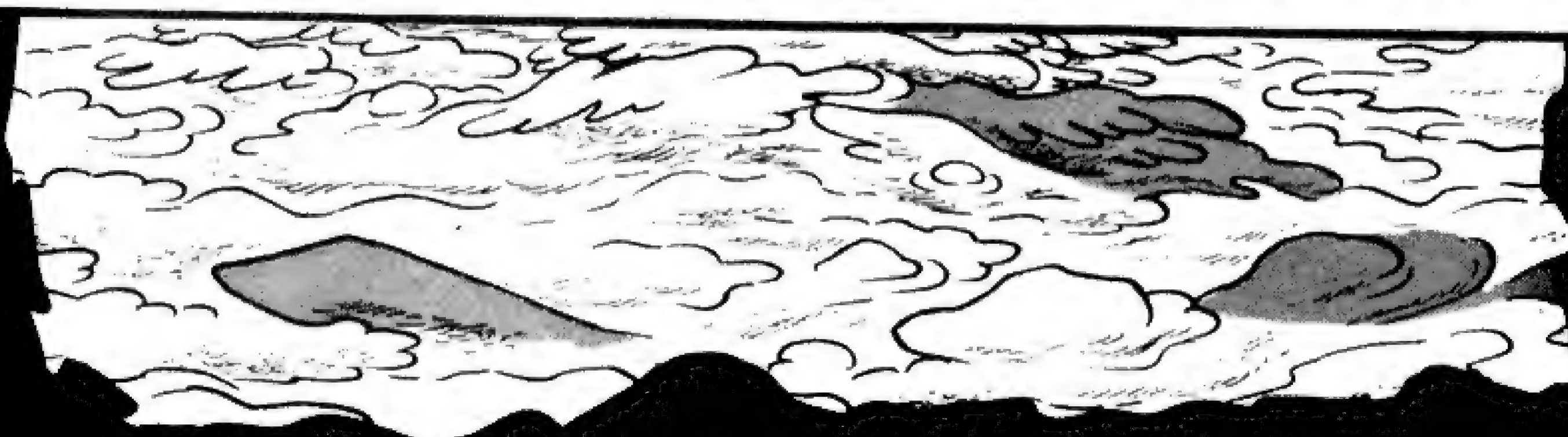




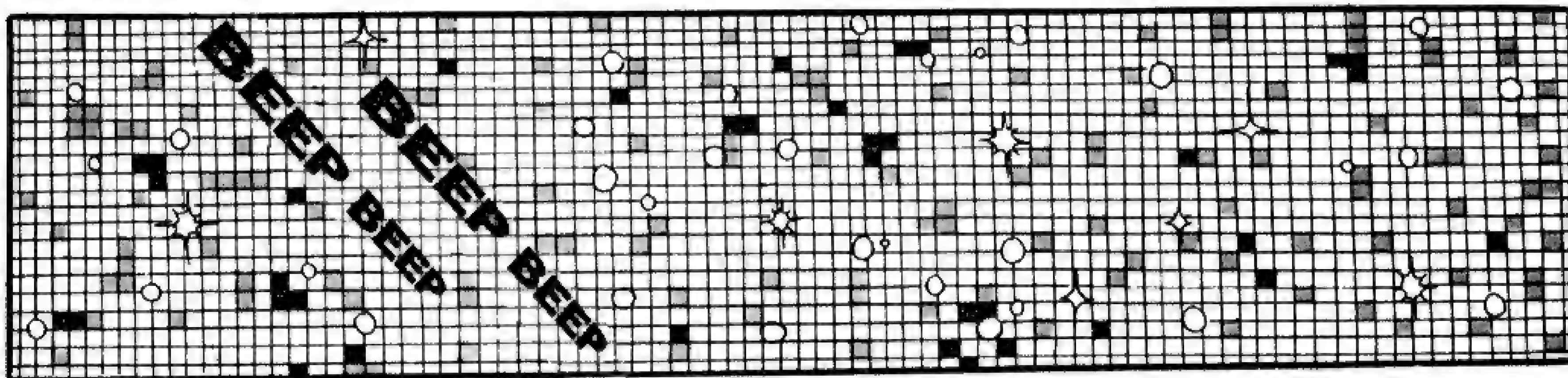
IN VIRTUALLY ONE INSTANT ALL FIVE WORLD CITIES WERE TRANSFORMED  
INTO RAGING INFERNOS.



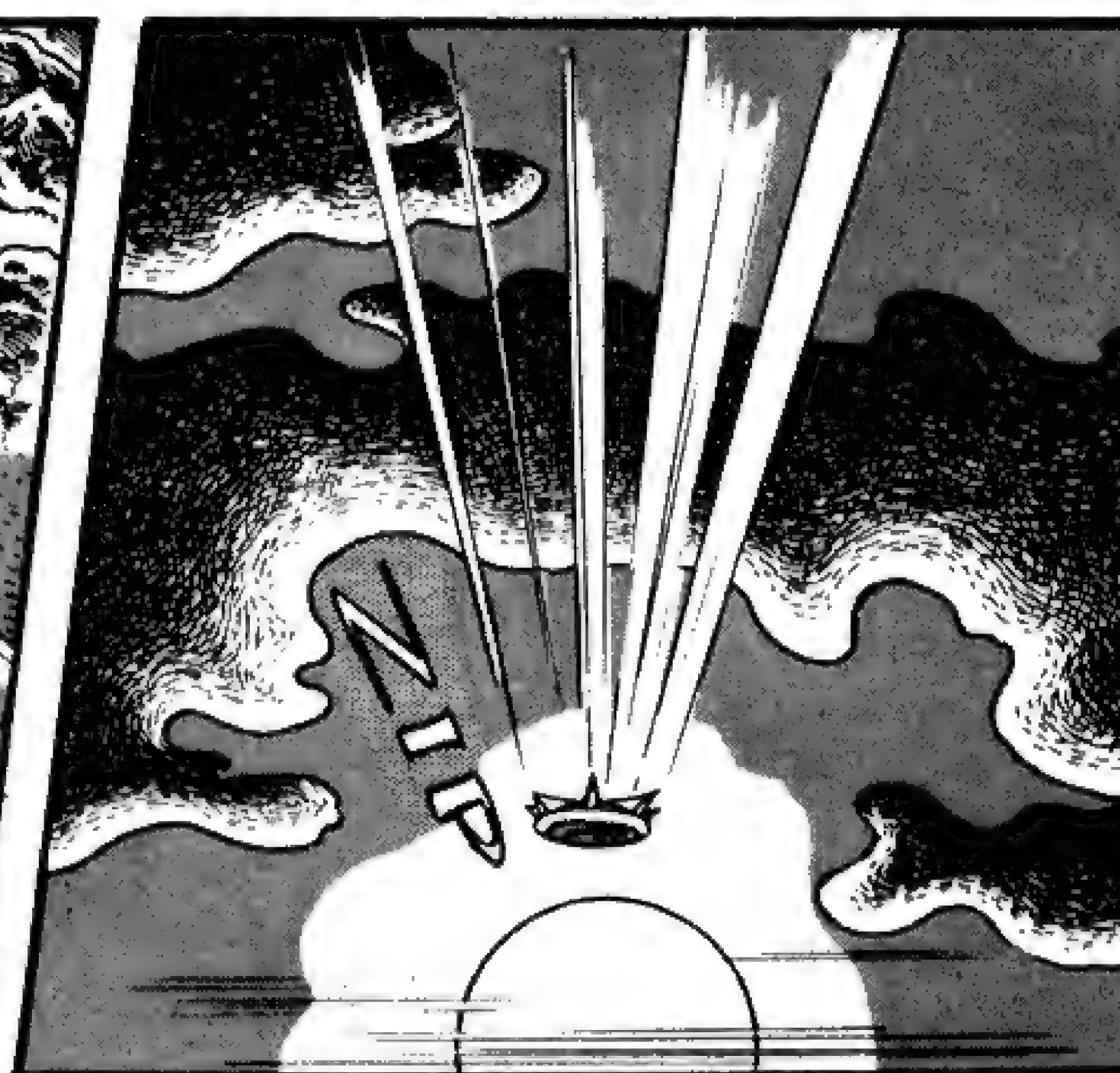
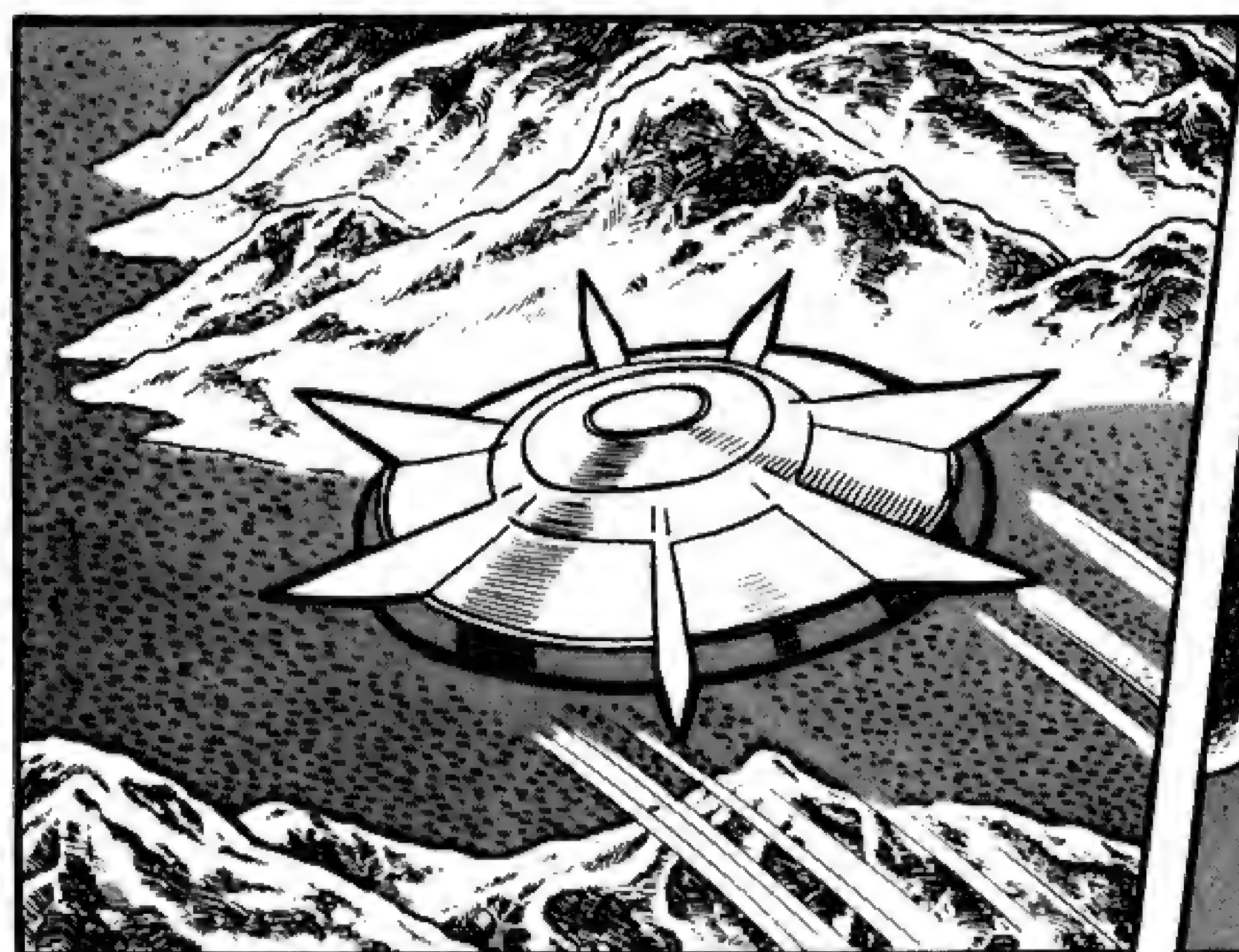
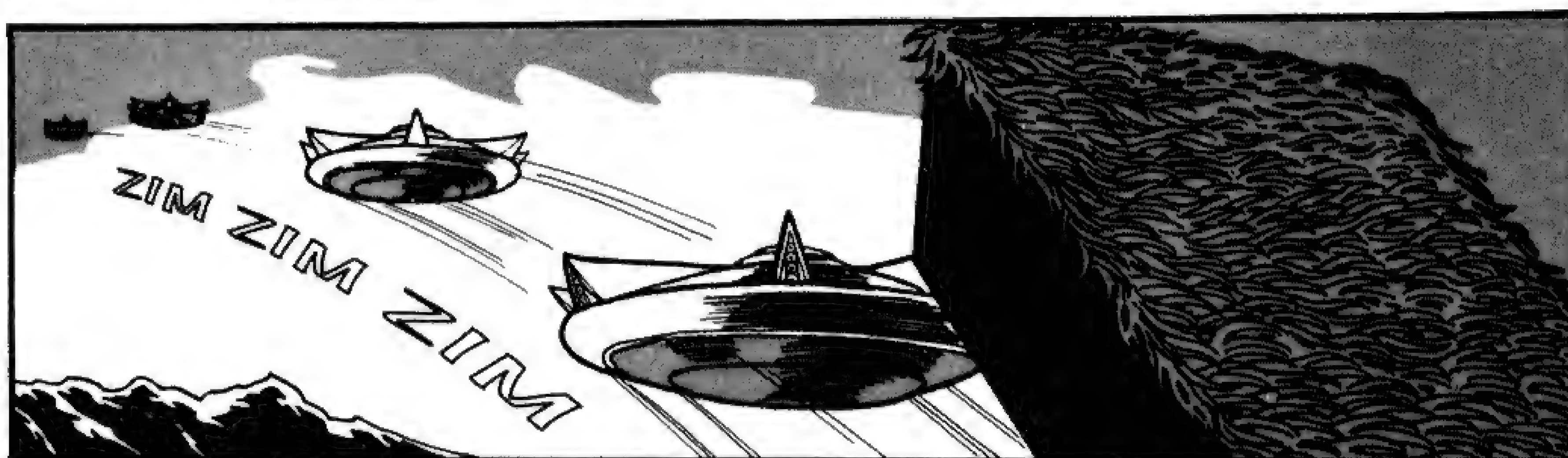
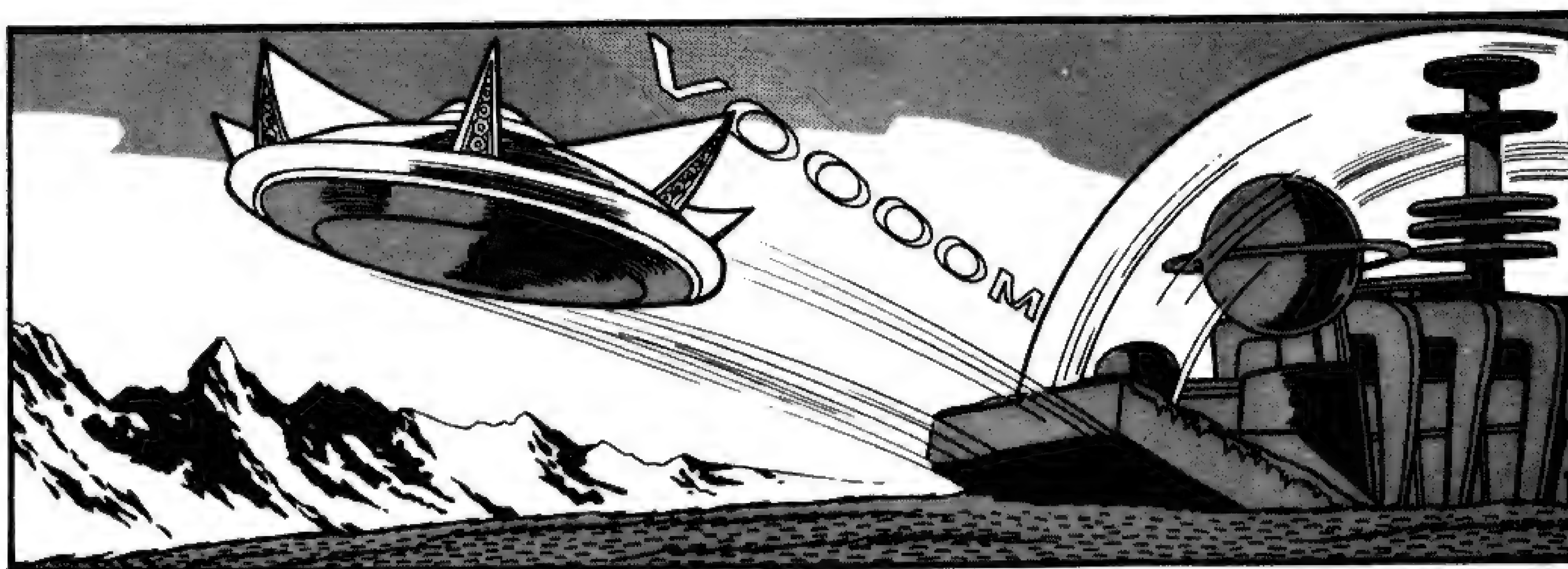
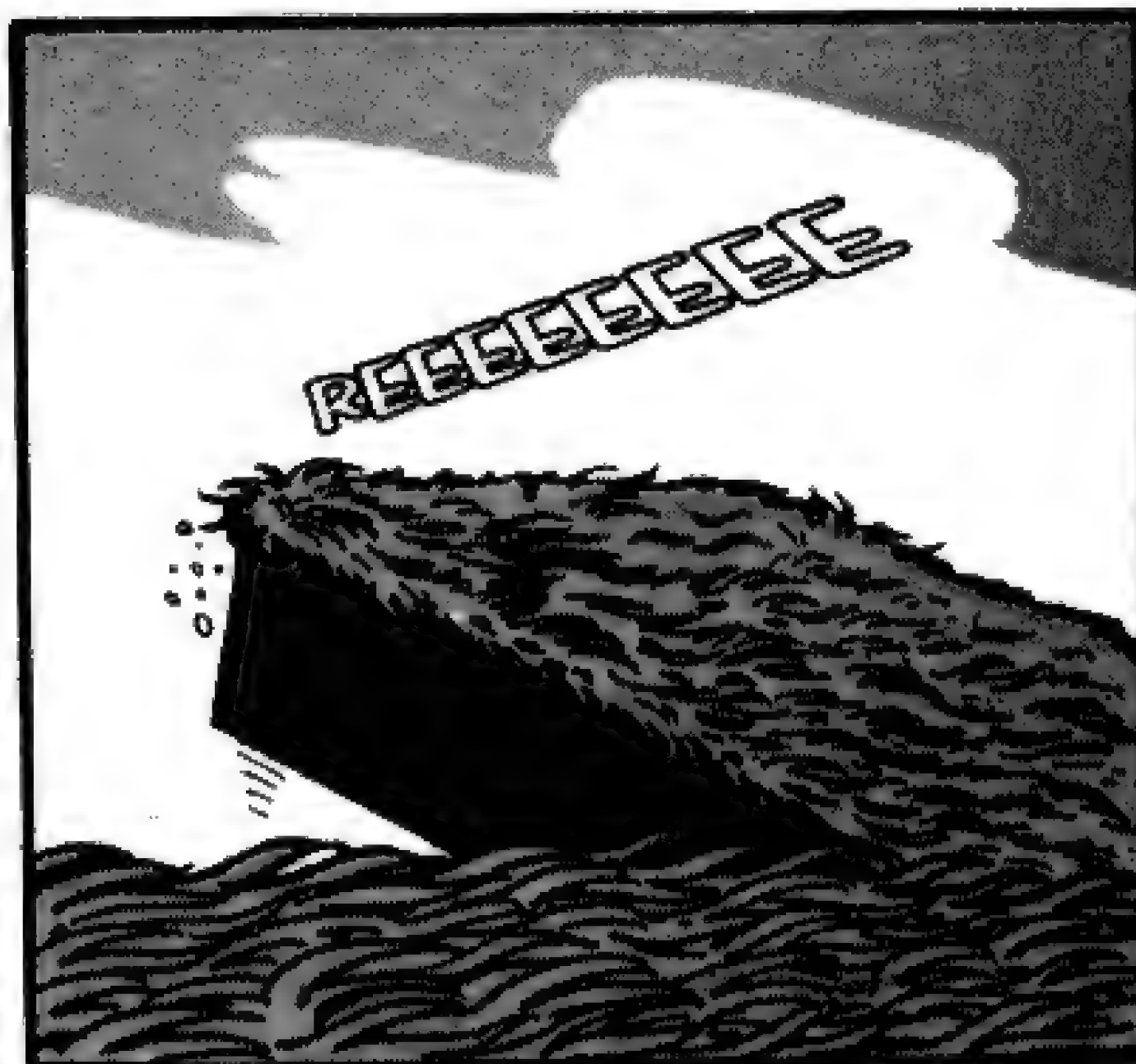
AND IN THEIR PLACE ROSE FIVE TOWERING CLOUDS OF DEATH.



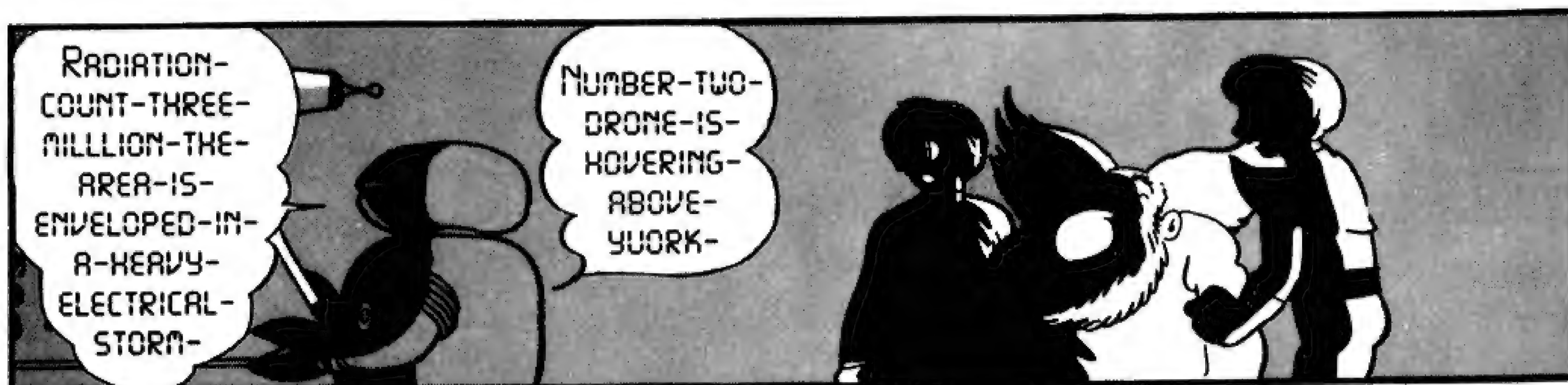
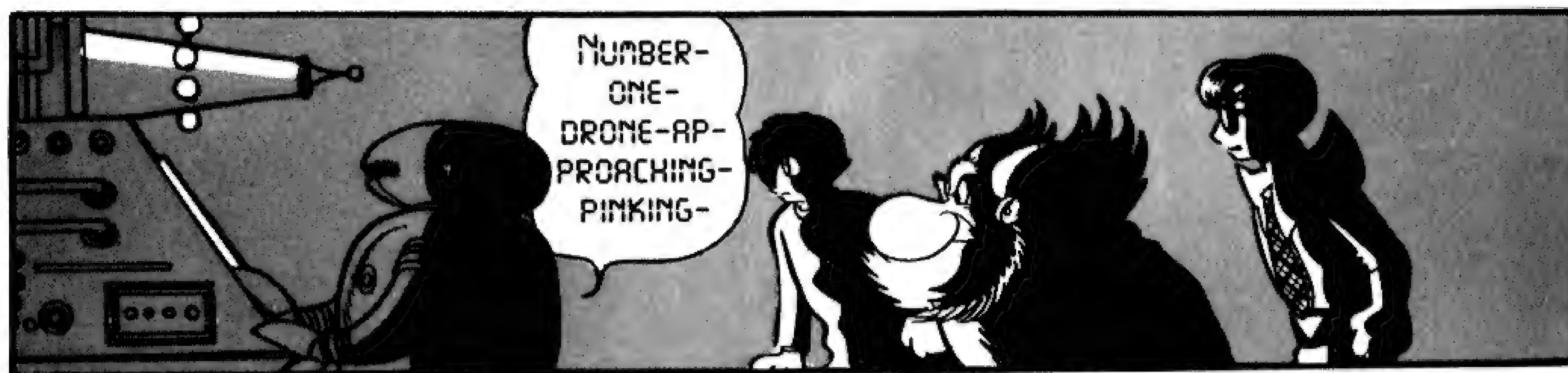




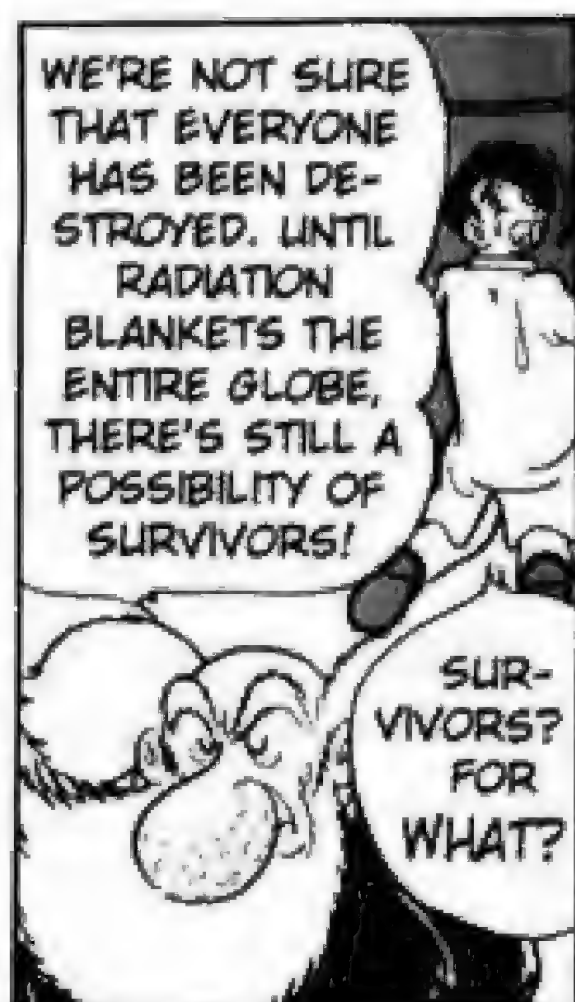
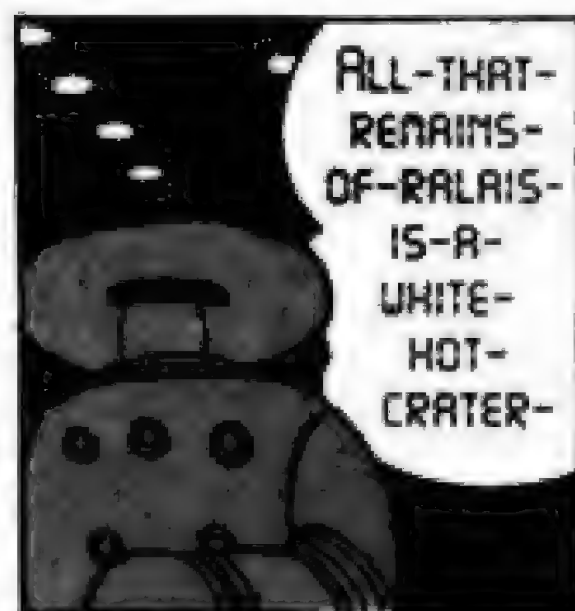
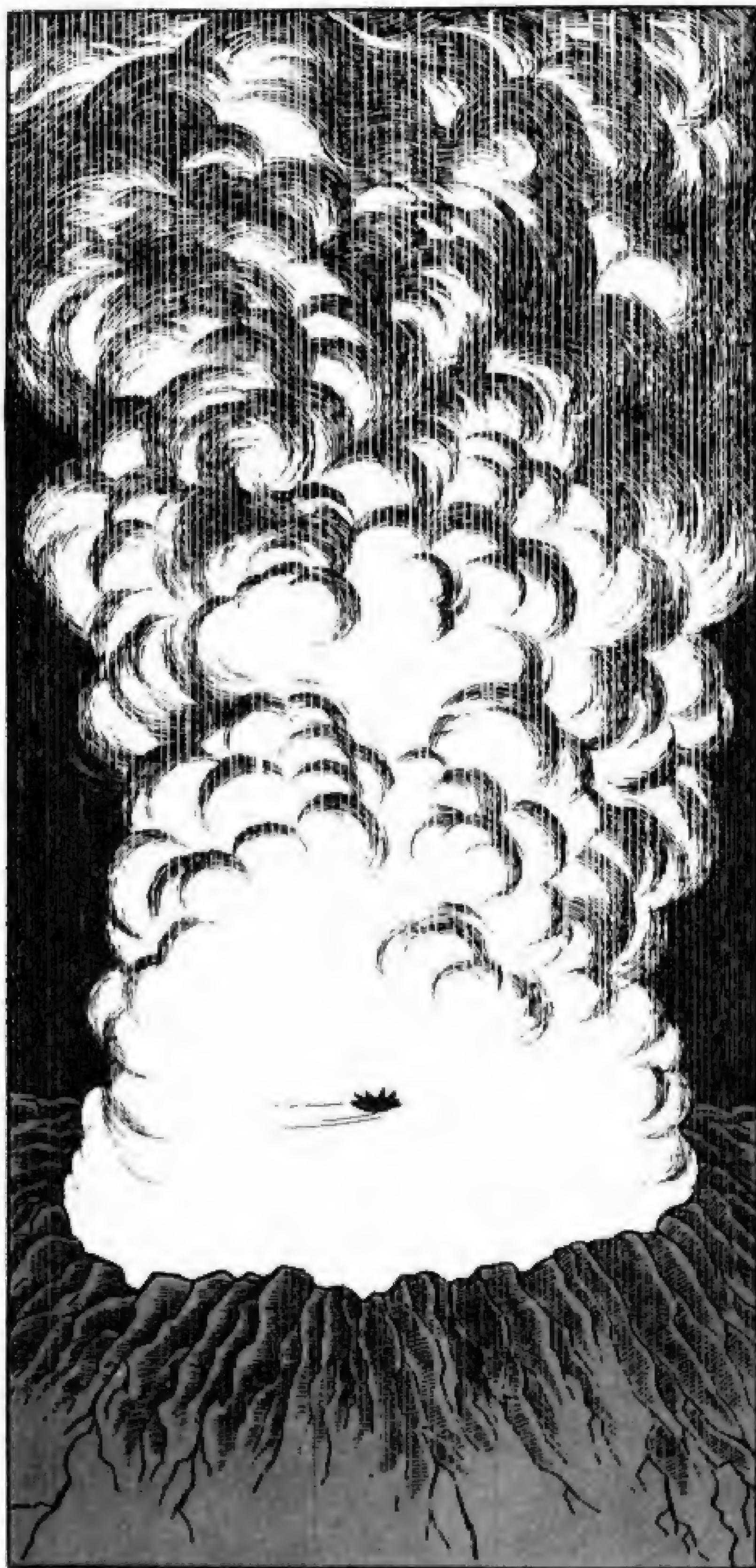




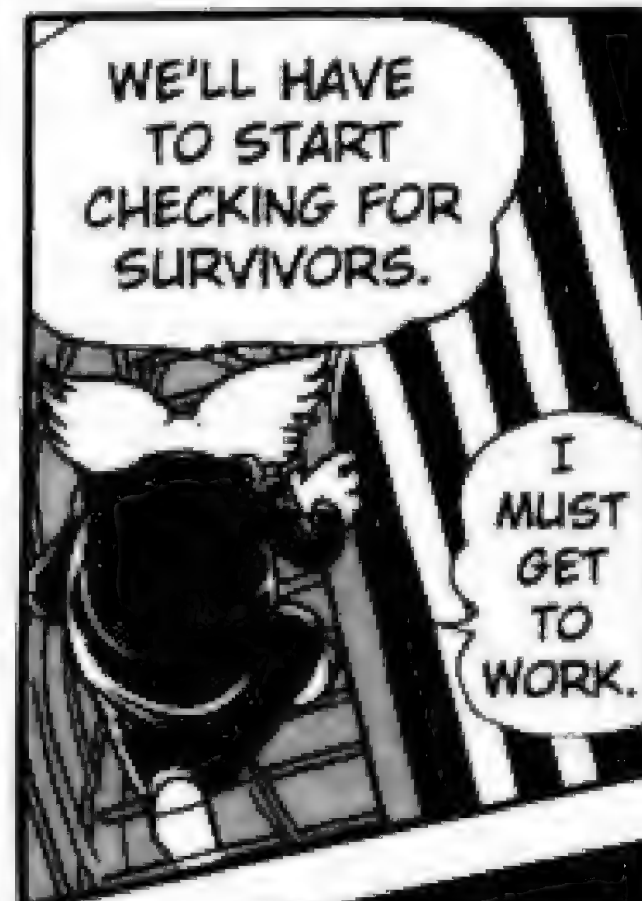




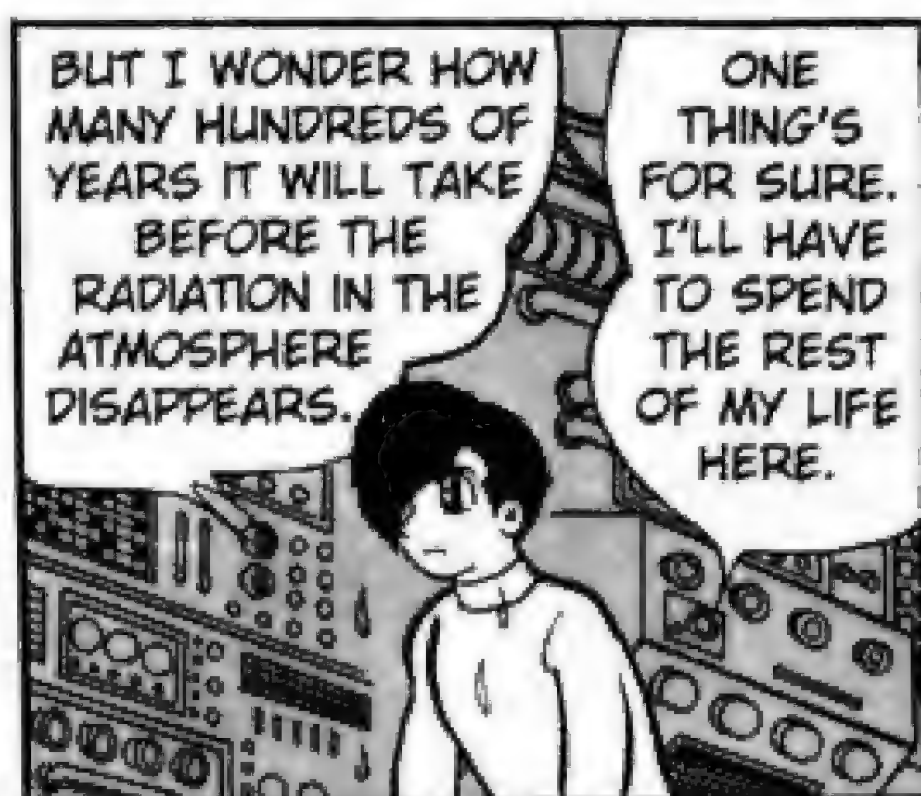




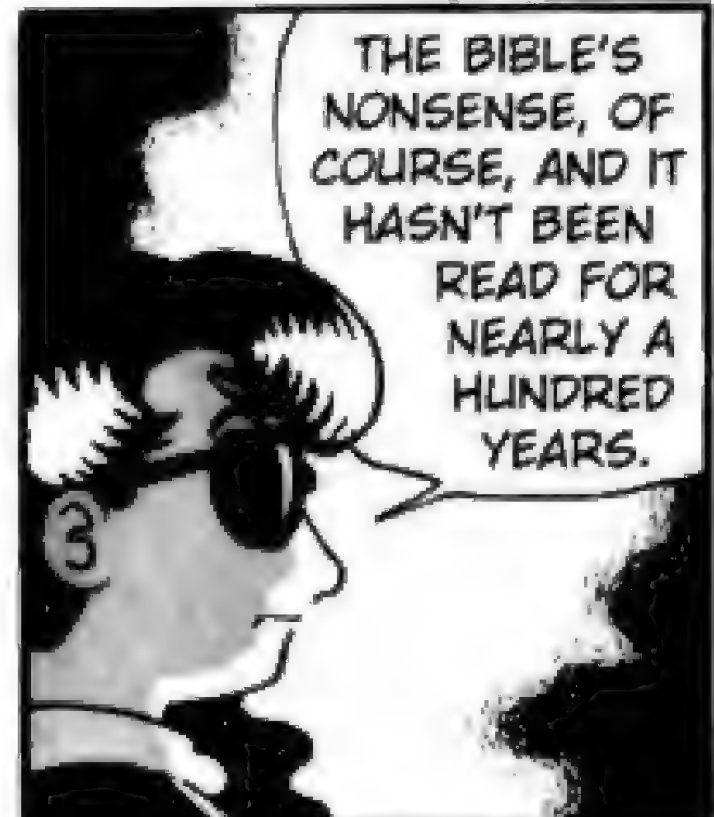




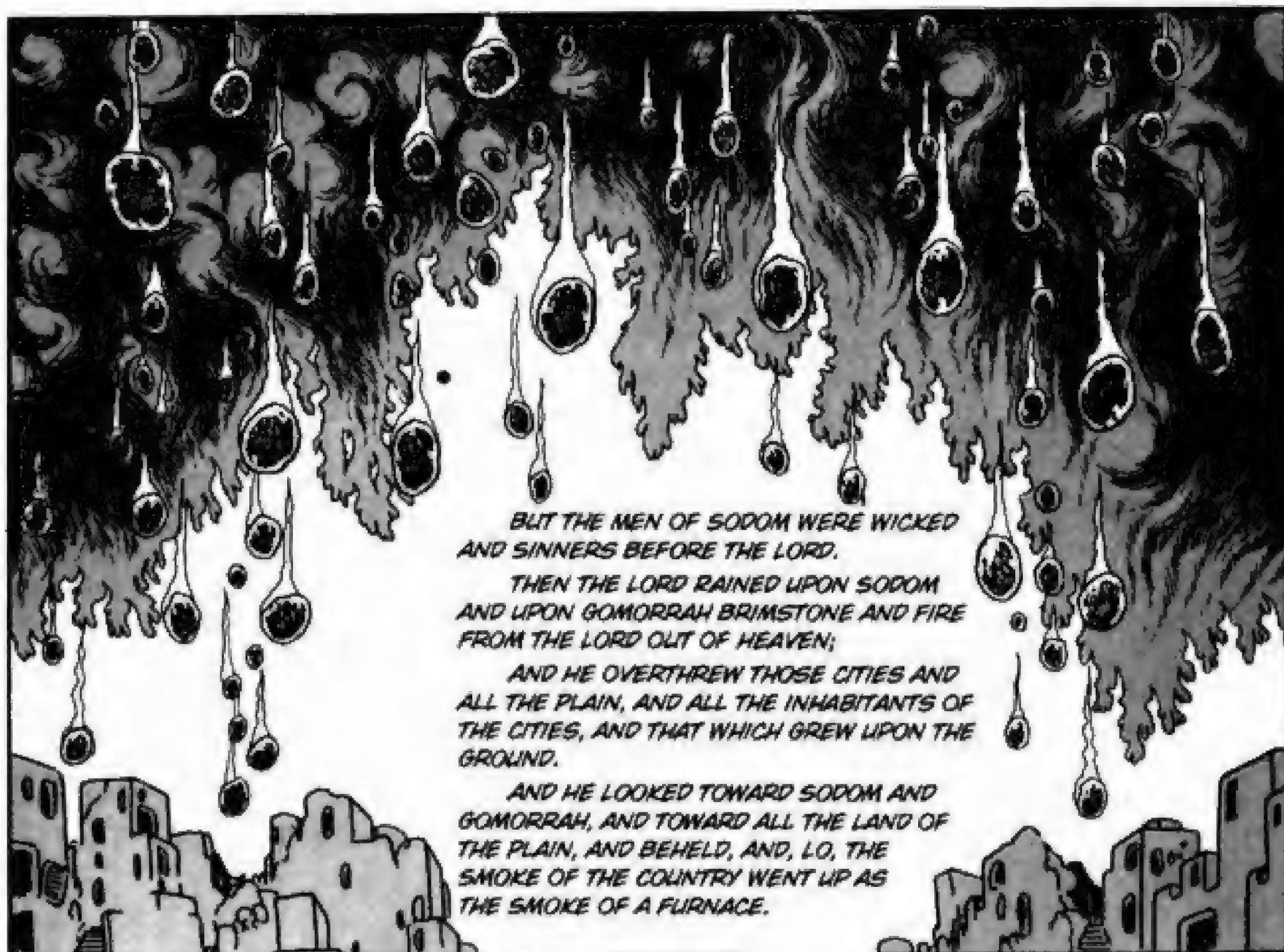














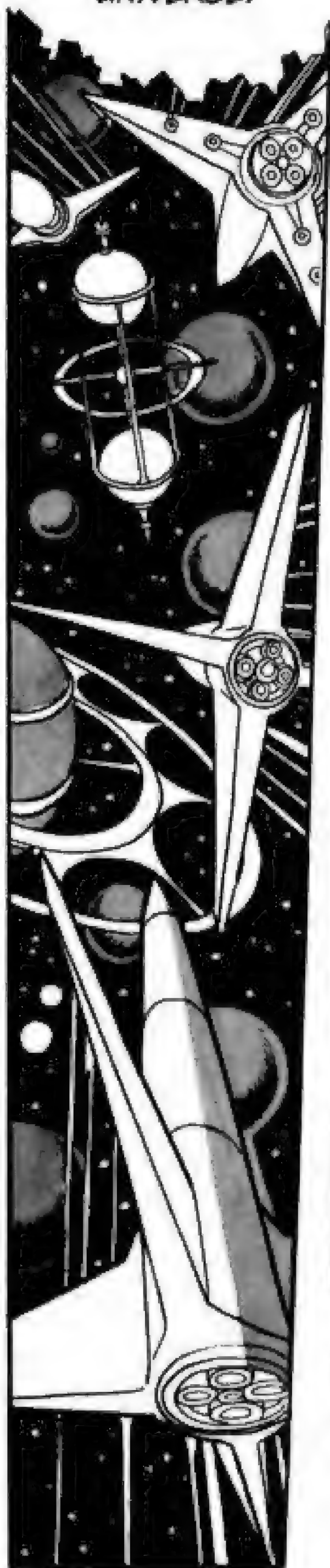


USE YOUR HEAD. SOMETHING HAS BEEN WRONG WITH THE WORLD SINCE THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.





IN THE TWENTY-  
FIRST CENTURY MAN  
WAS STILL ACTIVE IN  
OUTER SPACE,  
COLONIZING  
PLANETS  
THROUGHOUT THE  
UNIVERSE.



IN THE TWENTY-  
FIFTH CENTURY  
CIVILIZATION  
REACHED ITS  
PEAK.



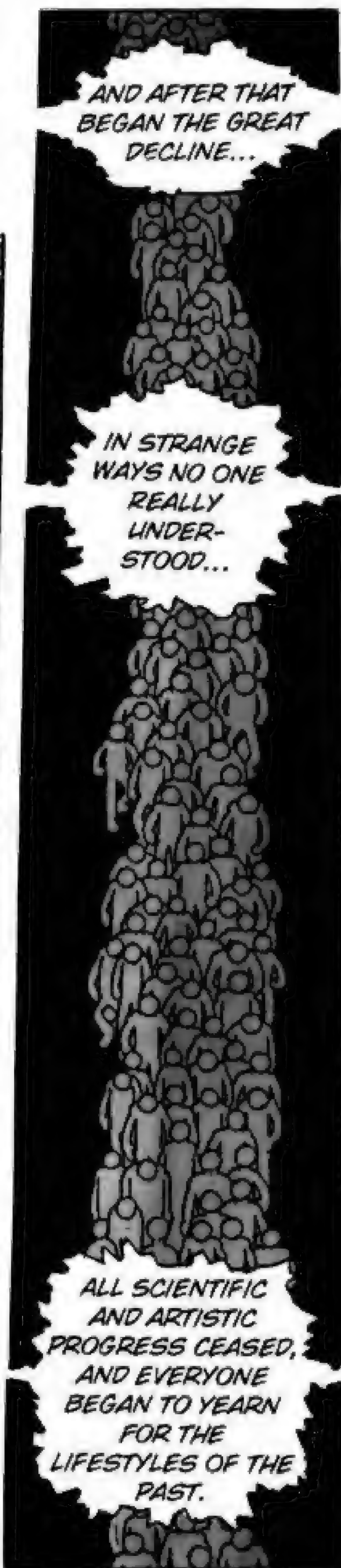
THERE WERE  
MANY NUCLEAR  
WARS, BUT EACH  
TIME MAN WAS  
KNOCKED DOWN  
HE REGAINED  
HIS FOOTING.



AND AFTER THAT  
BEGAN THE GREAT  
DECLINE...

IN STRANGE  
WAYS NO ONE  
REALLY  
UNDER-  
STOOD...

ALL SCIENTIFIC  
AND ARTISTIC  
PROGRESS CEASED,  
AND EVERYONE  
BEGAN TO YEARN  
FOR THE  
LIFESTYLES OF THE  
PAST.



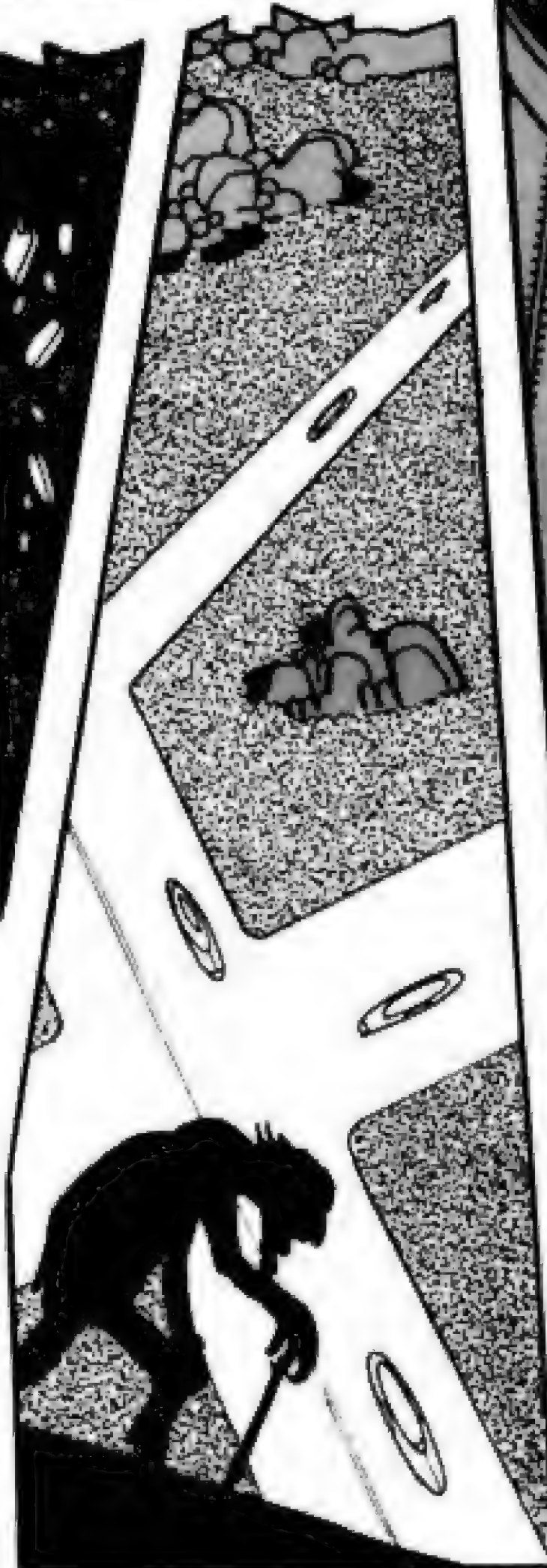


THE THIRTIETH CENTURY WAS NO MORE THAN A RETURN TO THE TWENTY-FIRST CENTURY.

POPULATIONS VISIBLY DECREASED TO THE POINT WHERE MAN ABANDONED THE SURFACE OF THE EARTH FOR A SUBTERRANEAN EXISTENCE.

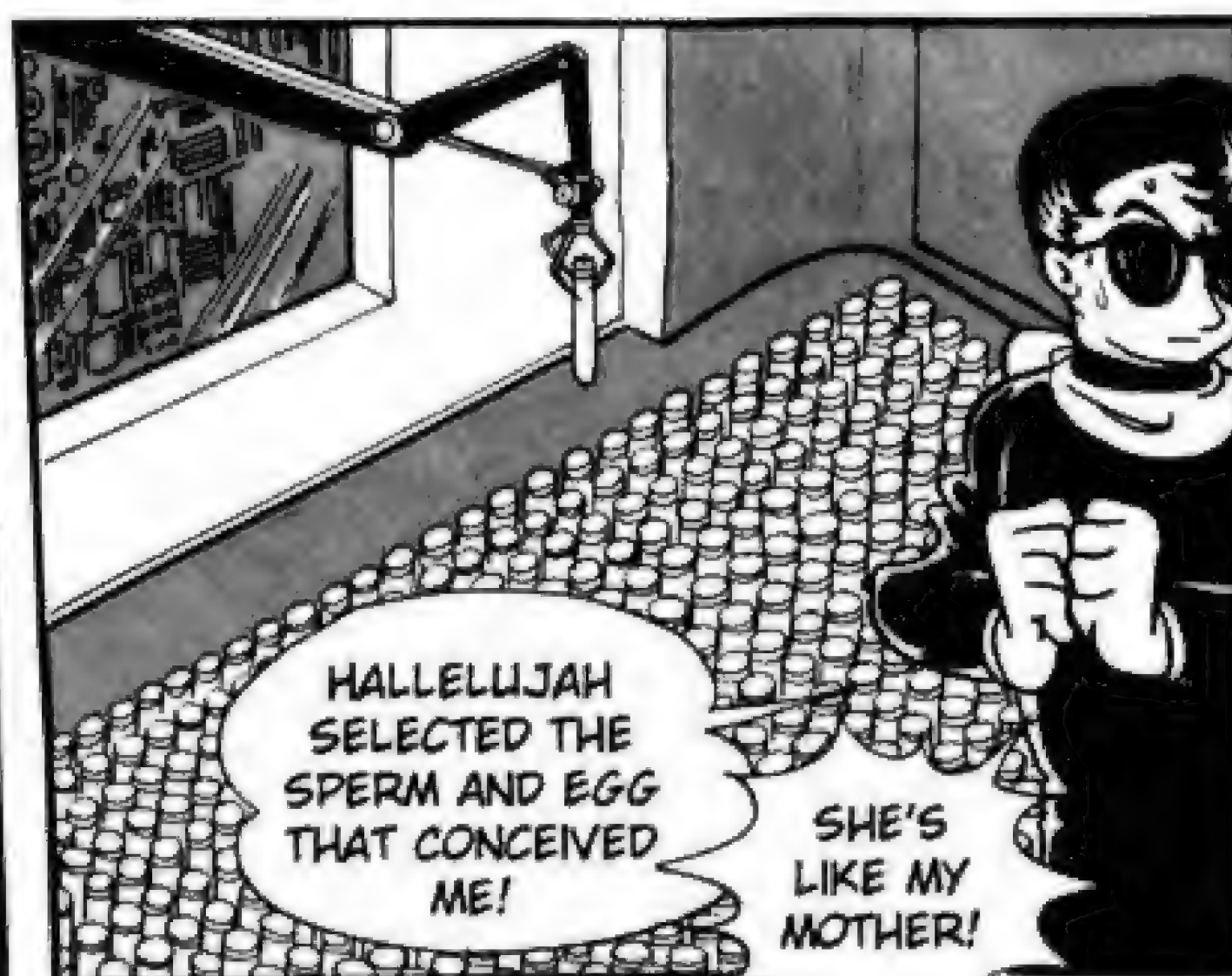
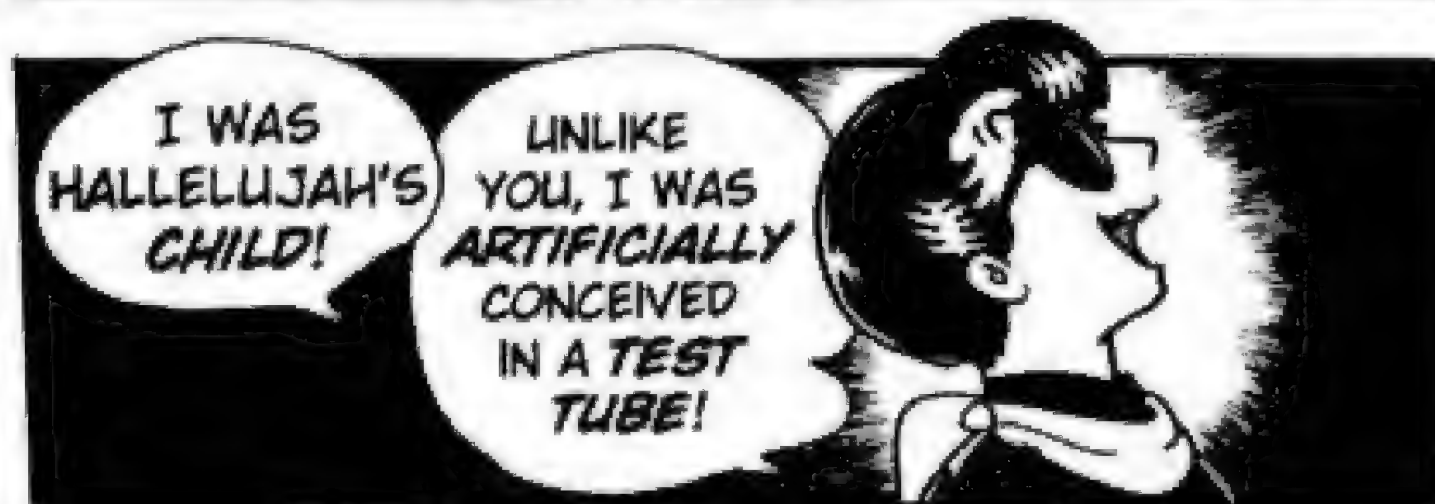
COLONIES ON DISTANT PLANETS GRADUALLY BEGAN TO DECLINE AND DIE. MANKIND CLUNG TO EARTH IN A LIFE WITHOUT HOPE OR AMBITION.

IT WAS APPARENT THAT MANKIND, IF NOT THE EARTH ITSELF, WAS SHOWING SIGNS OF SENILITY.

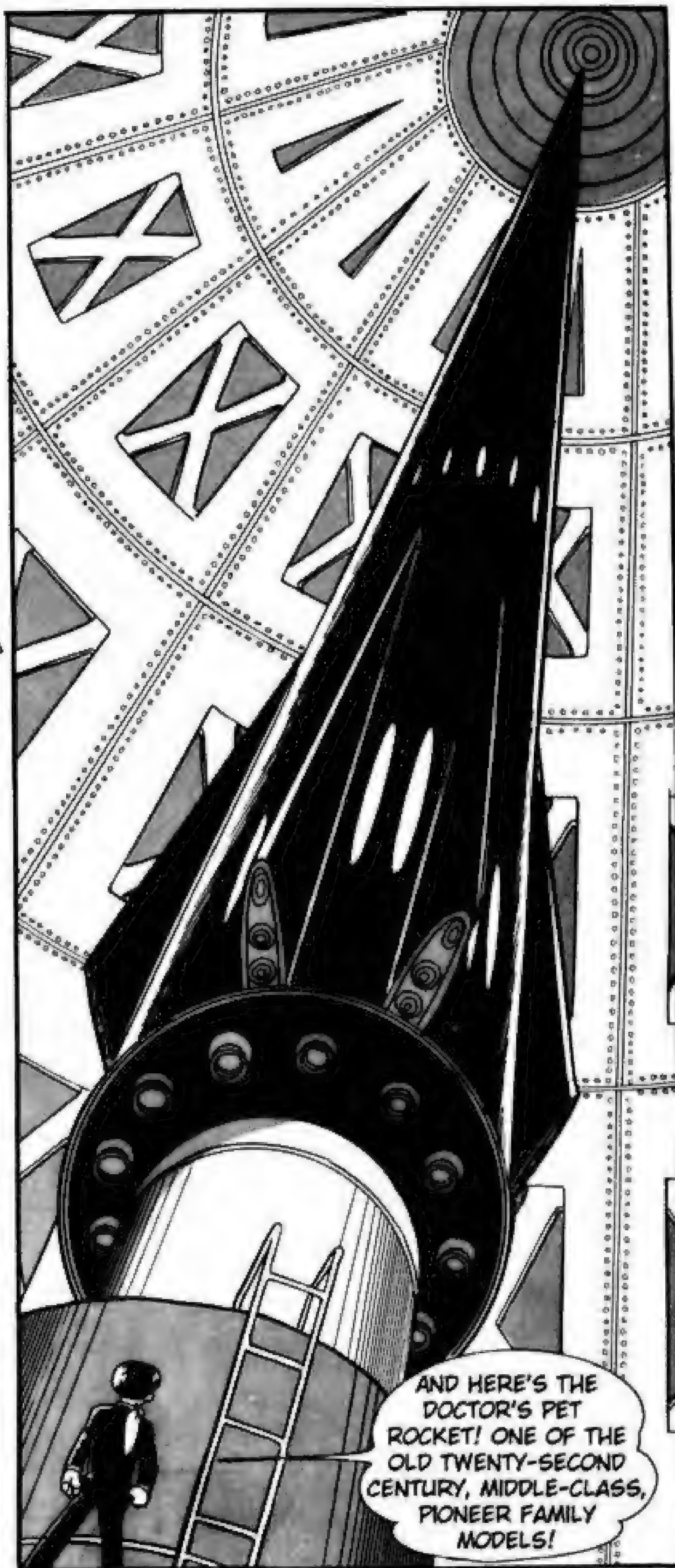
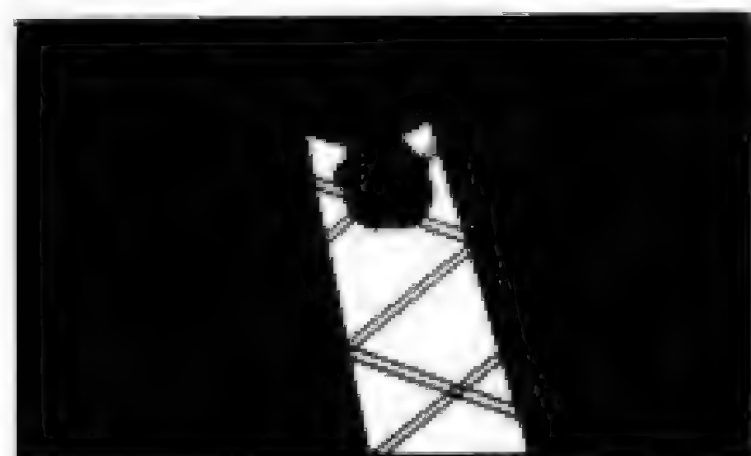




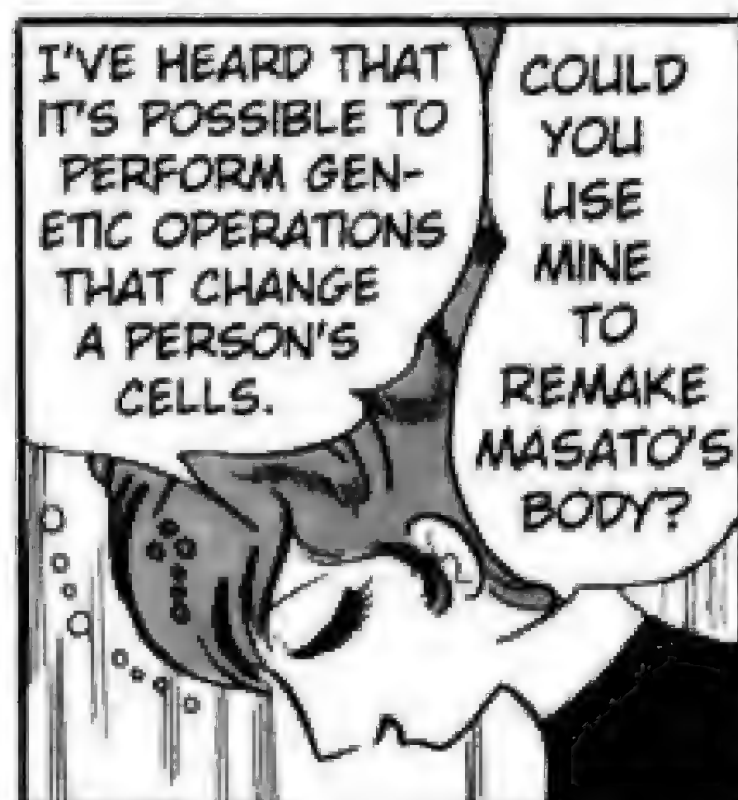
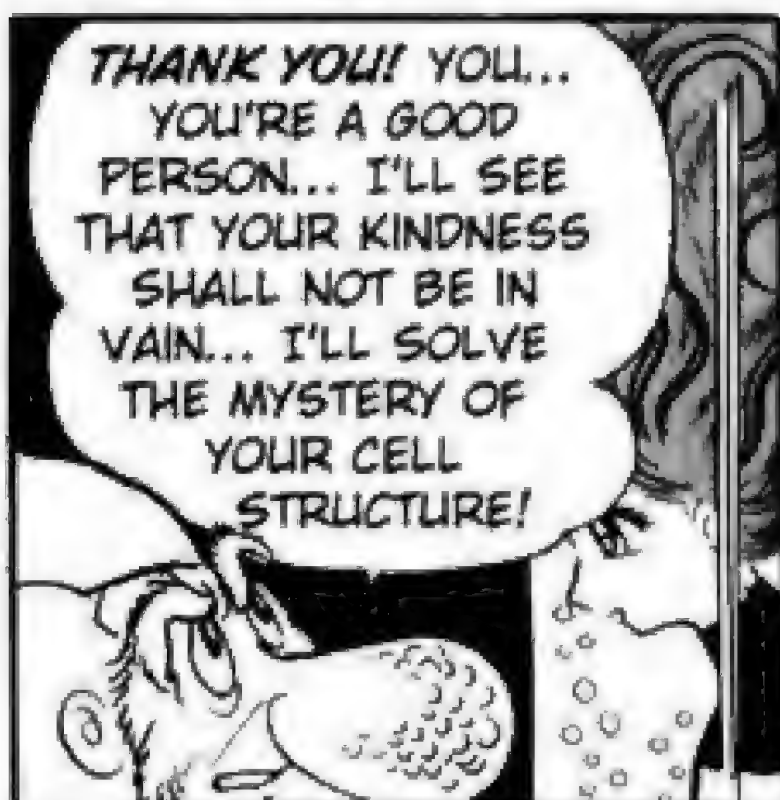
NOT EVEN THE WORLD'S LEADERS KNEW HOW TO DEAL WITH THE PROBLEM. IN DESPERATION, THEY PUT CONTROL OF CIVILIZATION IN THE HANDS OF A MACHINE.







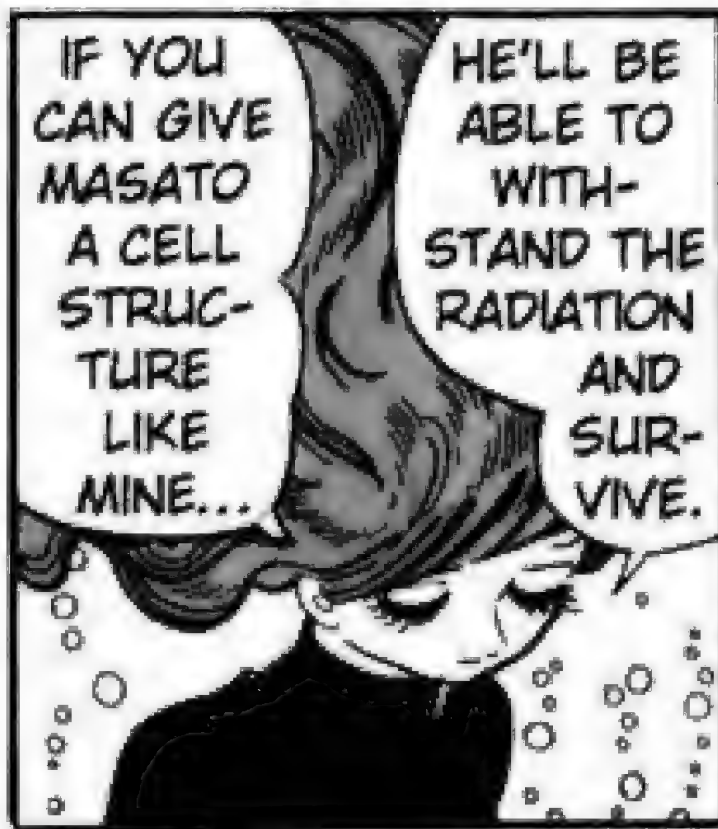








WHY?



IF YOU CAN GIVE MASATO A CELL STRUCTURE LIKE MINE...

HE'LL BE ABLE TO WITHSTAND THE RADIATION AND SURVIVE.



I UNDERSTAND. REST ASSURED I'LL DO THE BEST I CAN.

OH THANK YOU DOCTOR!



I'LL NOW TRY TO PERSUADE YAMANOBE TO AGREE WITH WHAT YOU'VE SAID.

GOOD NIGHT!



WHO ARE YOU?!



SO YOU'RE THE MOOPIE.



WERE DID YOU COME FROM?!



TAMAMI'S YOUR NAME, EH? FOR A MULTIFORM YOU'VE CERTAINLY CHANGED YOURSELF INTO A LOVELY CREATURE!





YOU MUST BE  
ROC...MASATO'S  
BOSS AT  
CENTRAL  
COMMAND.

IN THE  
FLESH.



SO YOU'VE  
FOLLOWED US!  
STAY AWAY!!  
DON'T COME  
NEAR ME!

GO AWAY!  
DON'T  
TOUCH ME!



DON'T BE  
SO HARD  
ON ME.

I'VE CHANGED  
MY MIND ABOUT  
MOOPIES.



YOU'RE  
A *REAL*  
WOMAN  
...IN  
EVERY  
WAY.



AND I  
*NEED*  
ONE.

WITH-  
OUT A WOMAN  
ON SOME DIS-  
TANT PLANET,  
THERE'LL BE  
NO LITTLE  
ROCS  
RUNNING  
AROUND.



WHAT DO  
YOU SAY TO  
LEAVING WITH  
ME ON  
SARUTA'S  
ROCKET?

TO  
THE  
ENDS  
OF THE  
UNI-  
VERSE...

WE CAN  
EVEN BUZZ  
BY YOUR  
HOME  
PLANET,  
TAMAMI.



PLEASE  
GO  
AWAY!



HEH  
HEH...



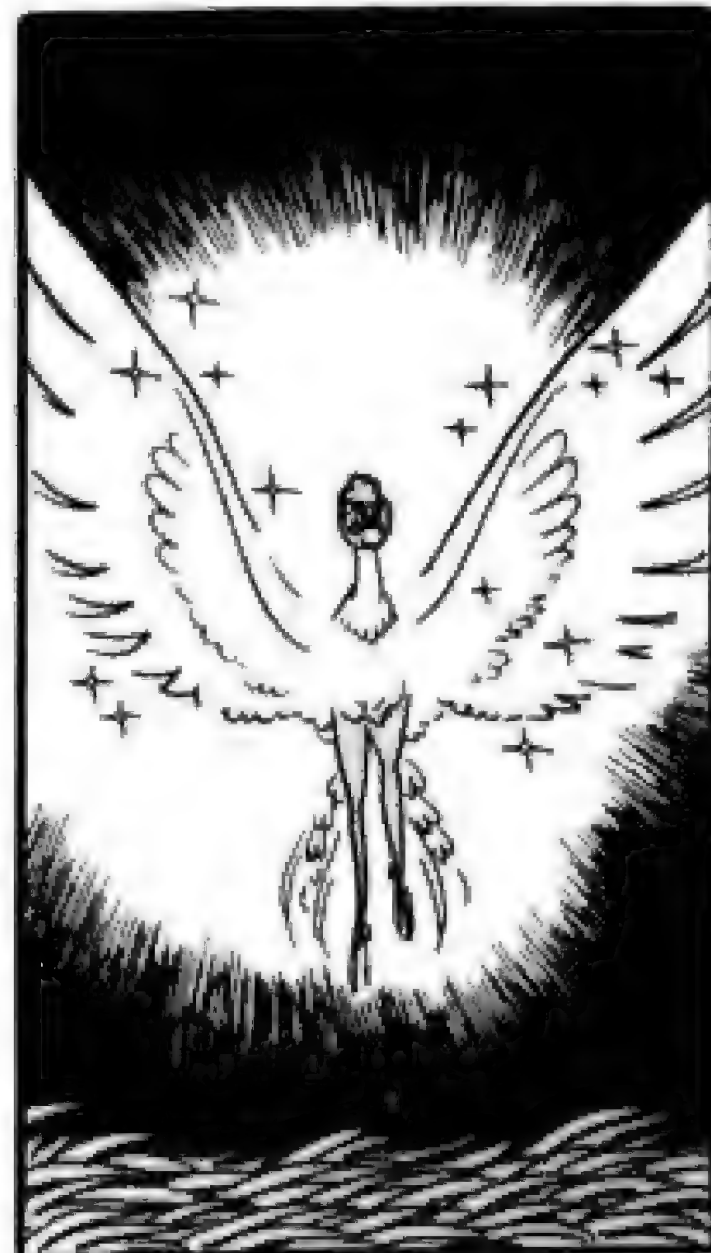
I'LL GET  
YOU OUT OF  
THIS THING.

NO!  
STOP!

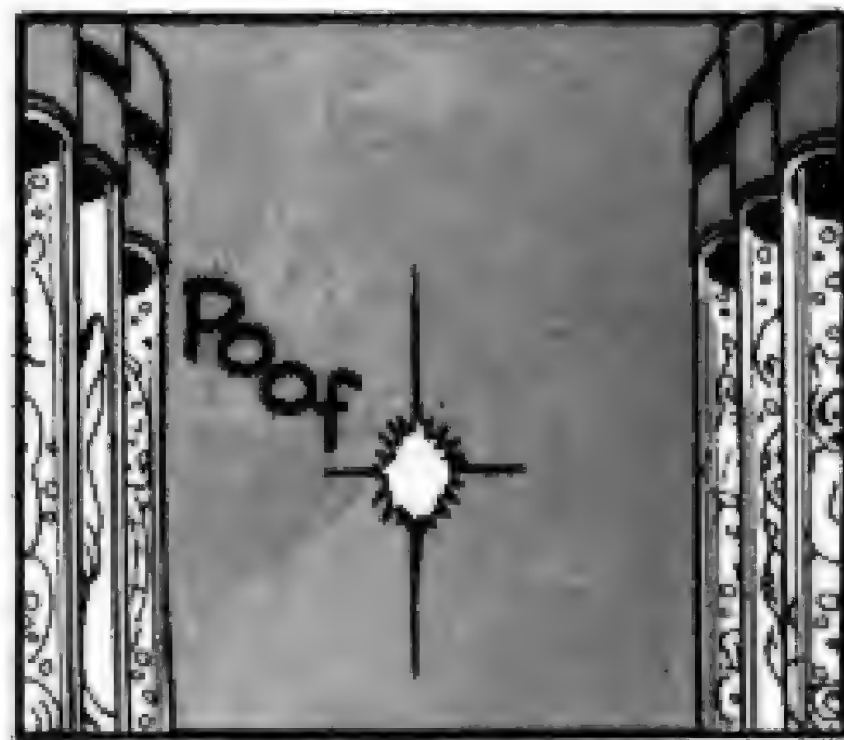
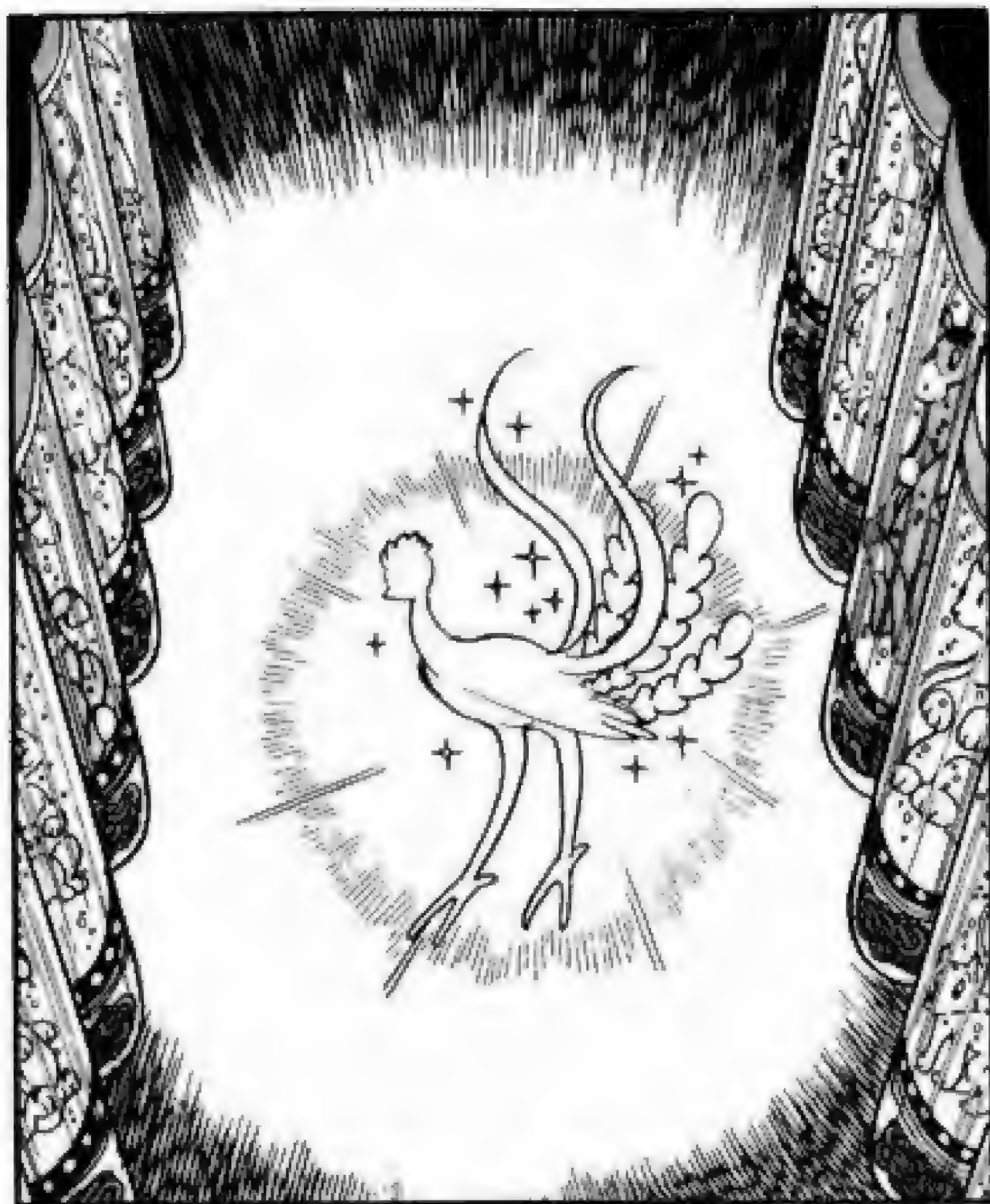
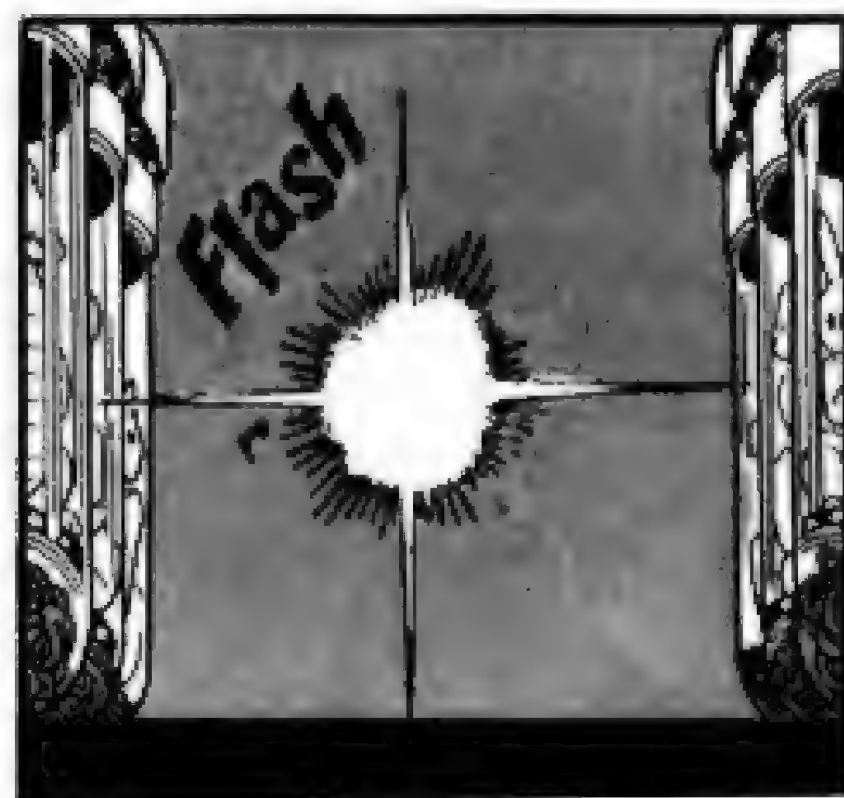
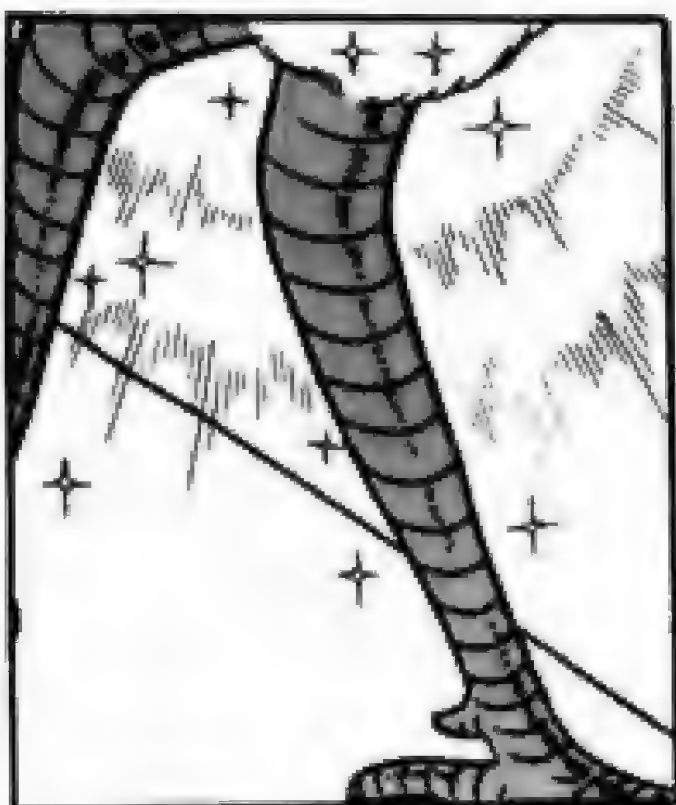
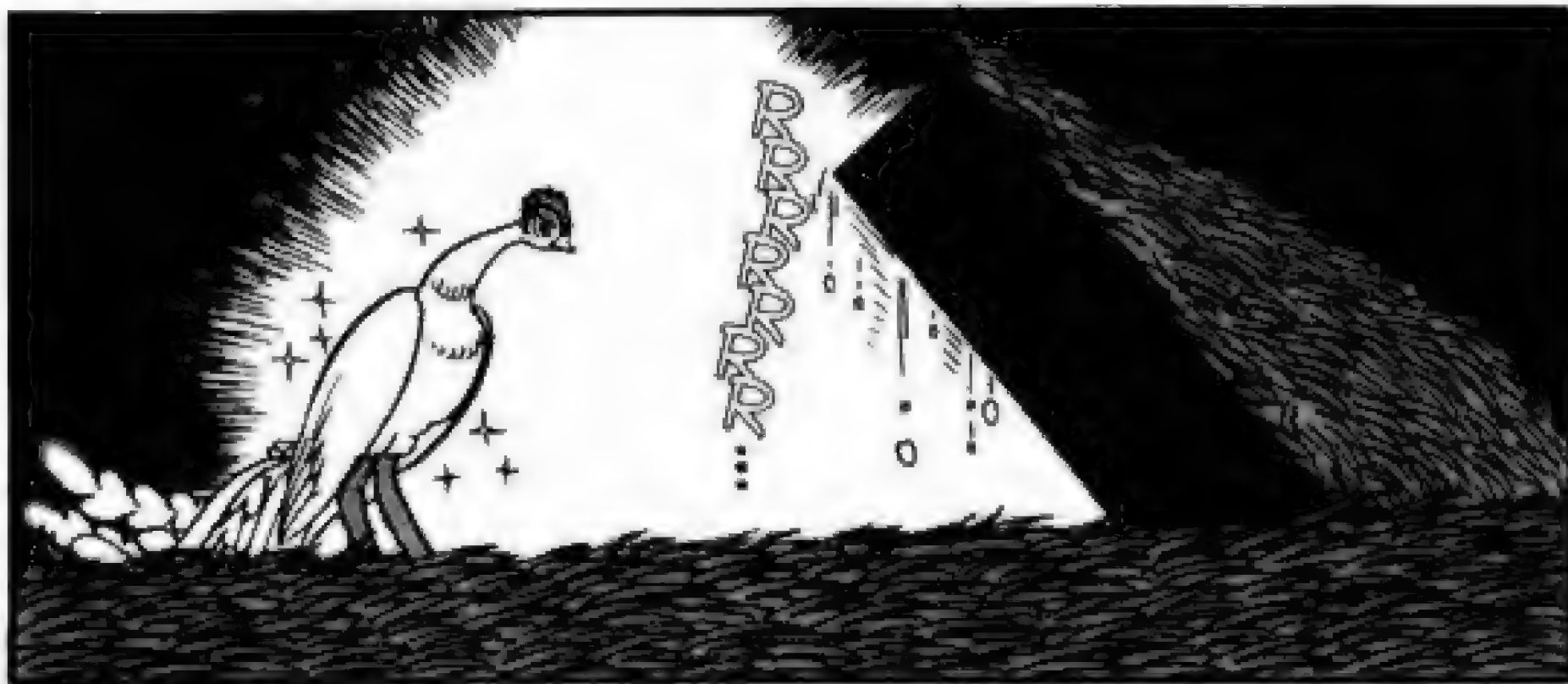




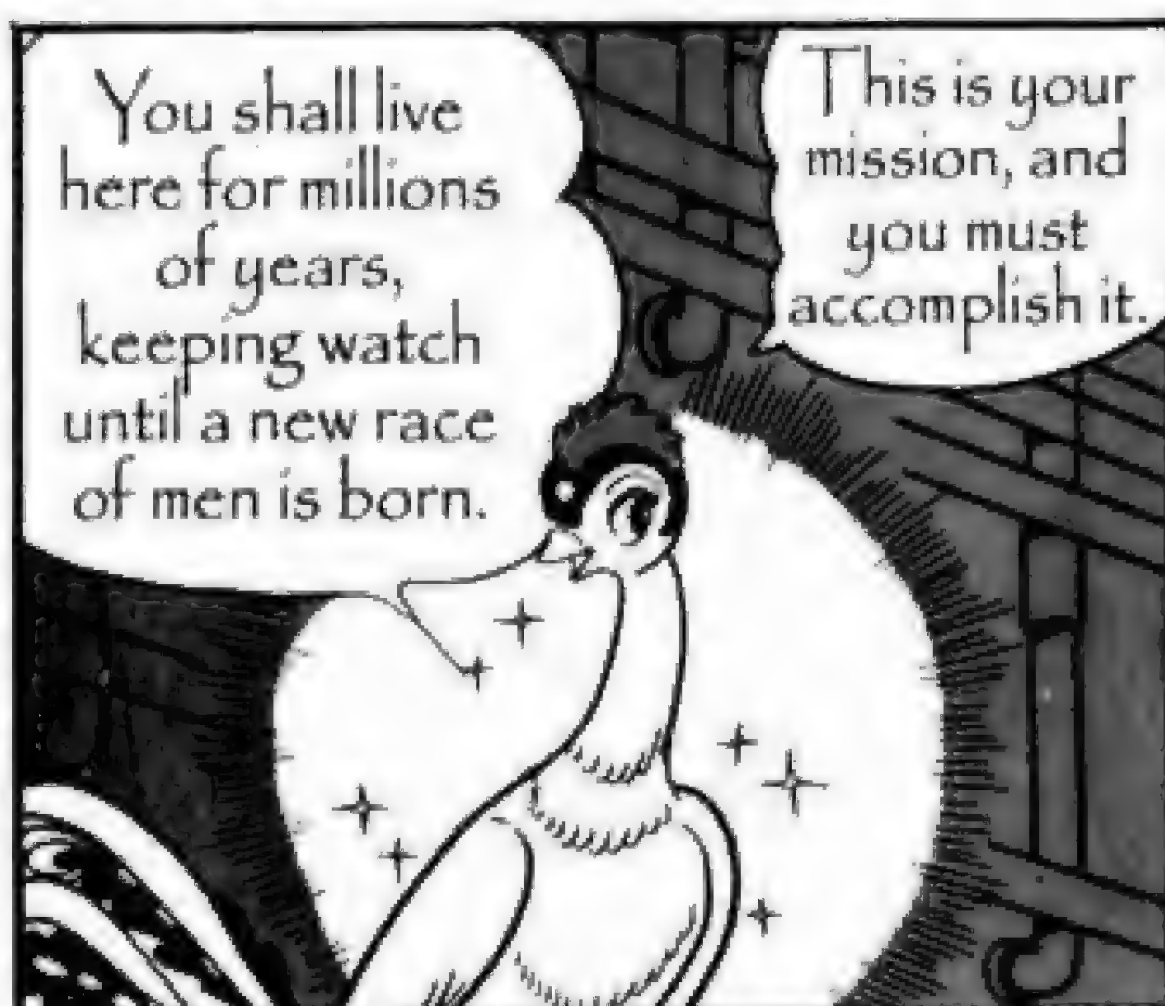
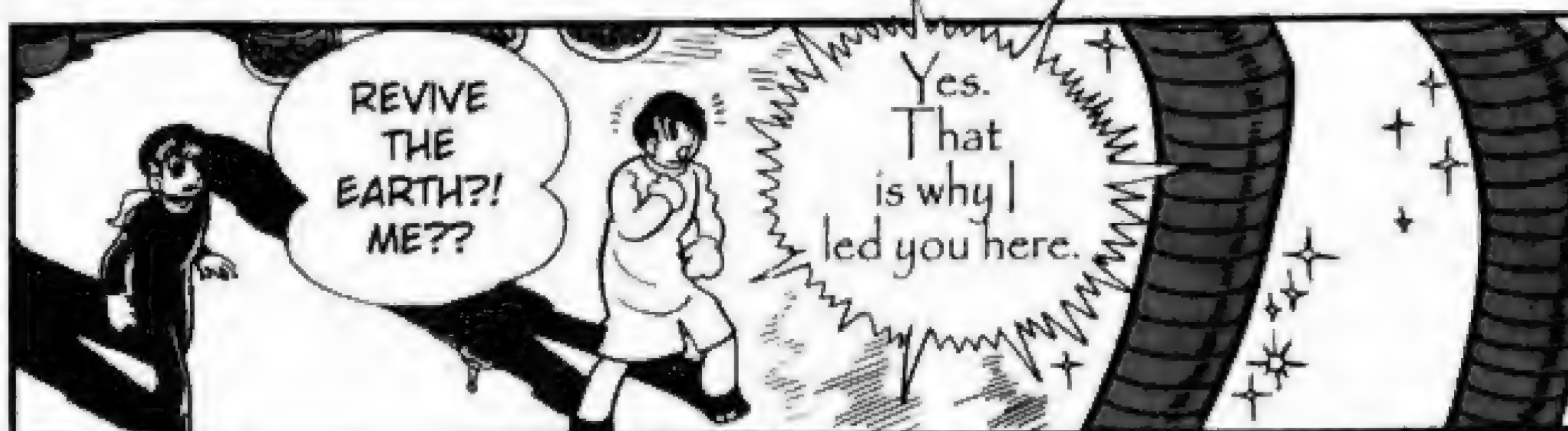




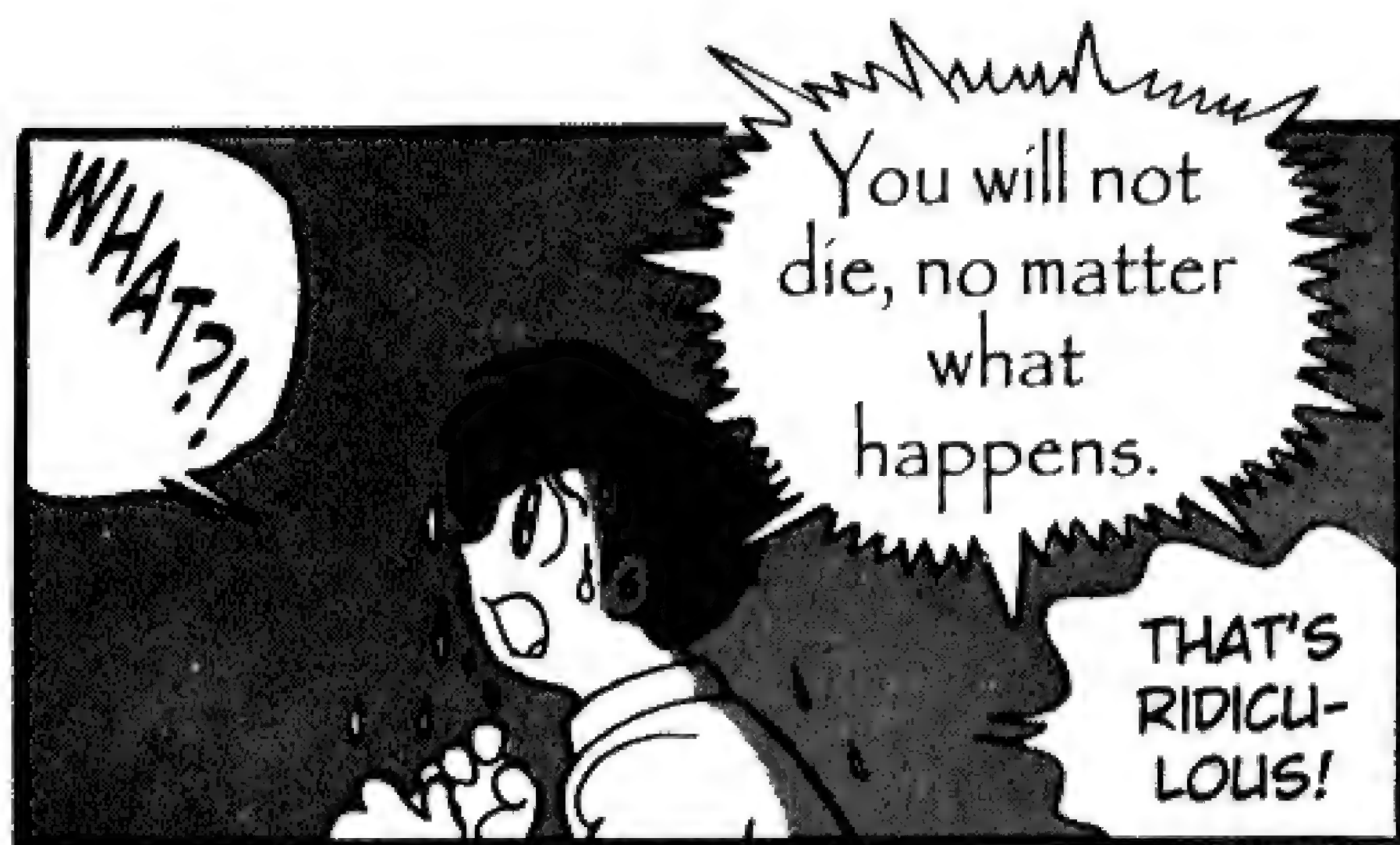




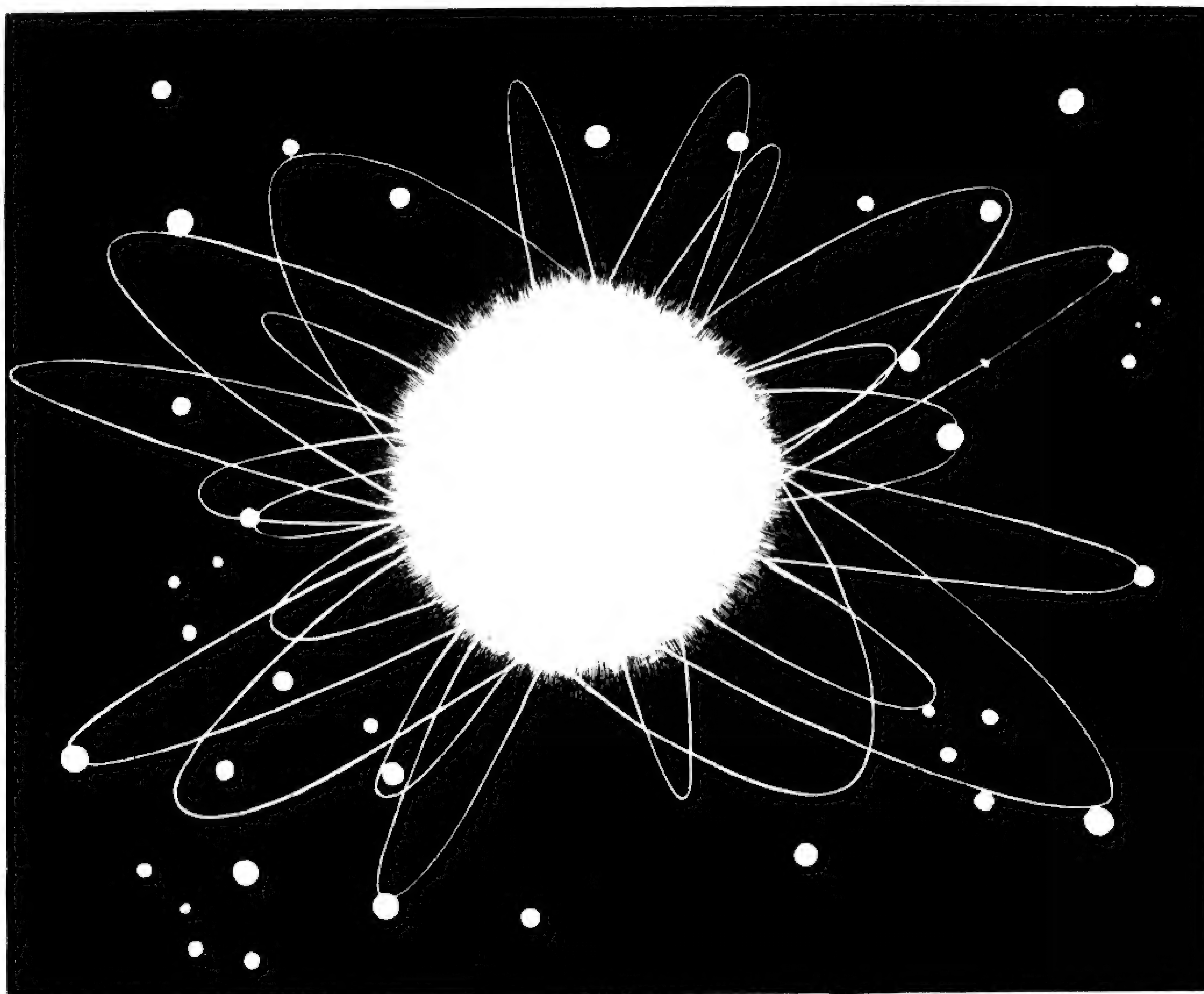




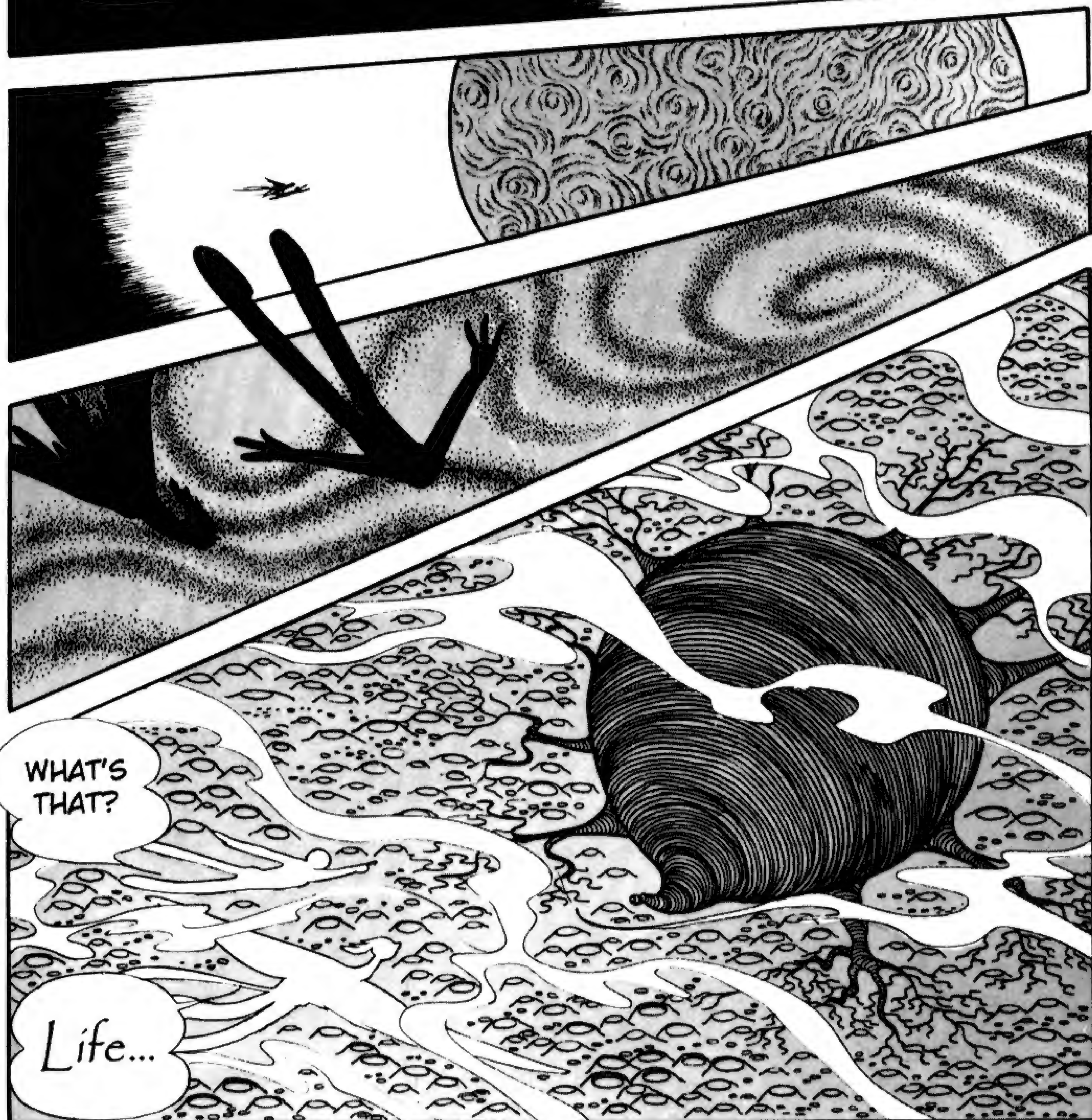




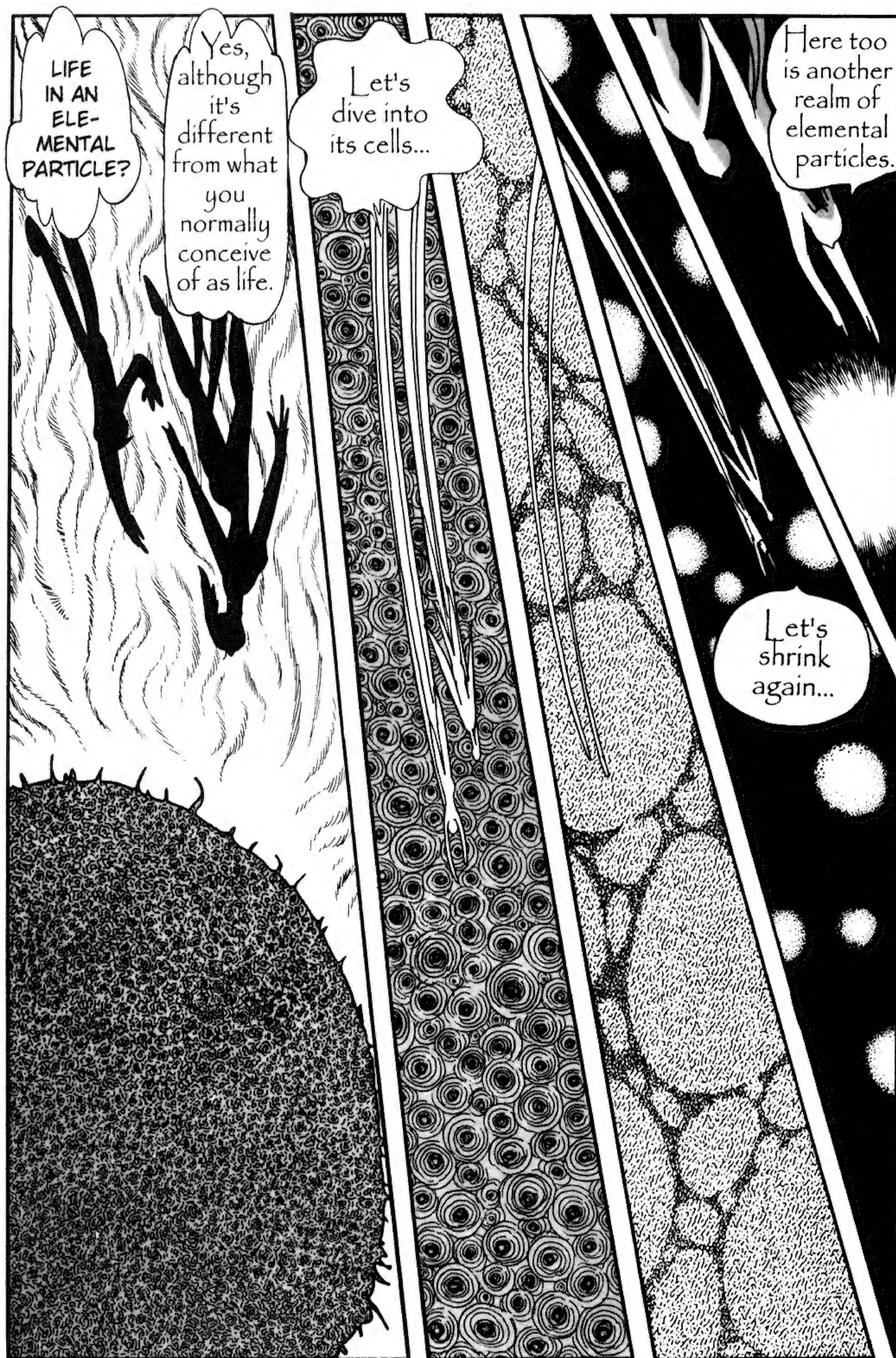












LIFE  
IN AN  
ELE-  
MENTAL  
PARTICLE?

Yes,  
although  
it's  
different  
from what  
you  
normally  
conceive  
of as life.

Let's  
dive into  
its cells...

Here too  
is another  
realm of  
elemental  
particles.

Let's  
shrink  
again...





Here's  
one.

MORE  
PLANETS!

NO!  
ENOUGH...THIS  
IS TOO MUCH  
FOR ME TO  
COMPREHEND!

Very well,  
let's return  
to original  
size...

Next, we  
take a  
look at the  
*macrocosm...*





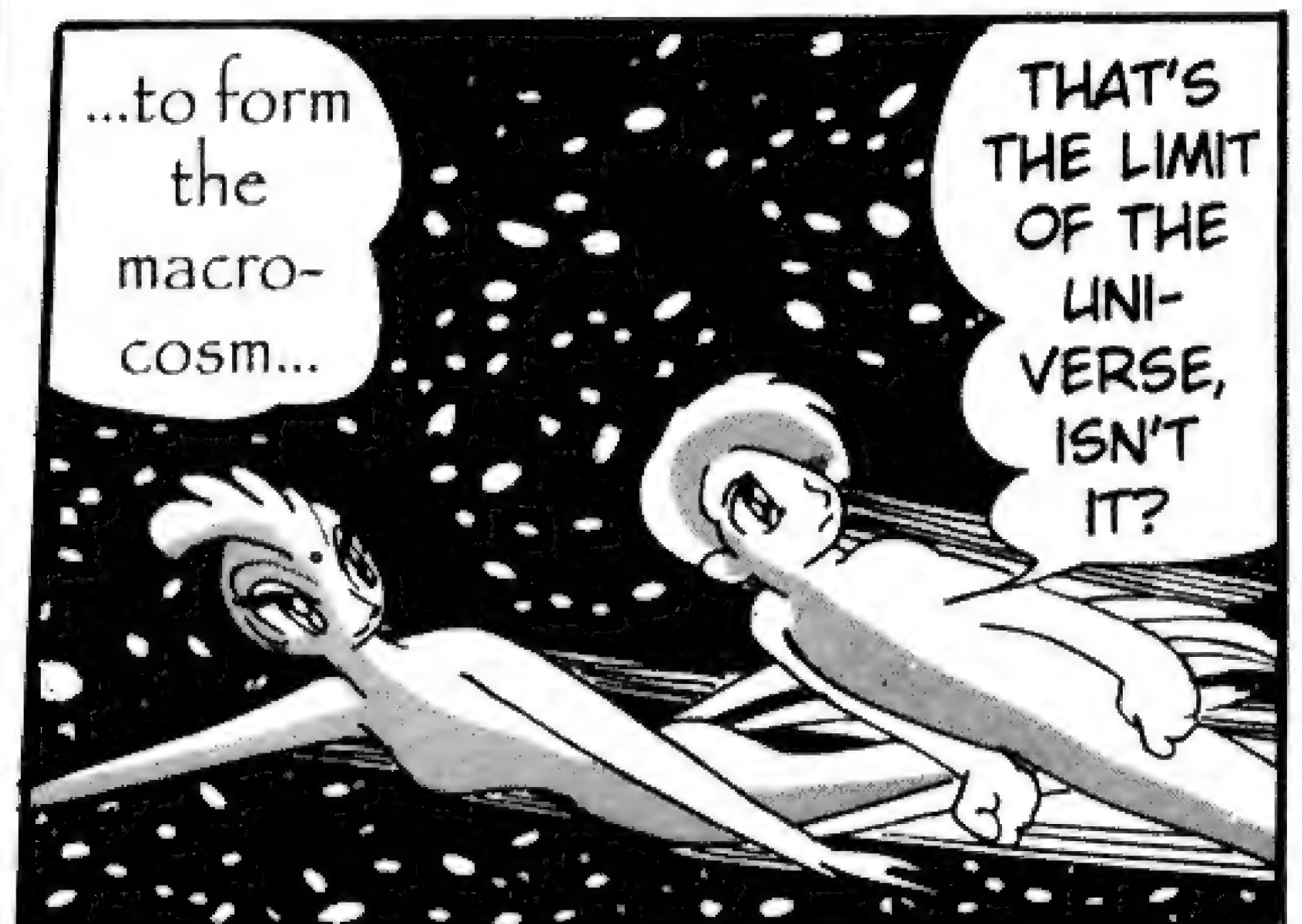
The Earth  
has become  
*invisible*... and  
the Sun...



...is lost in a  
mass of millions of  
other stars... as the  
Milky Way  
spirals...



...it is joined  
by billions of  
other galaxies...



...to form  
the  
macro-  
cosm...

THAT'S  
THE LIMIT  
OF THE  
UNI-  
VERSE,  
ISN'T  
IT?



As far as a *human* conception of the Universe is concerned, it *is* the limit, Masato...

But it is enveloped in something even larger.

If we move onto another dimension, this whole universe would be no more than one particle.

And these together form something like a cell.

And the cells in turn form another life.

WAIT! YOU'RE TELLING ME THAT THE WHOLE UNIVERSE IS ONLY A SINGLE CELL IN A LIVING CREATURE? WHAT IS THIS CREATURE?

A  
Cos-  
mos.

A  
COS-  
MOS?

STOP!  
STOP! I  
NEED TO  
THINK!

From the microcosm to the macrocosm they're all alive...

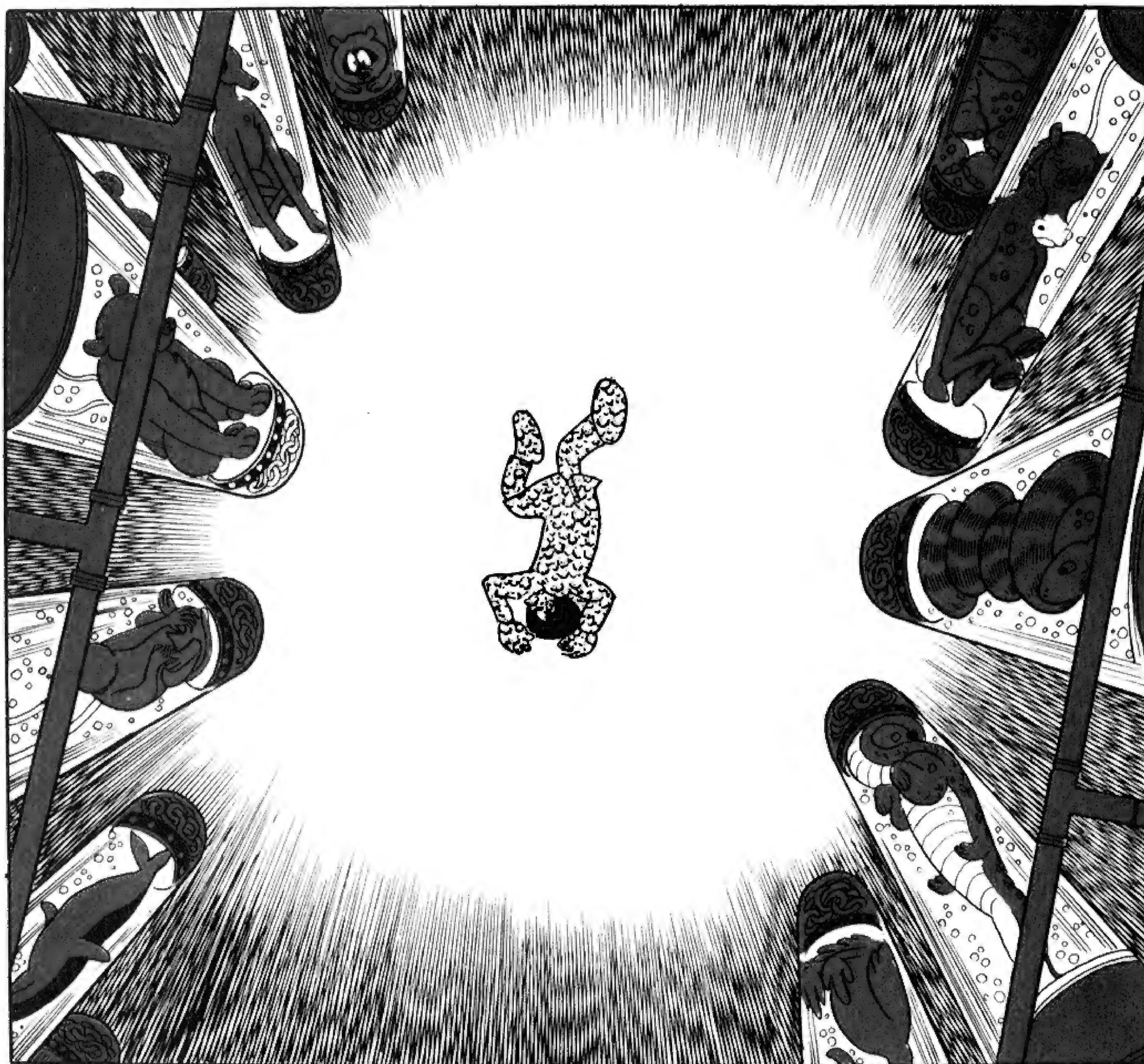








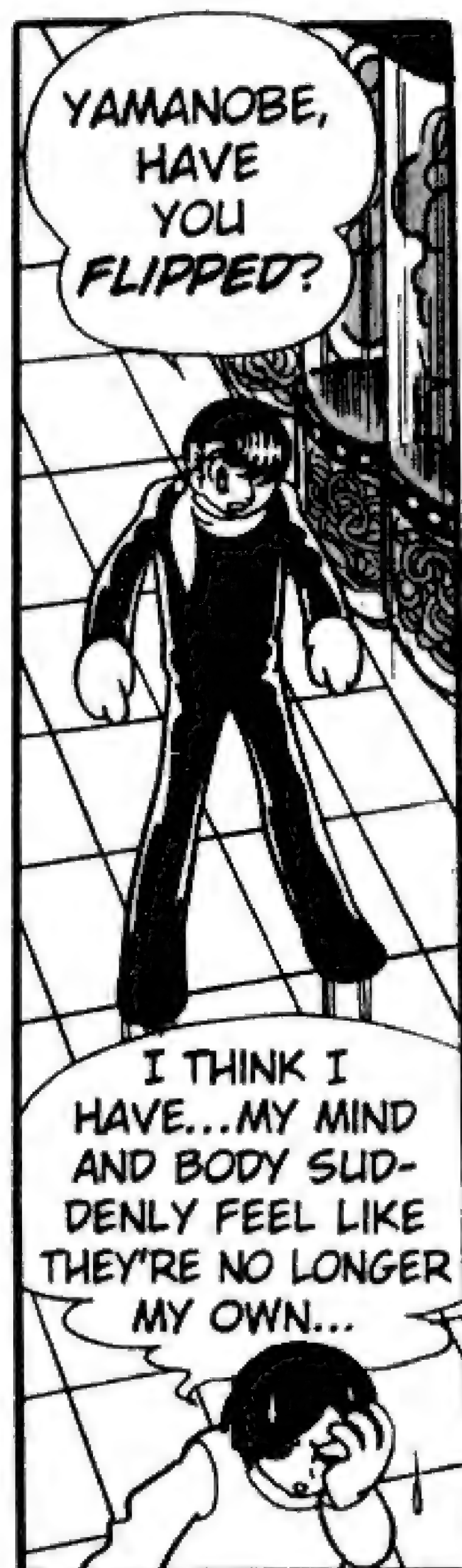
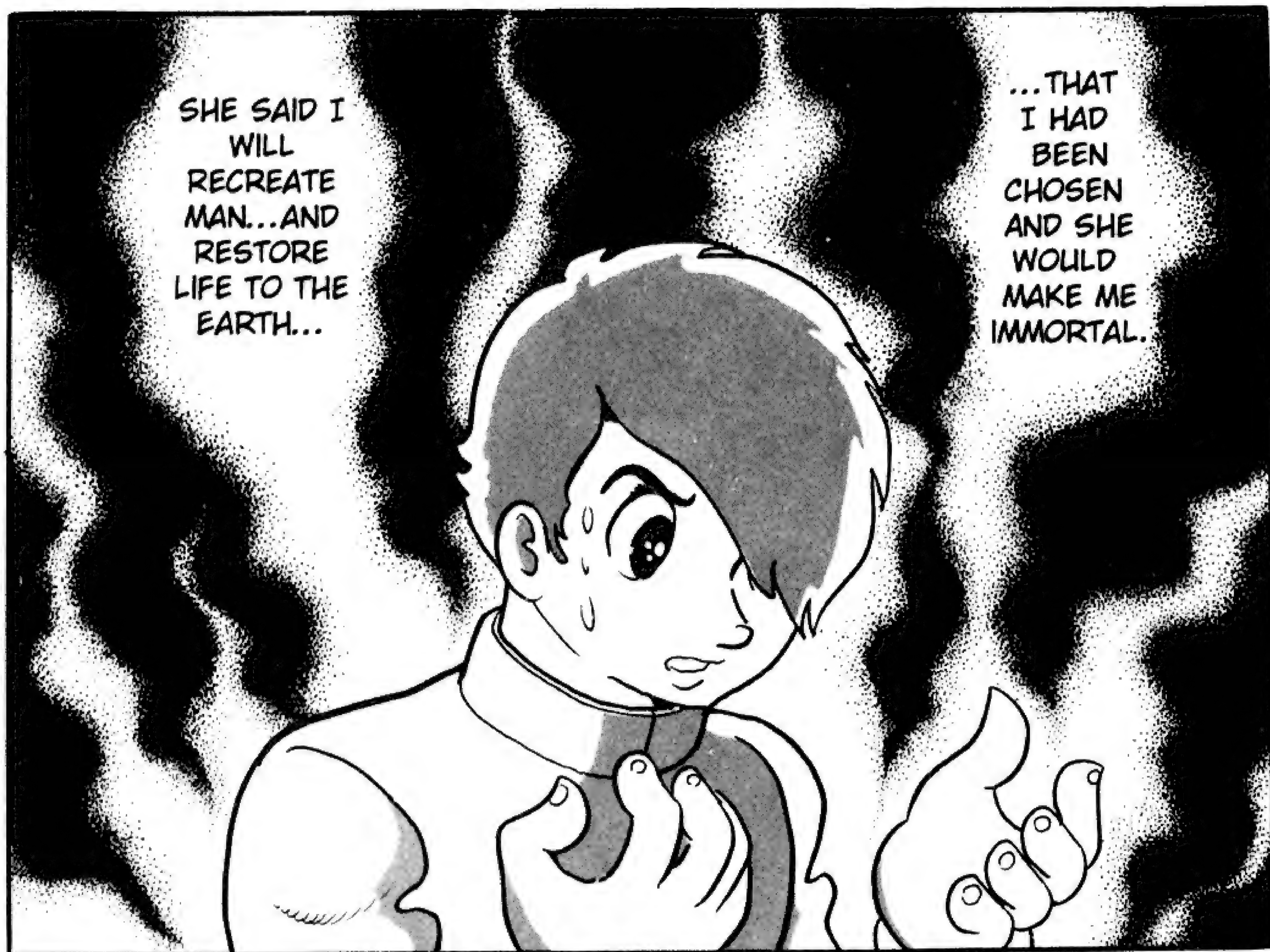












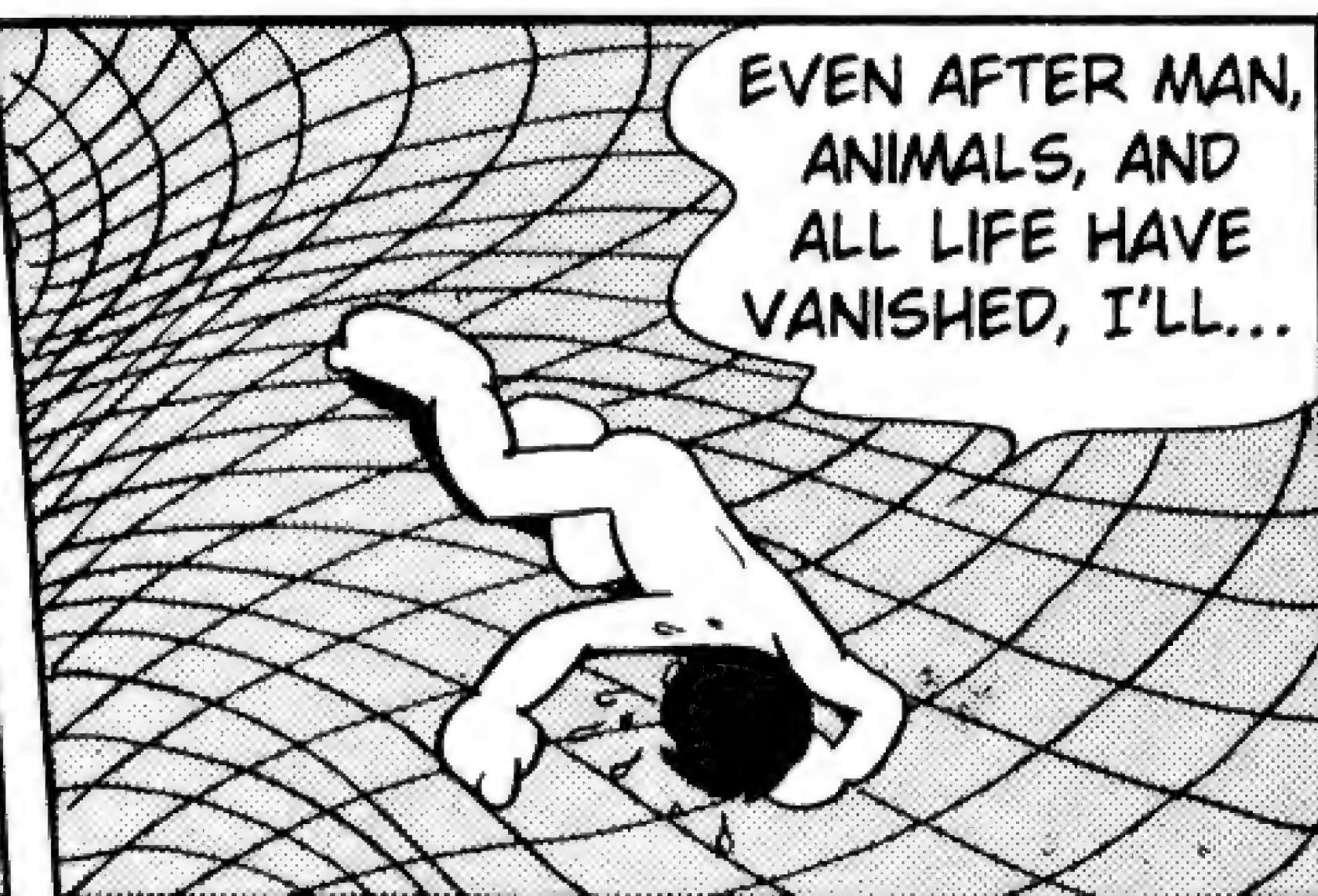




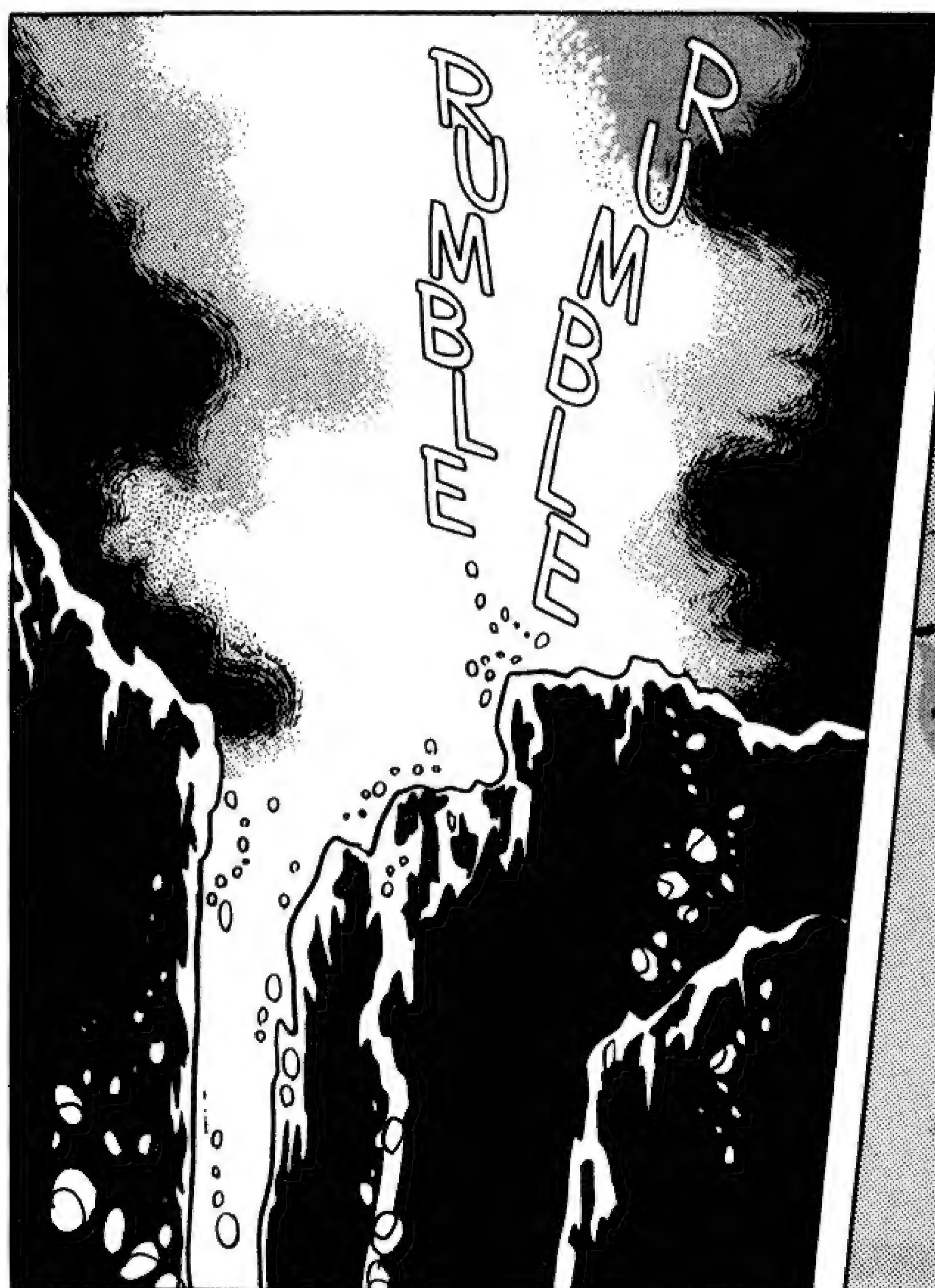








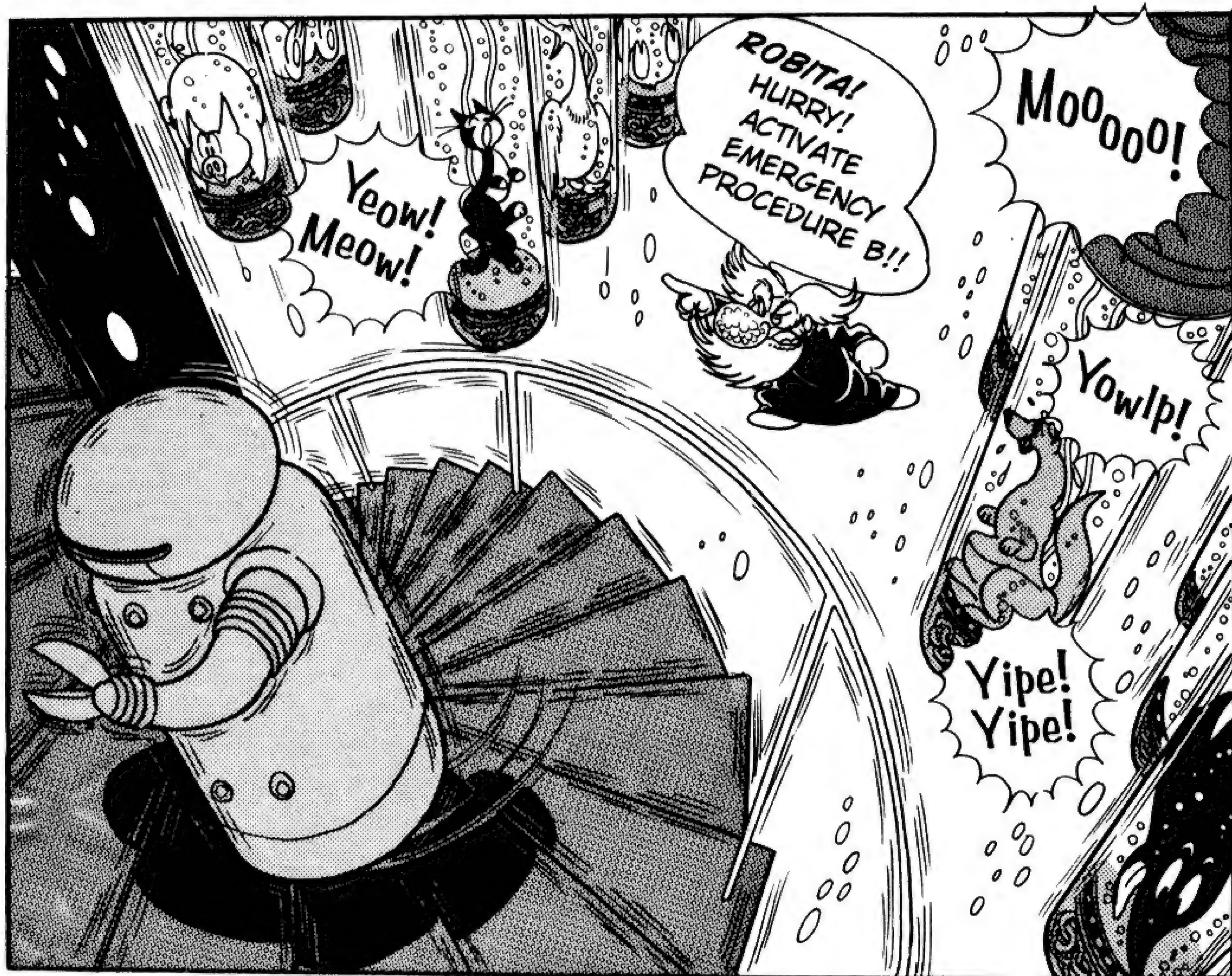
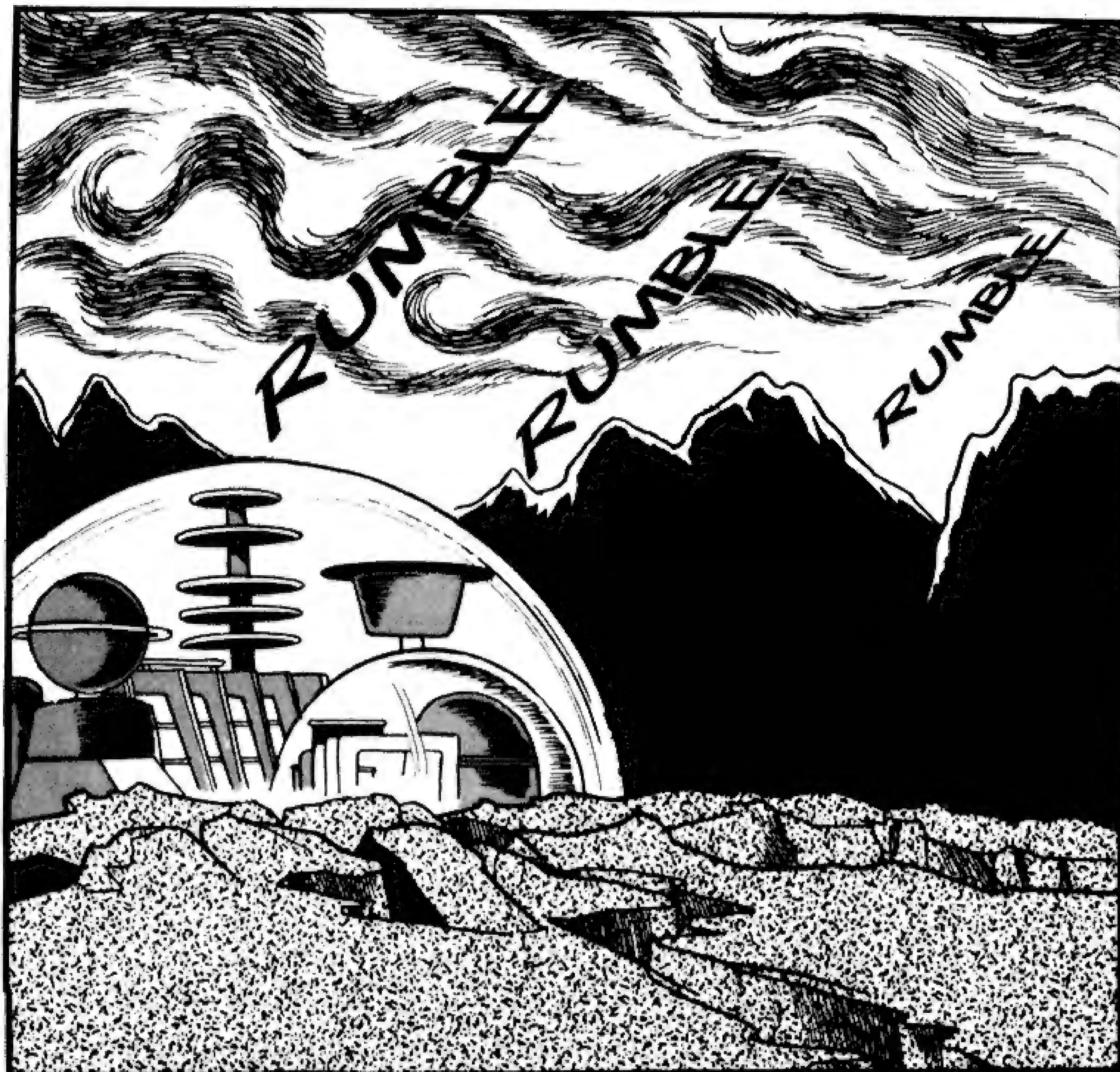




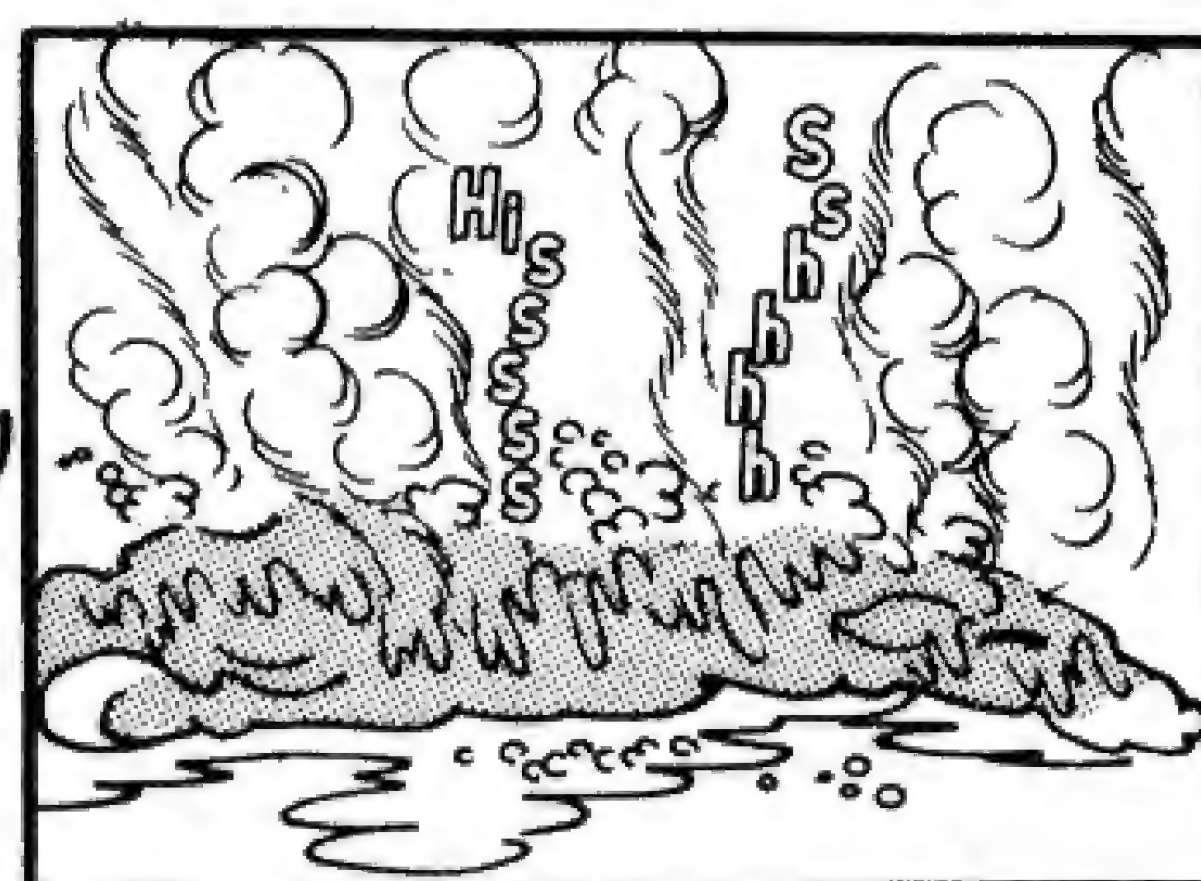
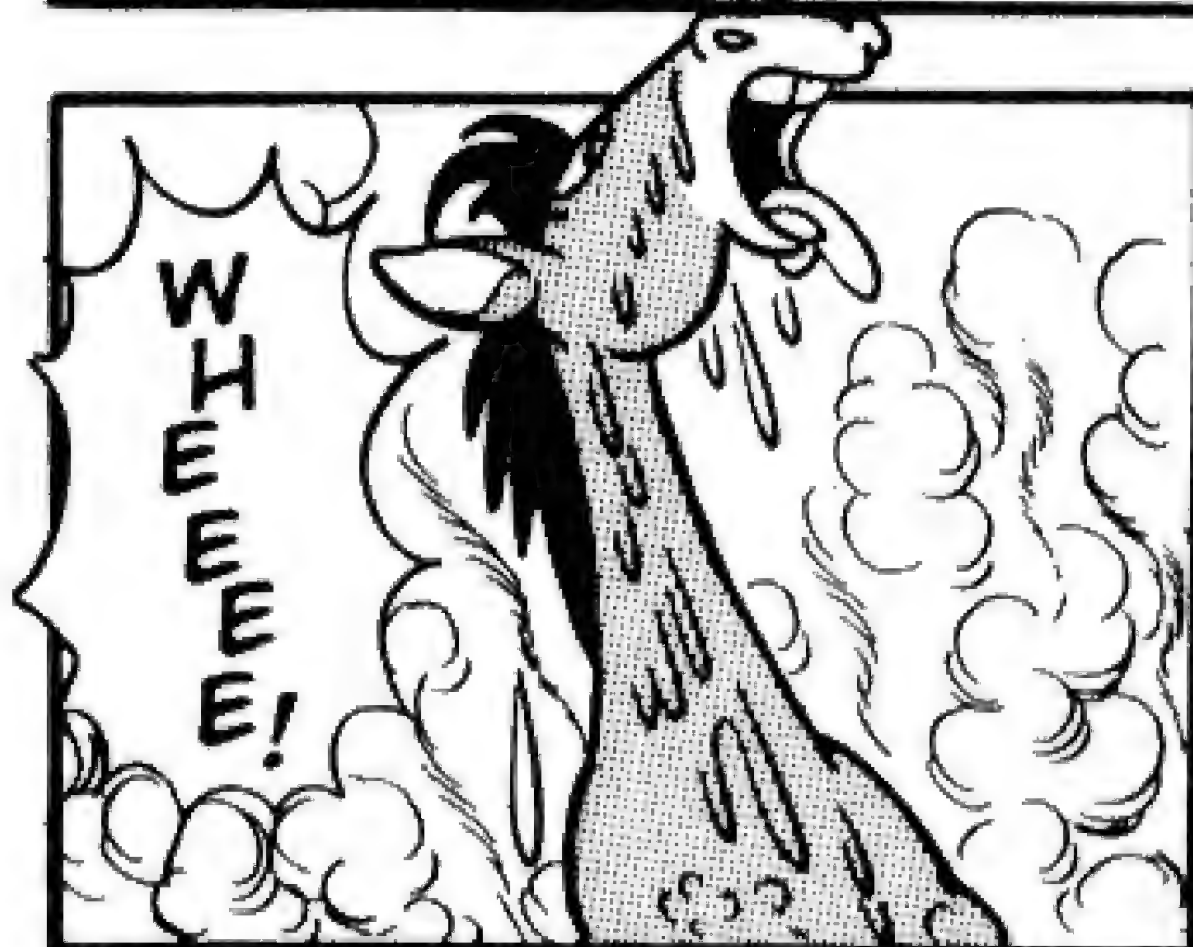
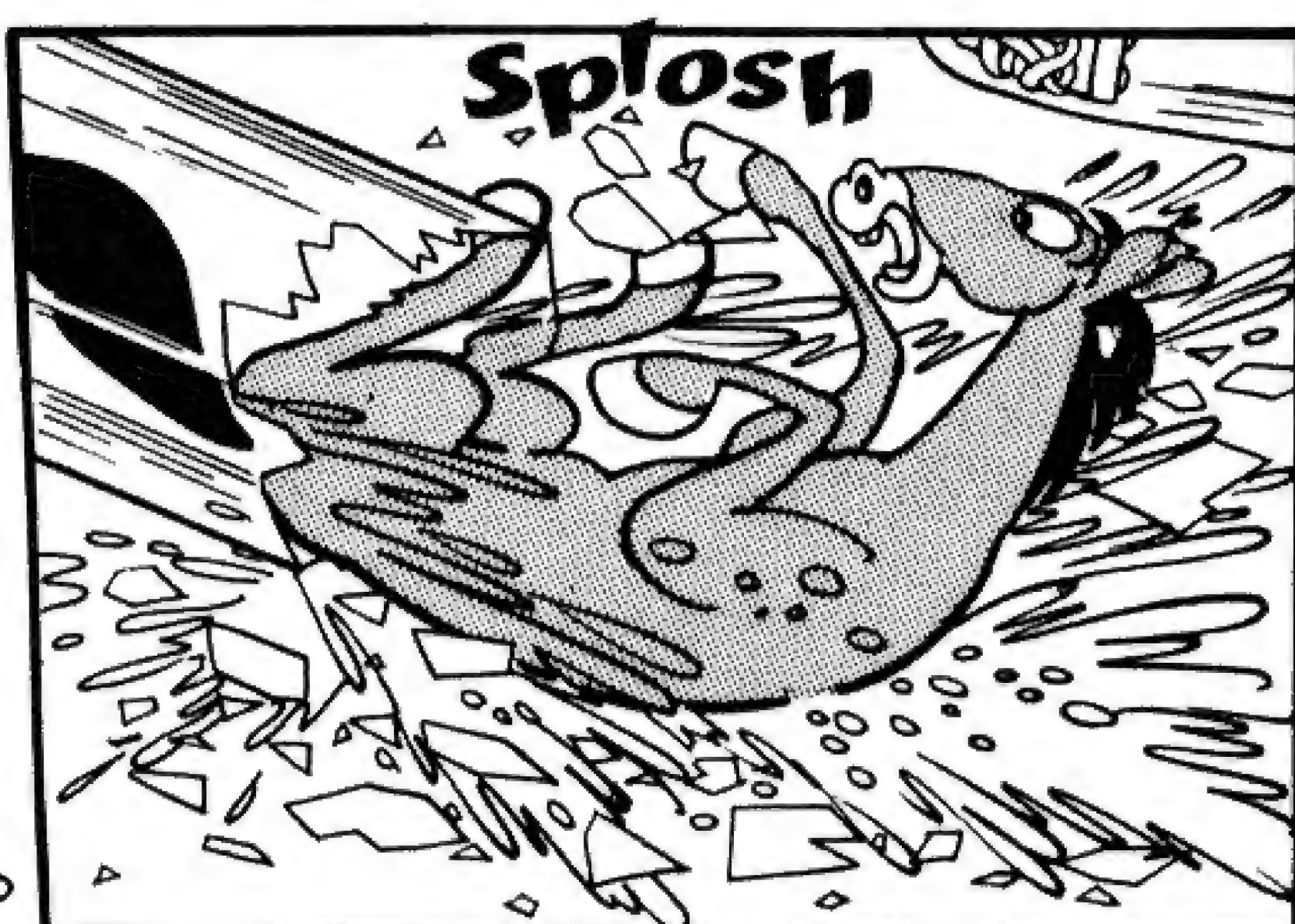




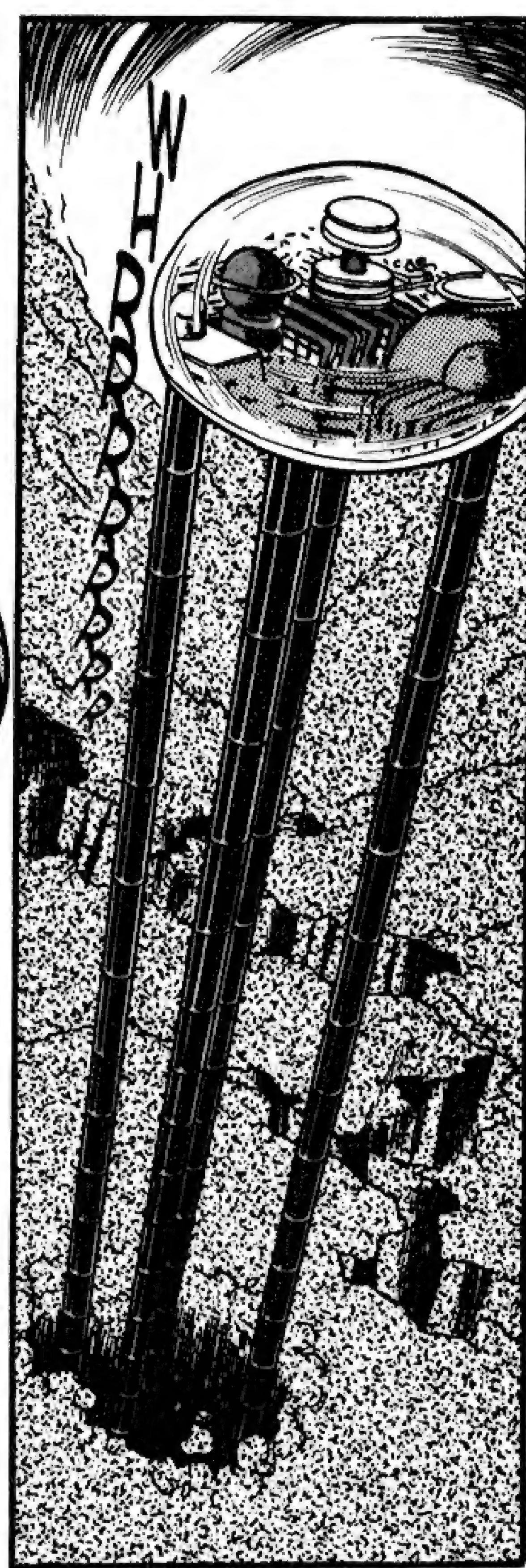
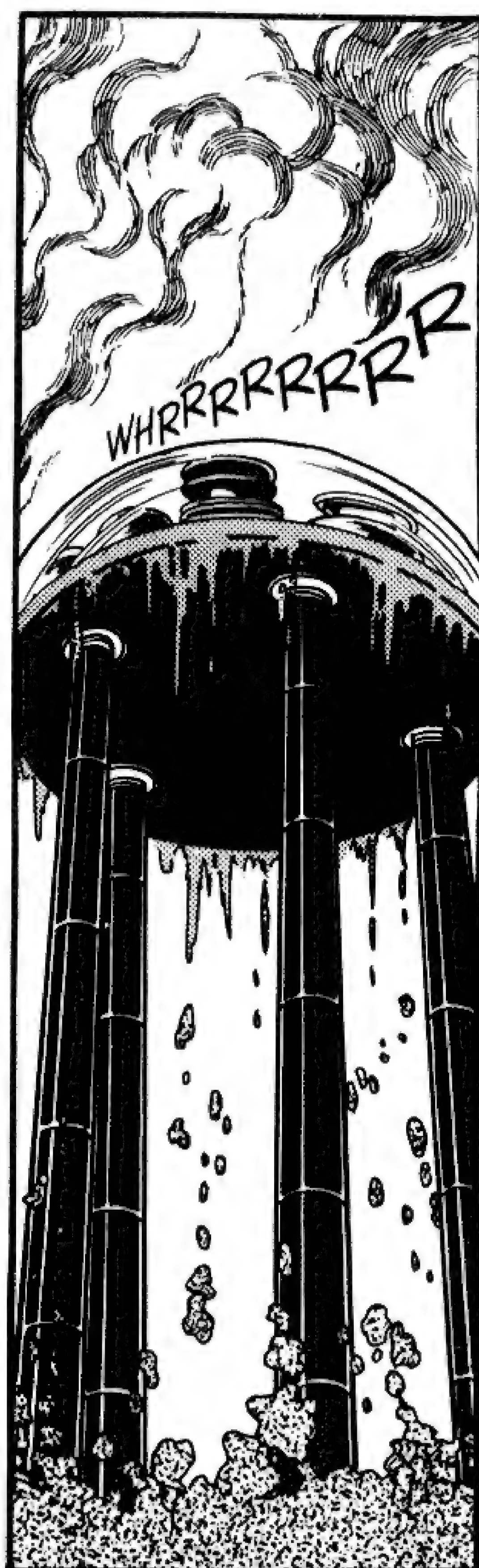




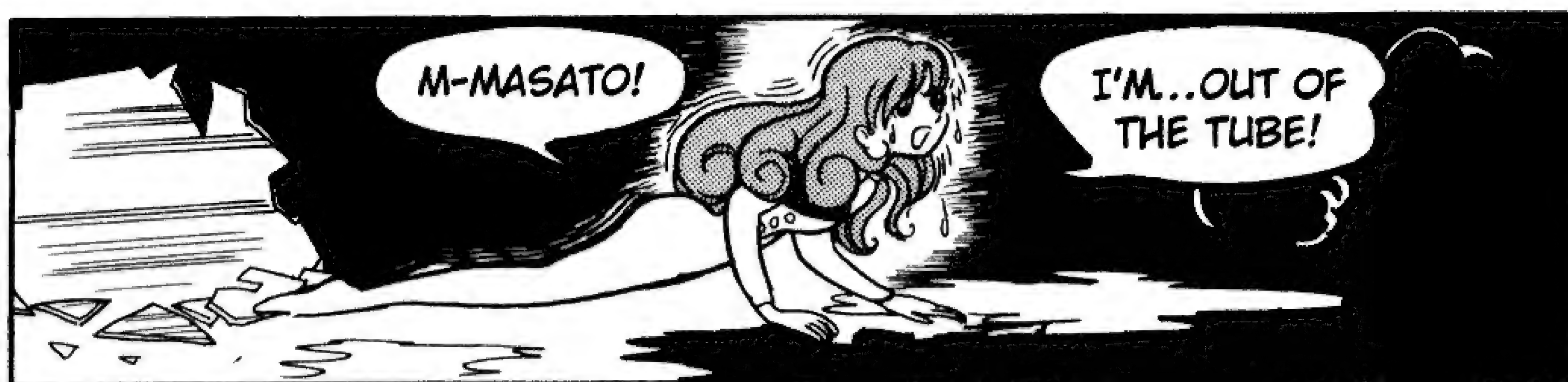




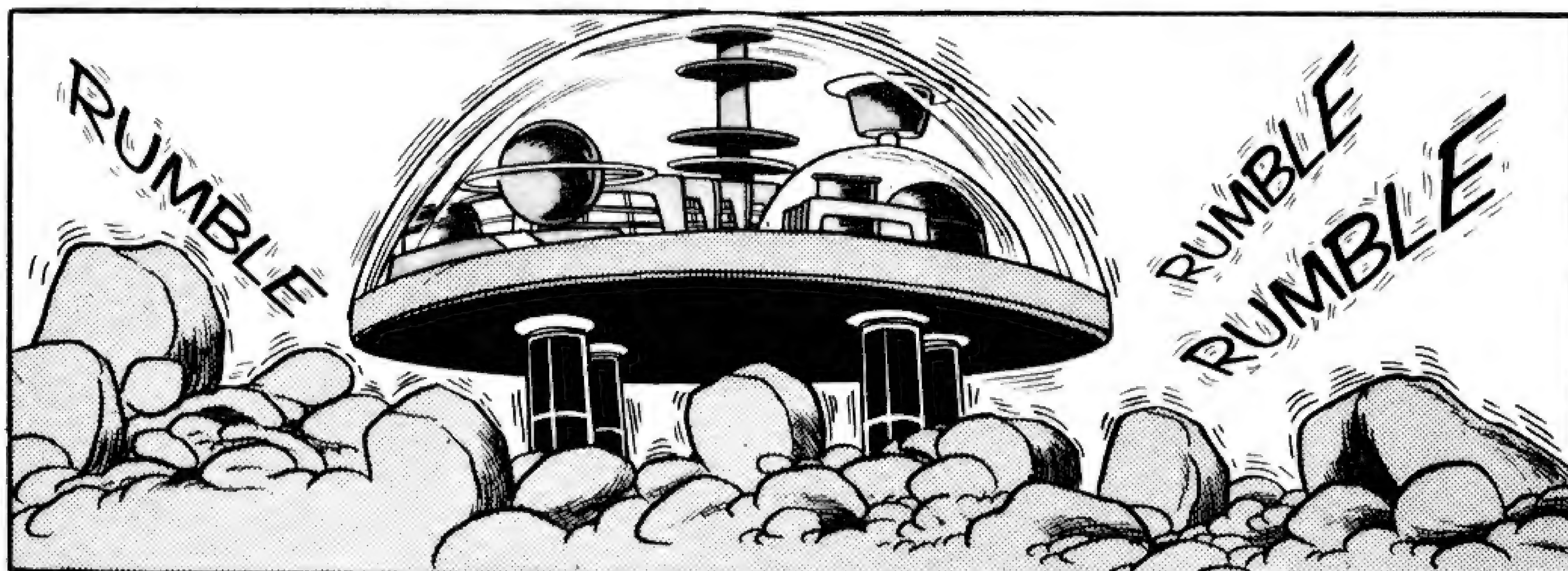




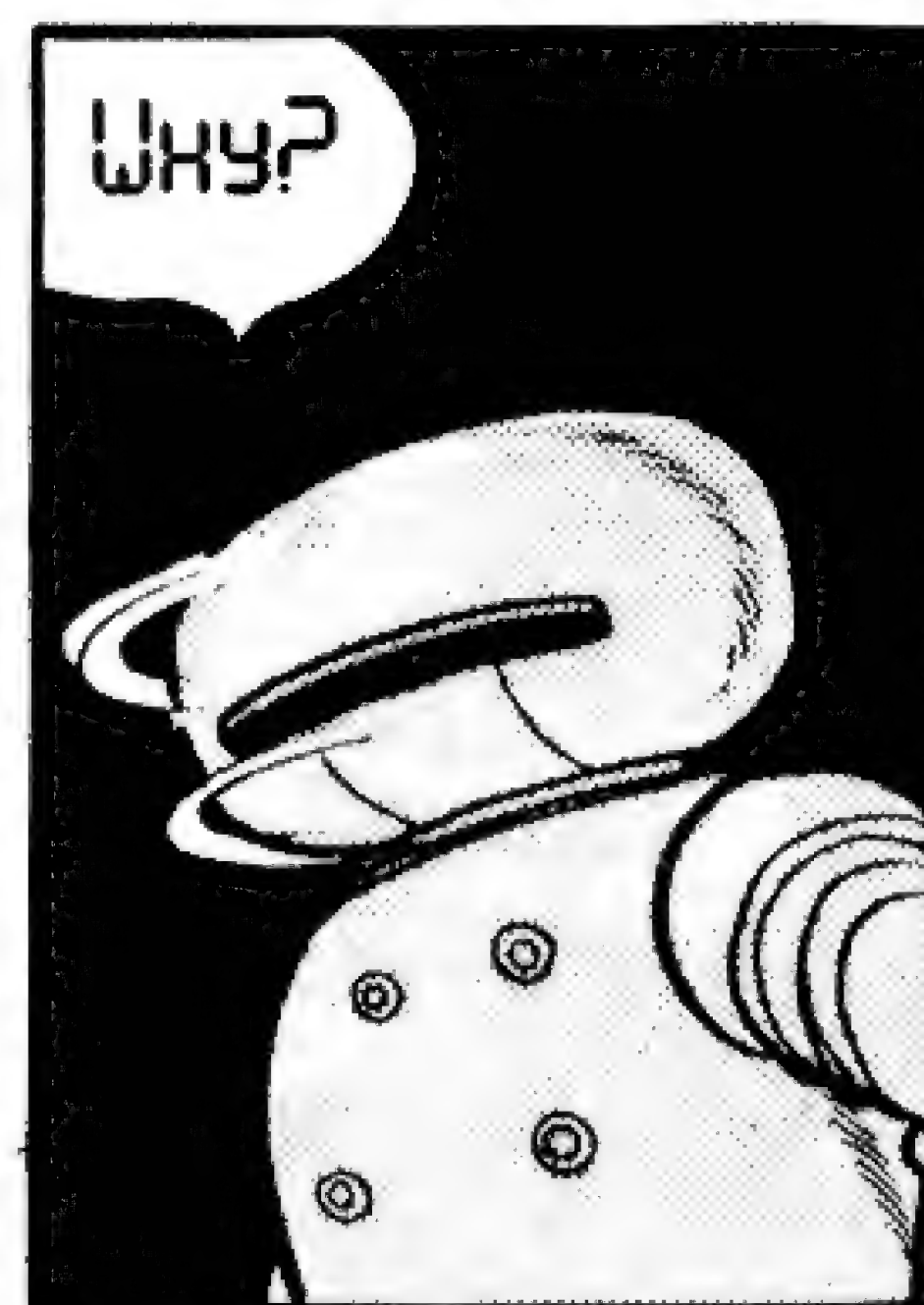
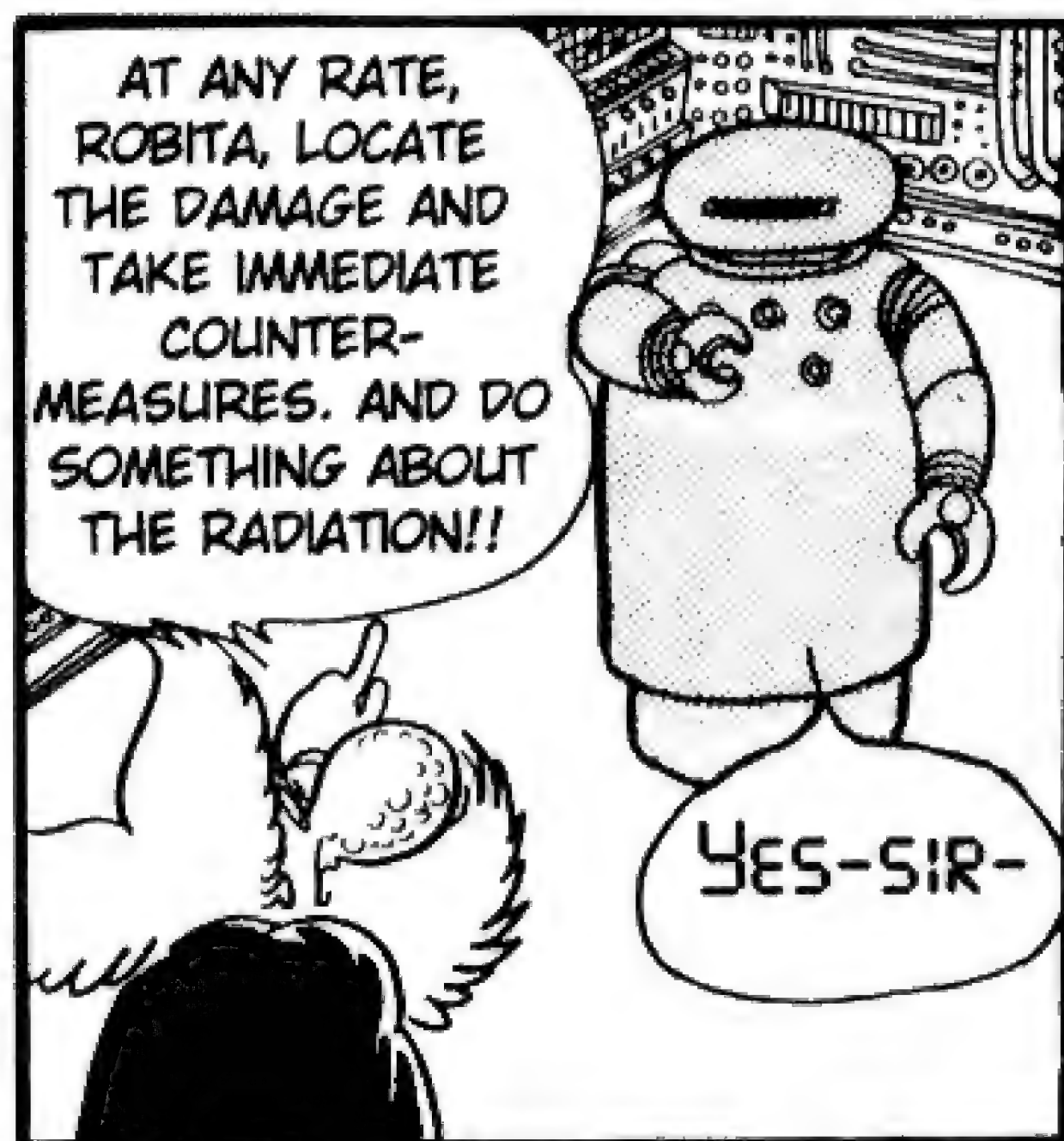
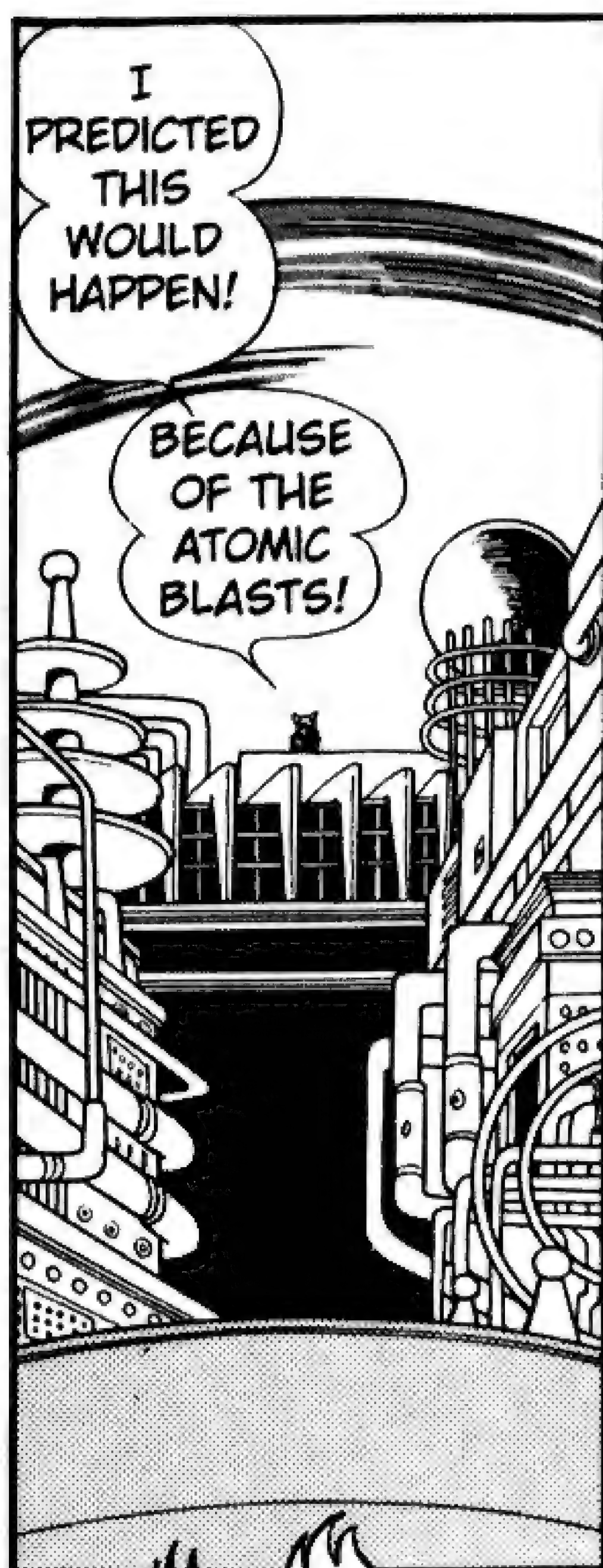




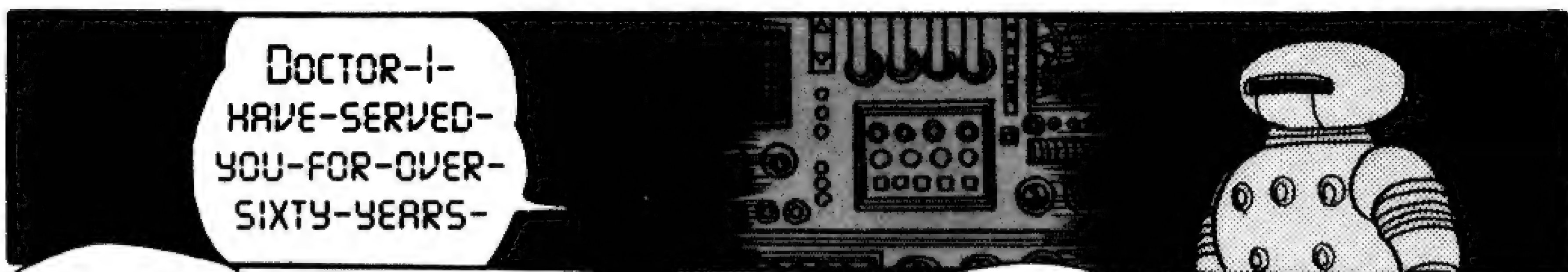
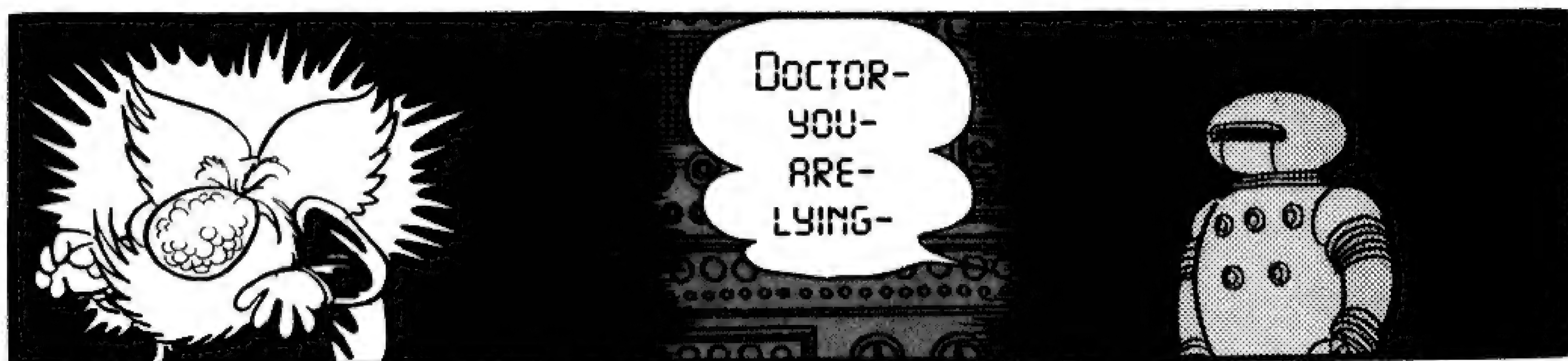
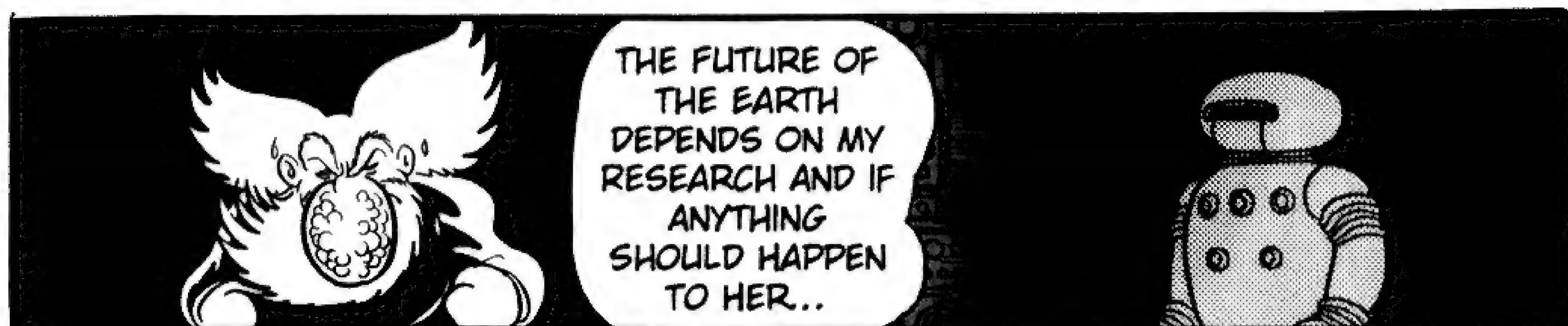
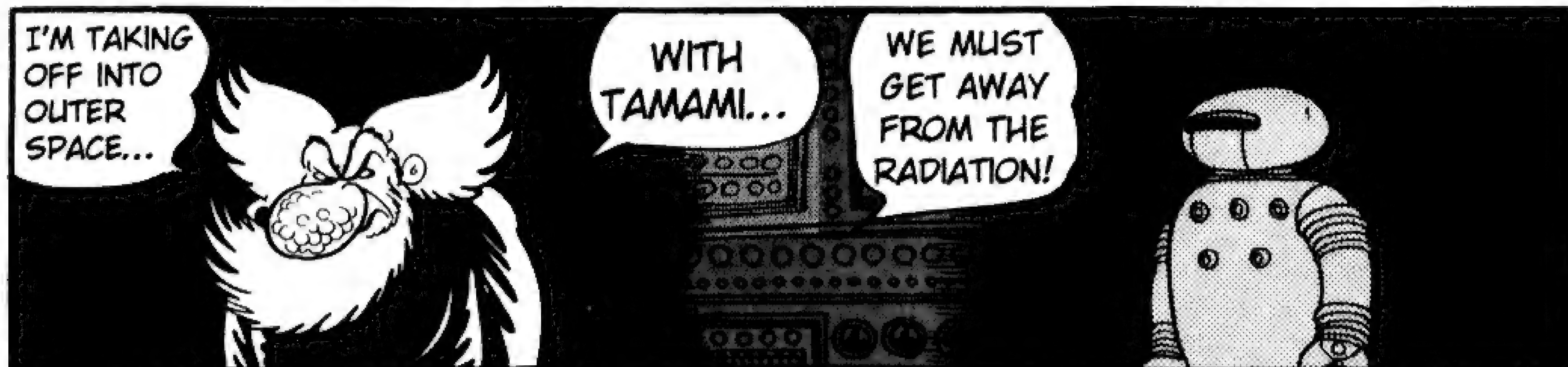




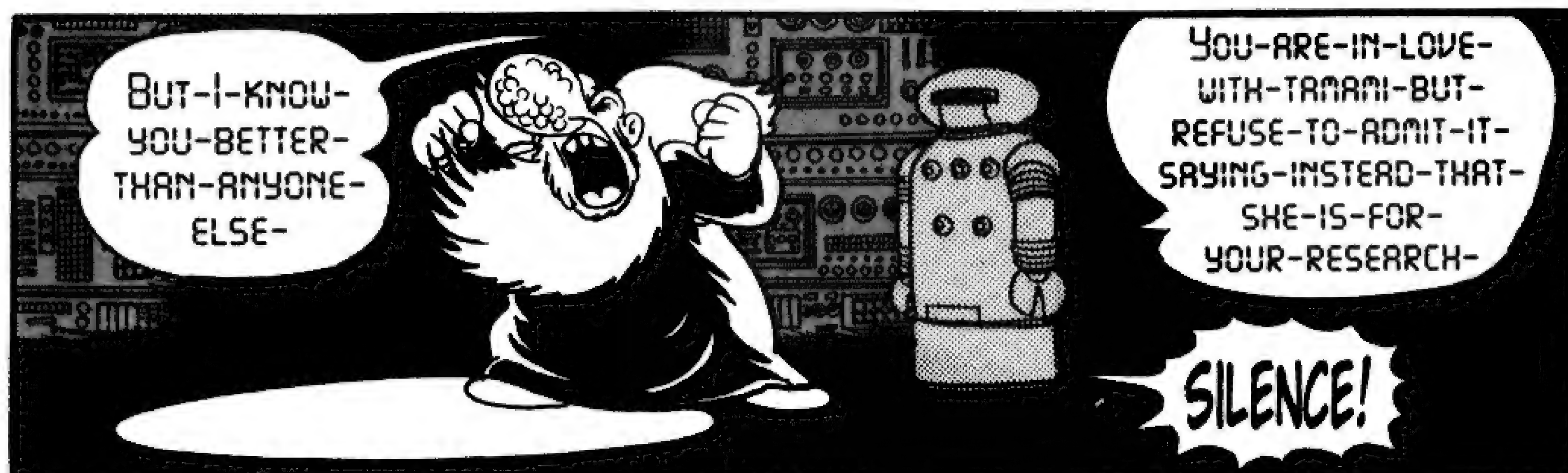








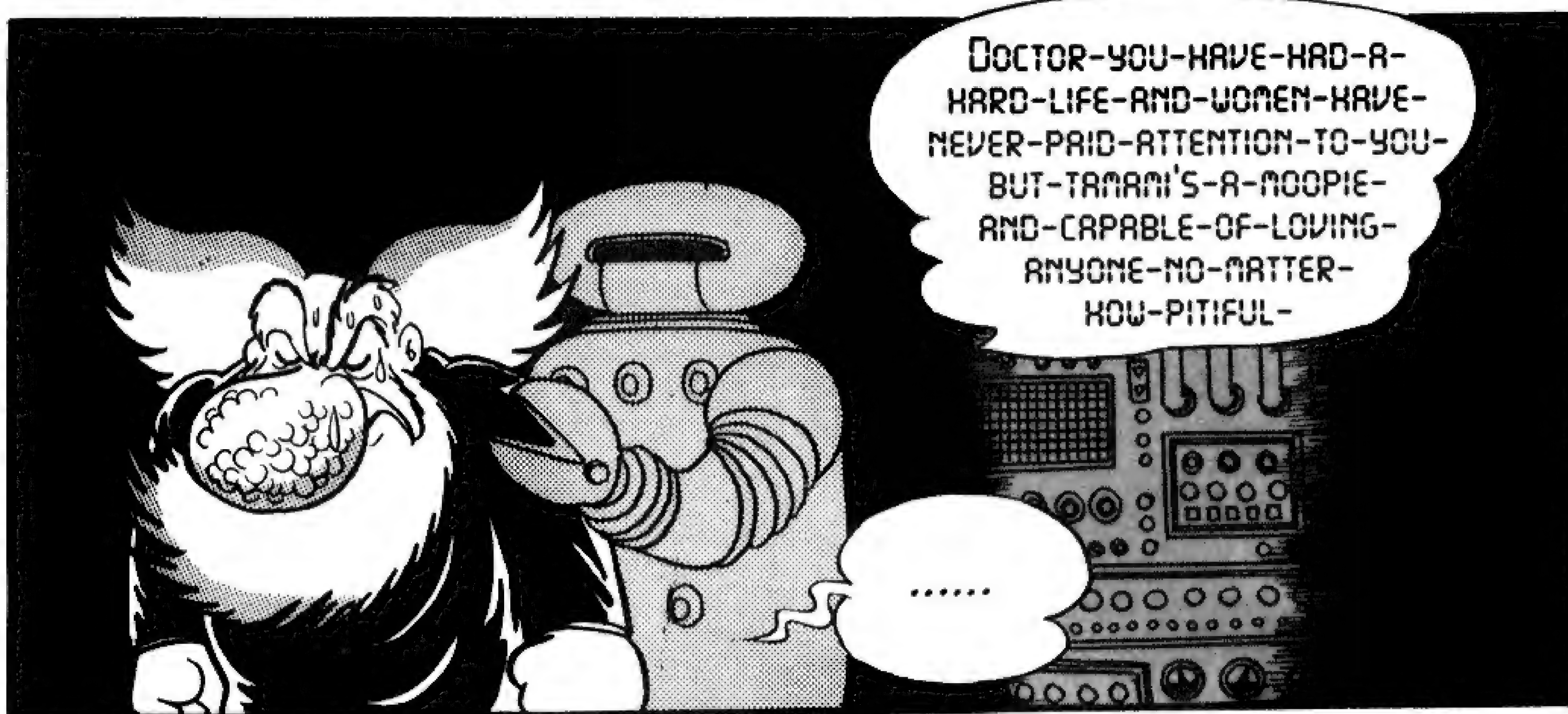




BUT-I-KNOW-  
YOU-BETTER-  
THAN-ANYONE-  
ELSE-

YOU-ARE-IN-LOVE-  
WITH-TAMAMI-BUT-  
REFUSE-TO-ADMIT-IT-  
SAYING-INSTEAD-THAT-  
SHE-IS-FOR-  
YOUR-RESEARCH-

**SILENCE!**



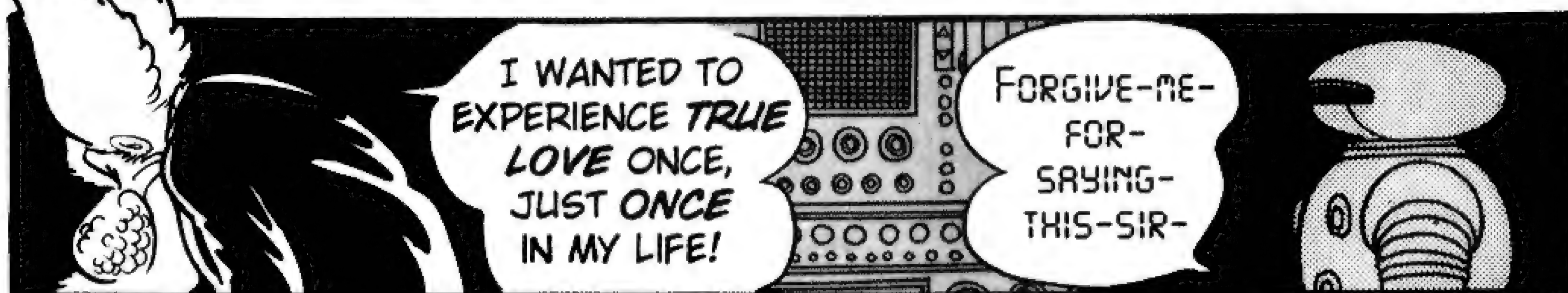
DOCTOR-YOU-HAVE-HAD-A-  
HARD-LIFE-AND-WOMEN-HAVE-  
NEVER-PAID-ATTENTION-TO-YOU-  
BUT-TAMAMI'S-A-MOOPIE-  
AND-CAPABLE-OF-LOVING-  
ANYONE-NO-MATTER-  
HOW-PITIFUL-

.....



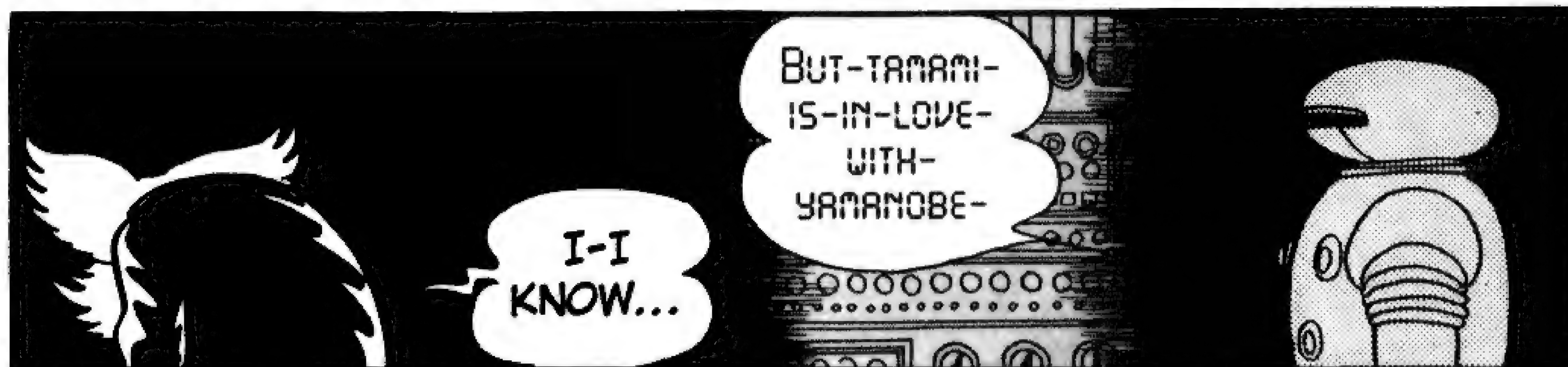
ROBITA...  
IF YOU CAN  
LAUGH,  
LAUGH NOW...

I AM,  
AFTER ALL, A  
WEAK, WEAK  
MAN.



I WANTED TO  
EXPERIENCE *TRUE*  
*LOVE* ONCE,  
JUST *ONCE*  
IN MY LIFE!

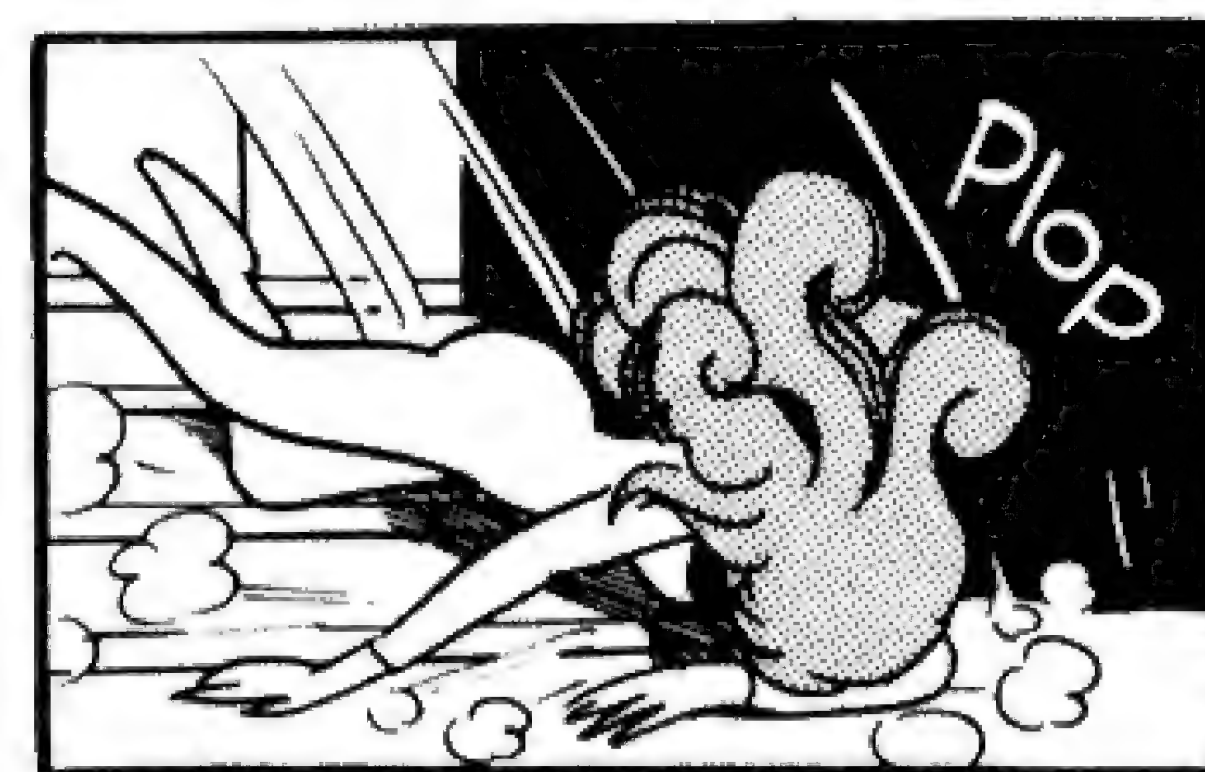
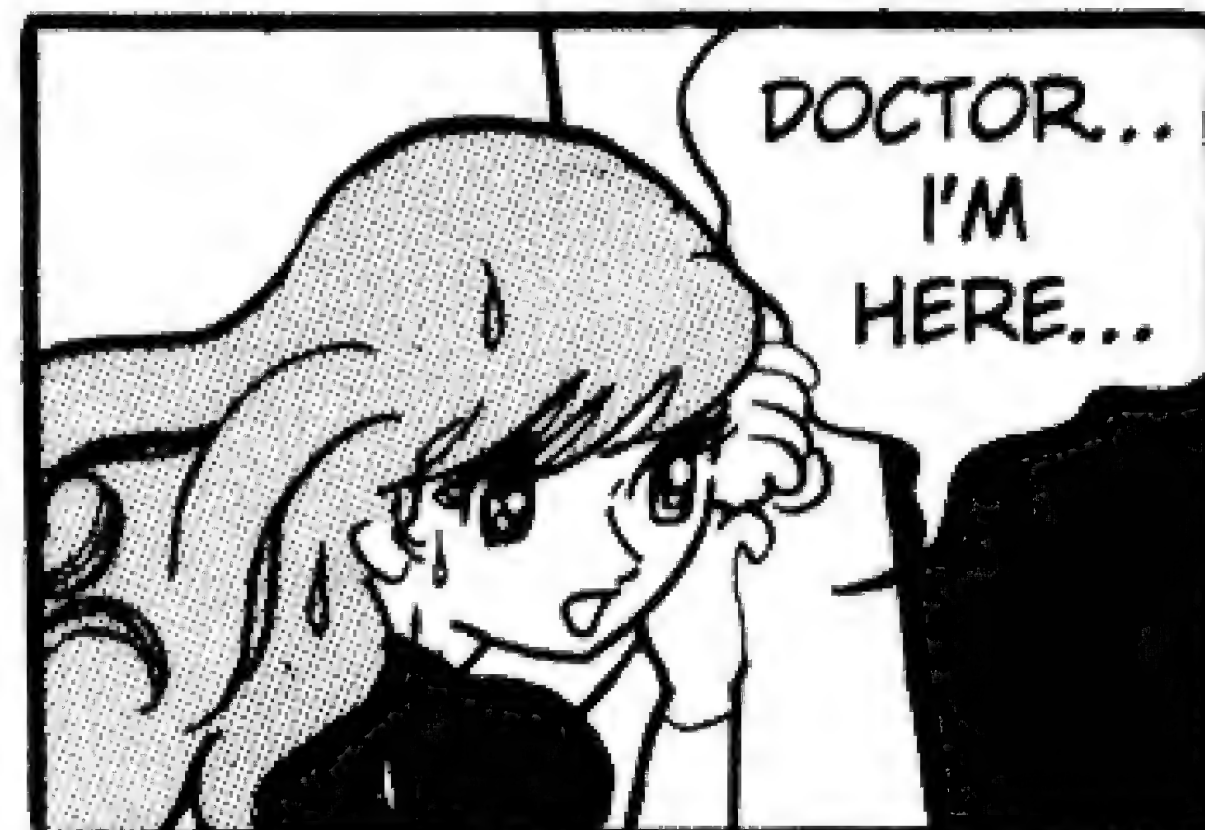
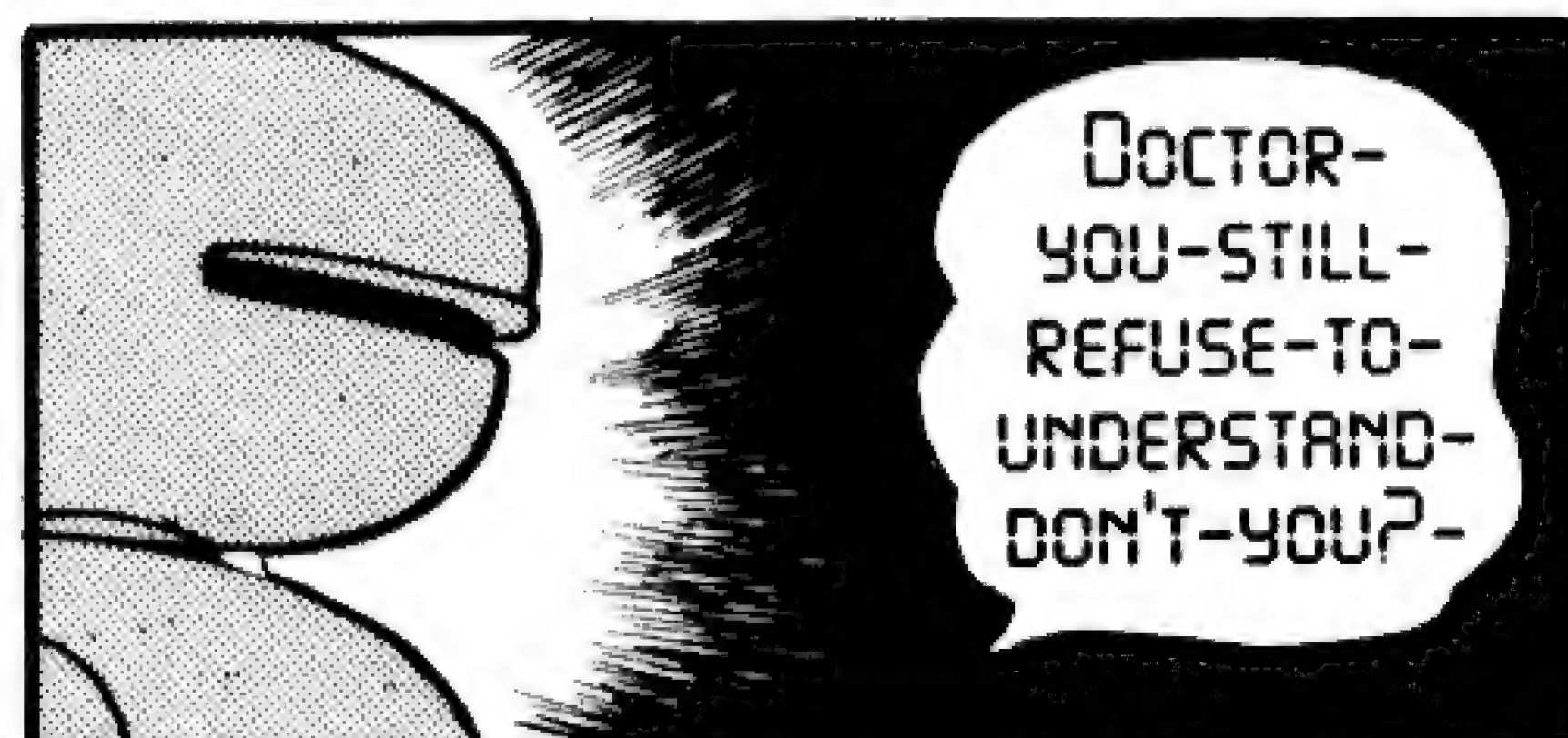
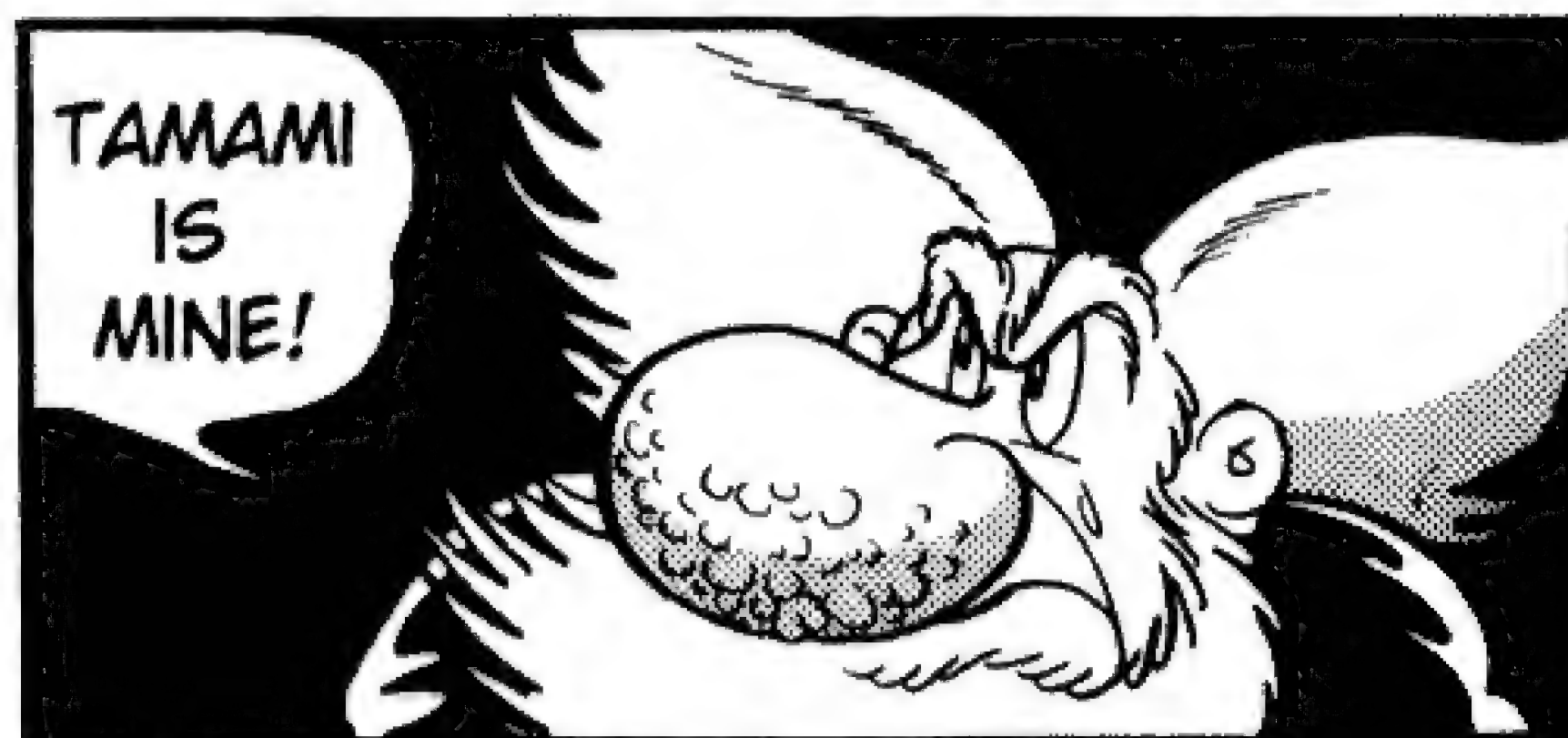
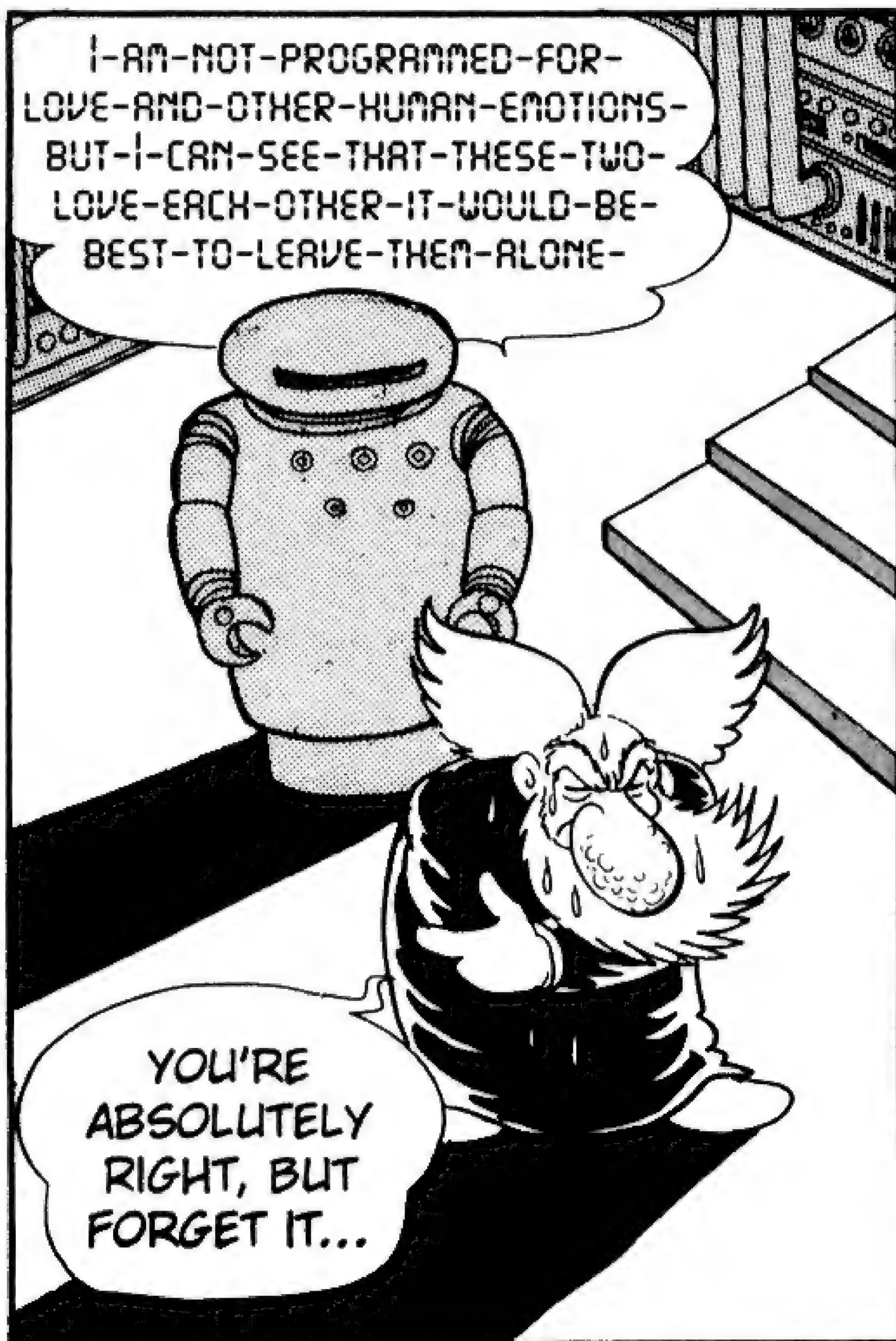
FORGIVE-ME-  
FOR-  
SAYING-  
THIS-SIR-



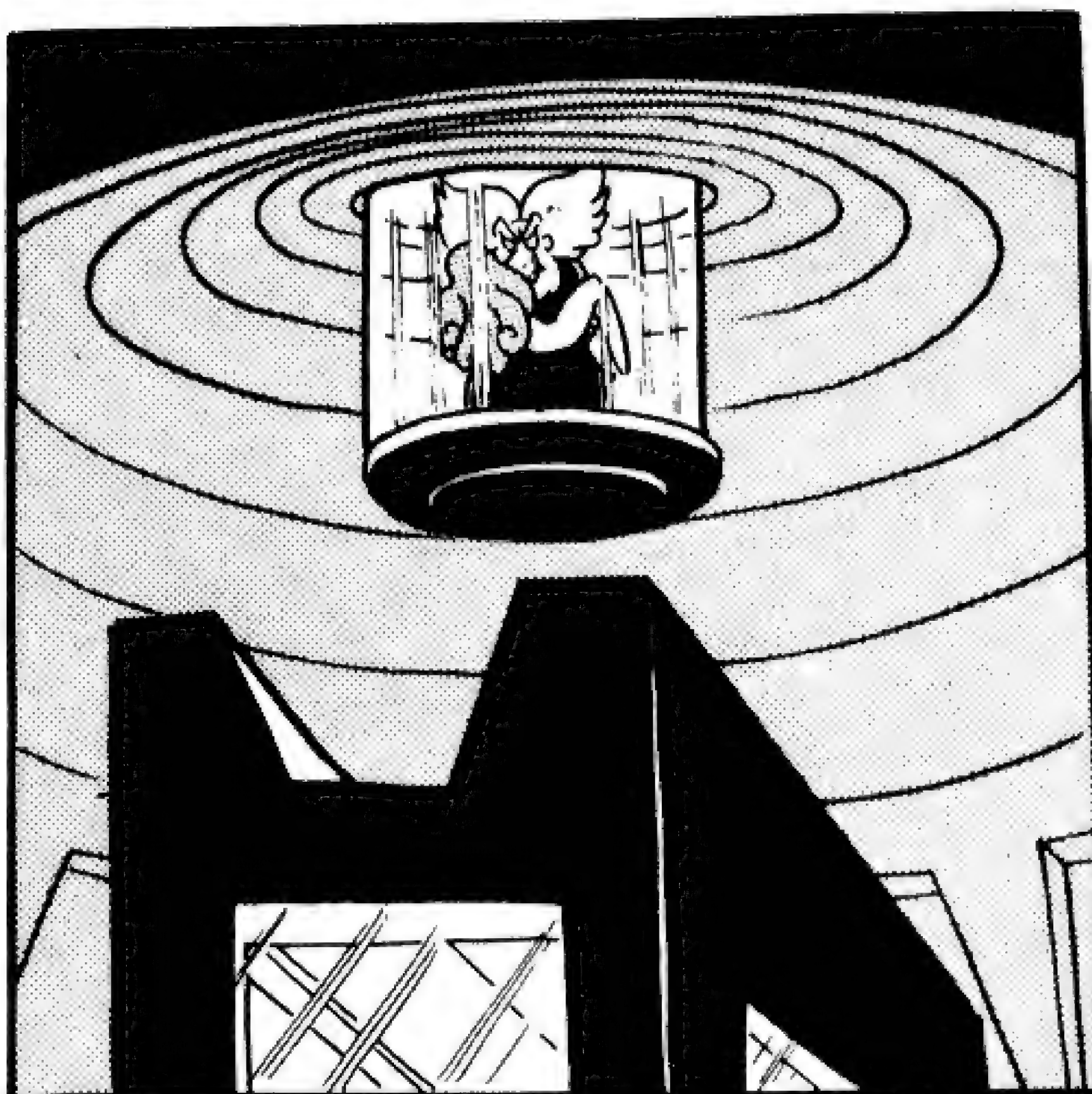
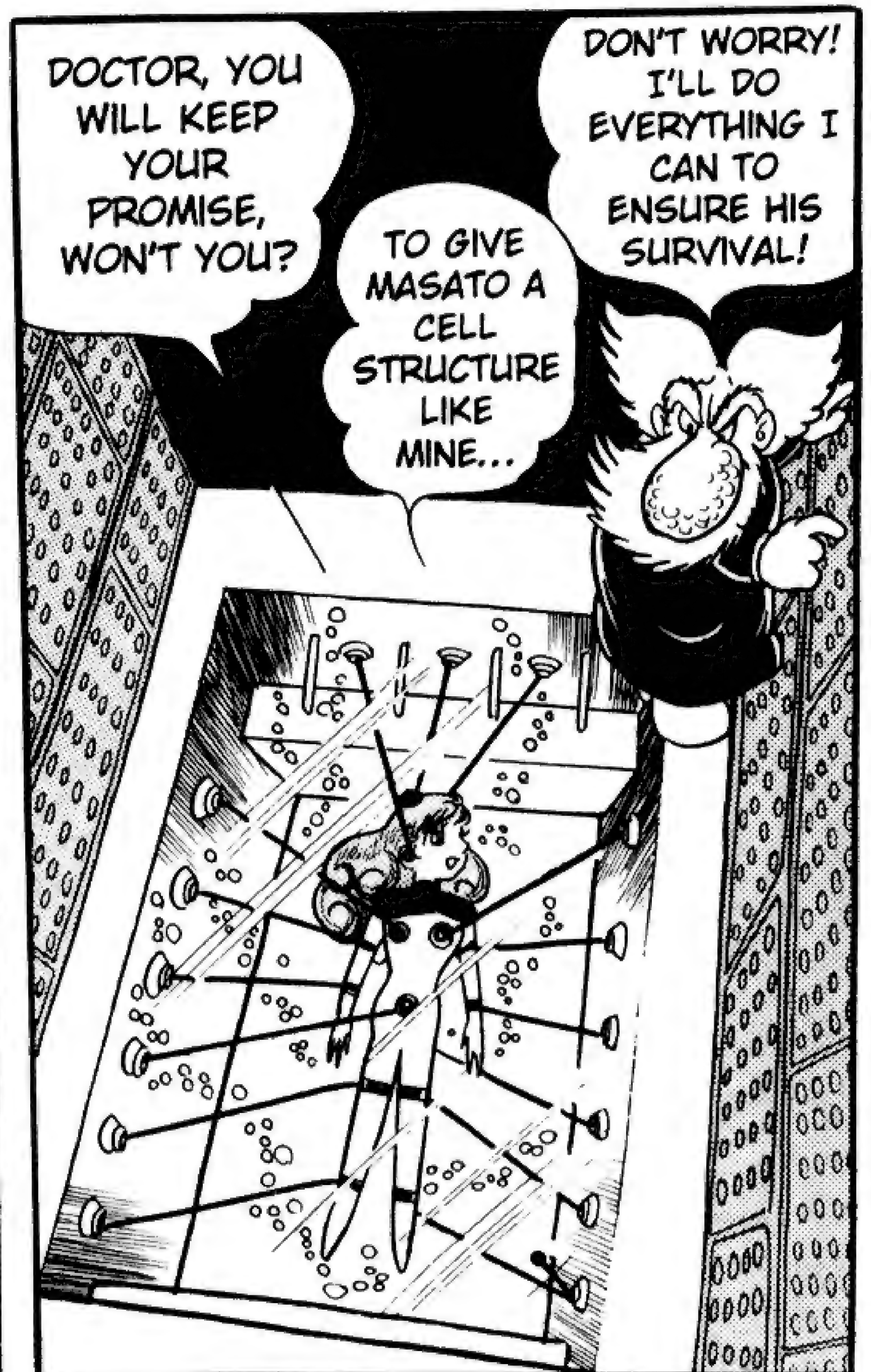
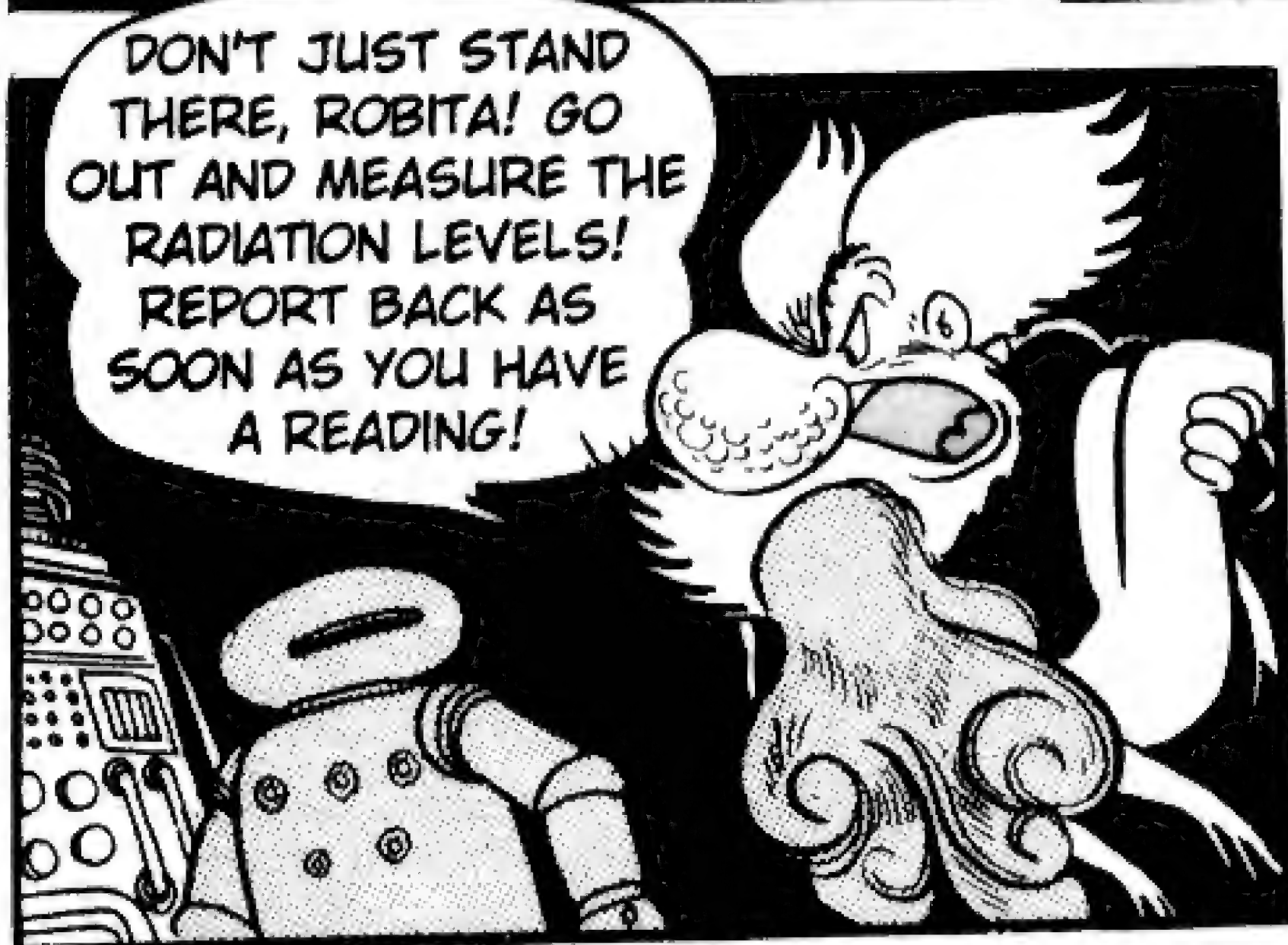
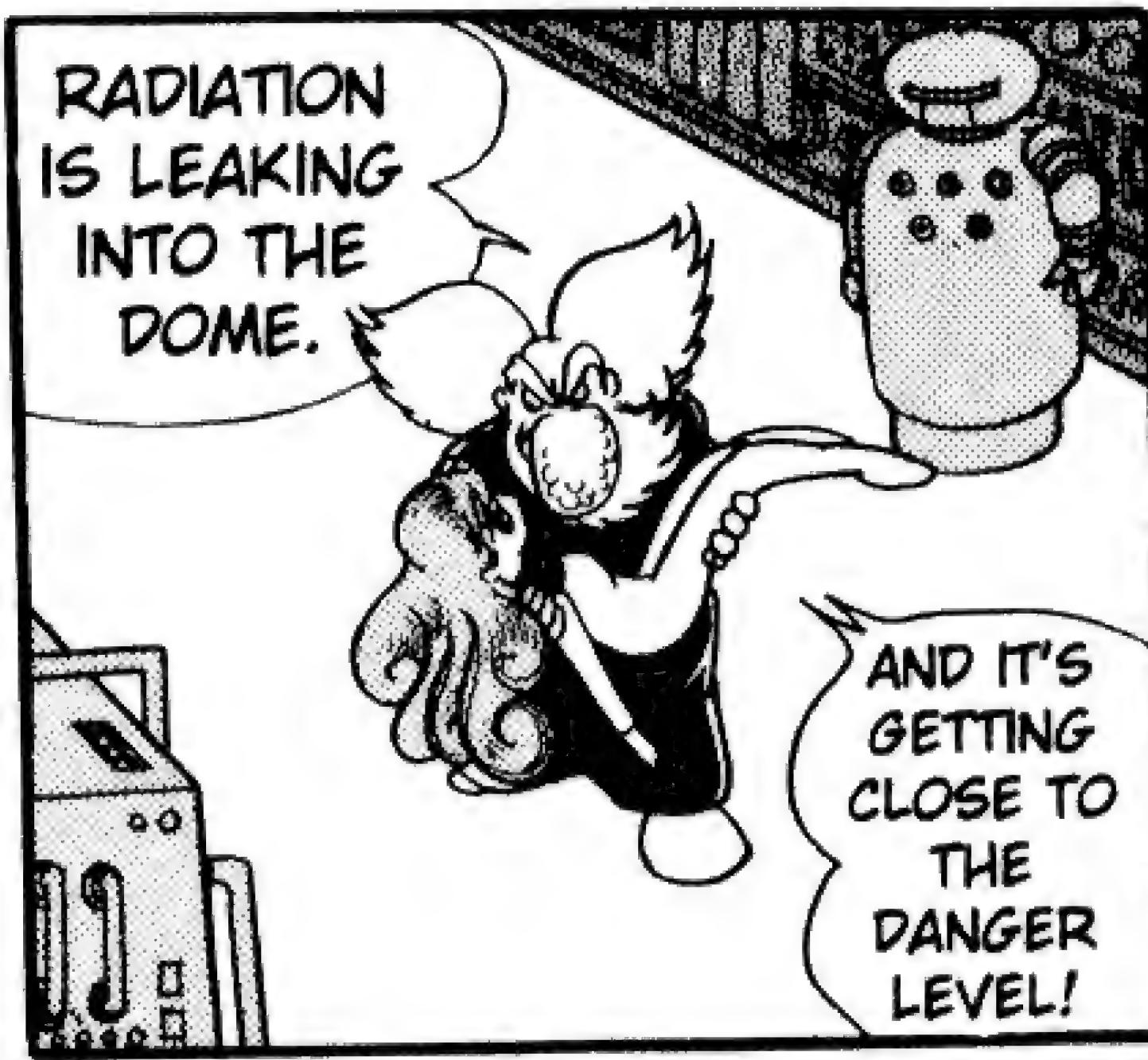
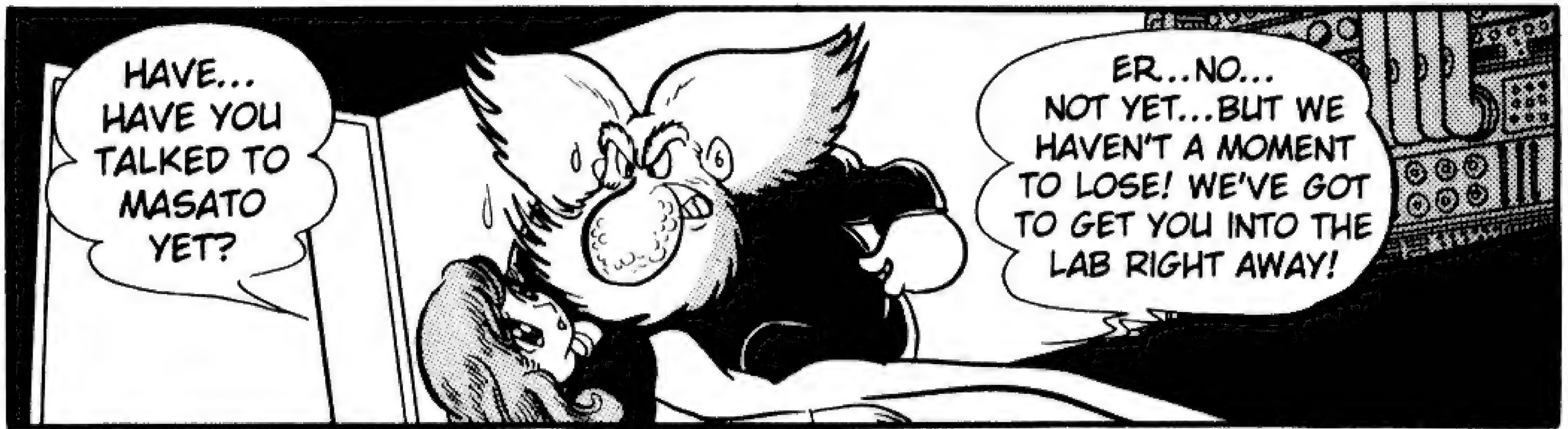
I-I  
KNOW...

BUT-TAMAMI-  
IS-IN-LOVE-  
WITH-  
YAMANUBE-

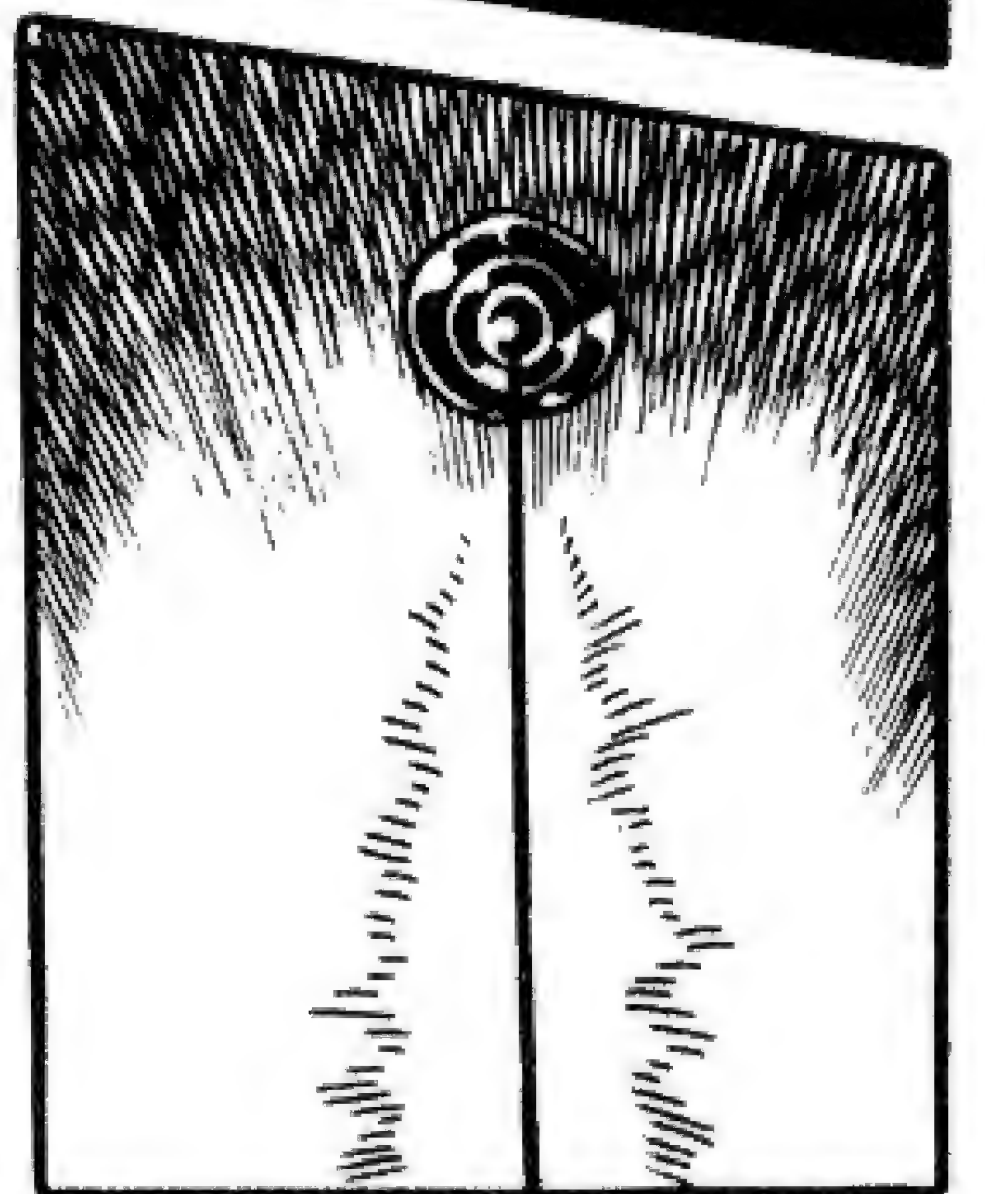
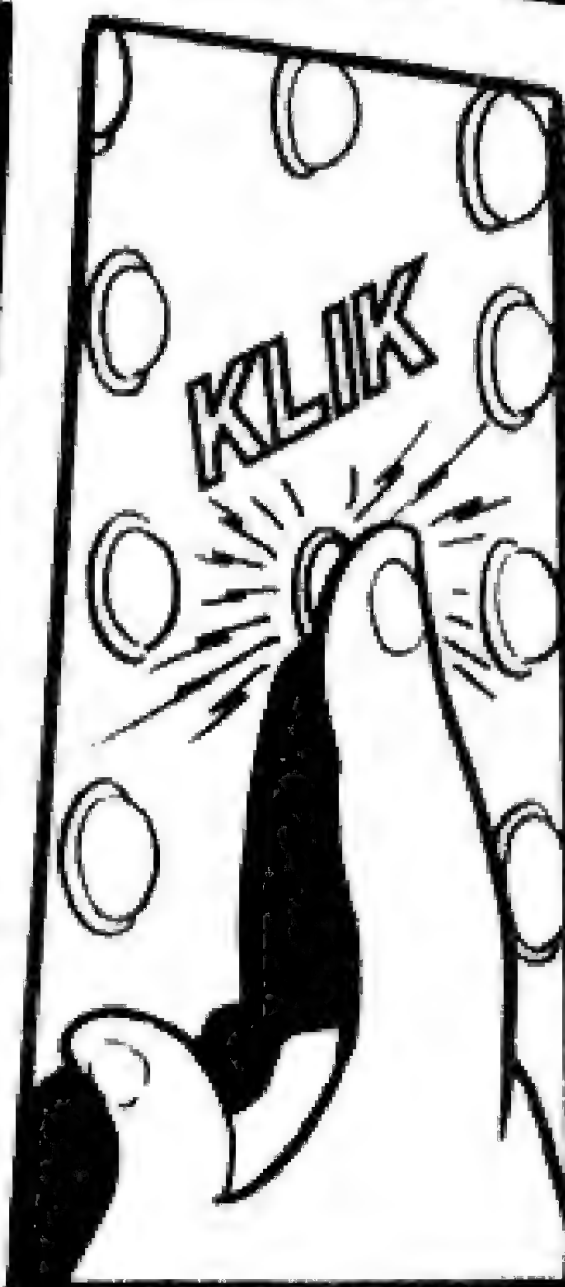
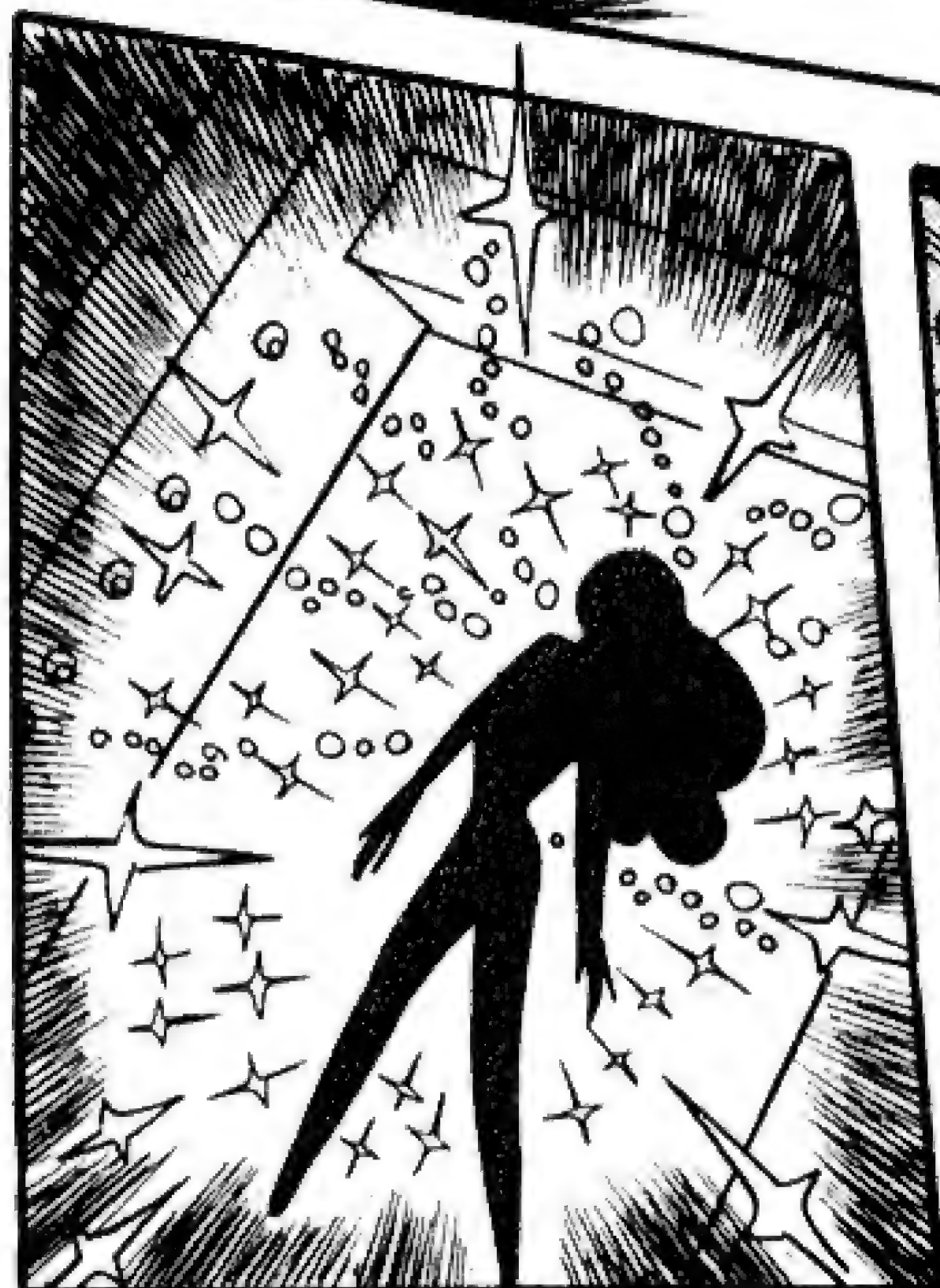
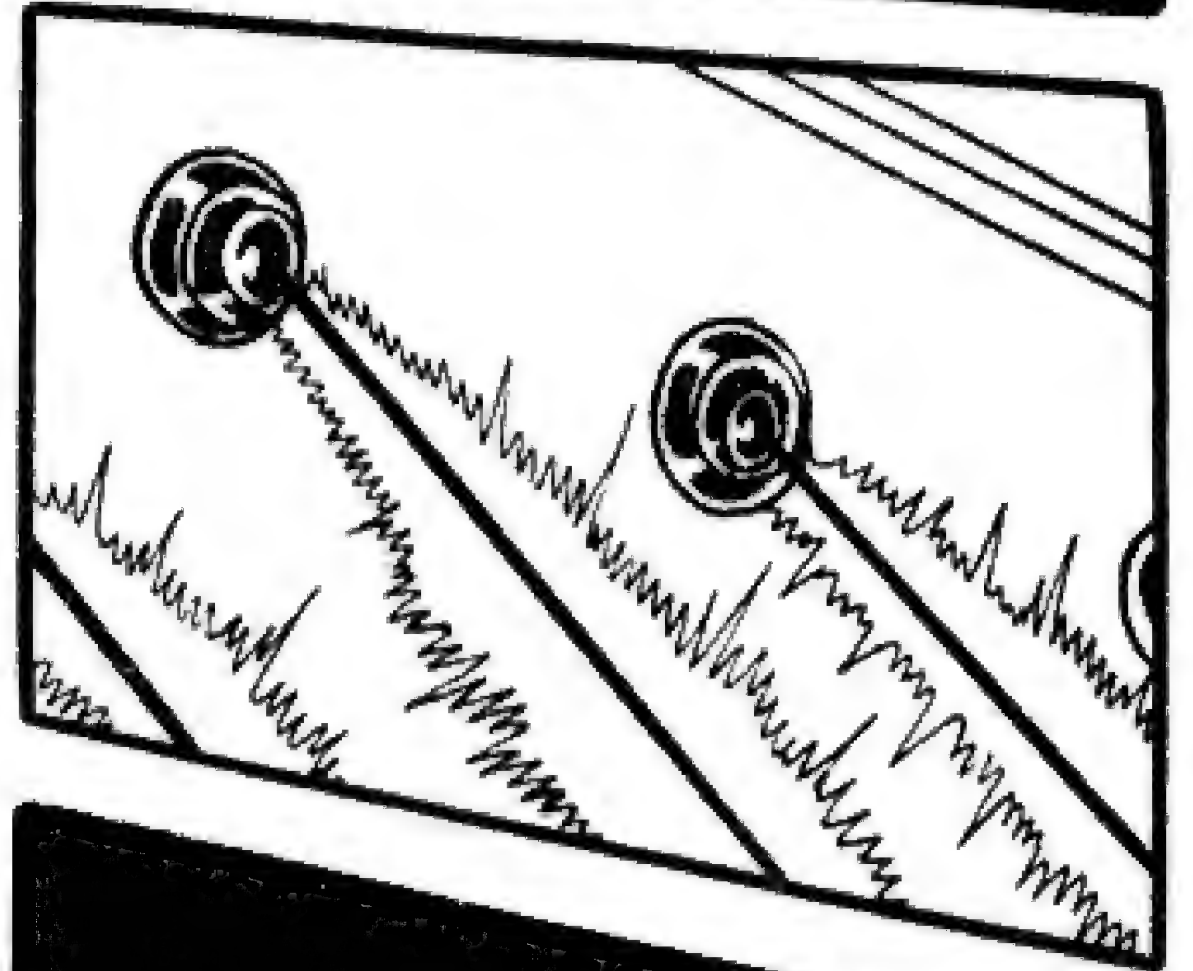
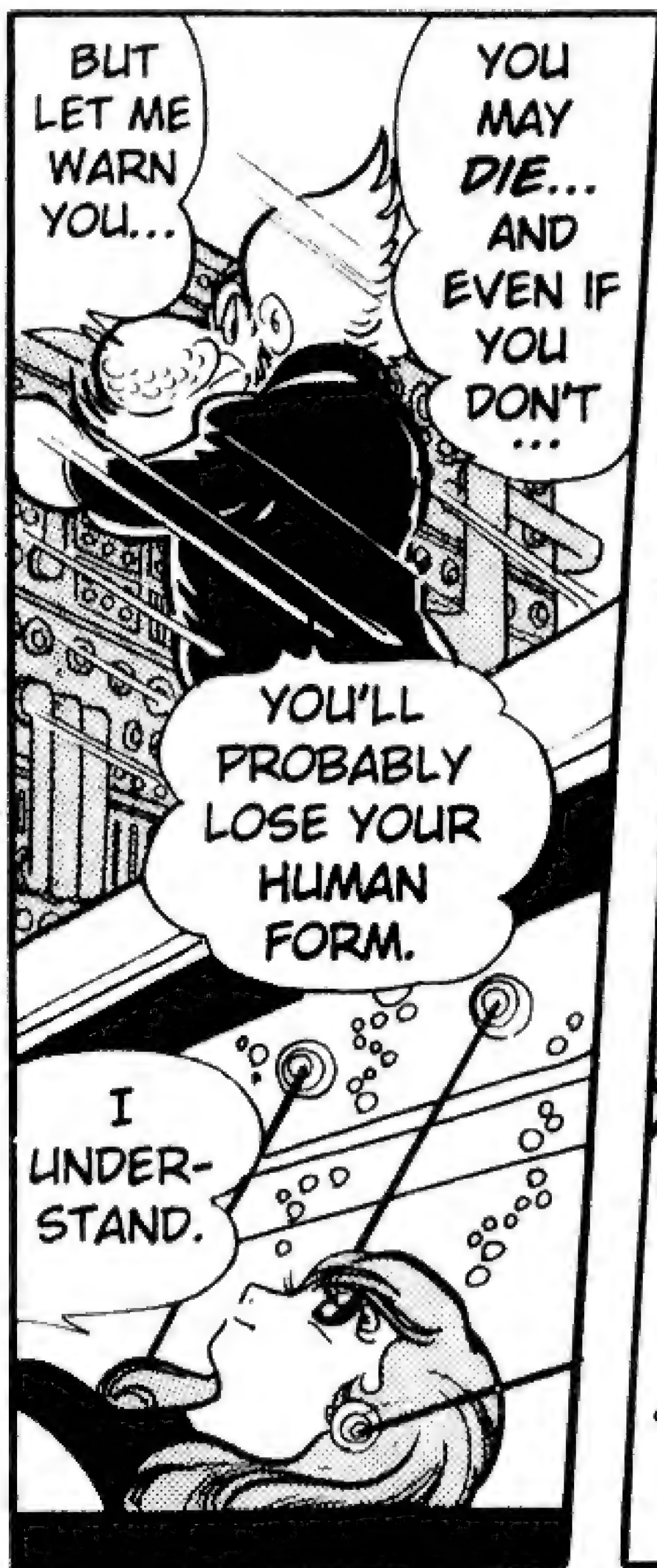




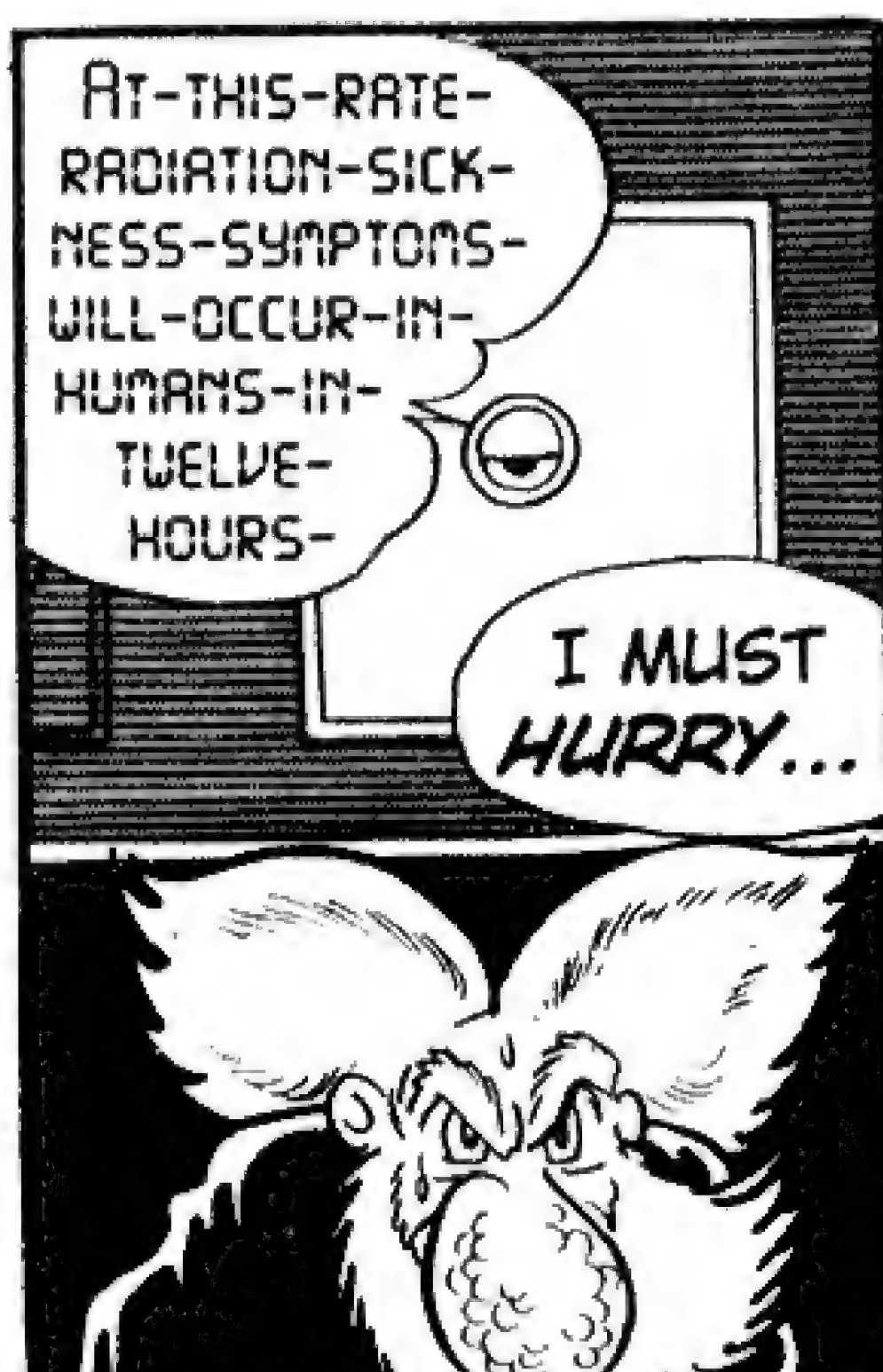
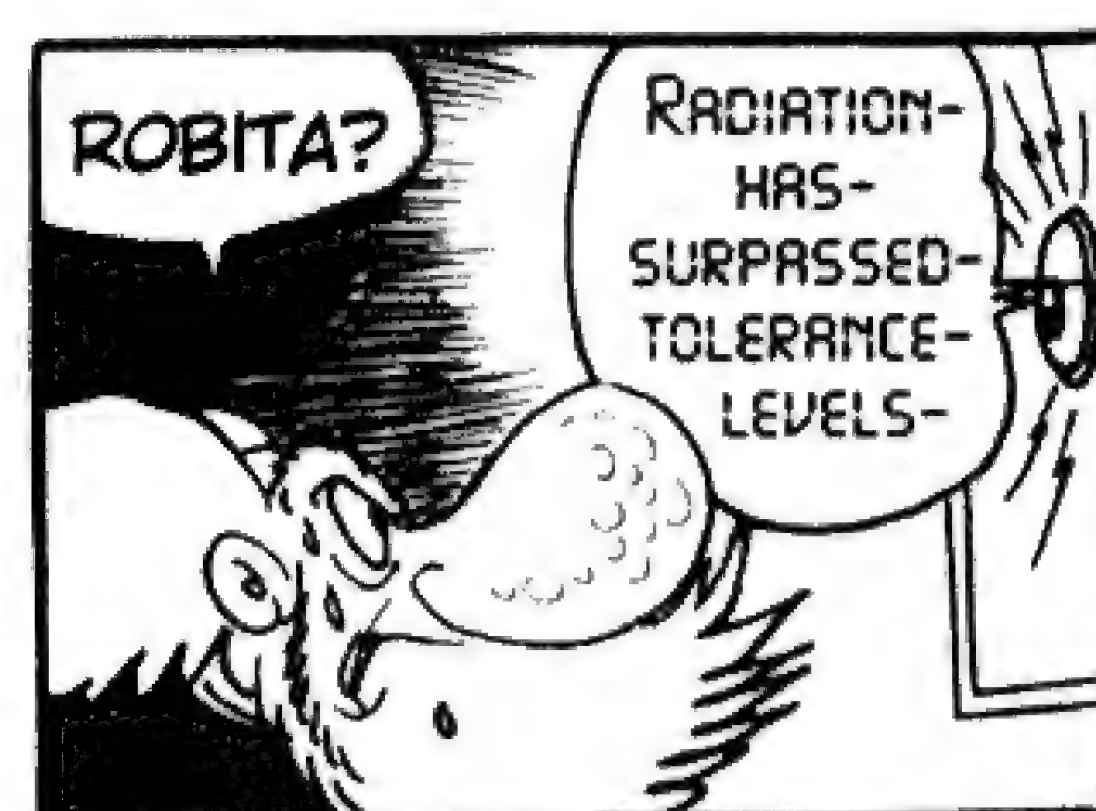
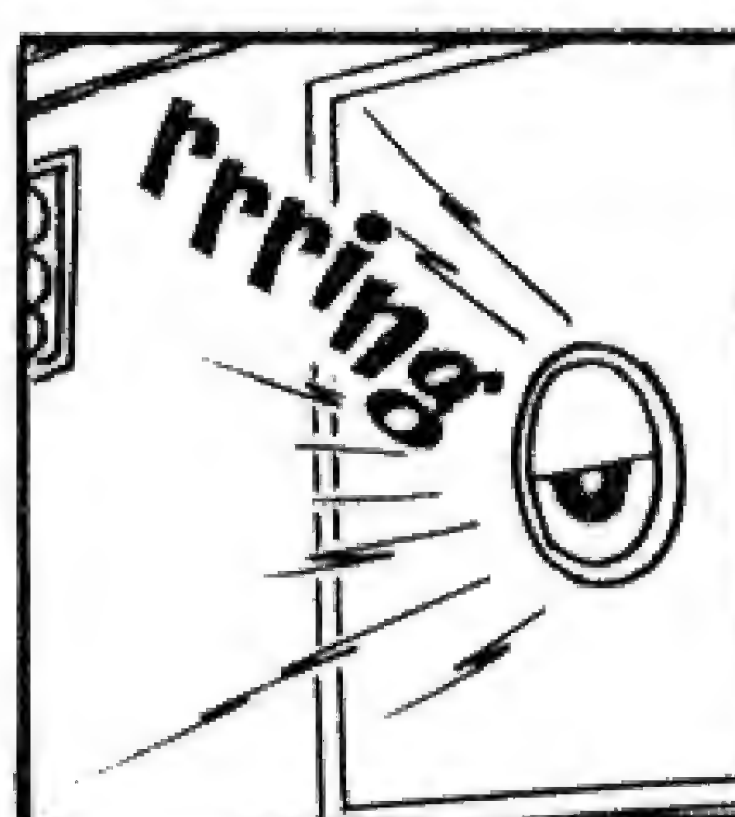
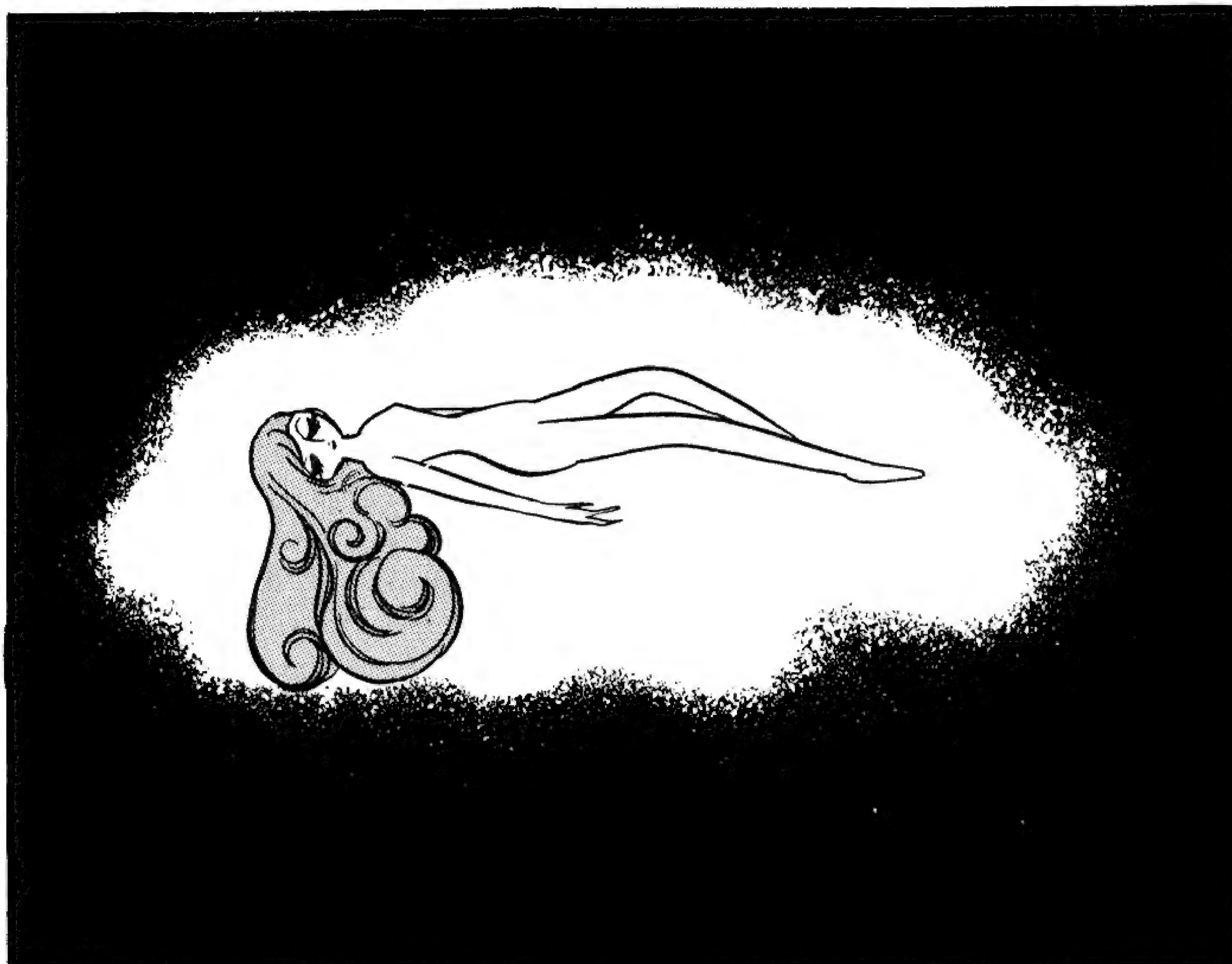




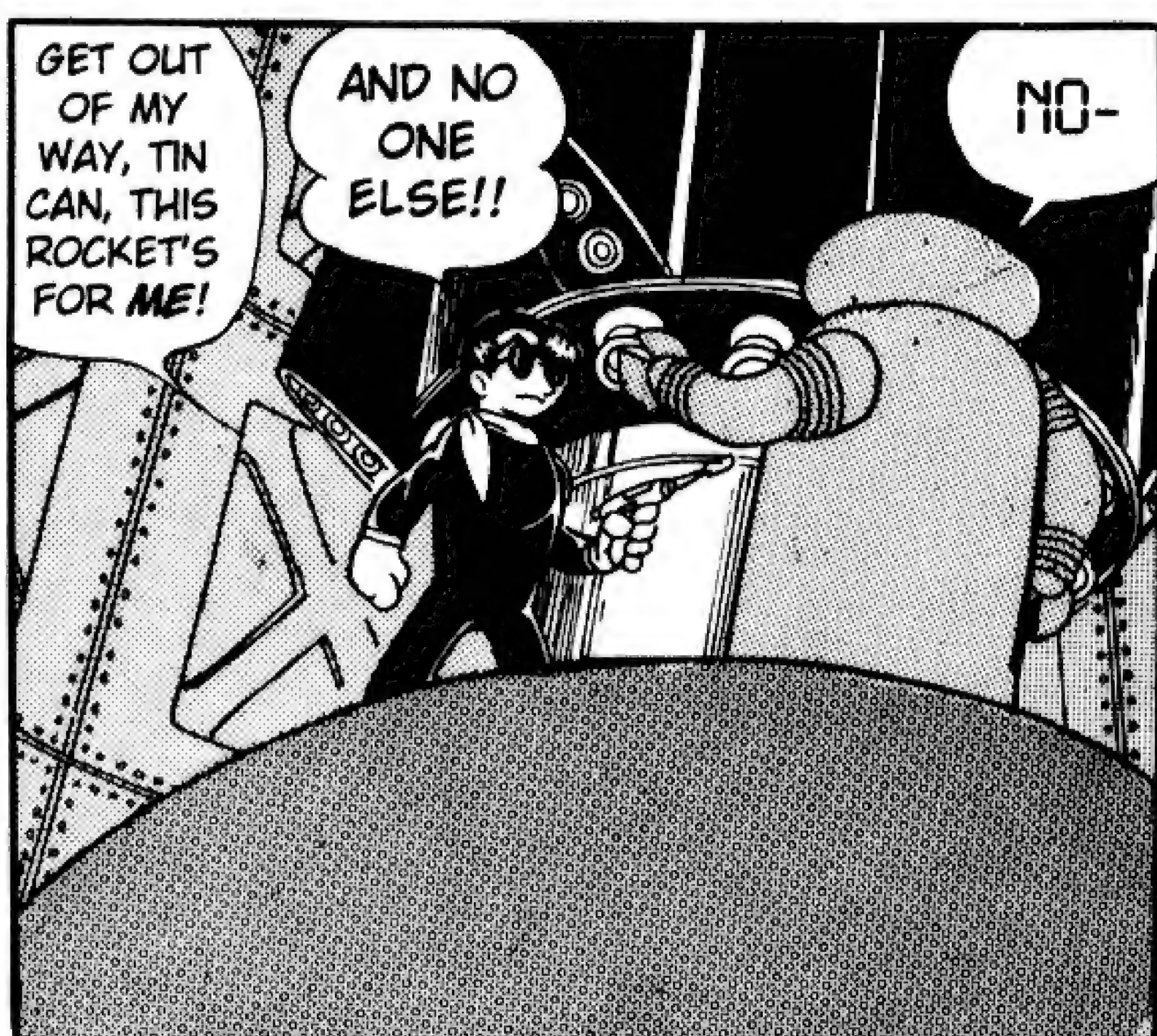
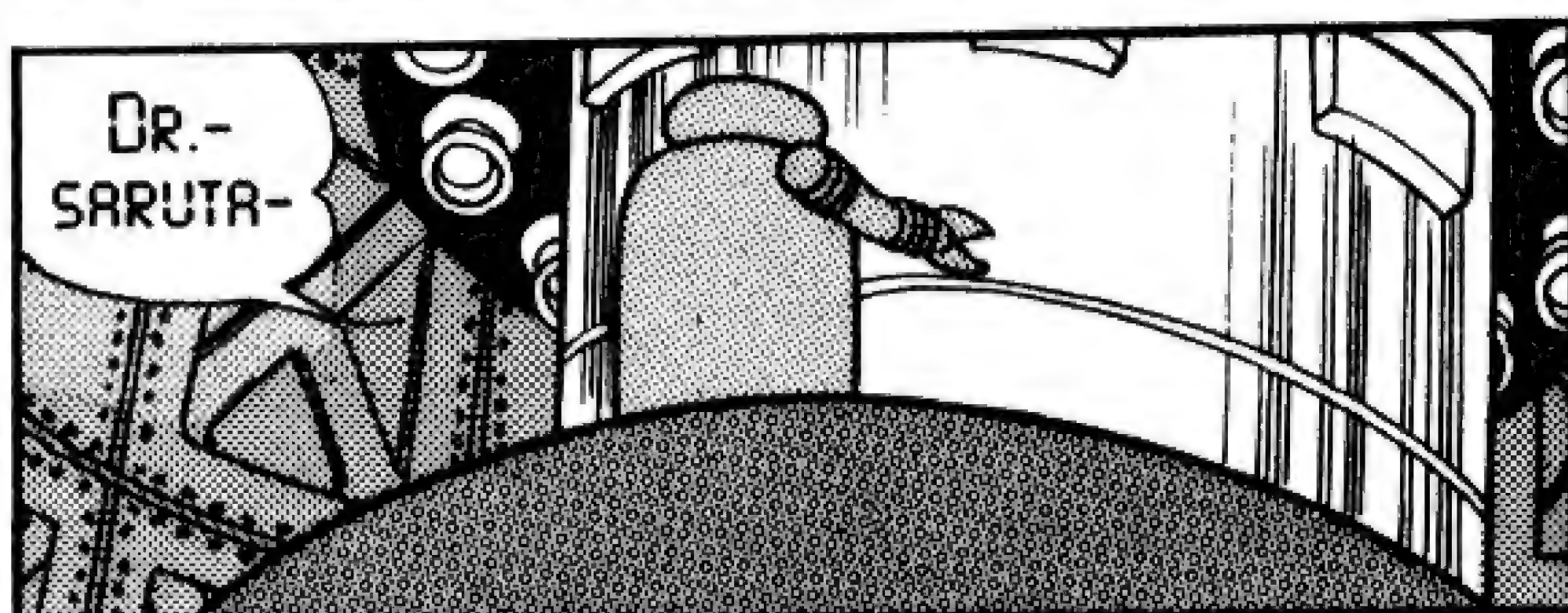
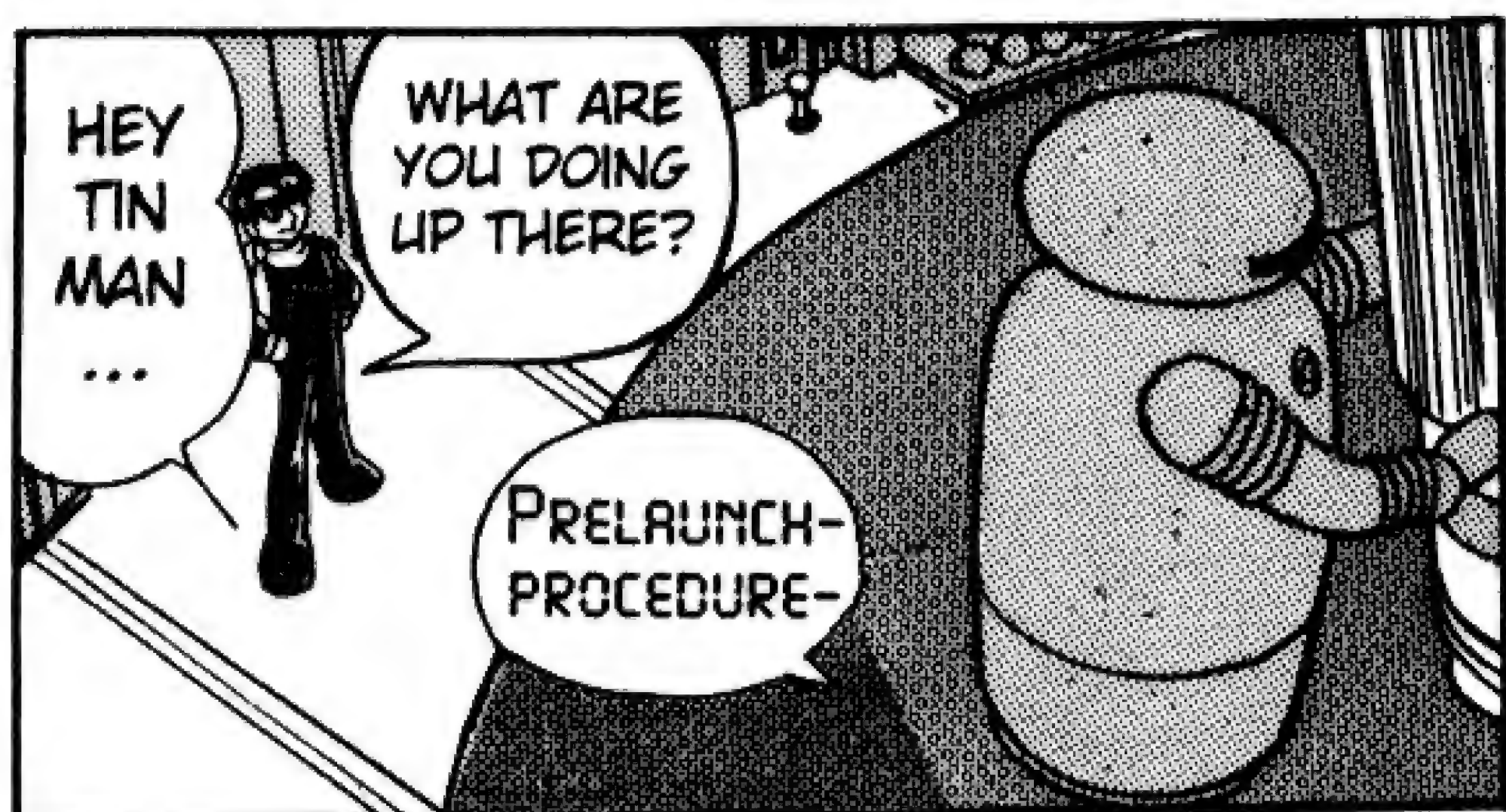
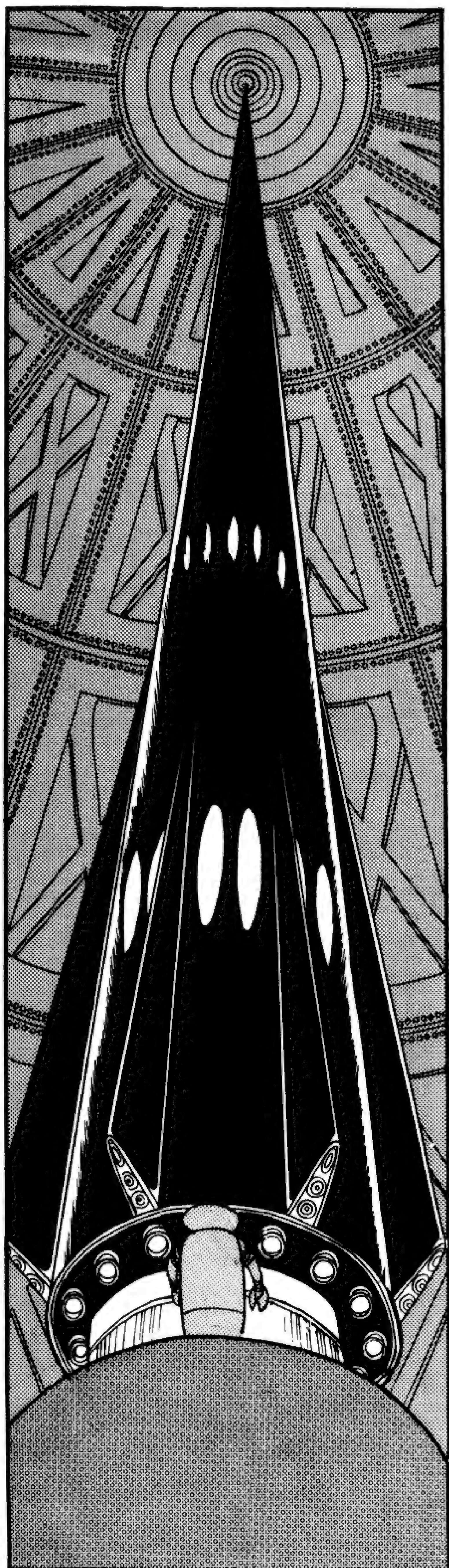




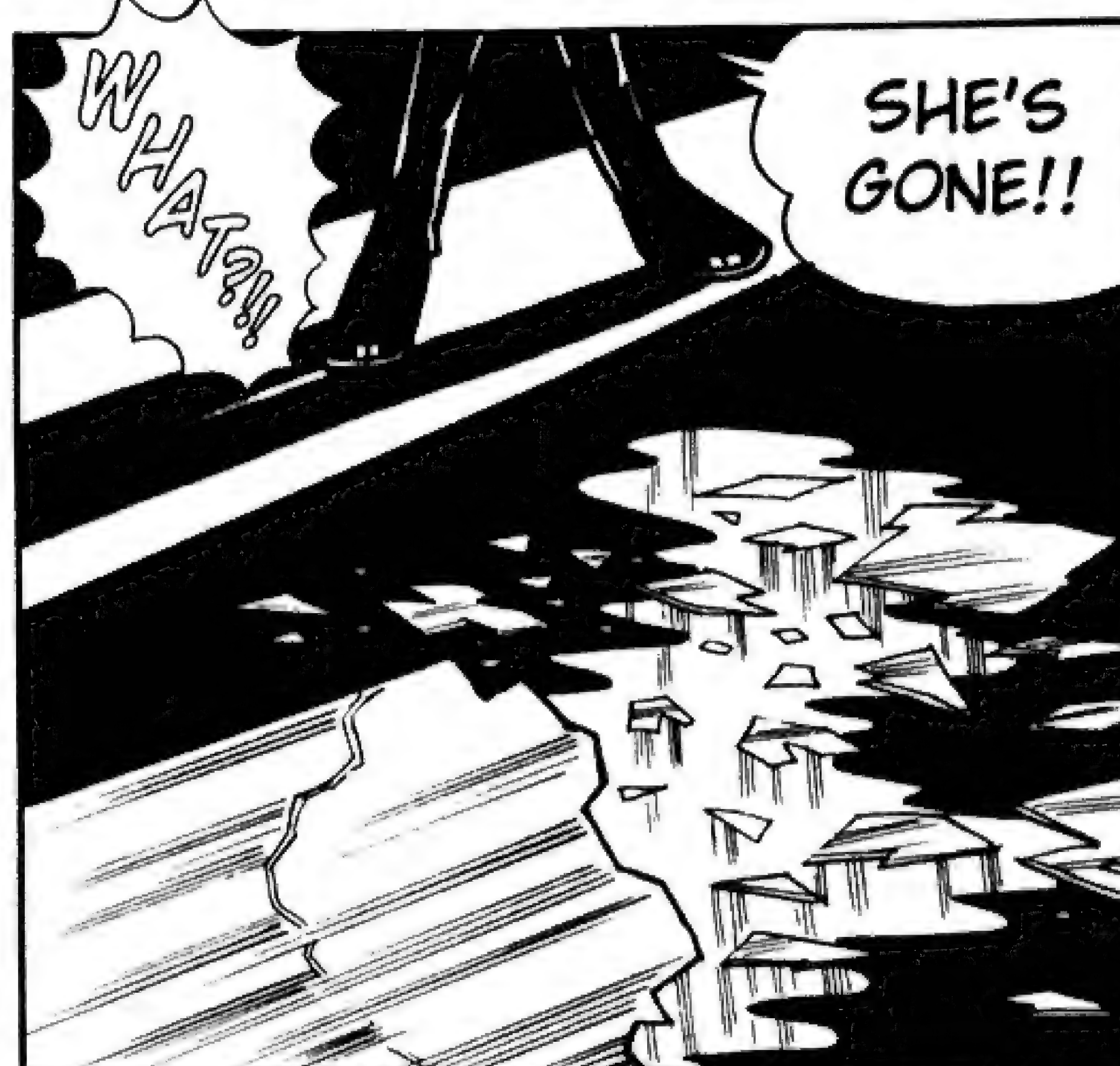
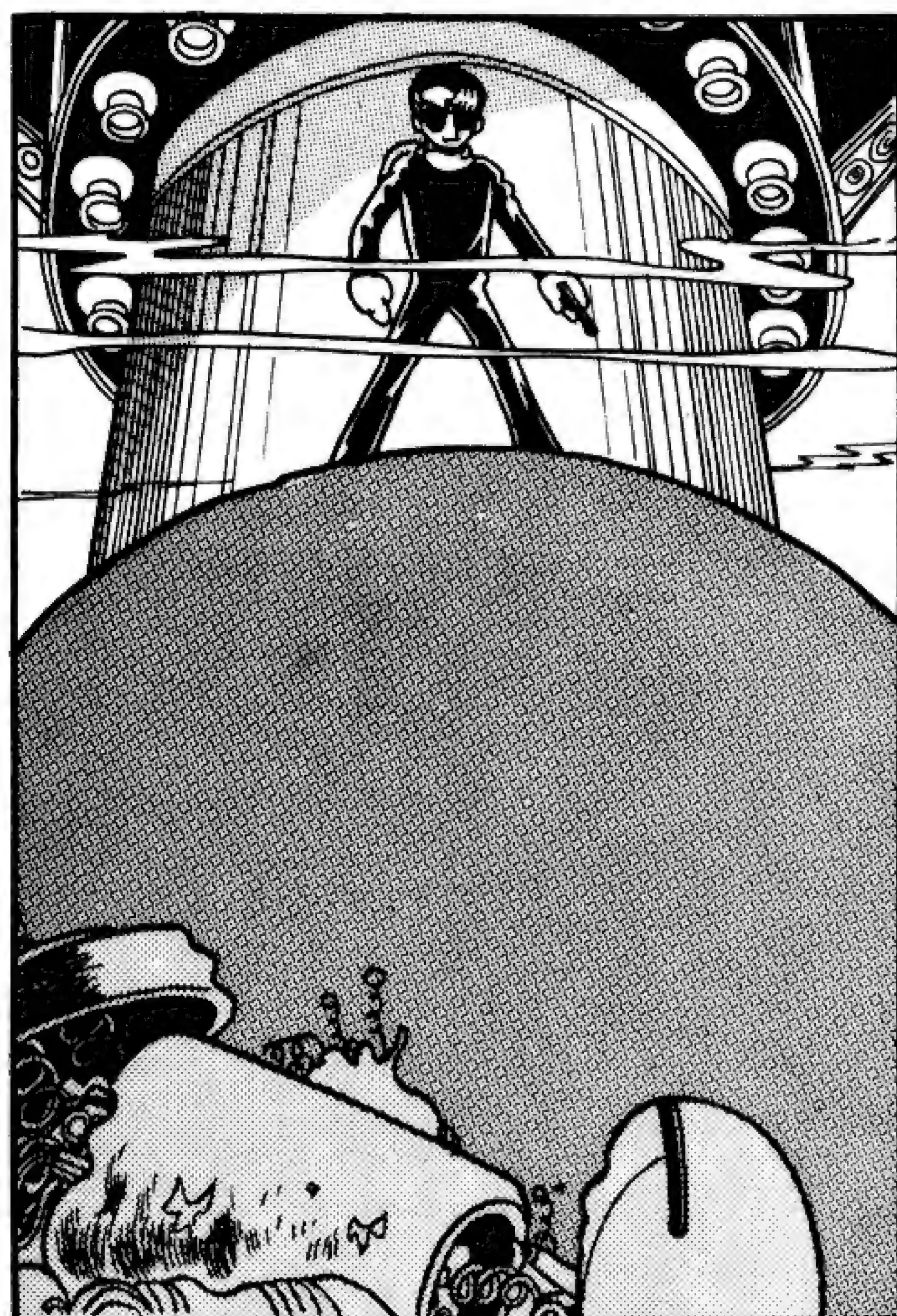
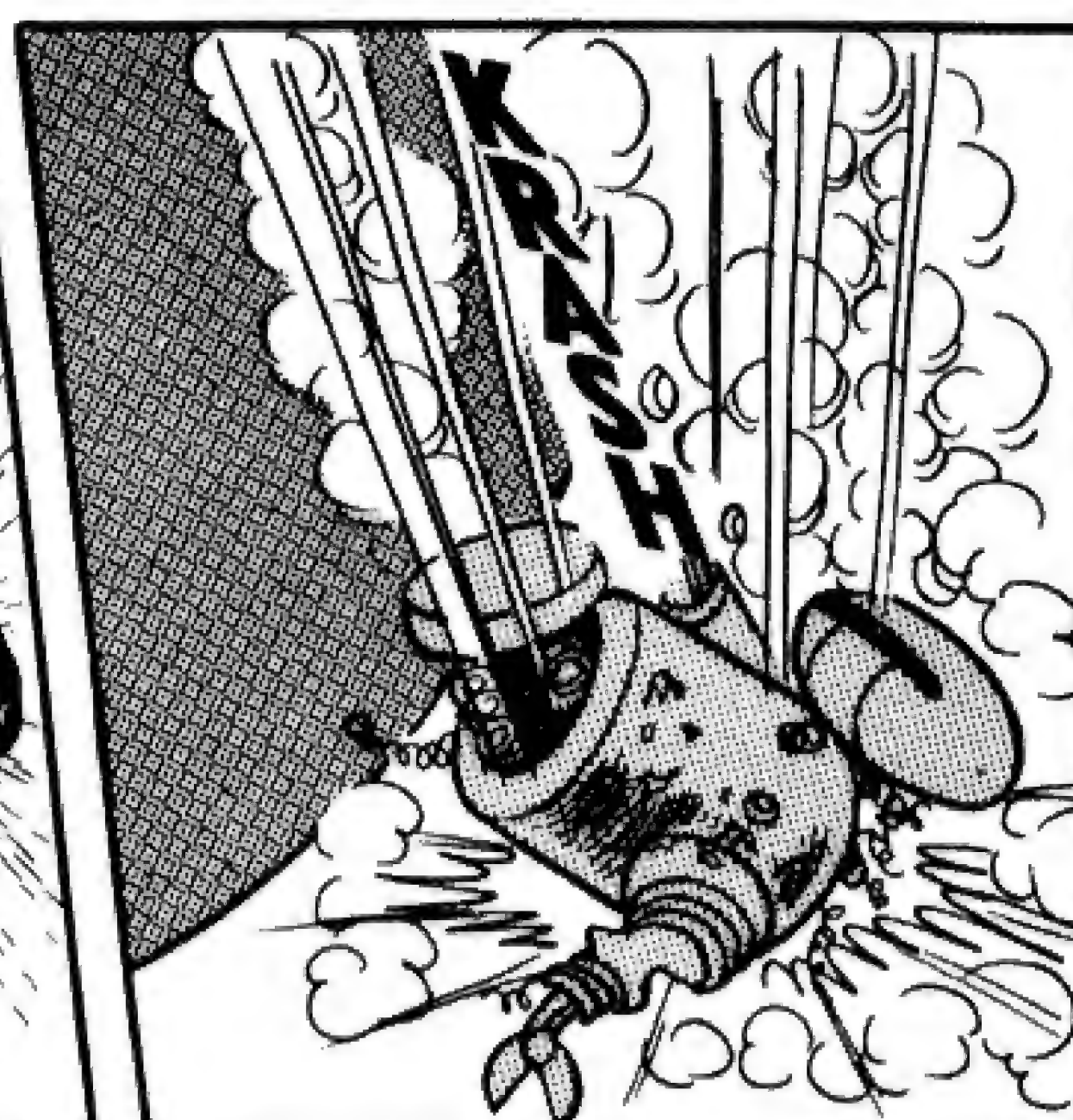
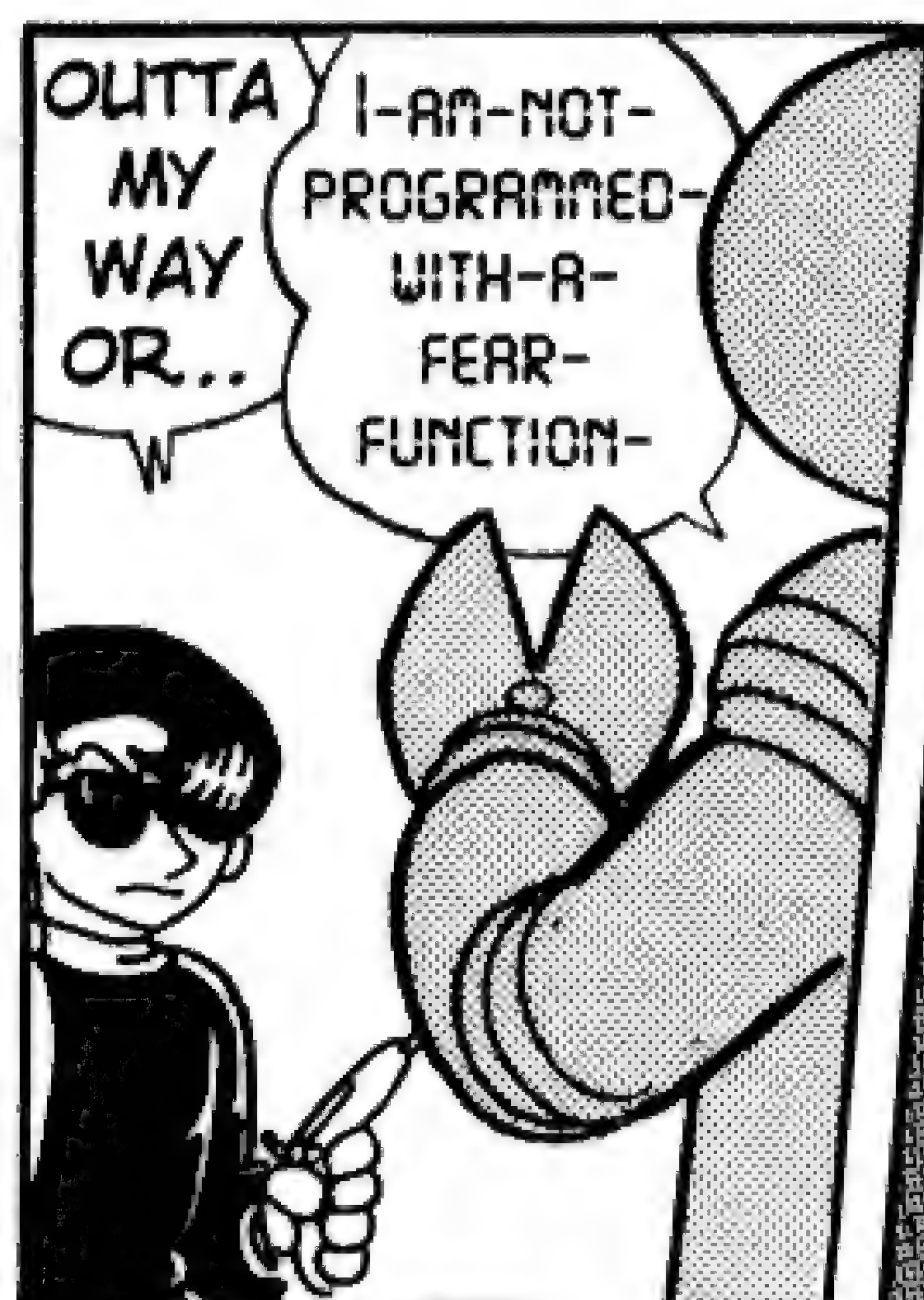




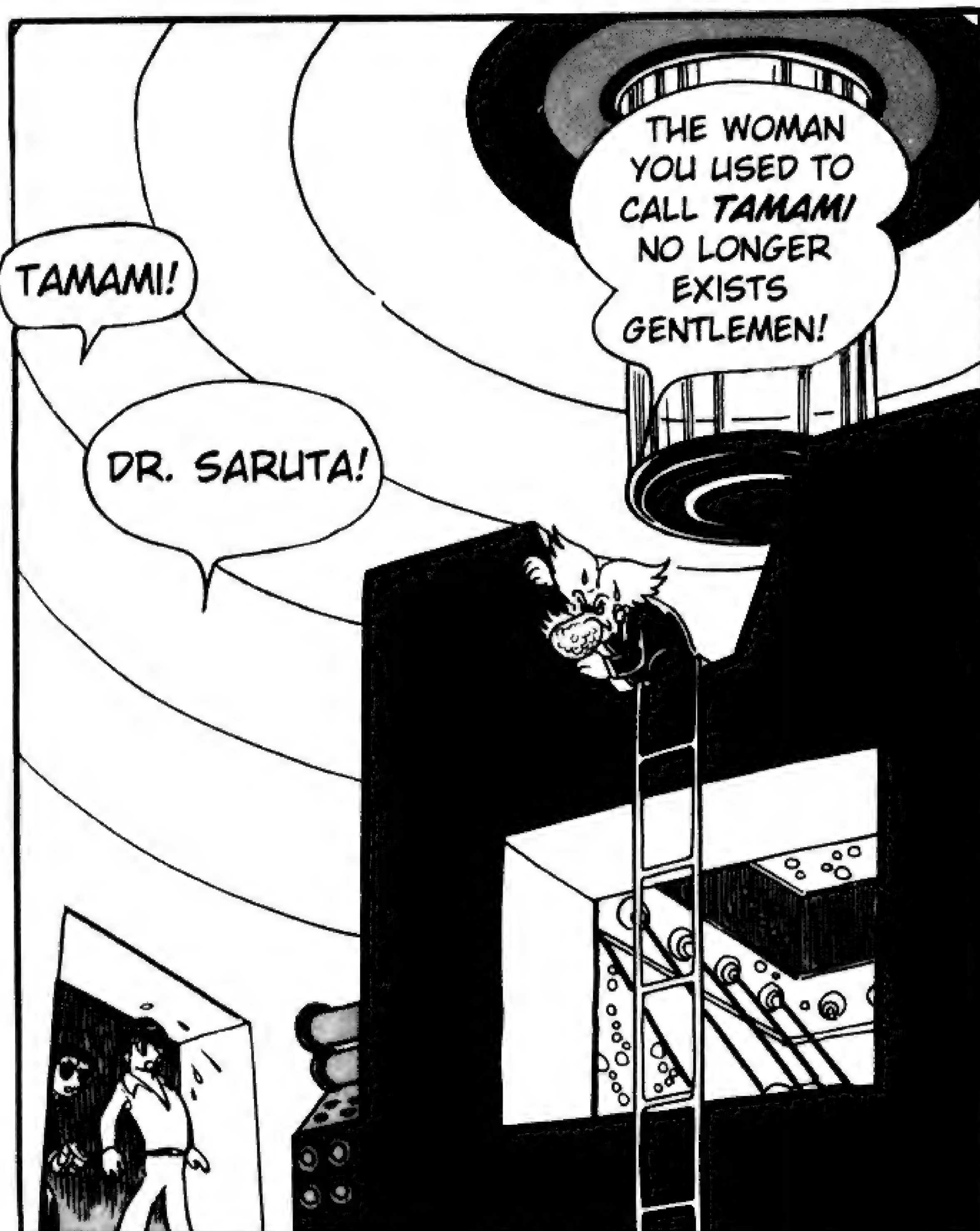
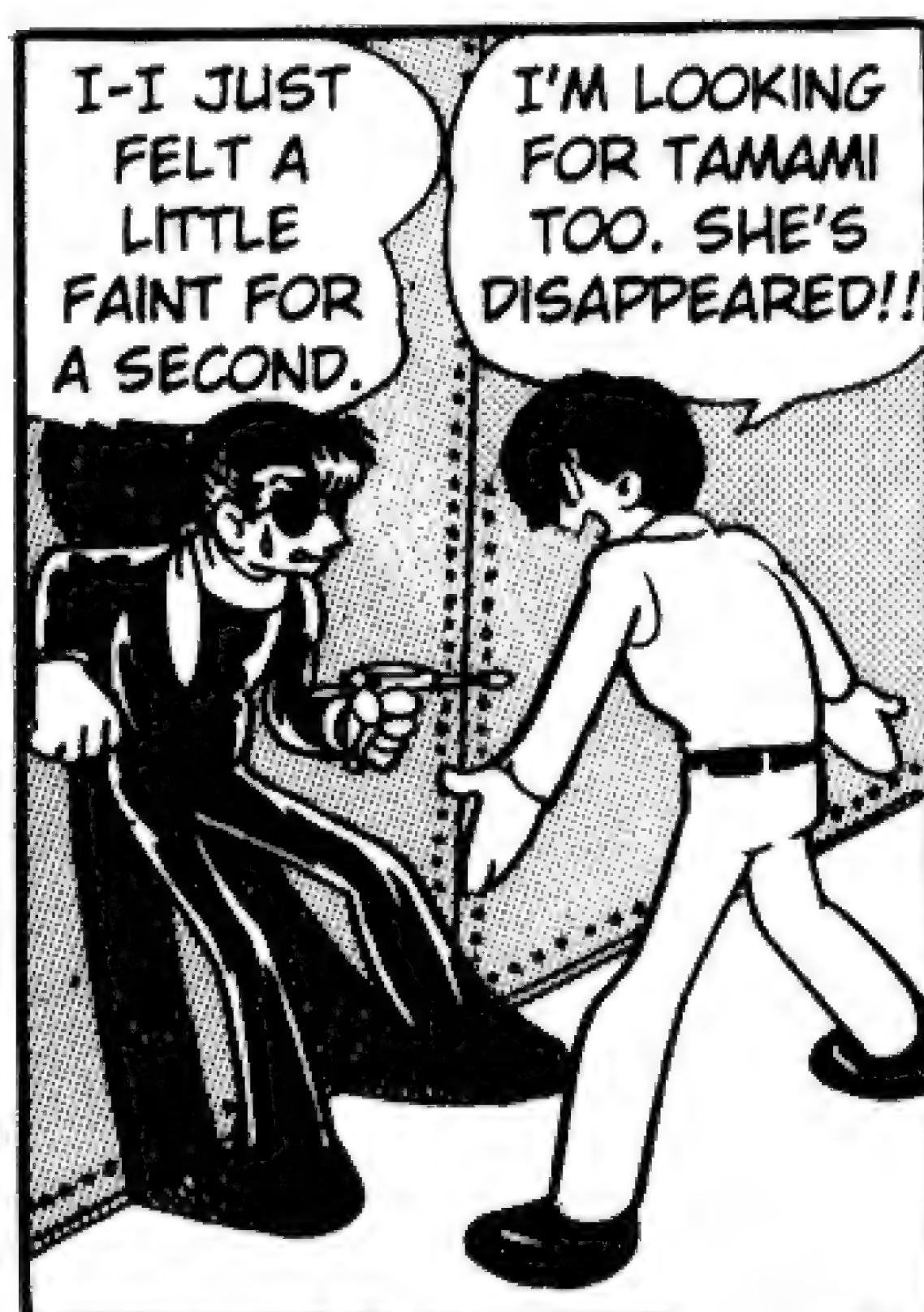
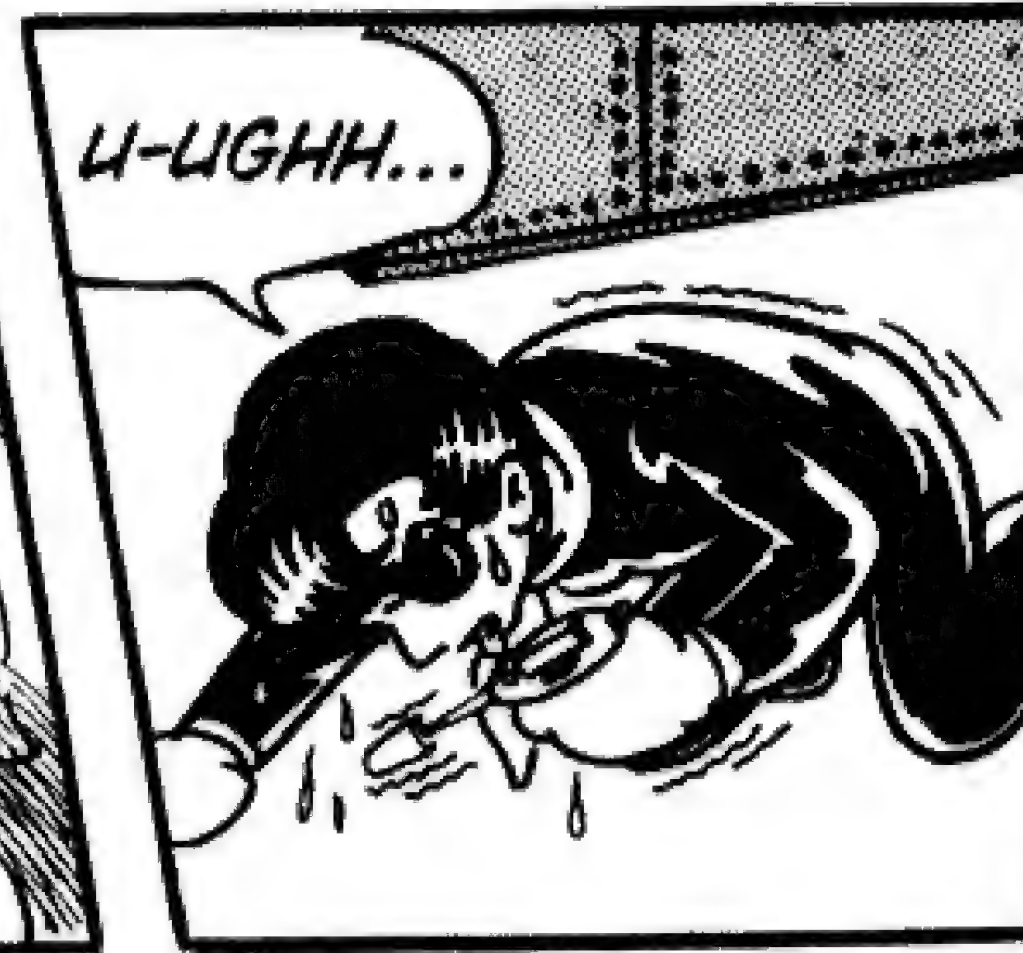
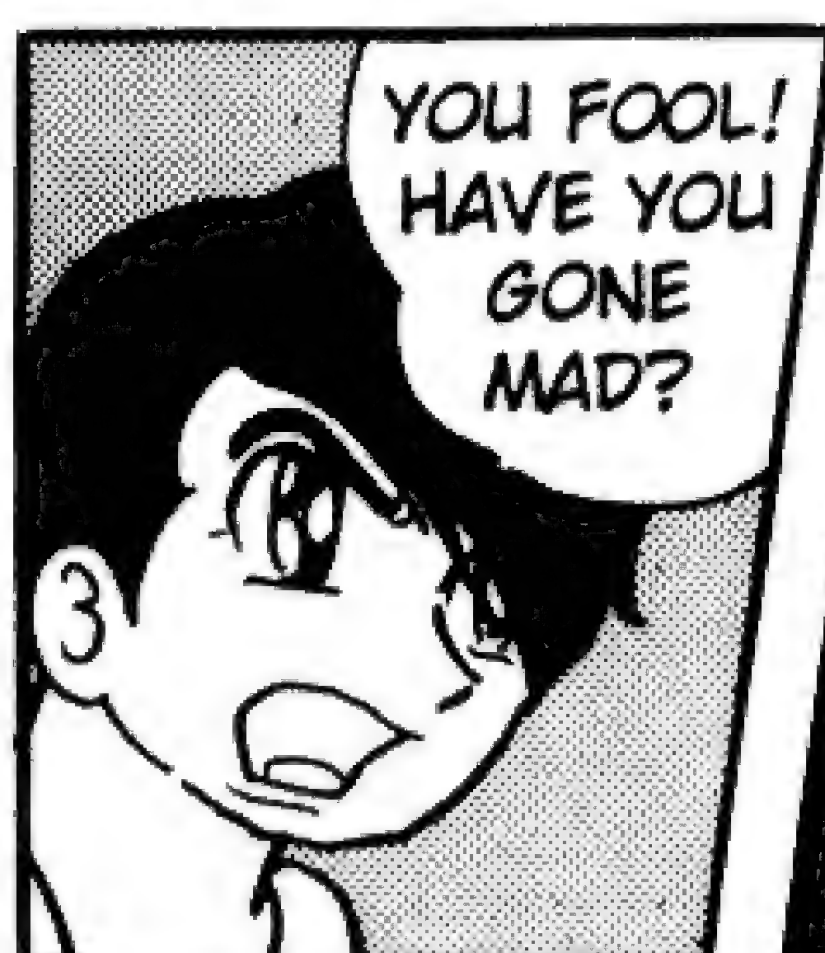
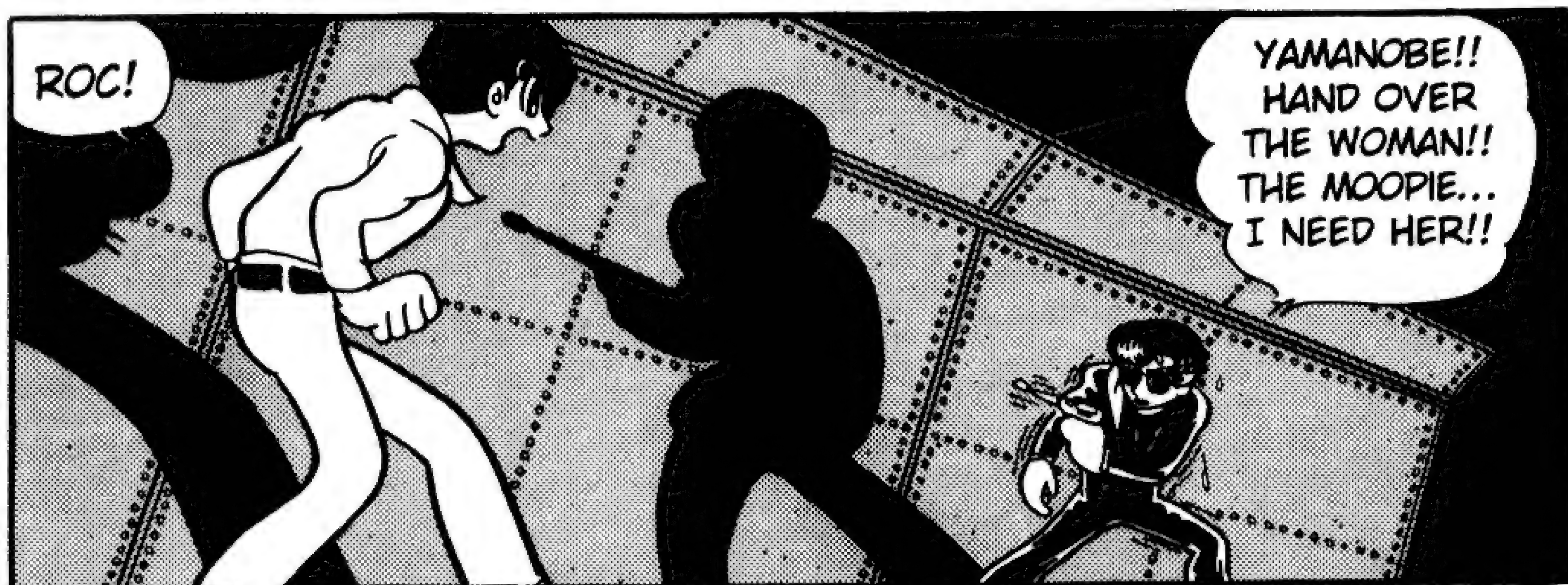




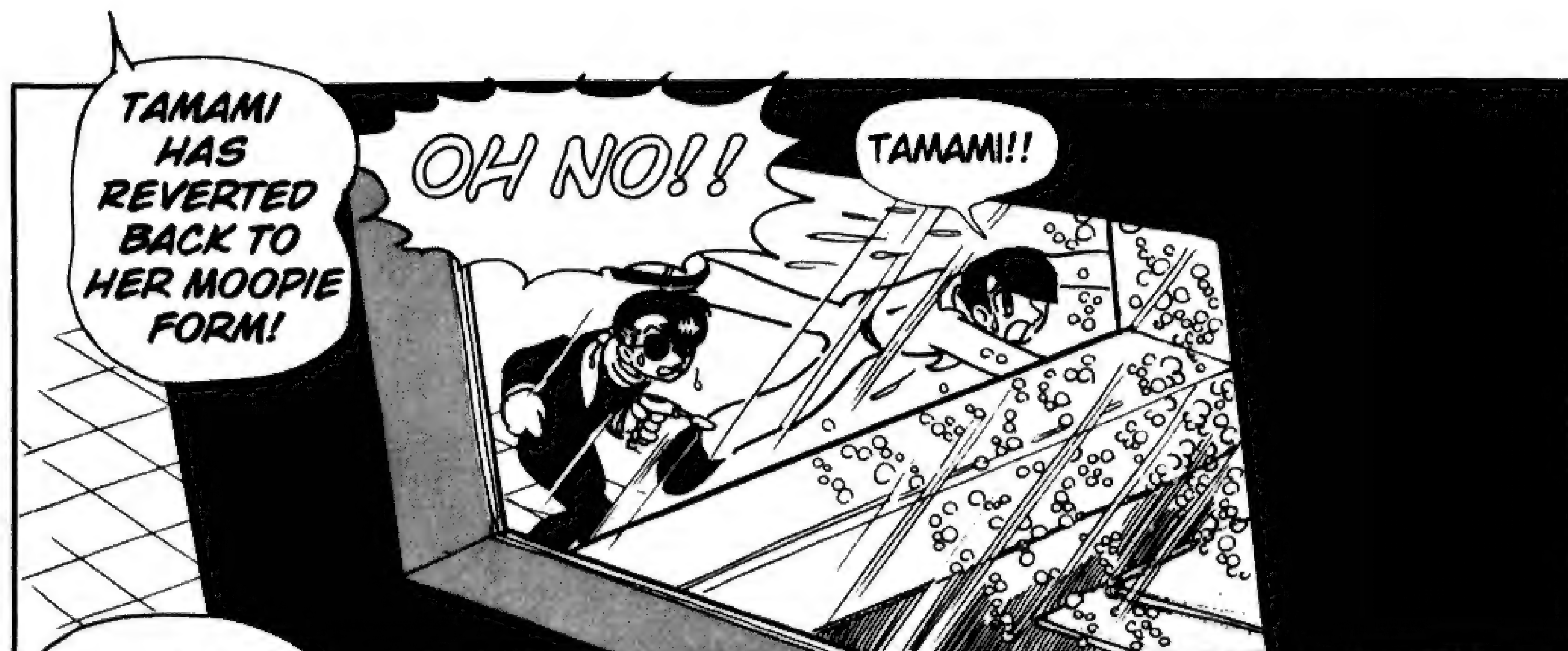












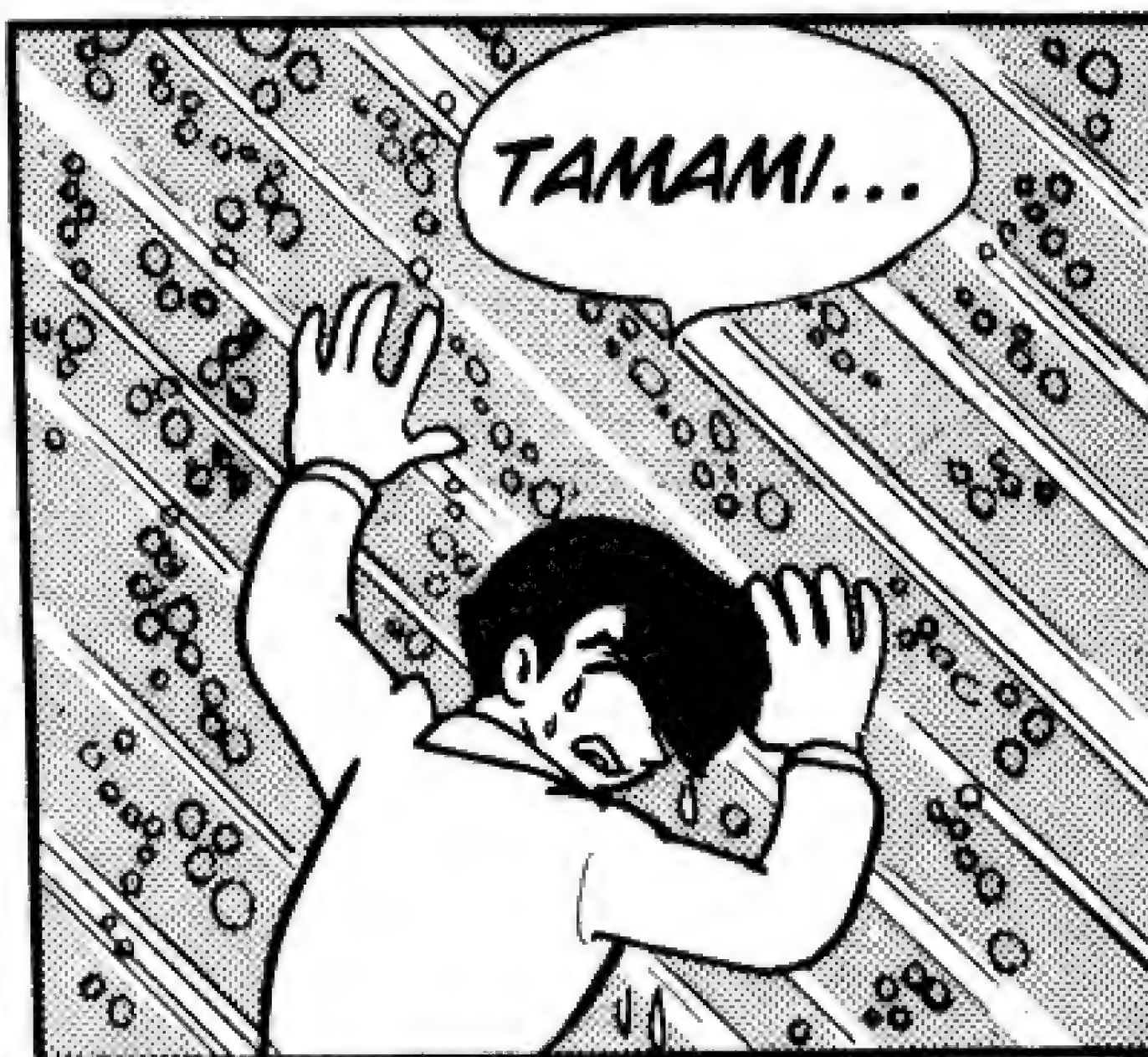
TAMAMI HAS REVERTED BACK TO HER MOOPIE FORM!

OH NO!!

TAMAMI!!



H-HOW COULD HE...



TAMAMI...



SARLITA!



OF ALL THE INHUMAN...

I'LL KILL YOU!

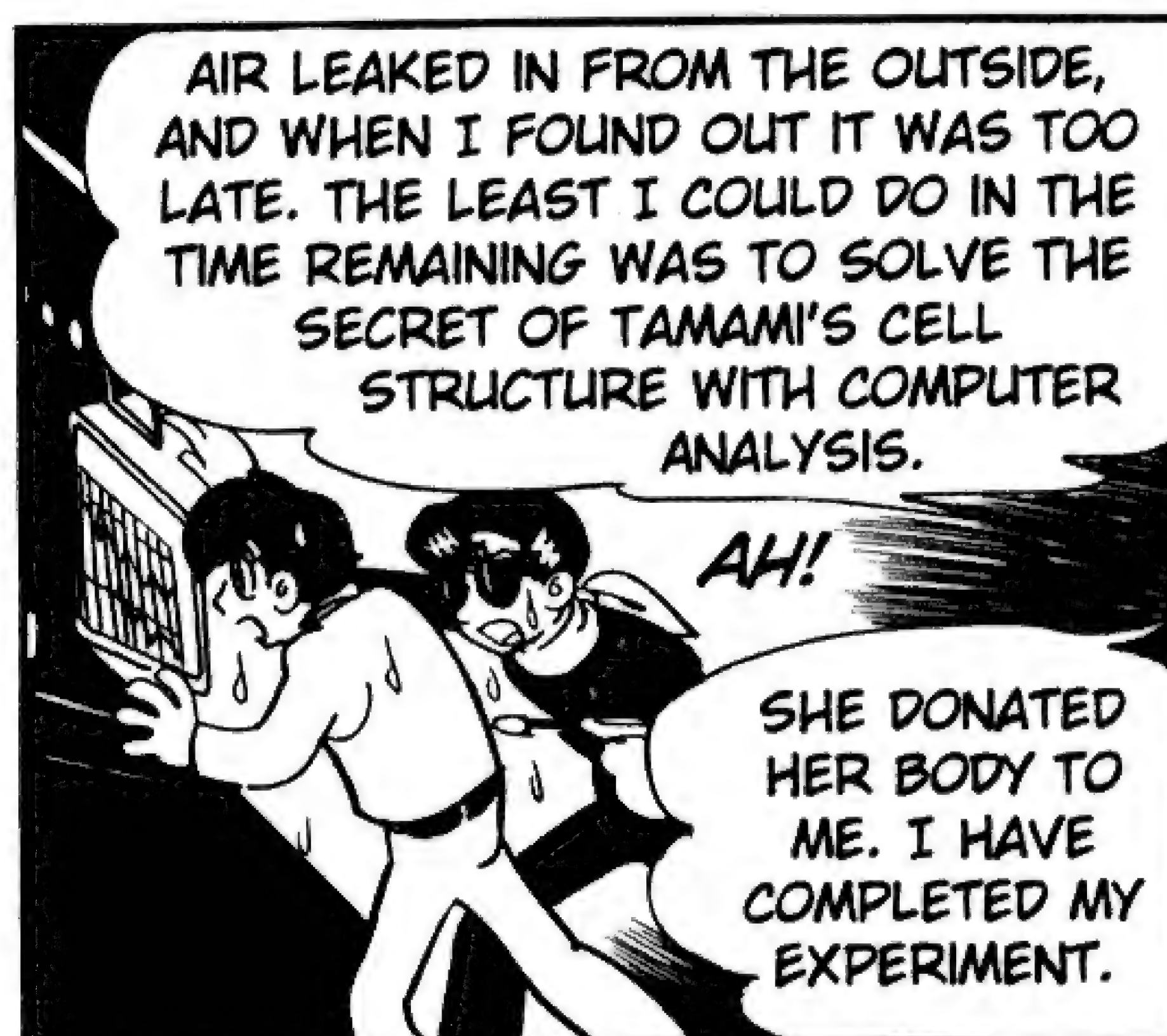


HEH... I'M AFRAID YOU'RE A LITTLE LATE, MY BOY. BOTH OF US ARE AS GOOD AS FINISHED ANYWAY!

WHAT?



TAKE A LOOK AT THE *GEIGER COUNTER*! THIS DOME IS SATURATED WITH RADIATION!

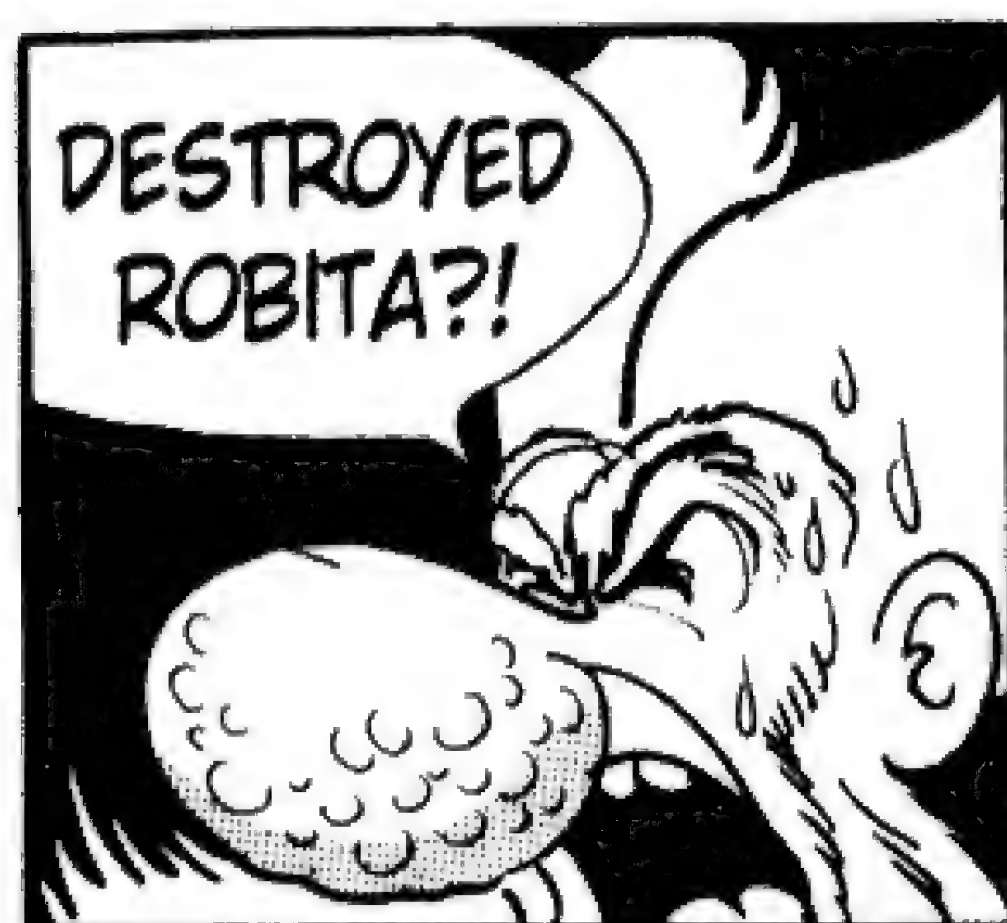
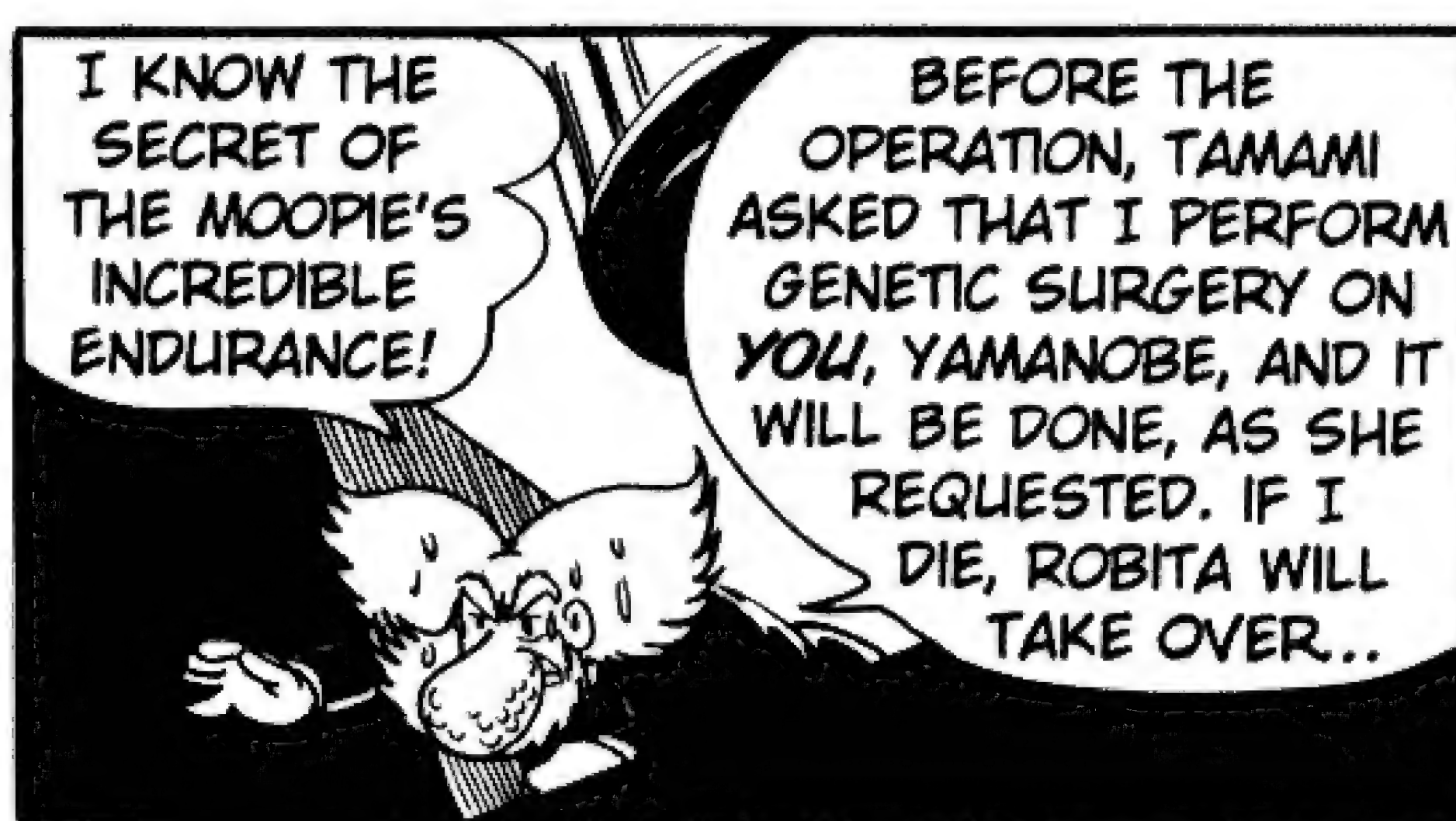
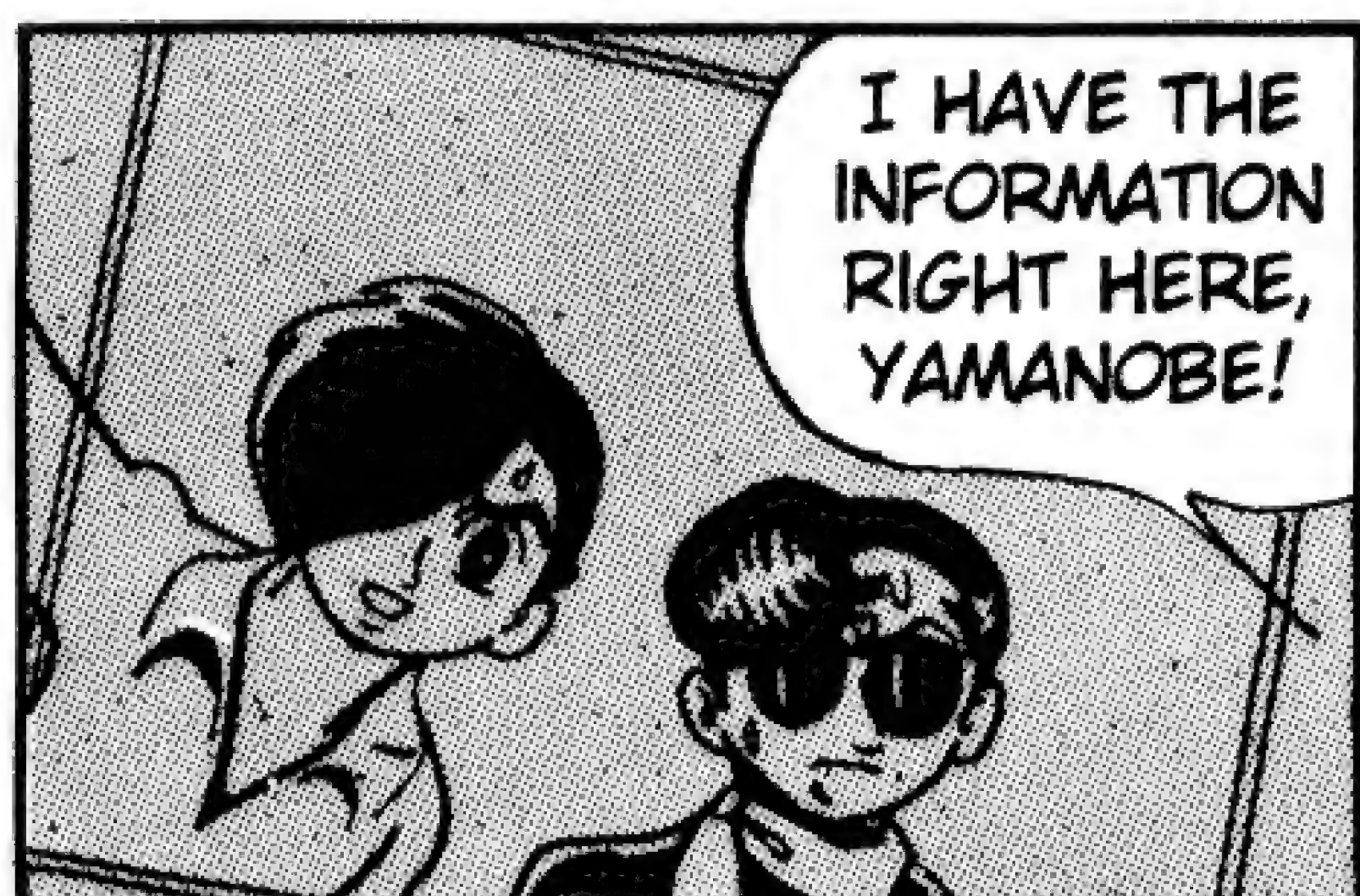


AIR LEAKED IN FROM THE OUTSIDE, AND WHEN I FOUND OUT IT WAS TOO LATE. THE LEAST I COULD DO IN THE TIME REMAINING WAS TO SOLVE THE SECRET OF TAMAMI'S CELL STRUCTURE WITH COMPUTER ANALYSIS.

AH!

SHE DONATED HER BODY TO ME. I HAVE COMPLETED MY EXPERIMENT.

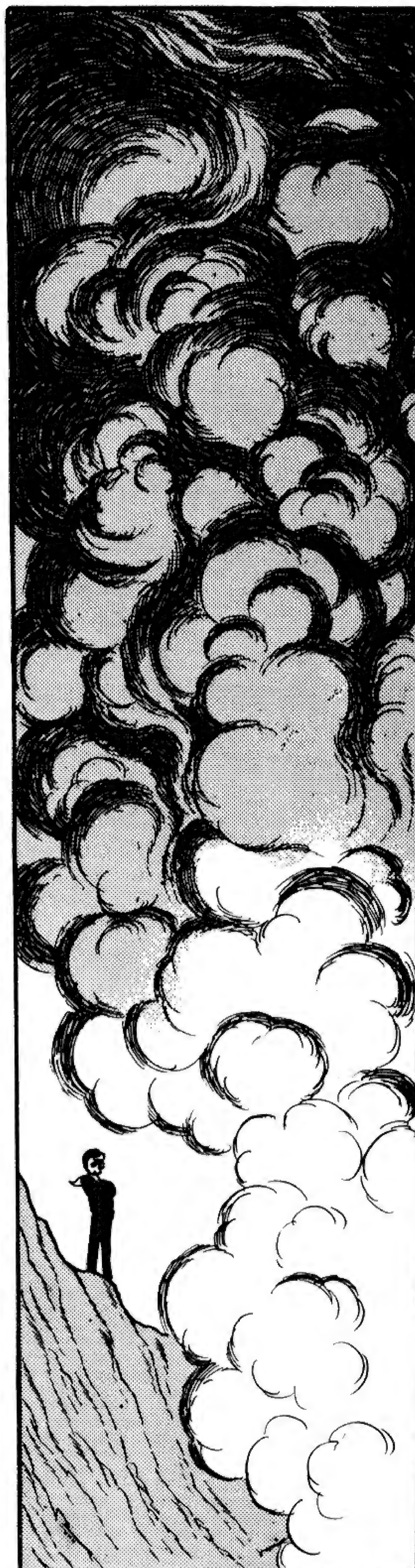
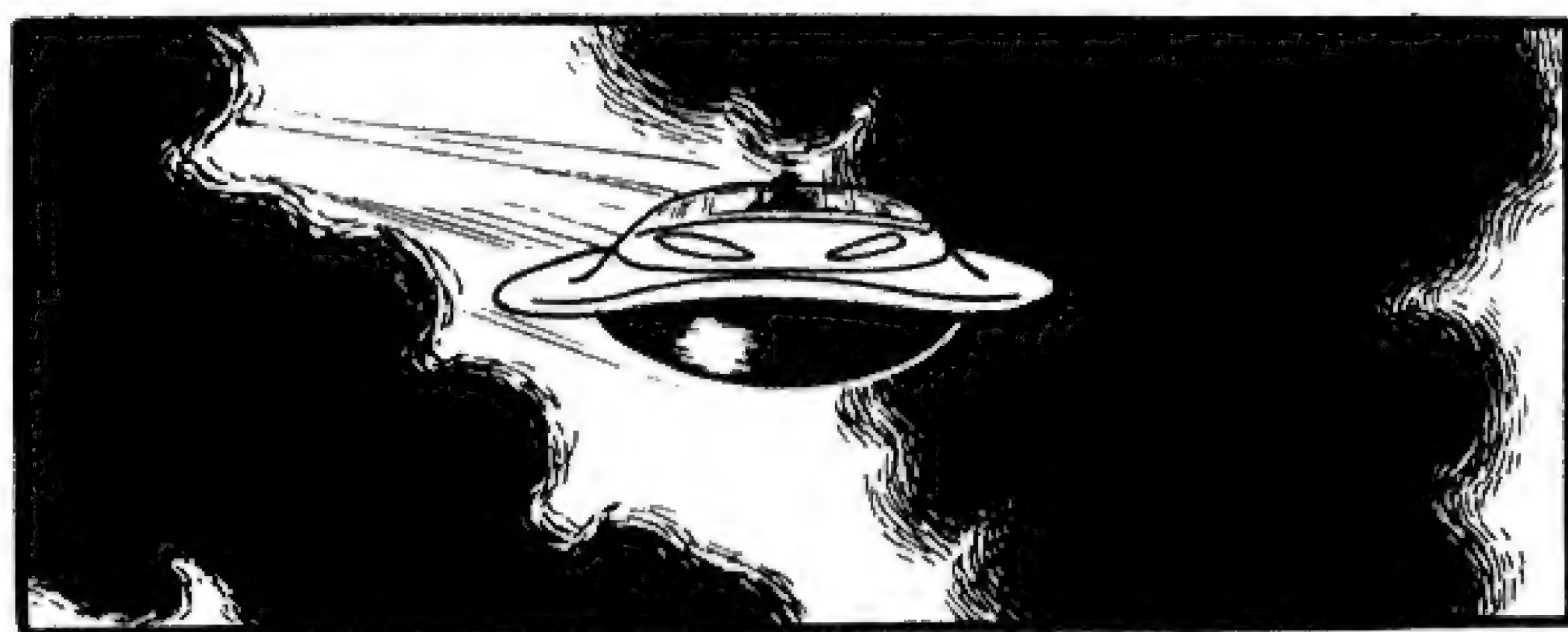




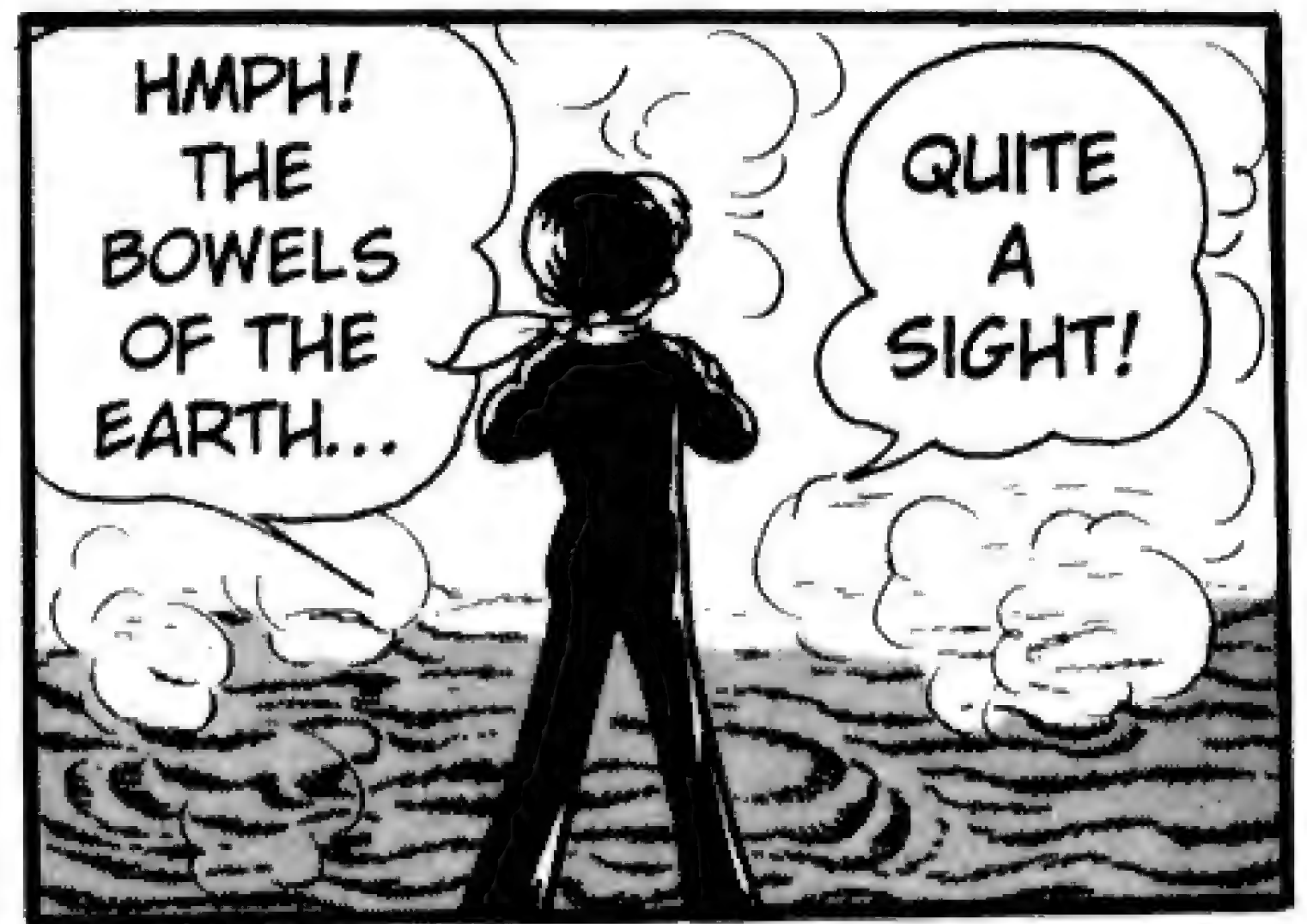












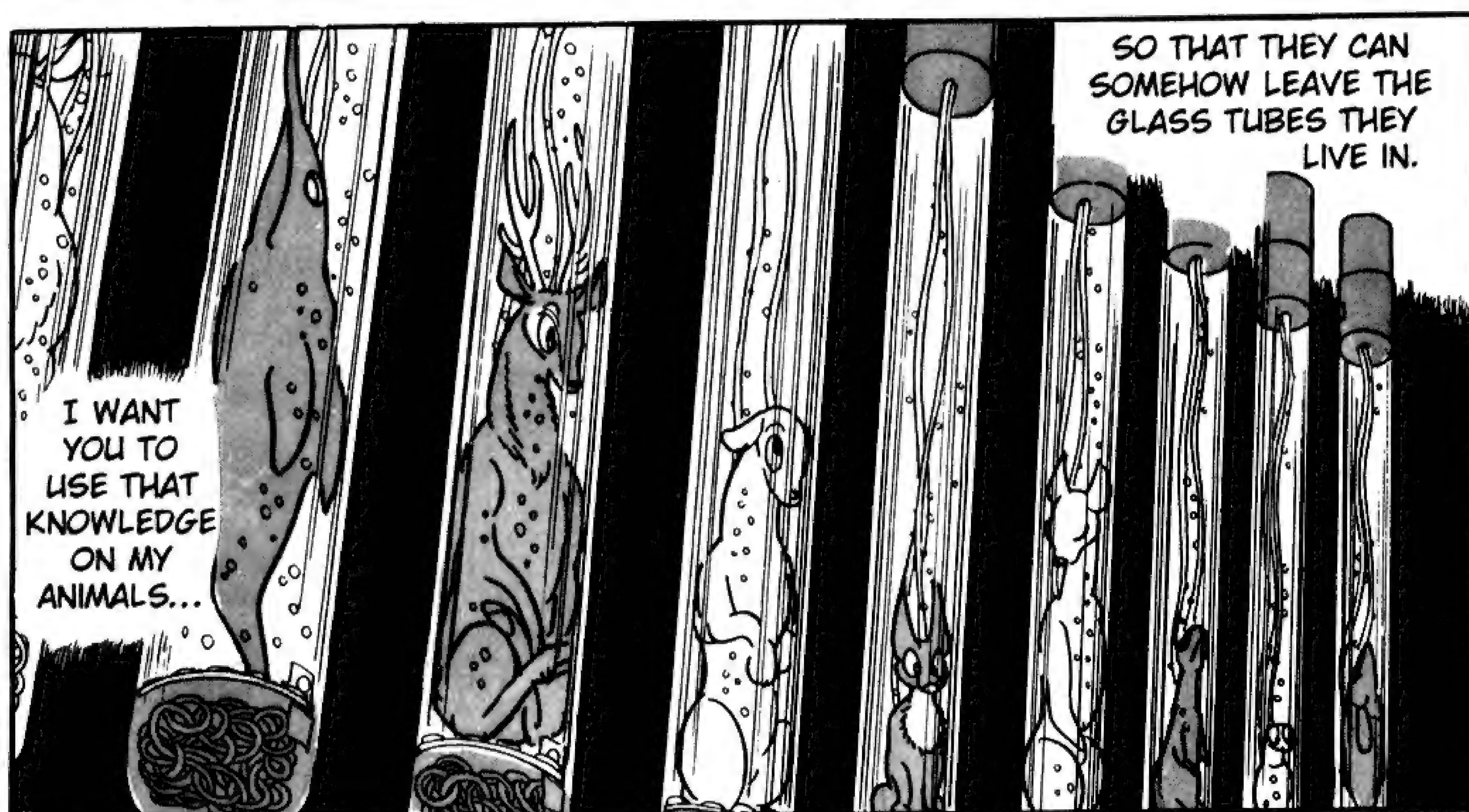
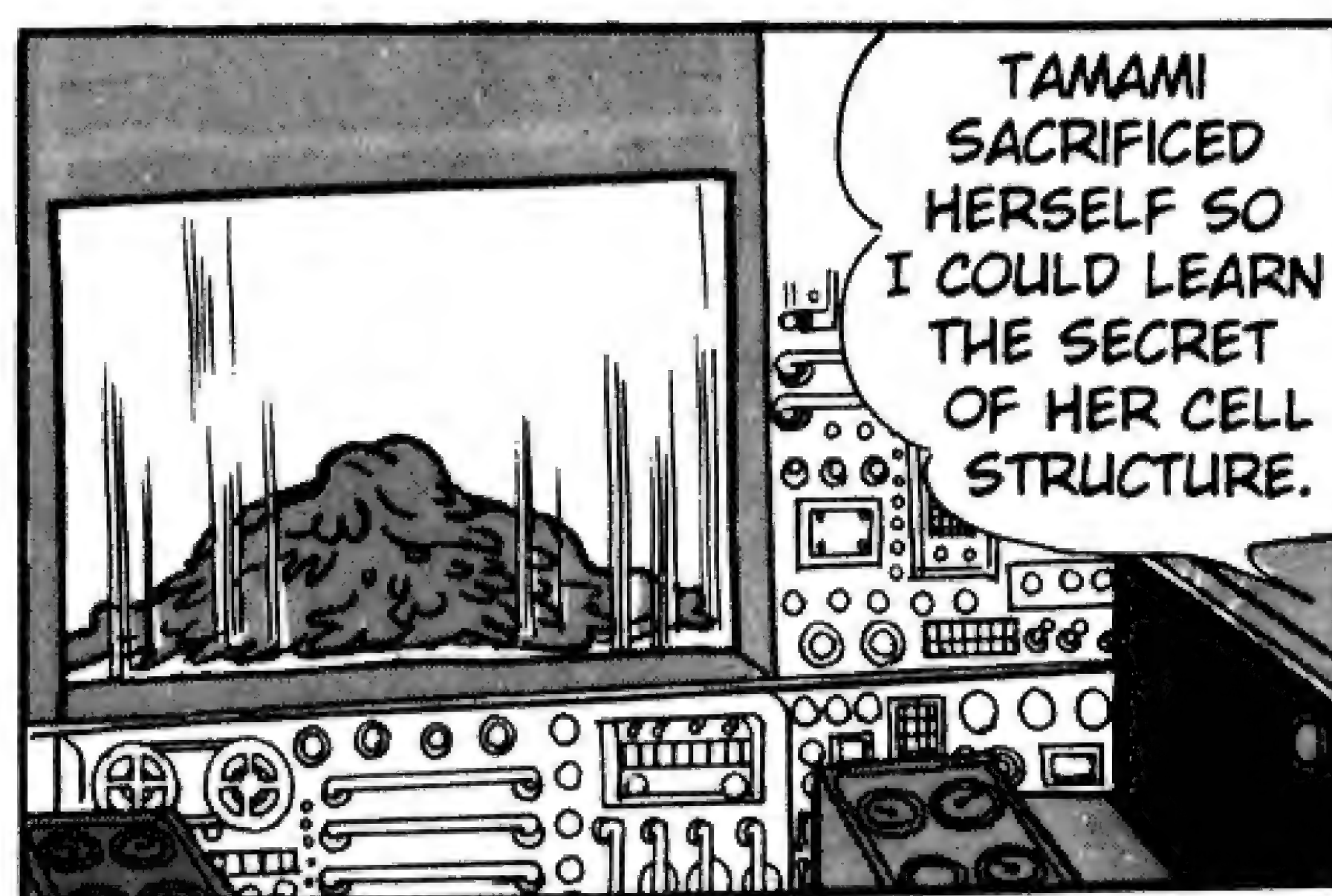
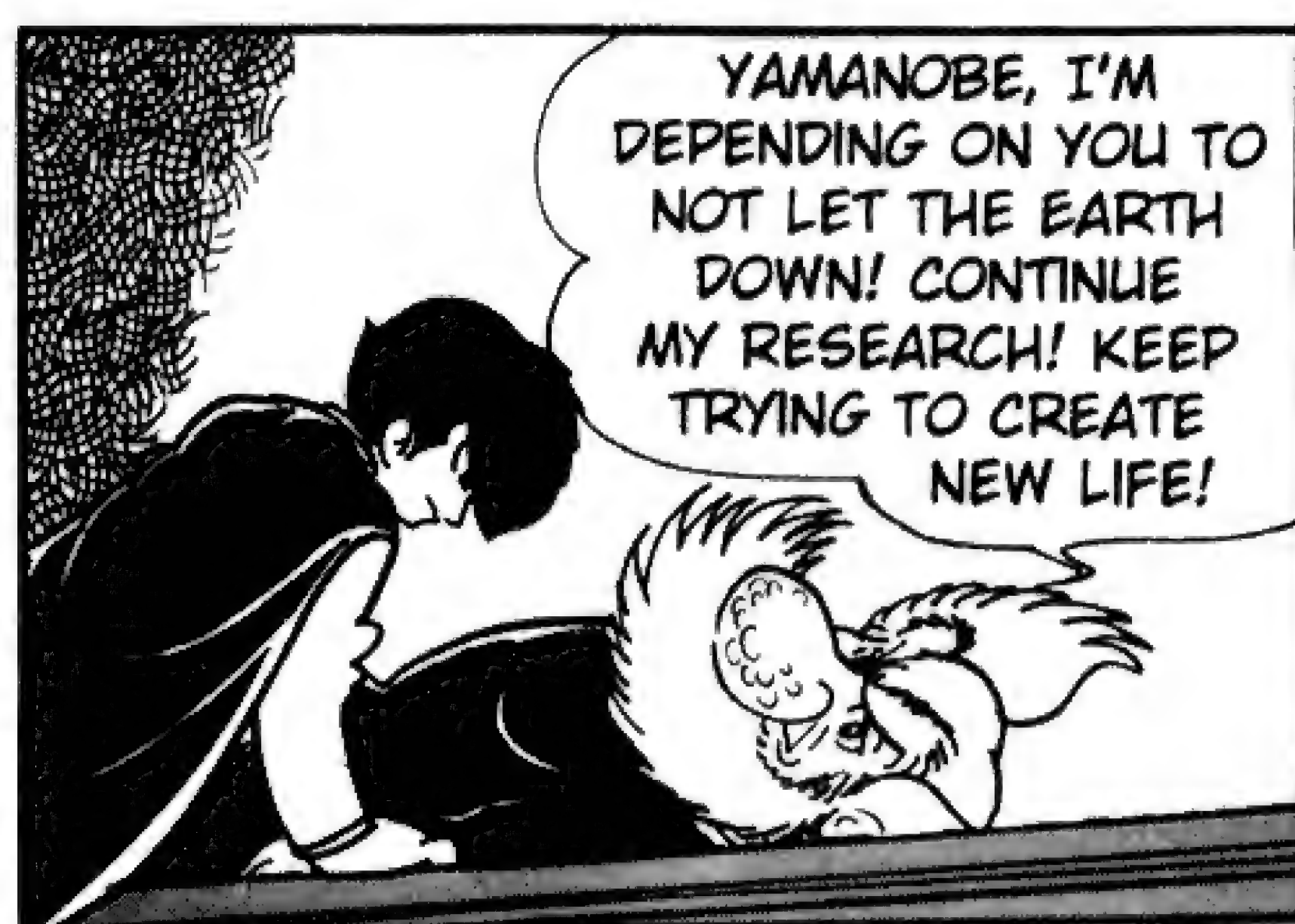
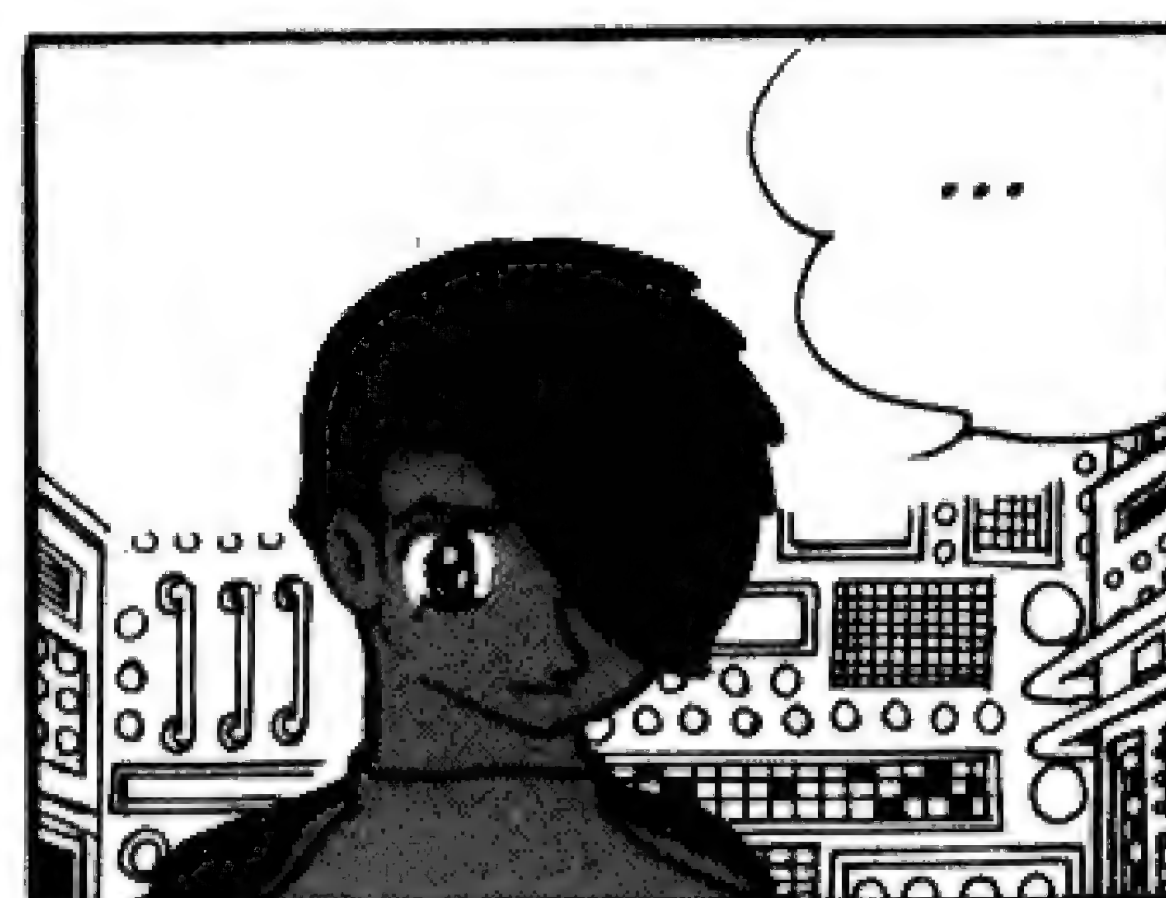
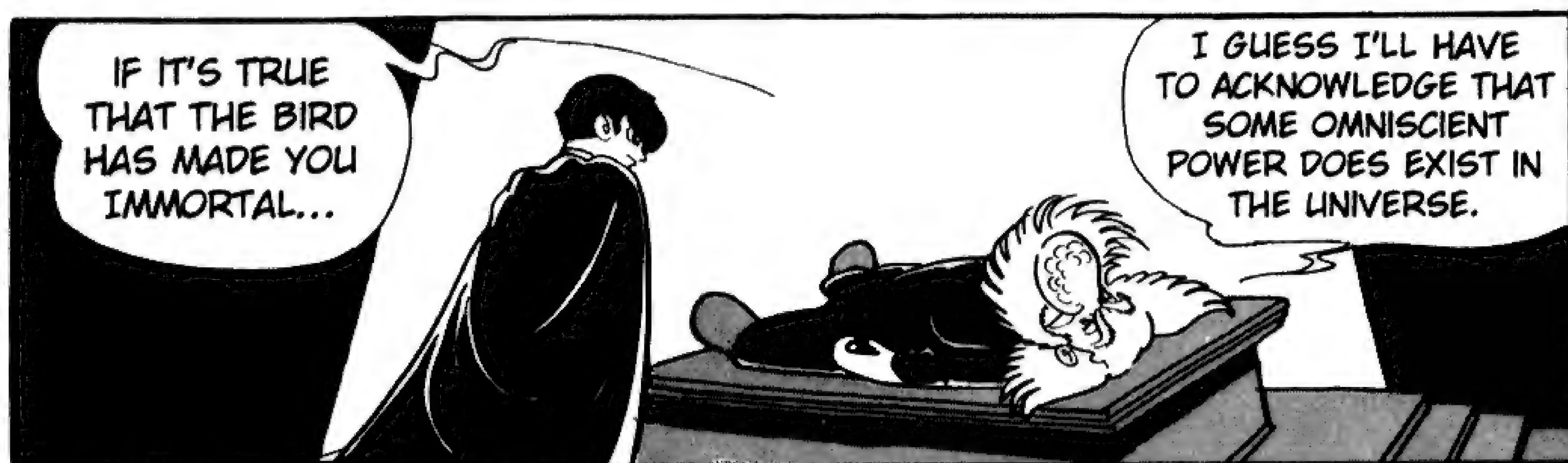




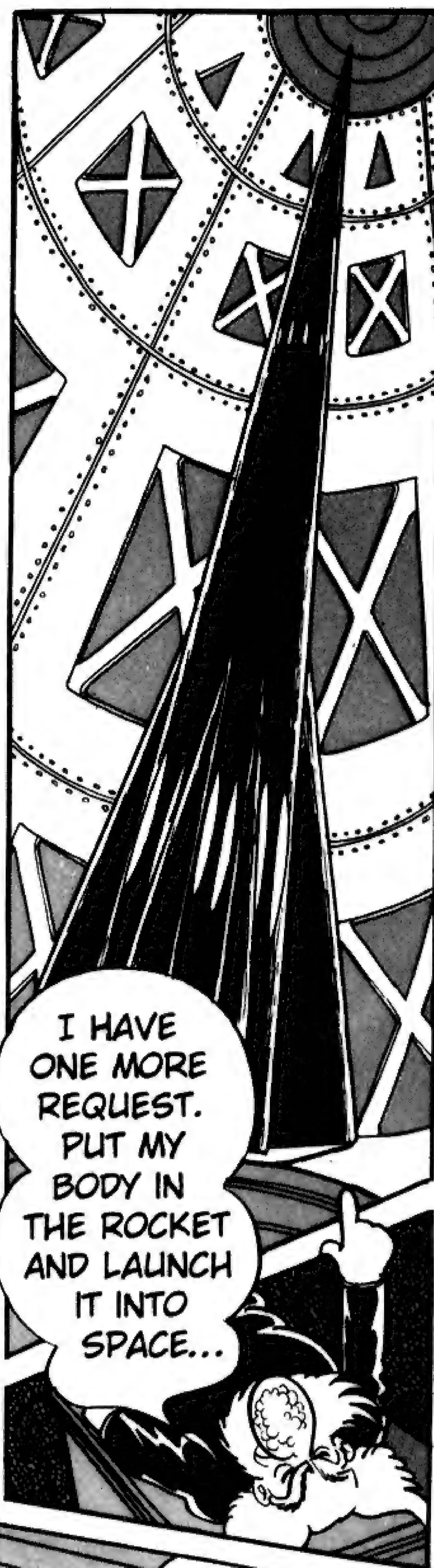
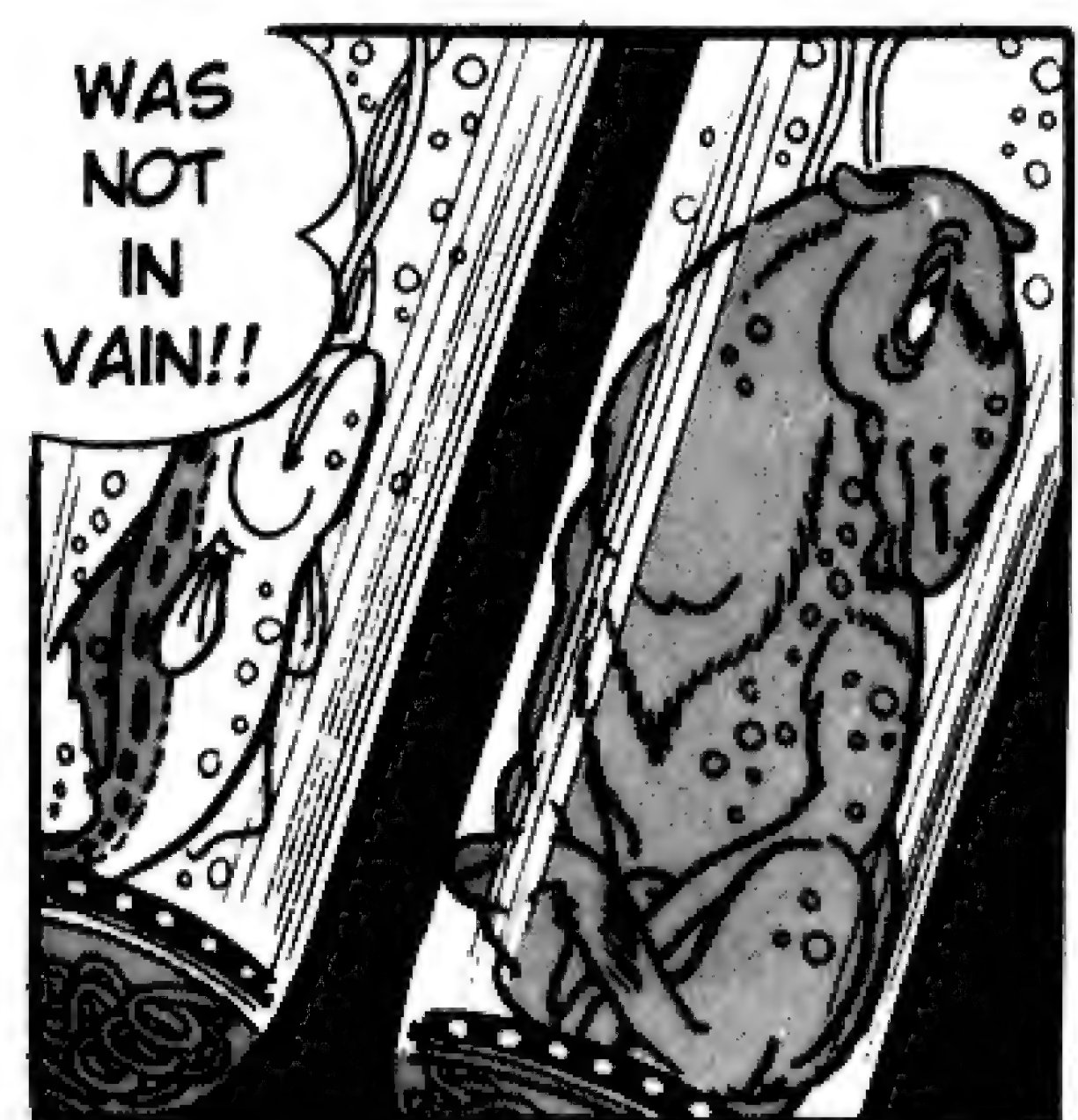
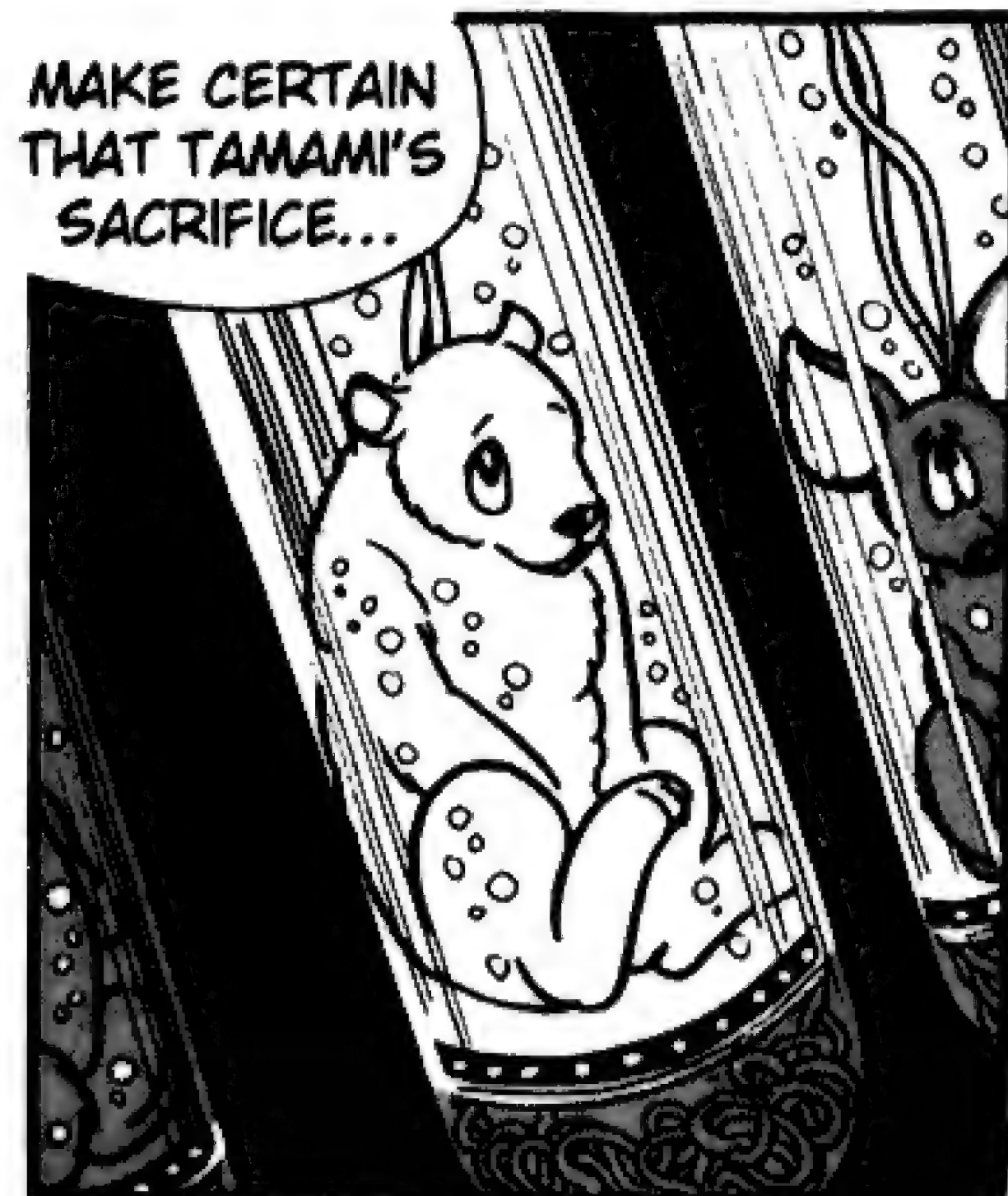




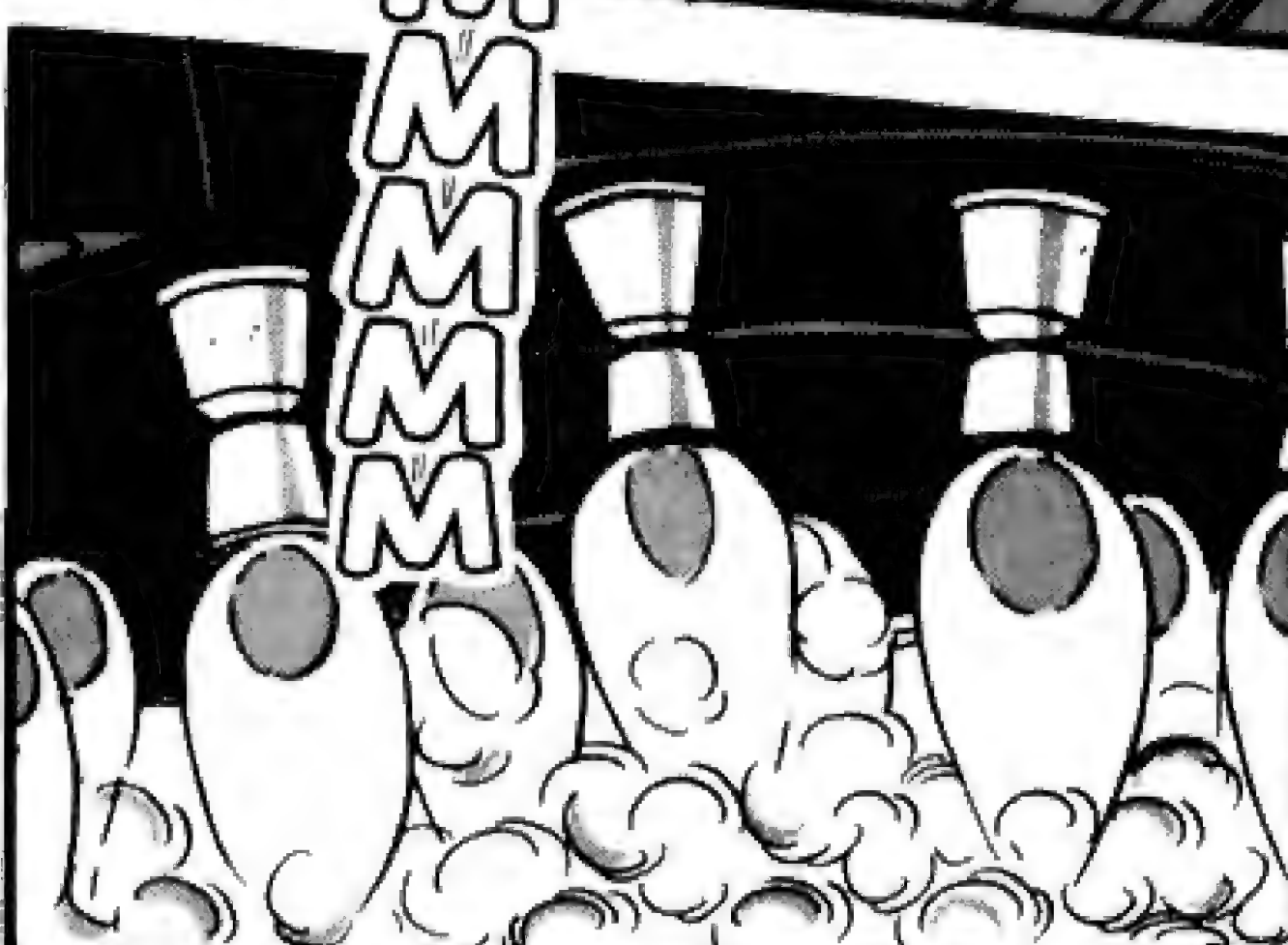
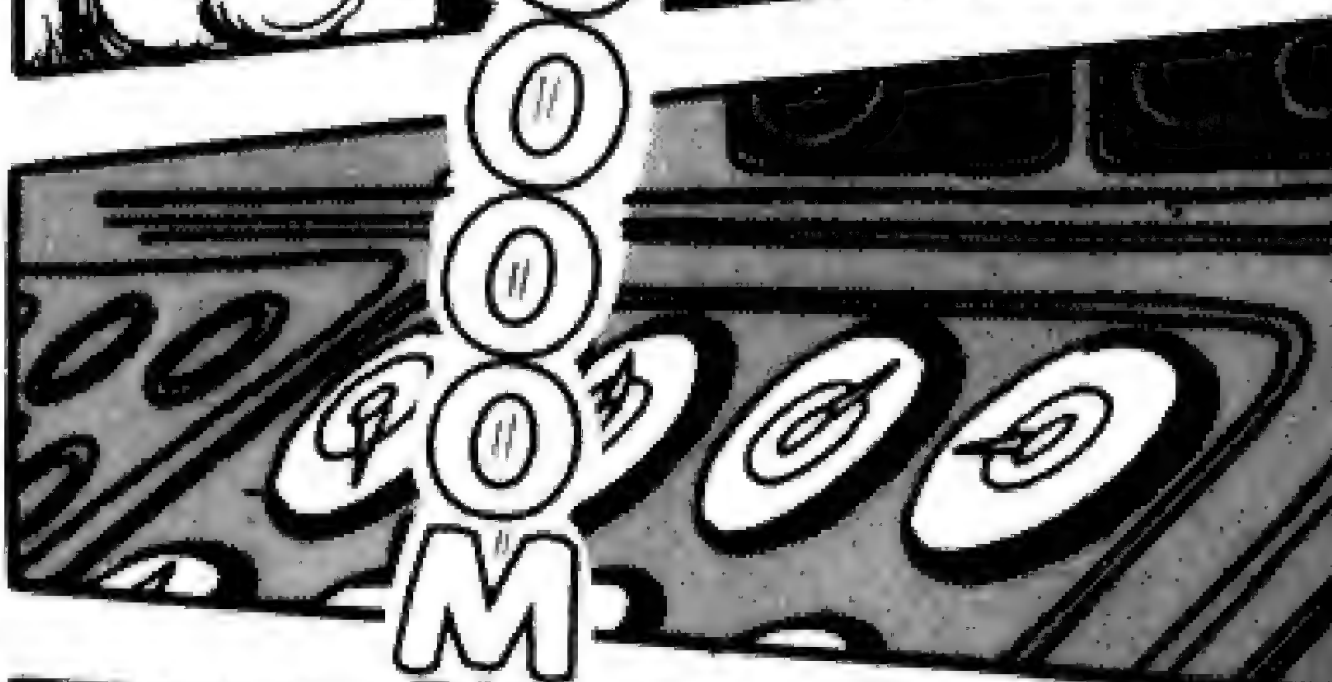
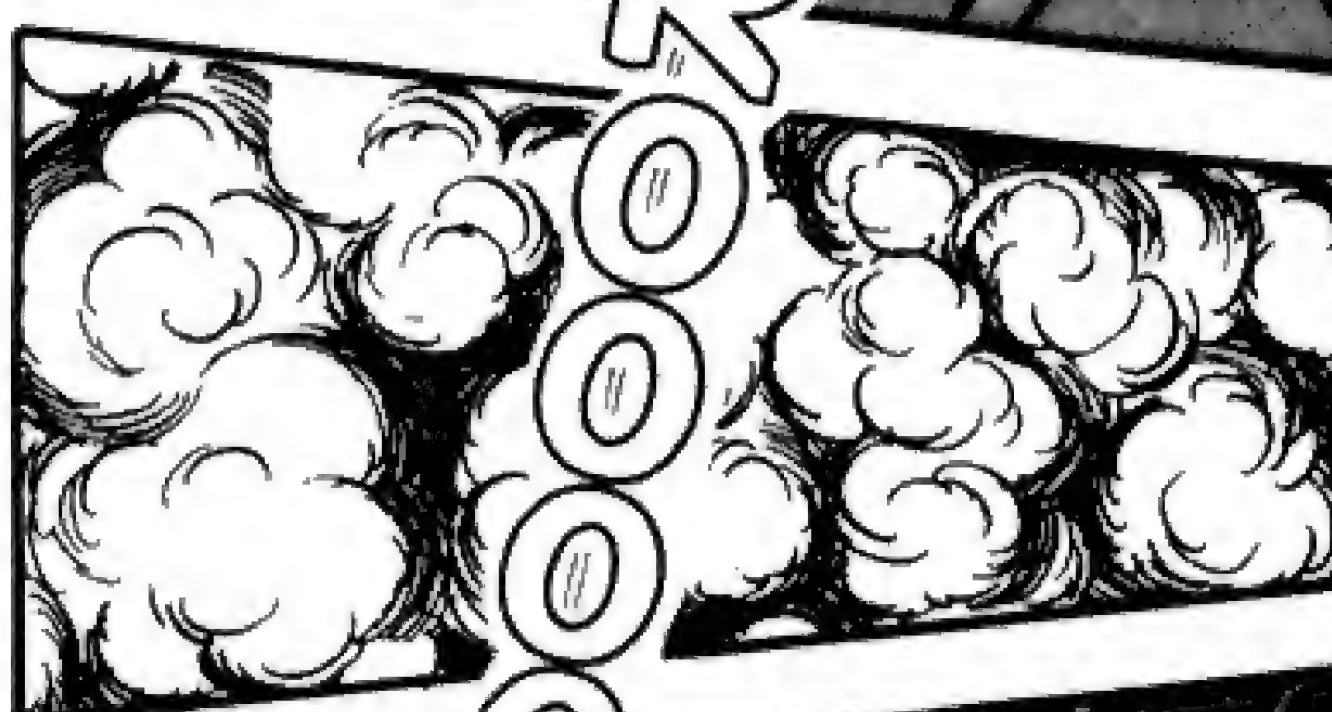
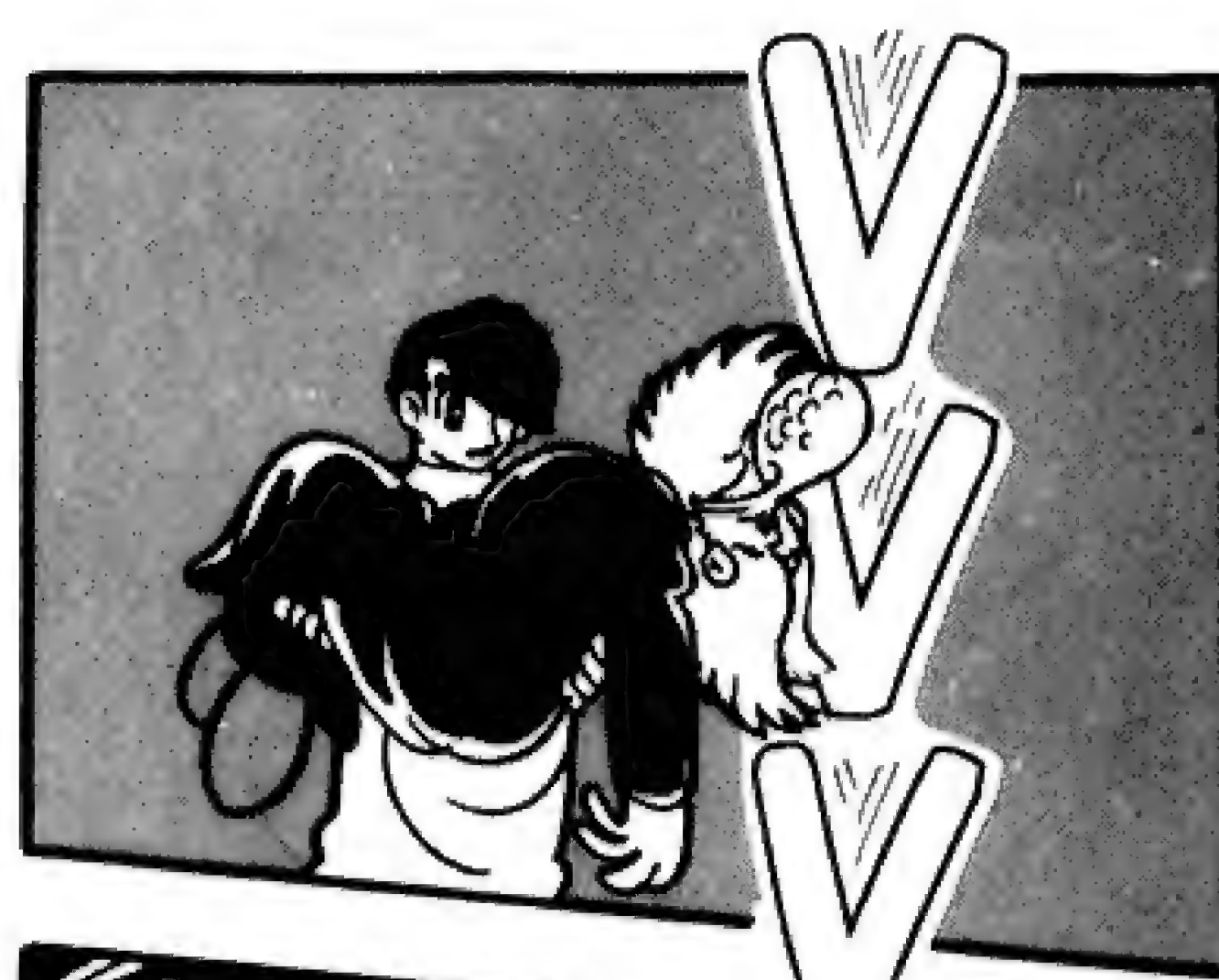
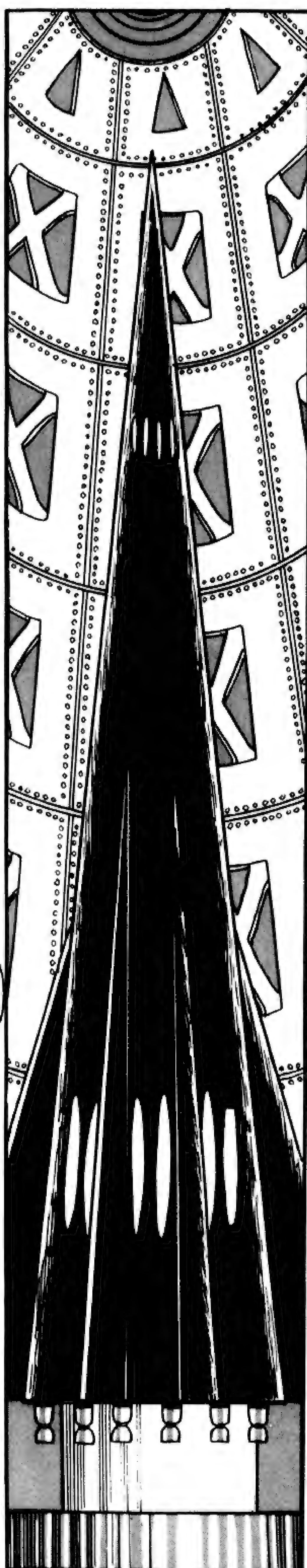




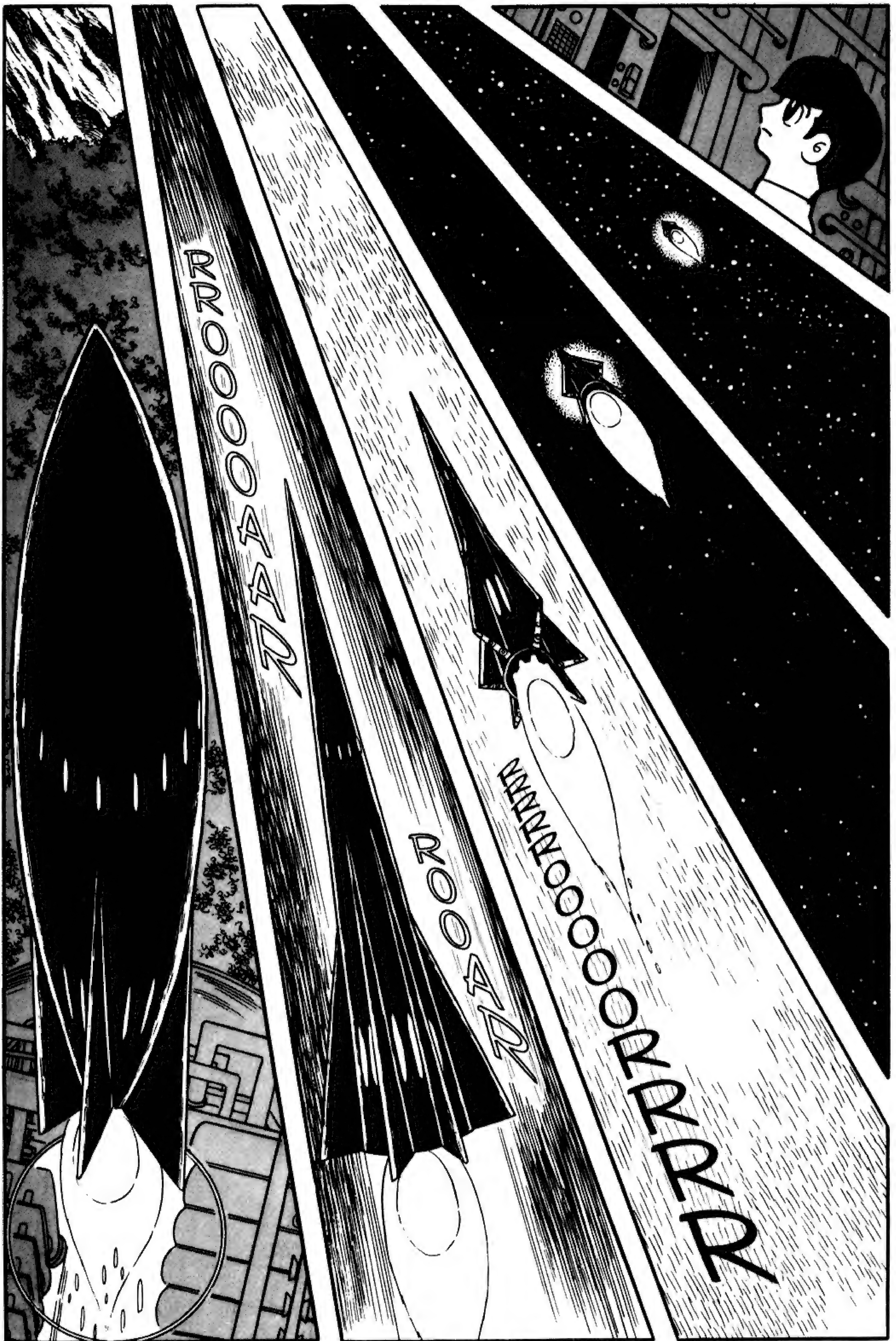




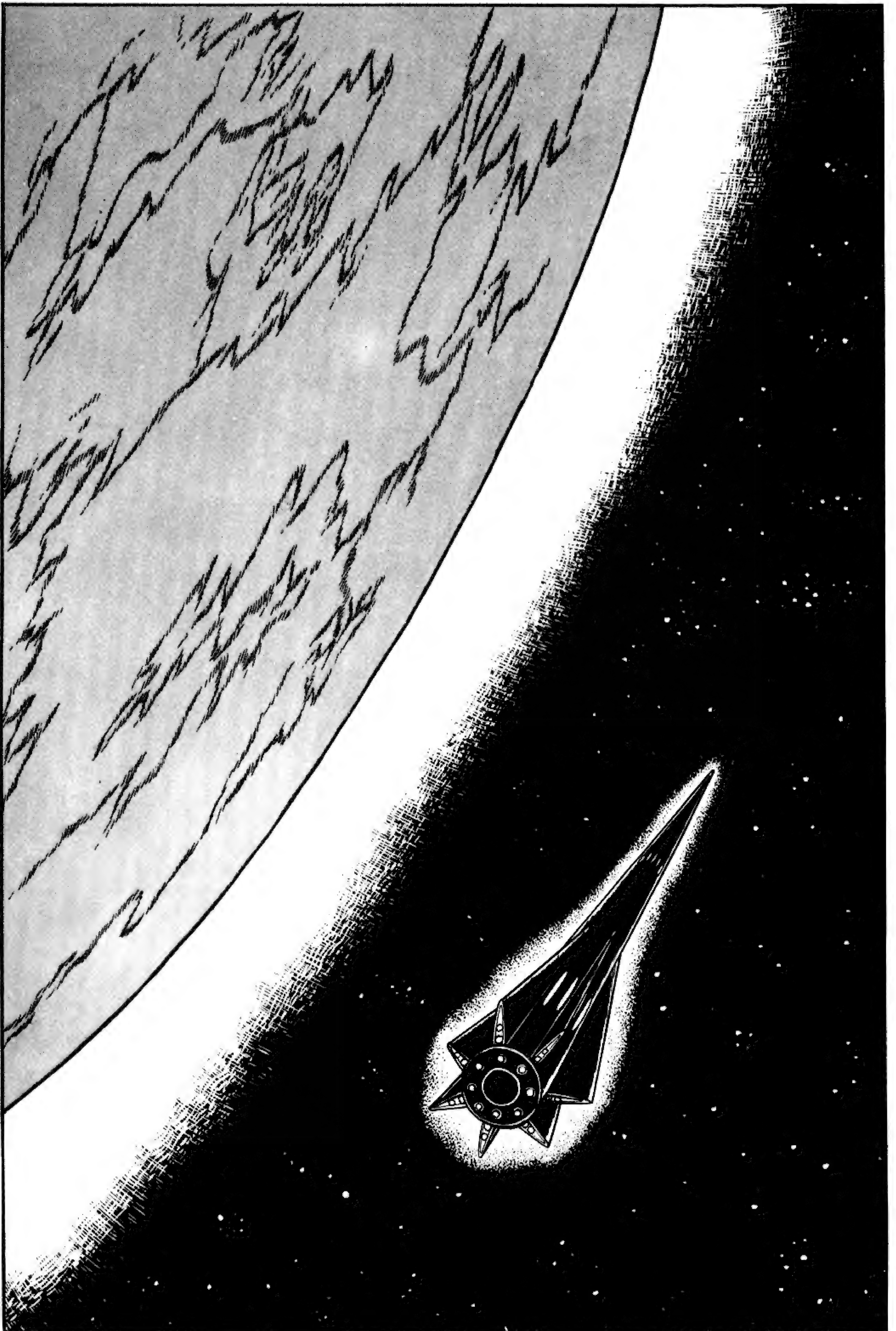




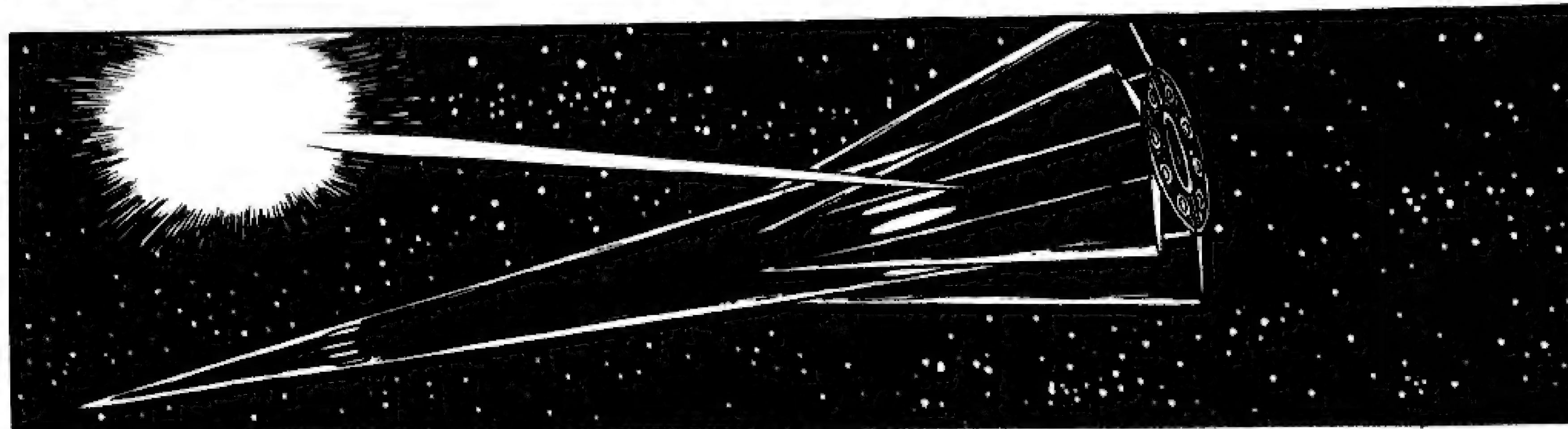
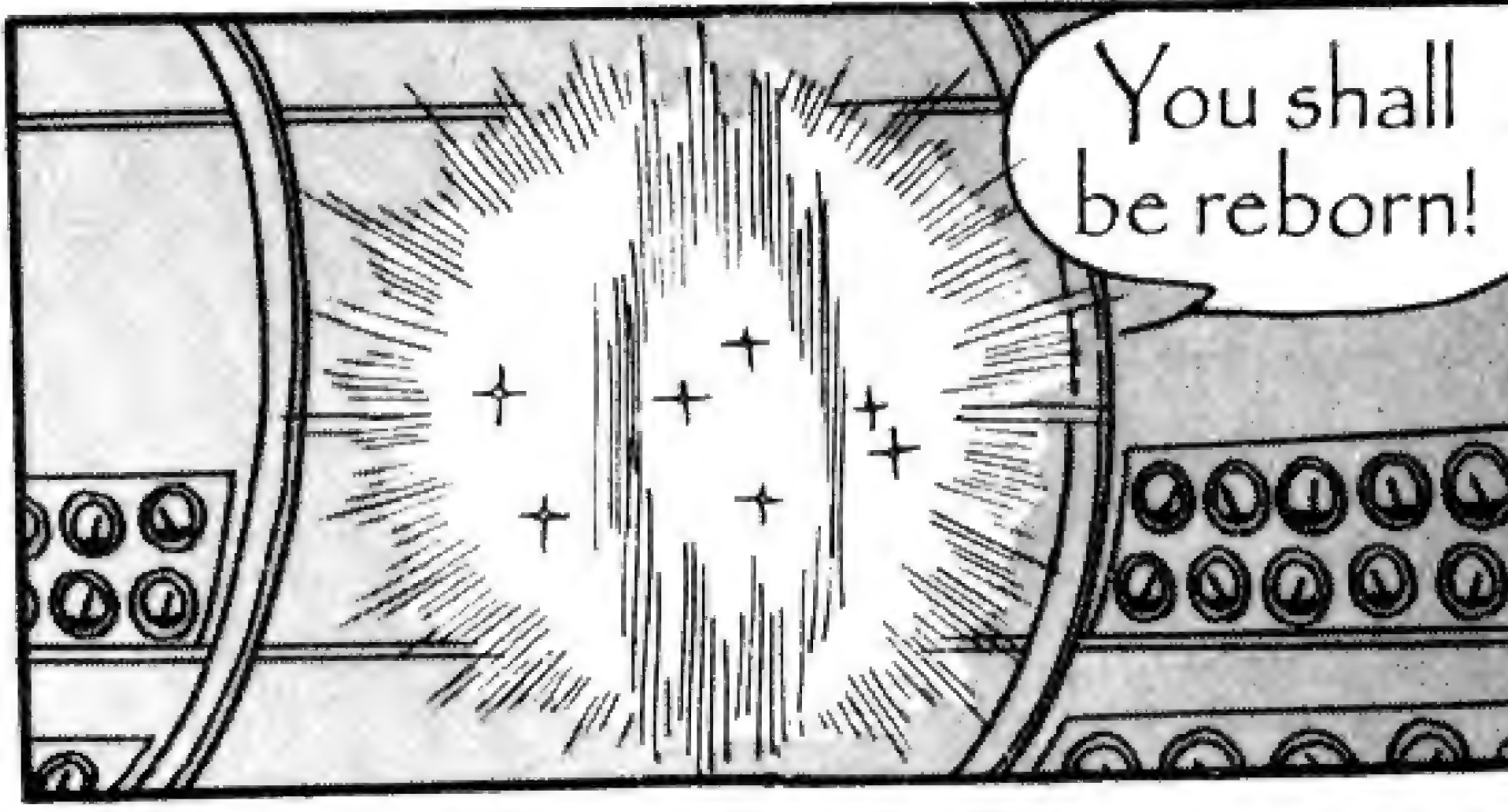
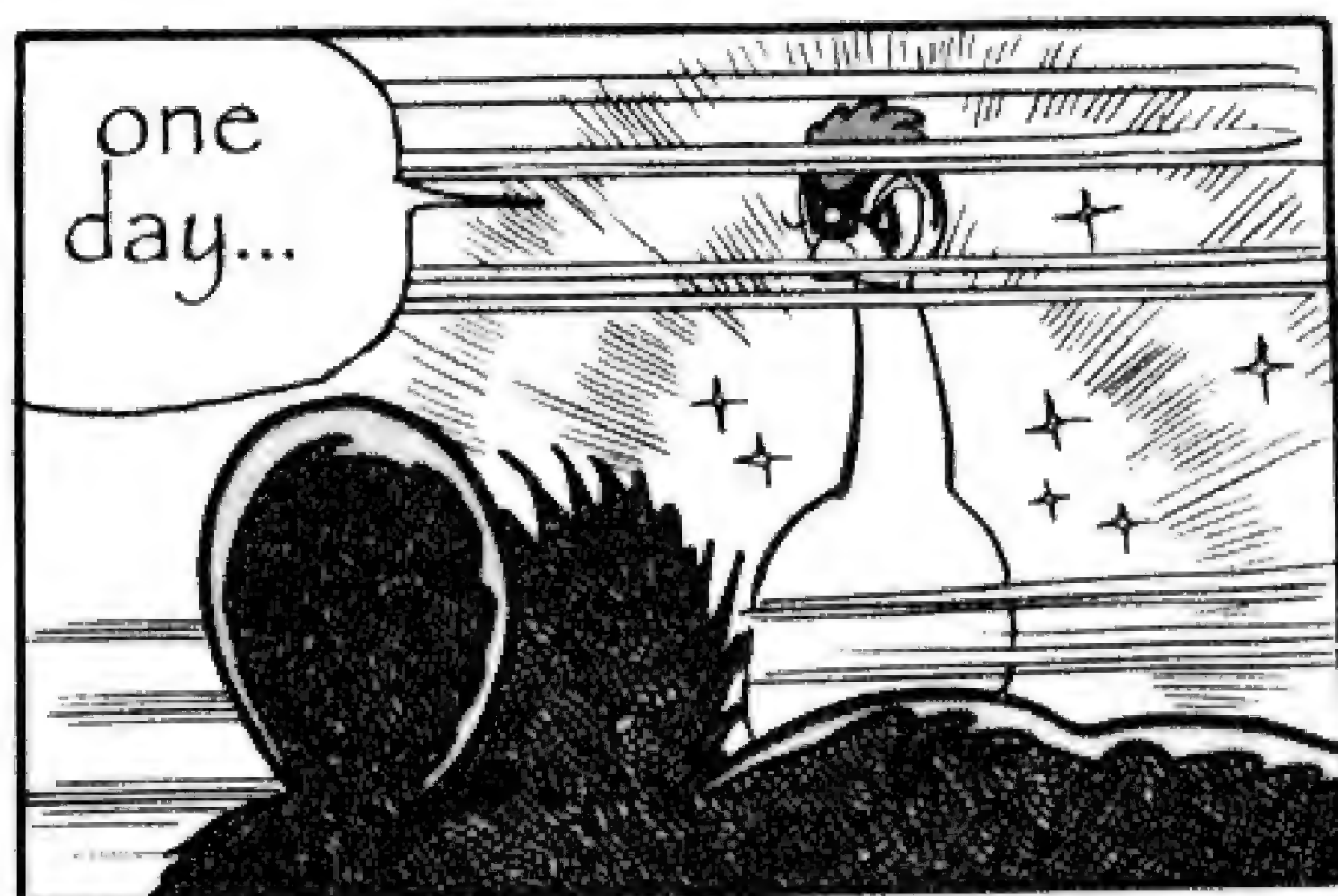
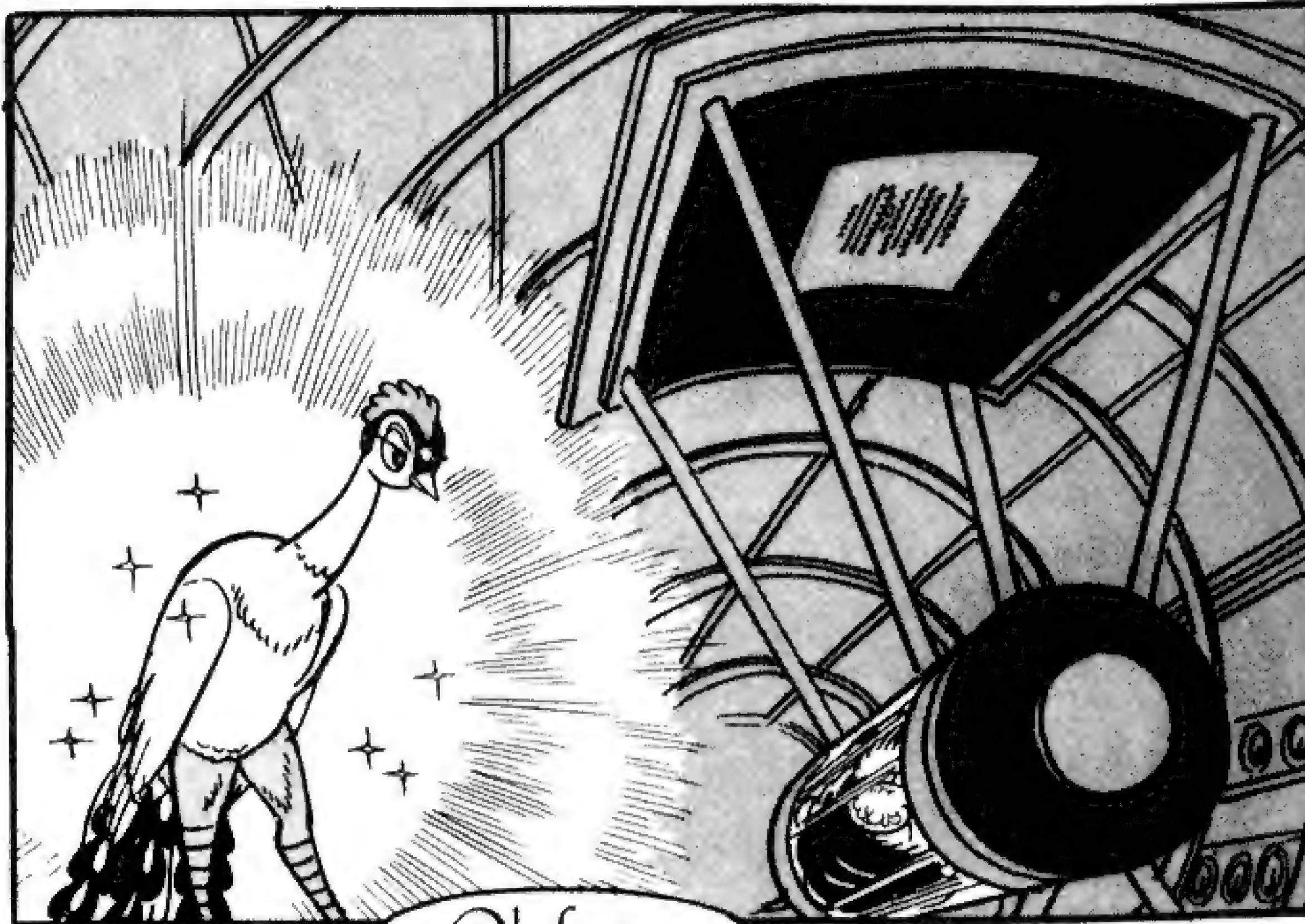
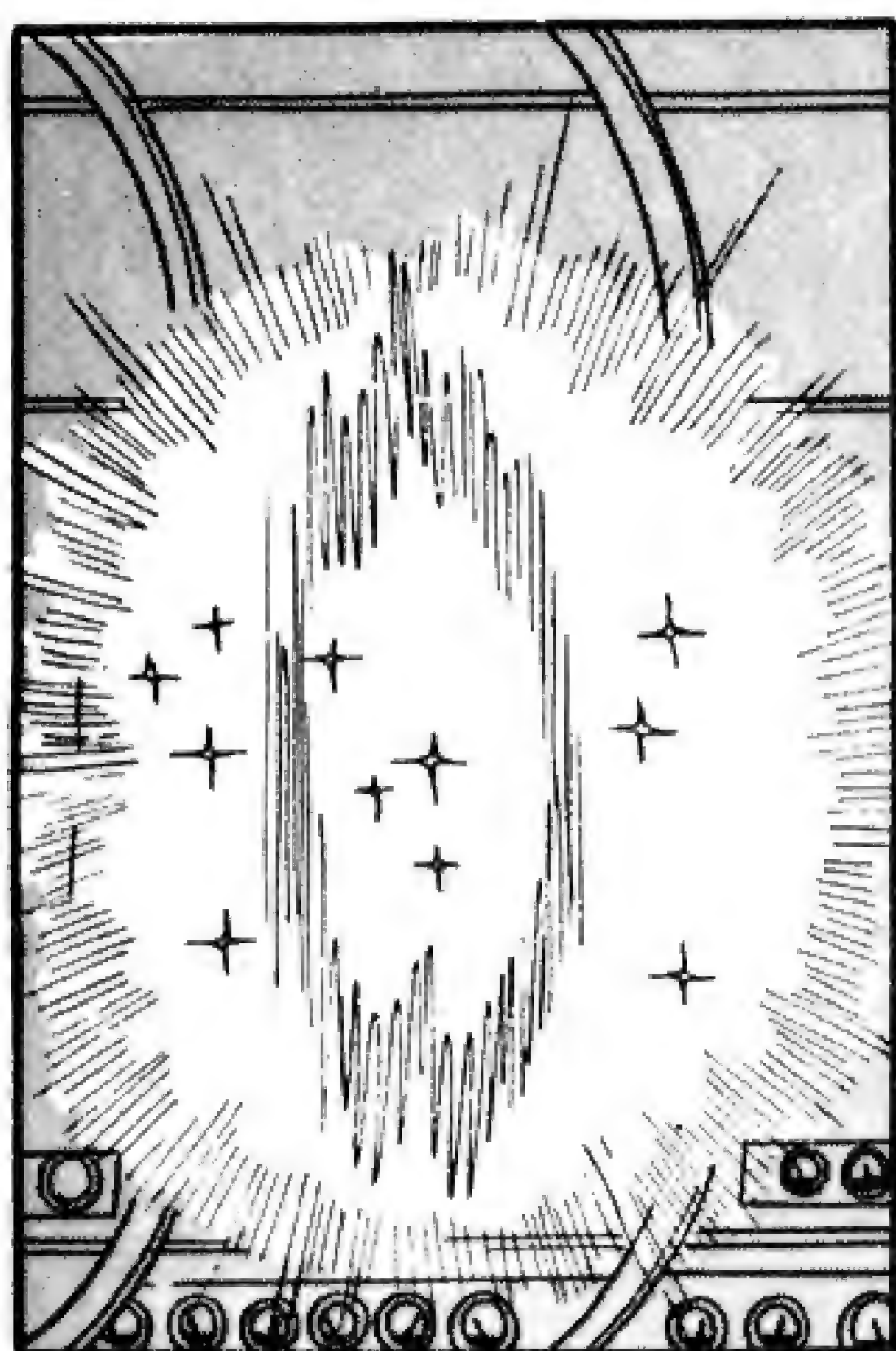
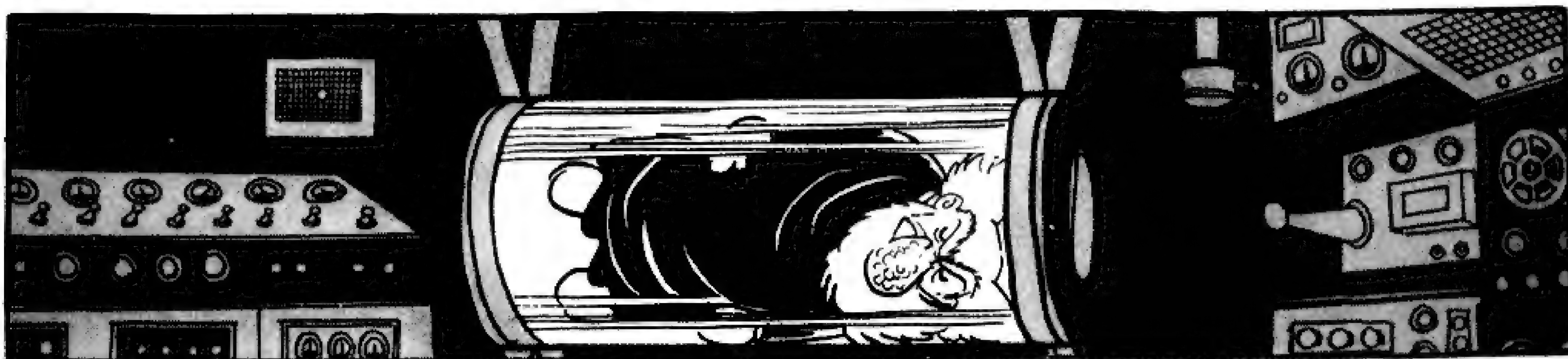










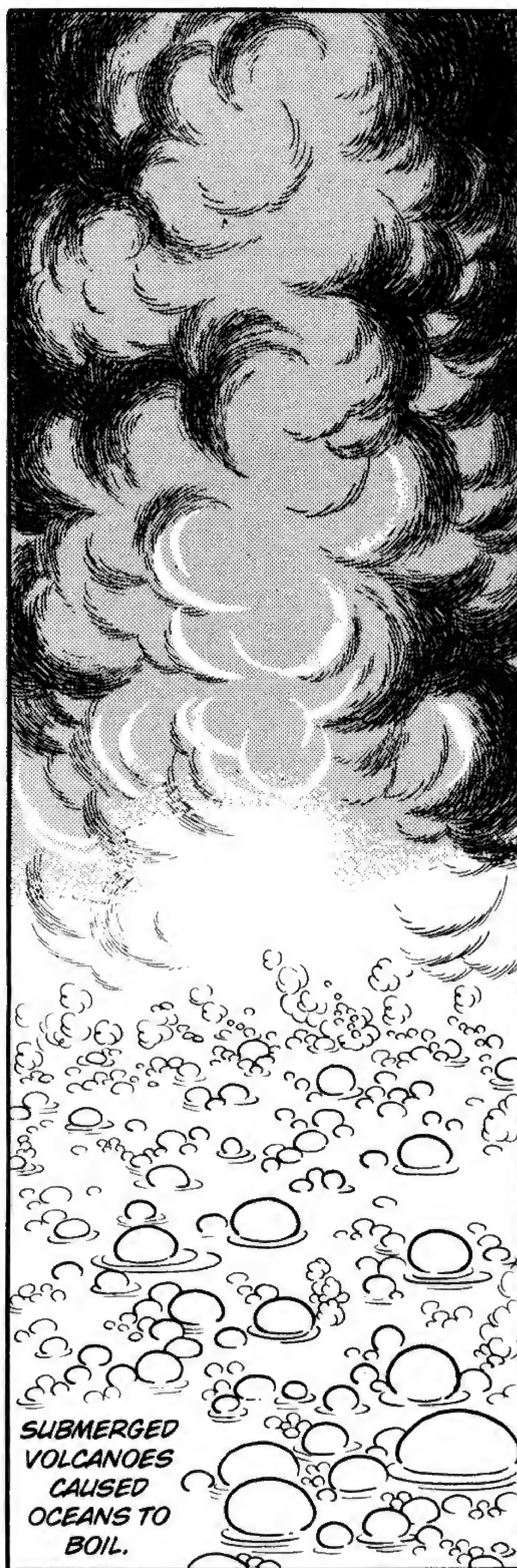






RUPTURES BROKE  
ALL OVER THE  
SURFACE OF THE  
EARTH, LIKE A  
CATERPILLAR TRYING  
TO BREAK OUT OF  
ITS COCOON.



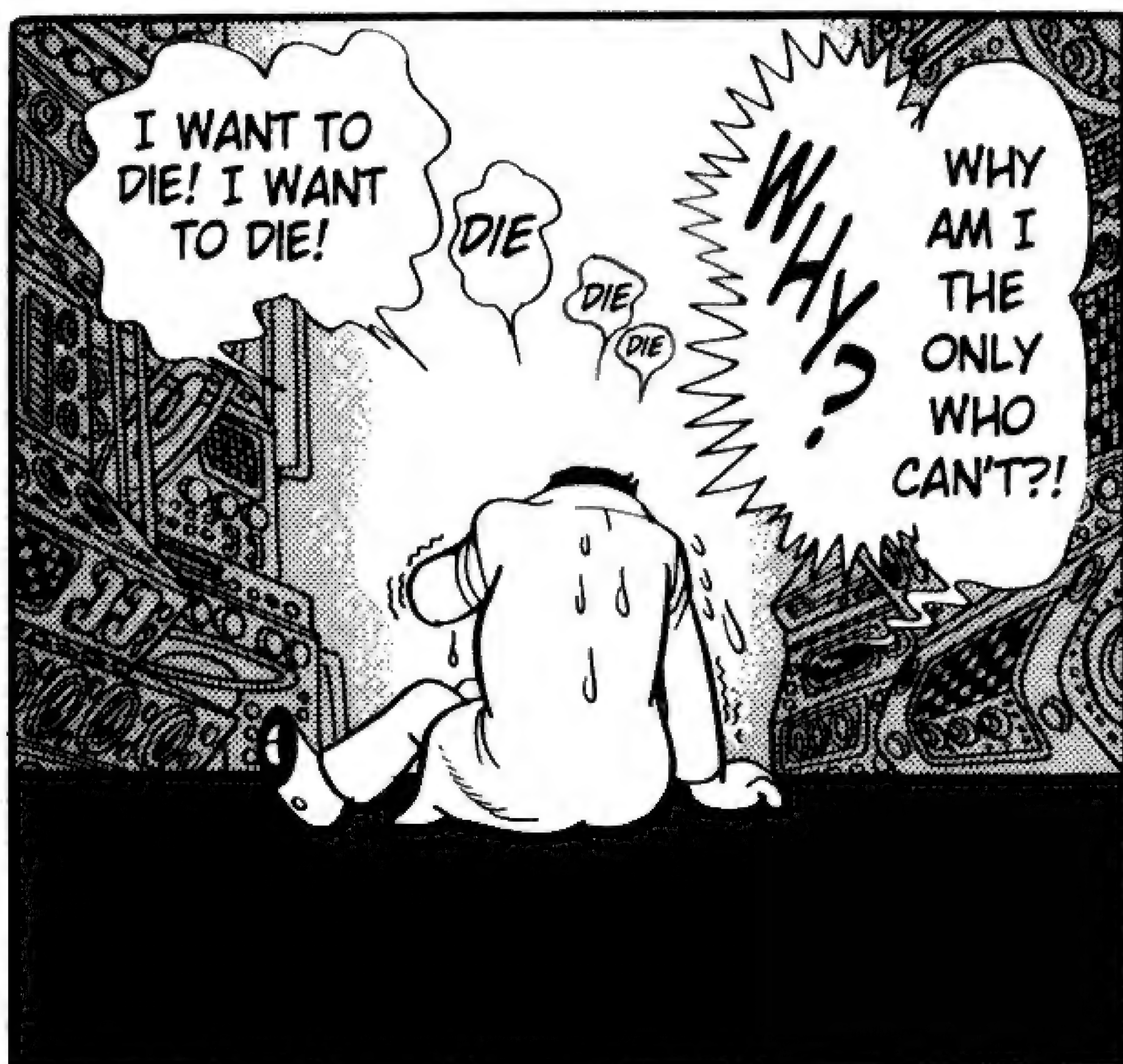
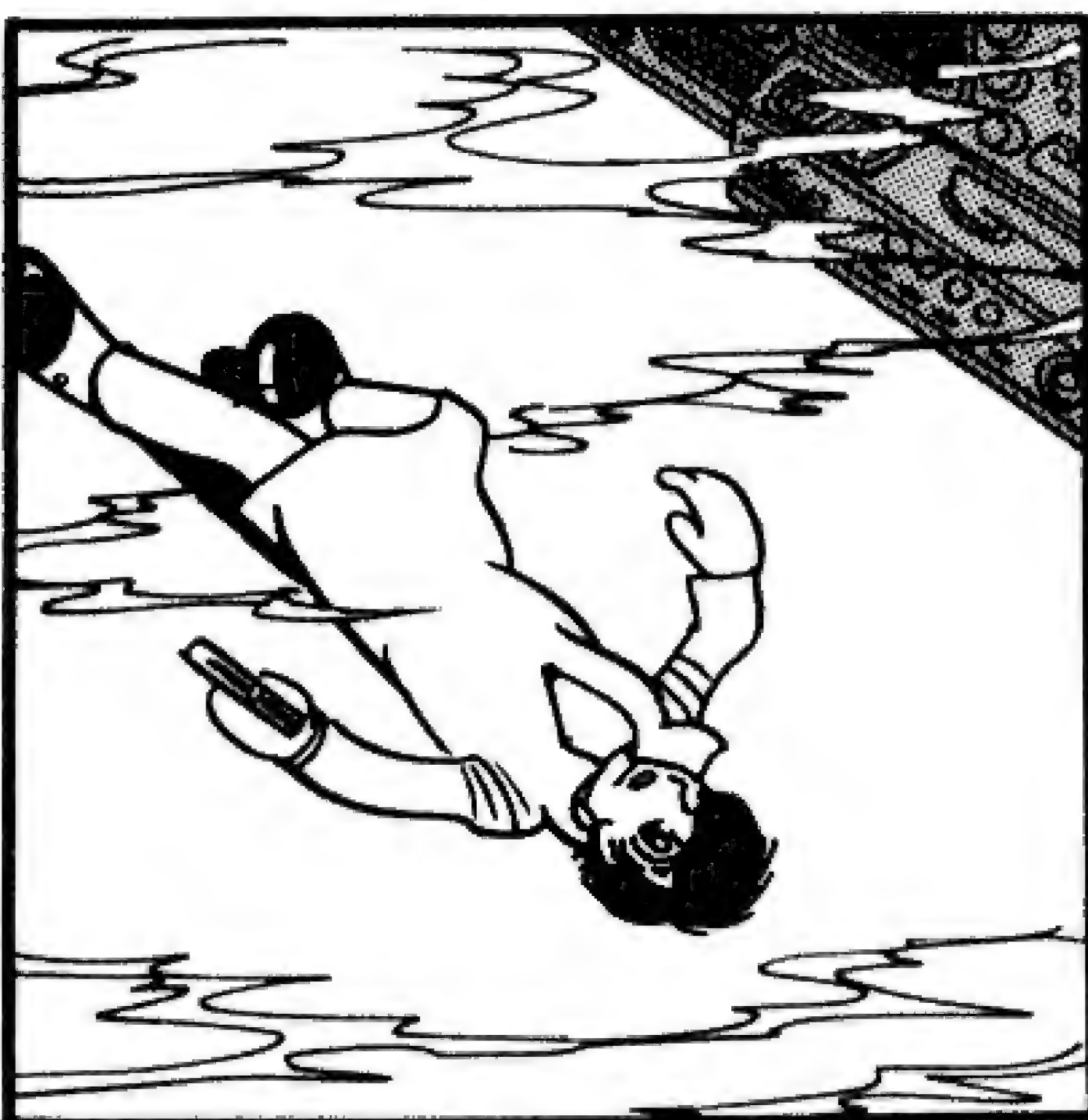




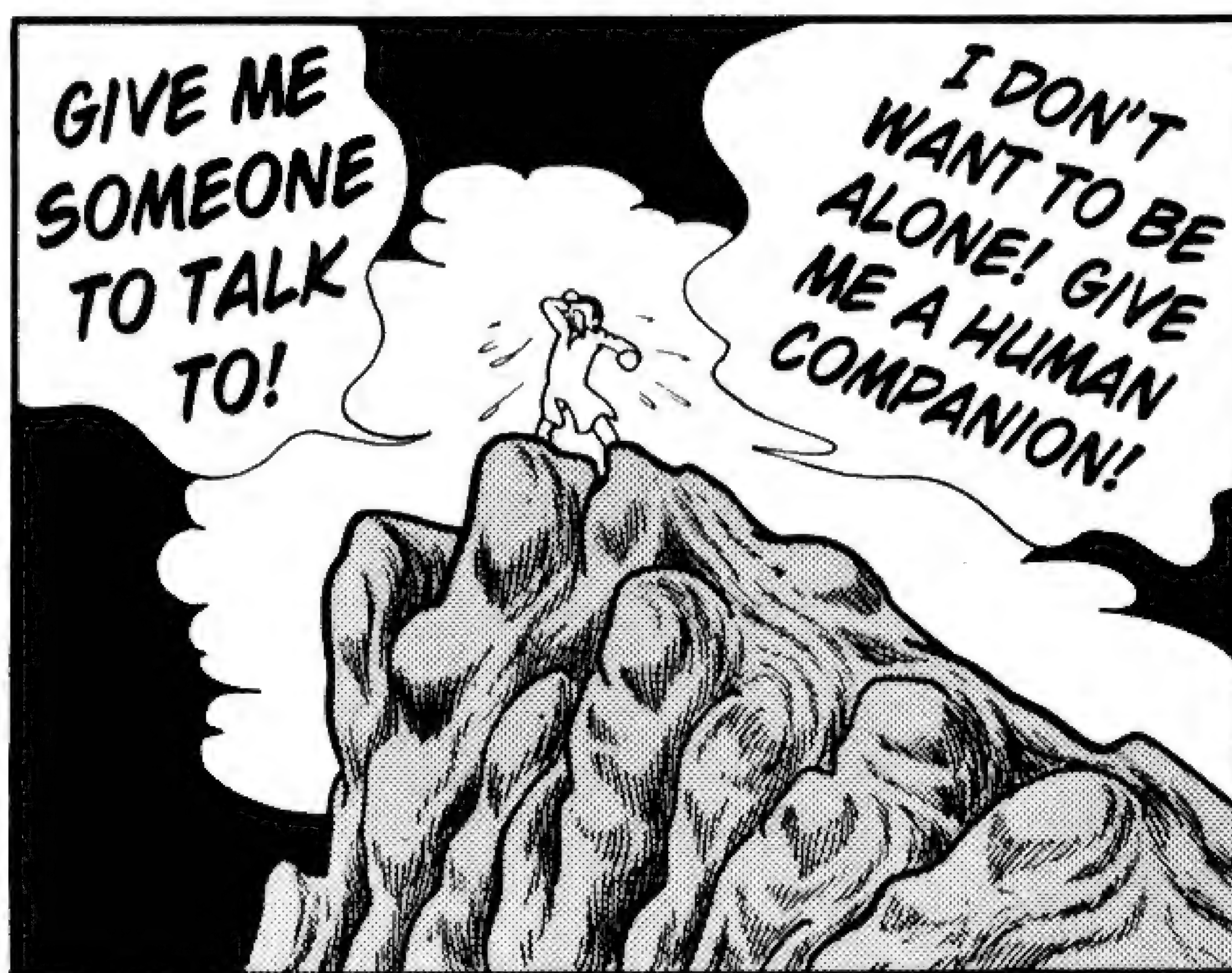


THE  
RESULTANT  
STEAM FORMED  
A THICK CLOUD  
LAYER WHICH  
HUNG OVER  
THE FIVE  
CONTINENTS.

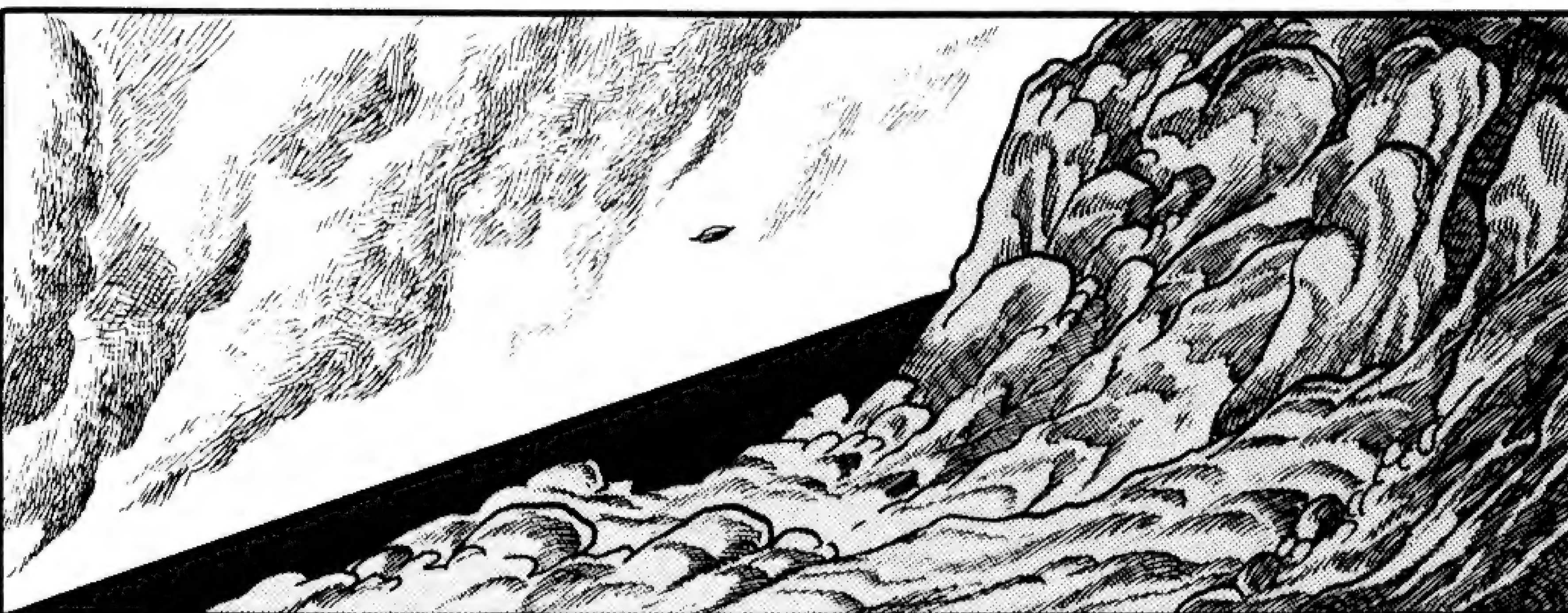
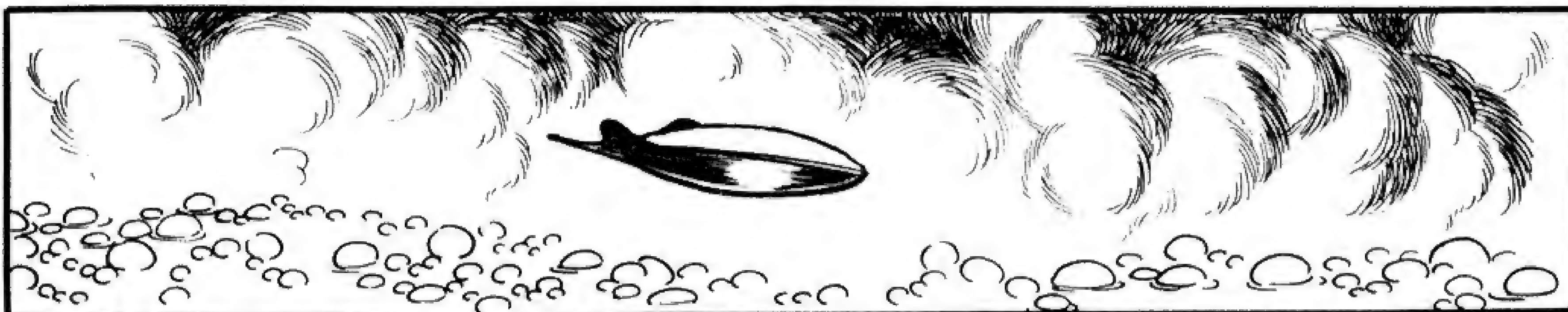








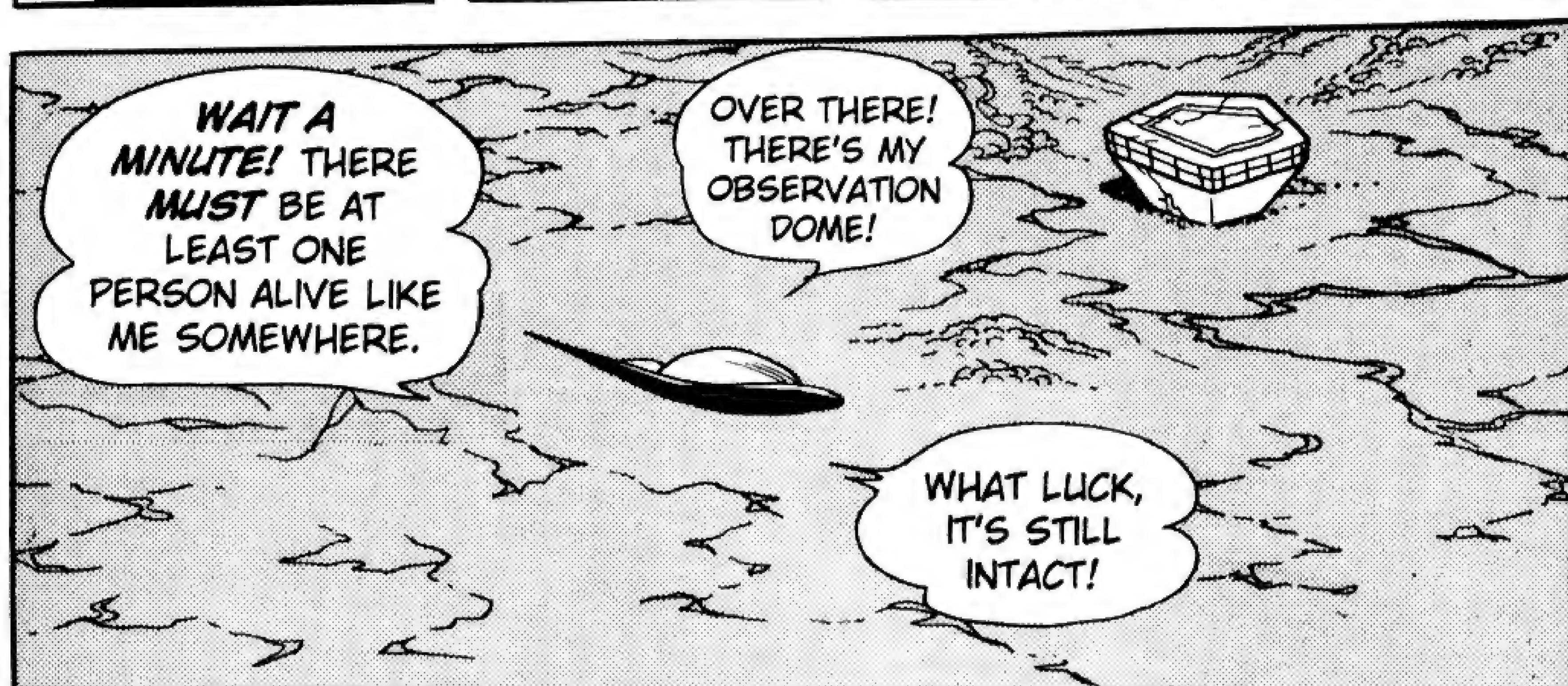
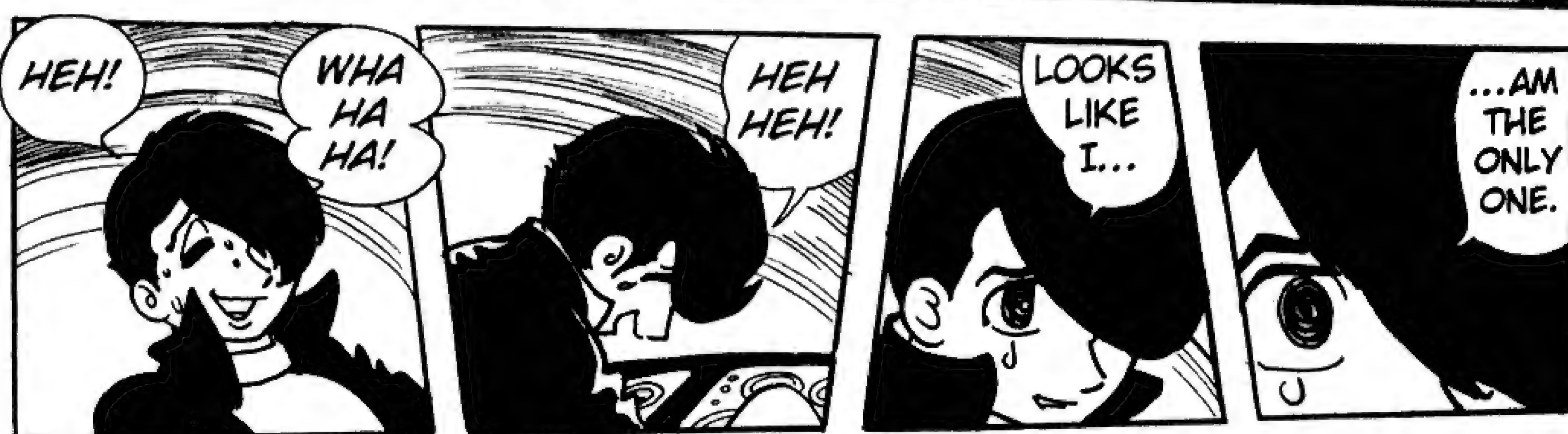
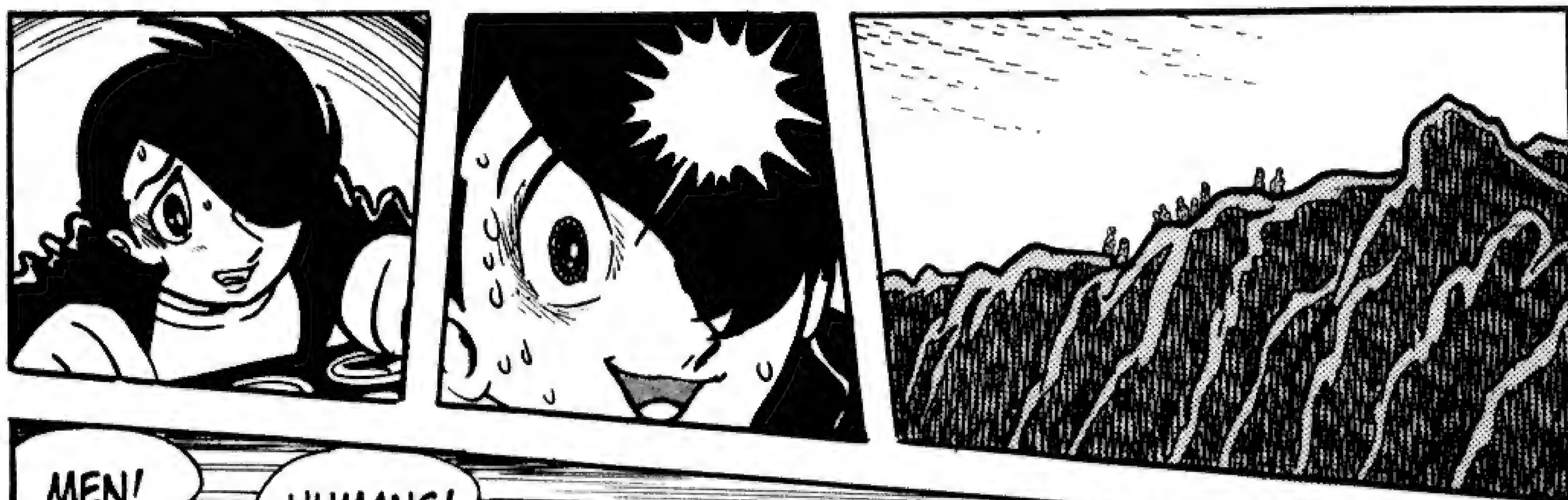




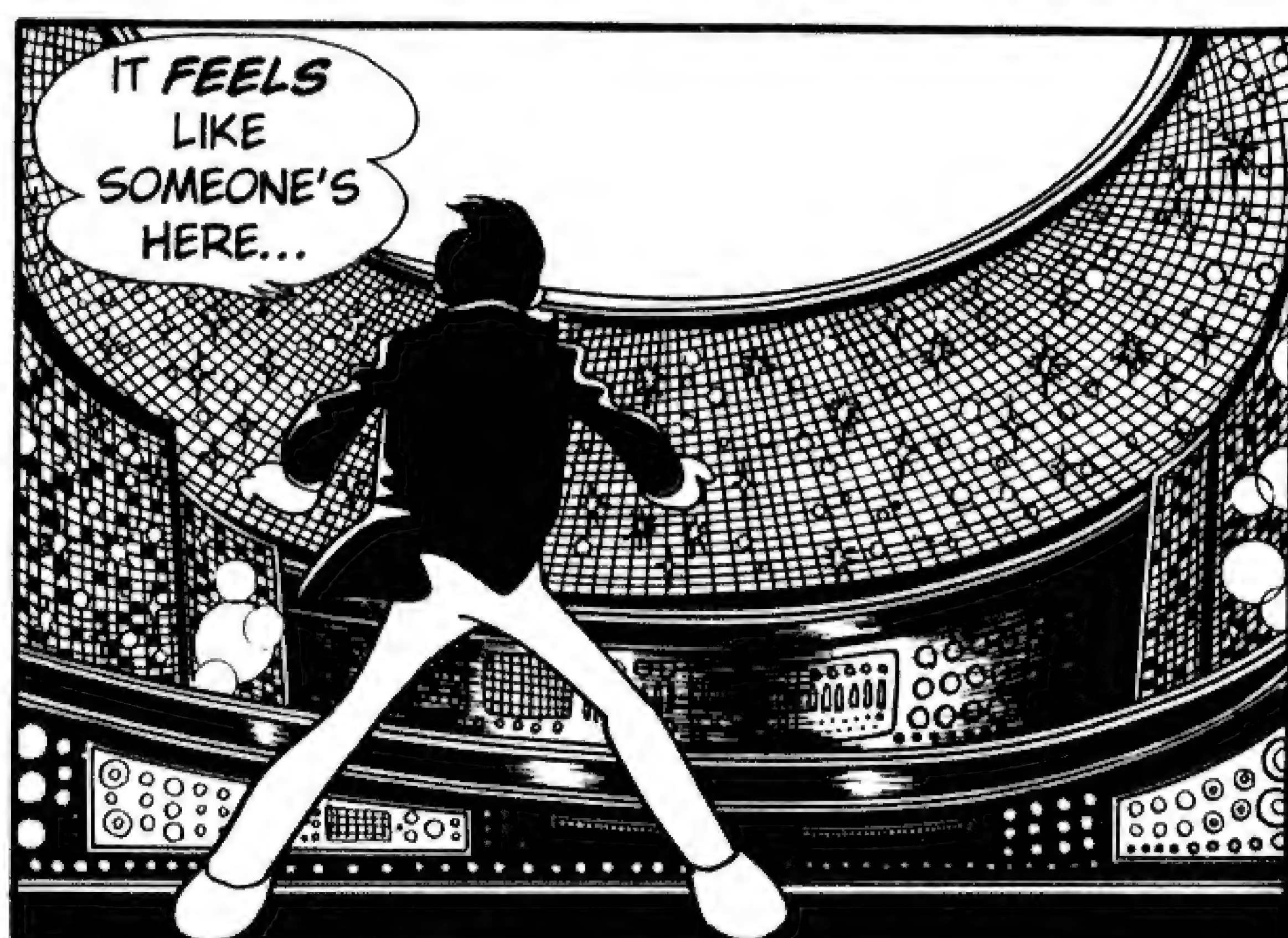
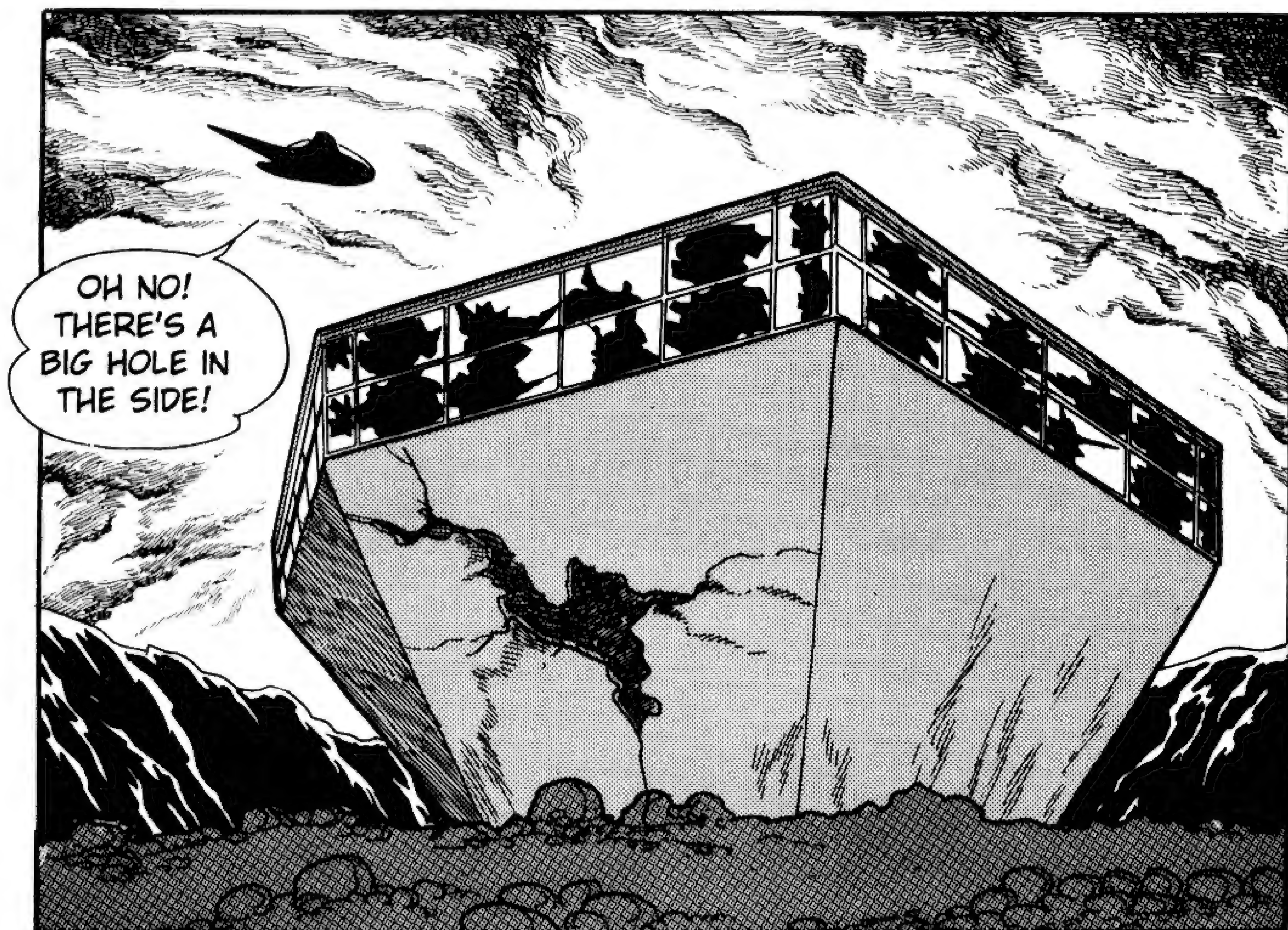




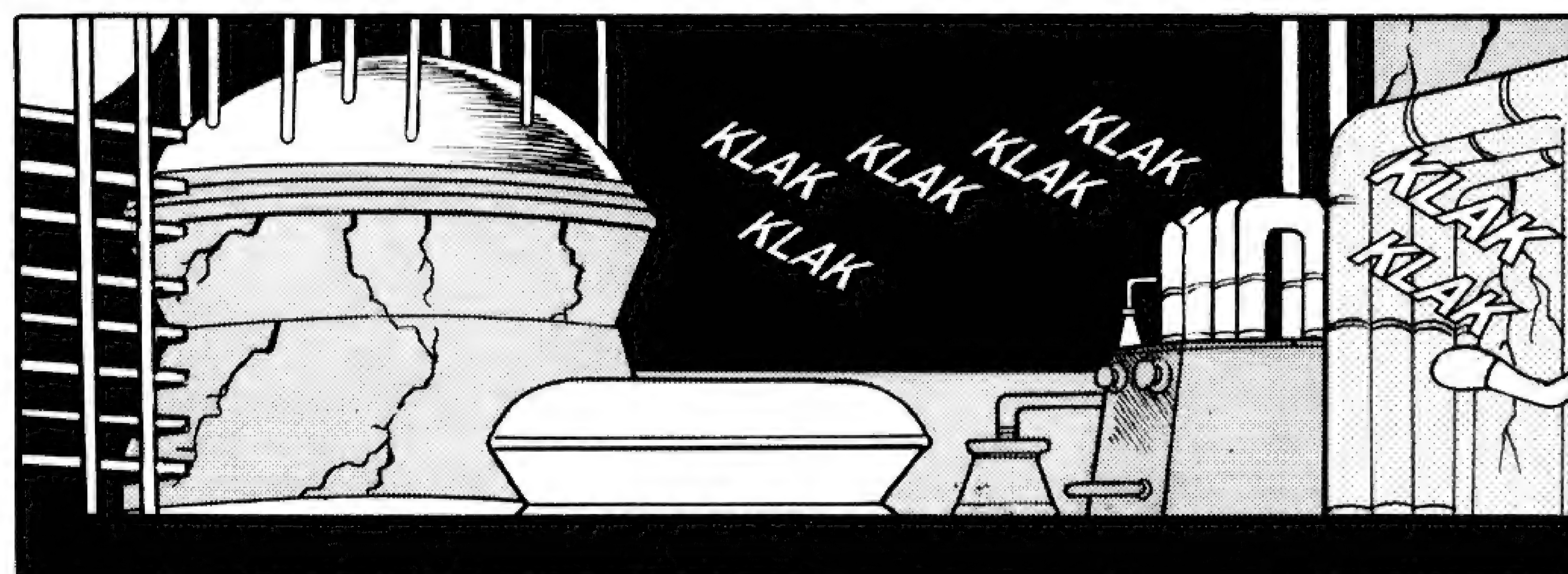
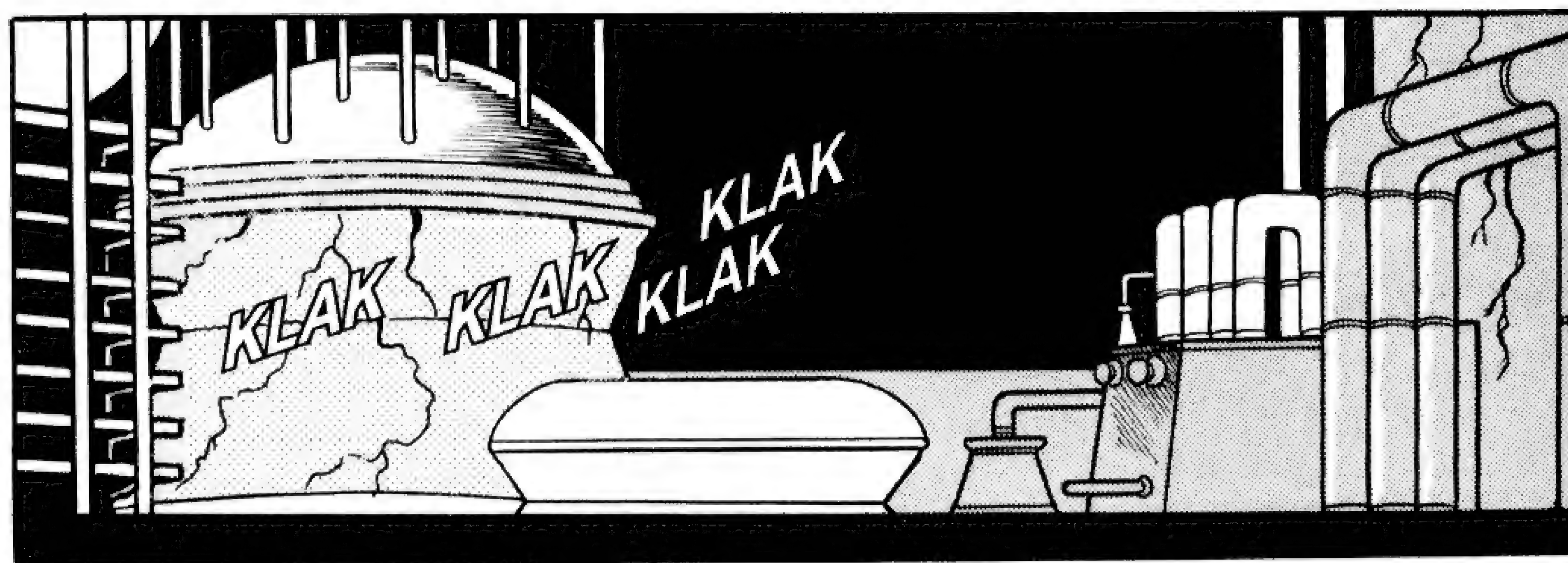




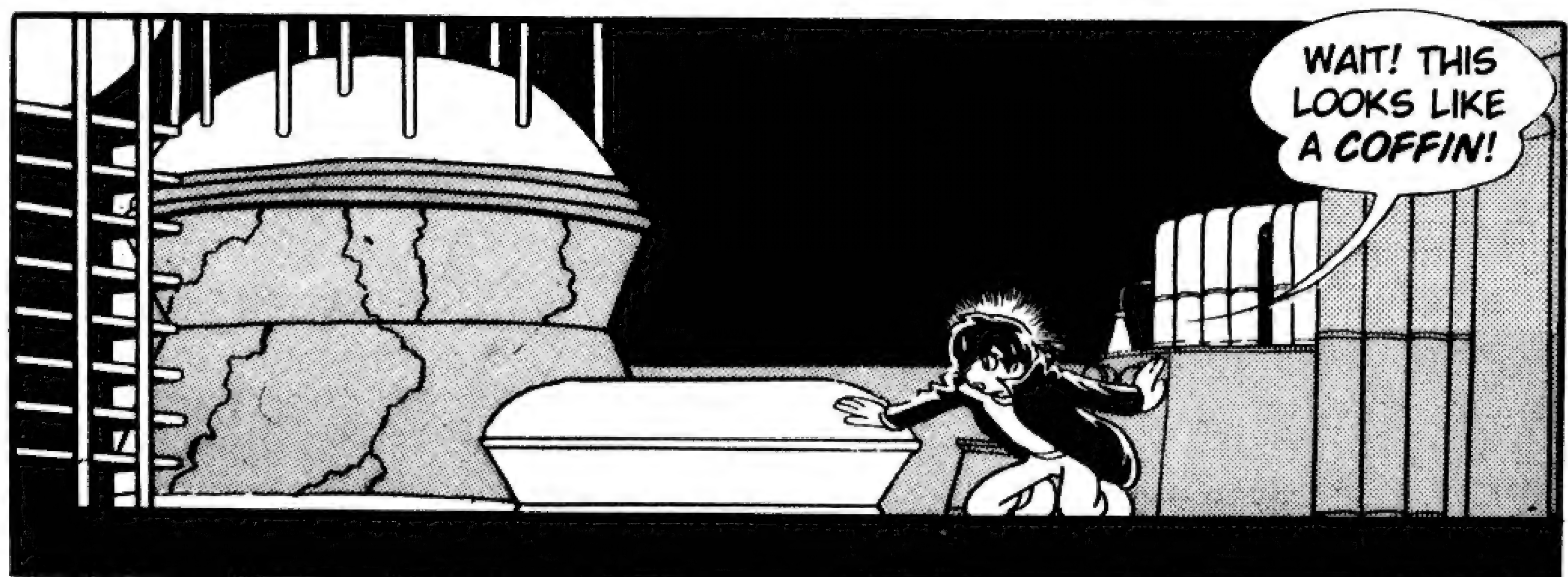
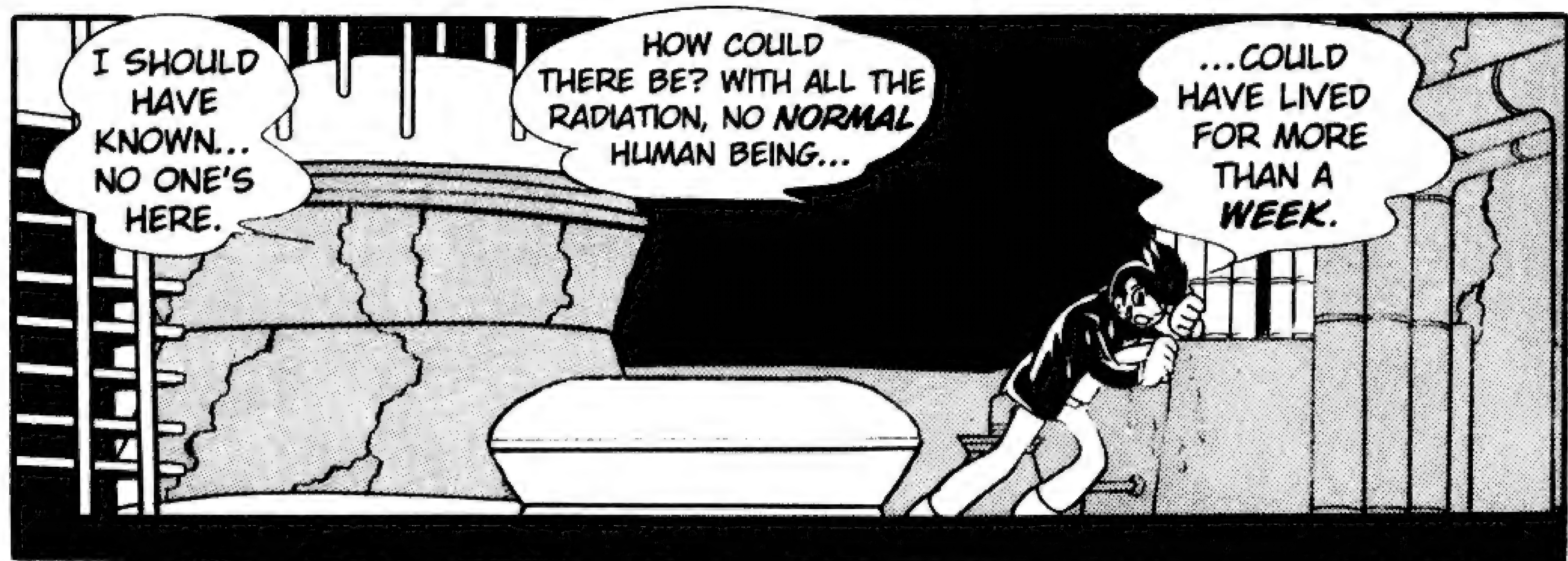
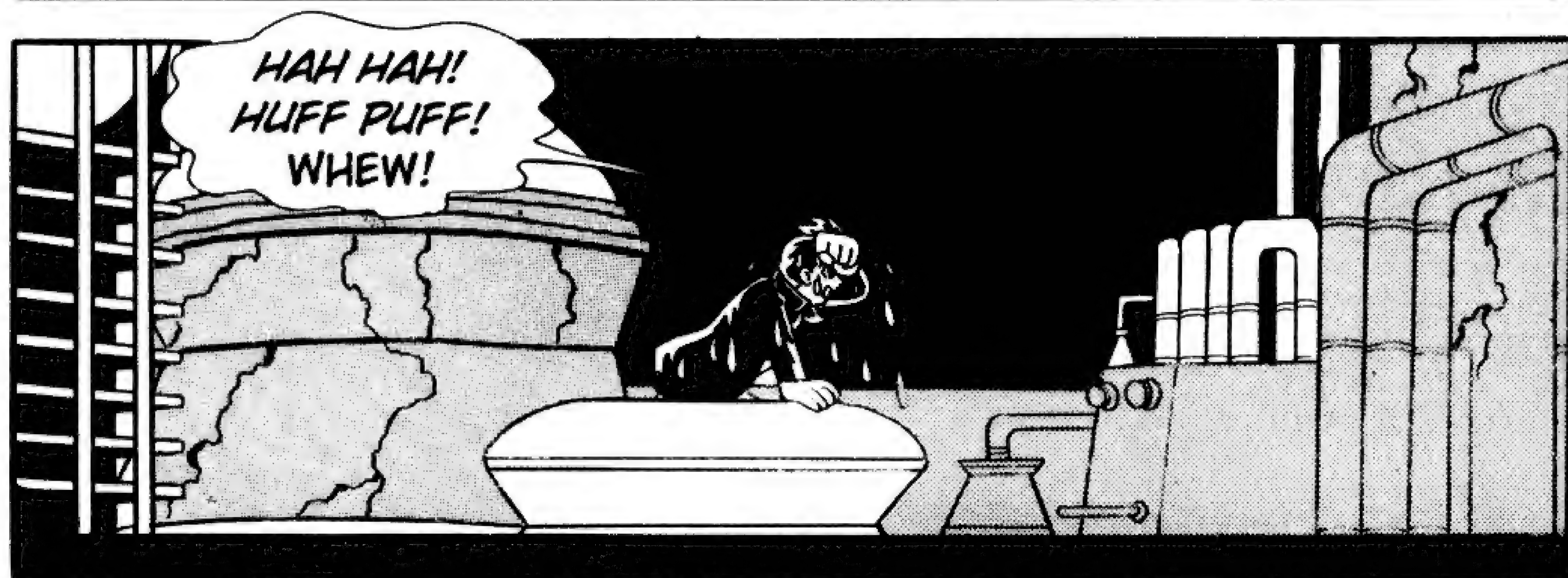




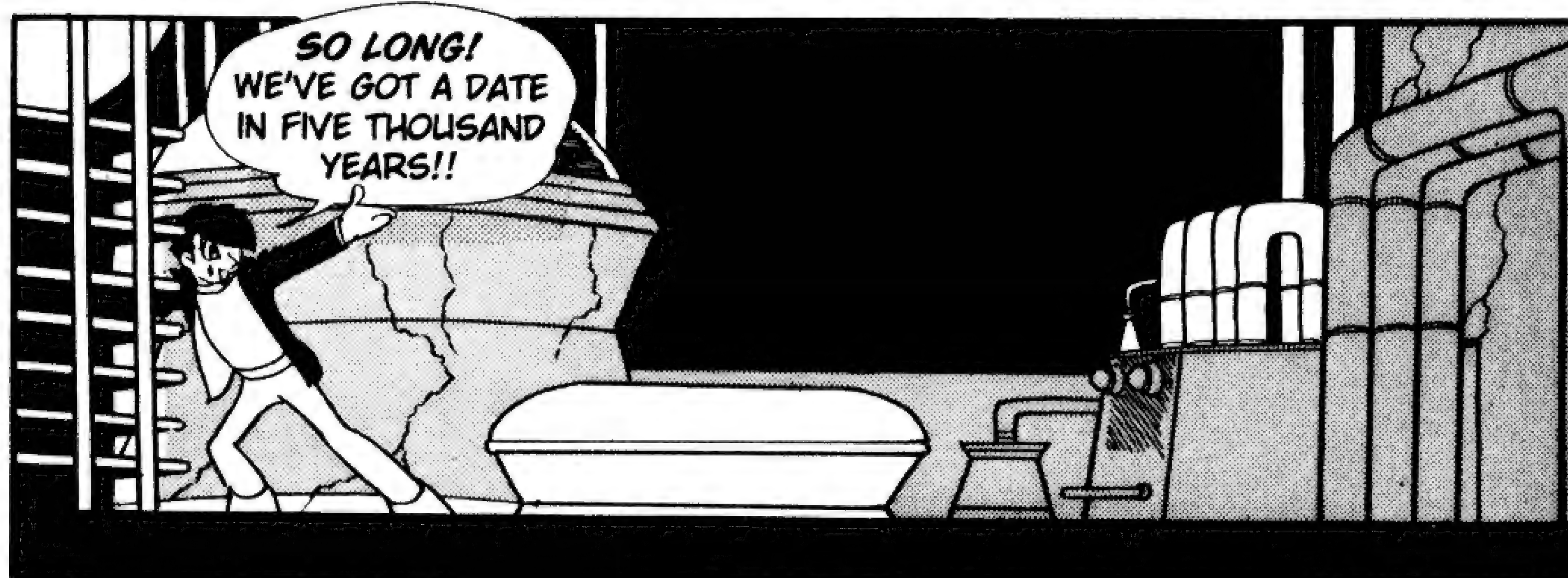
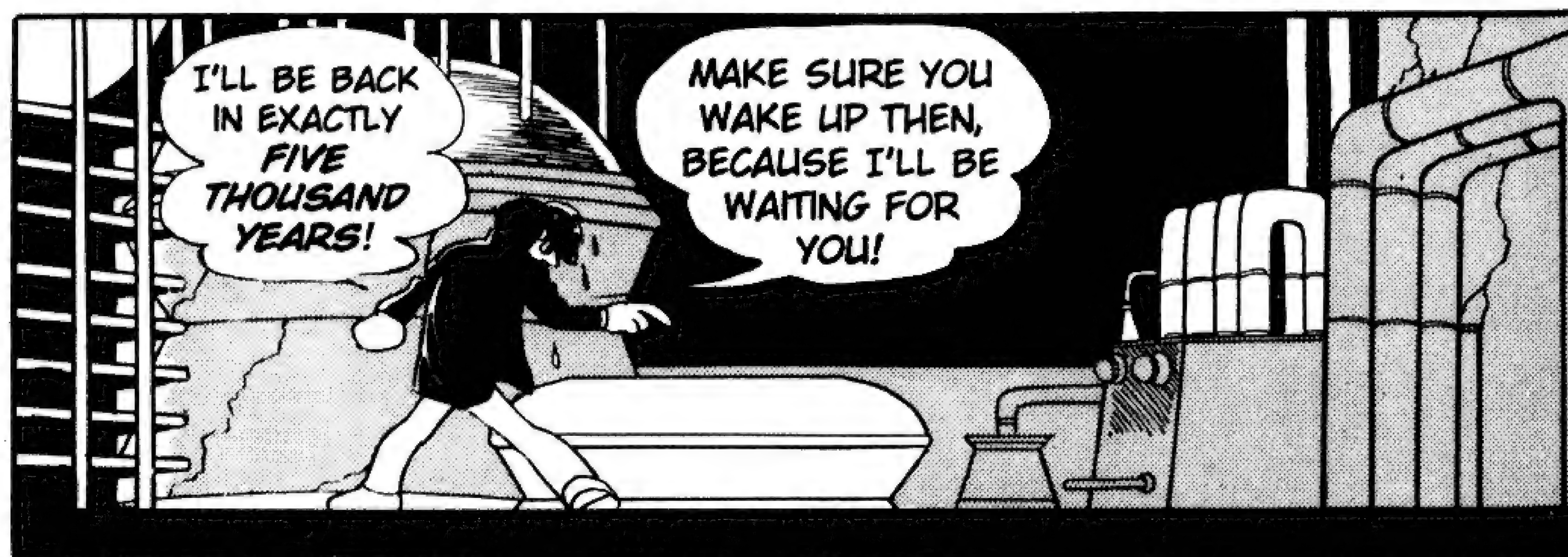
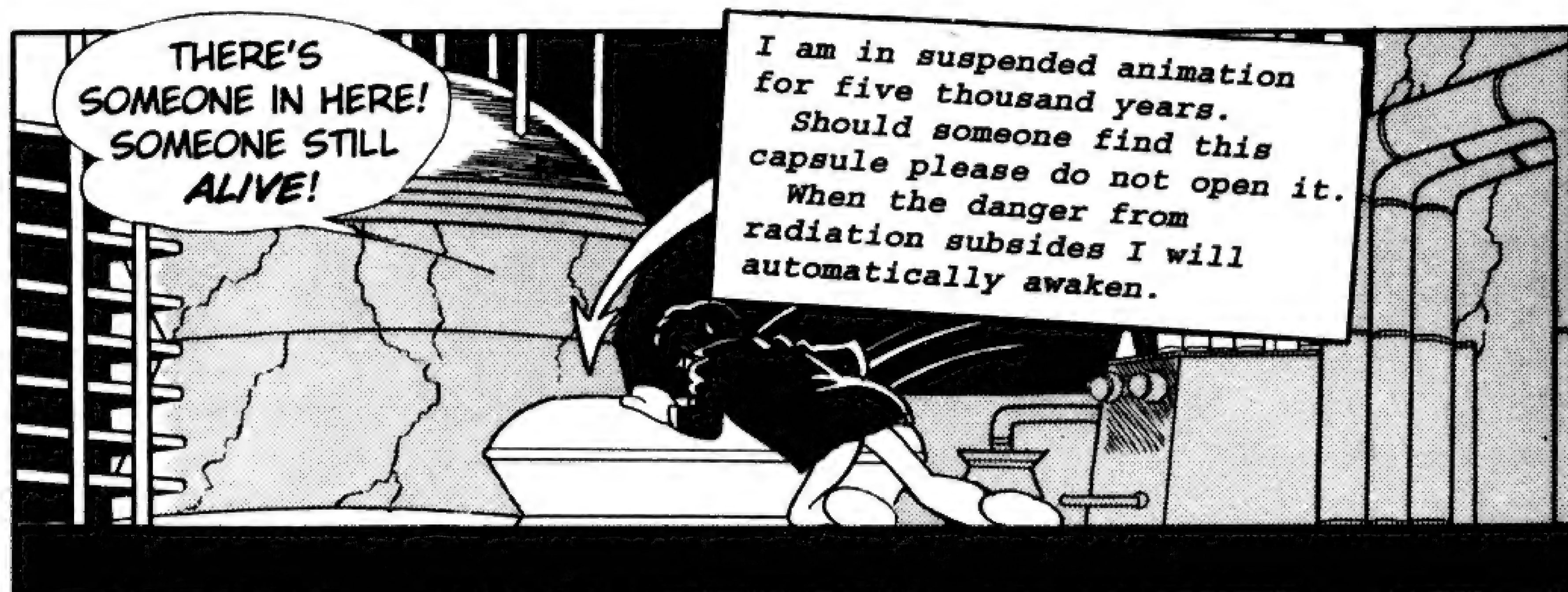




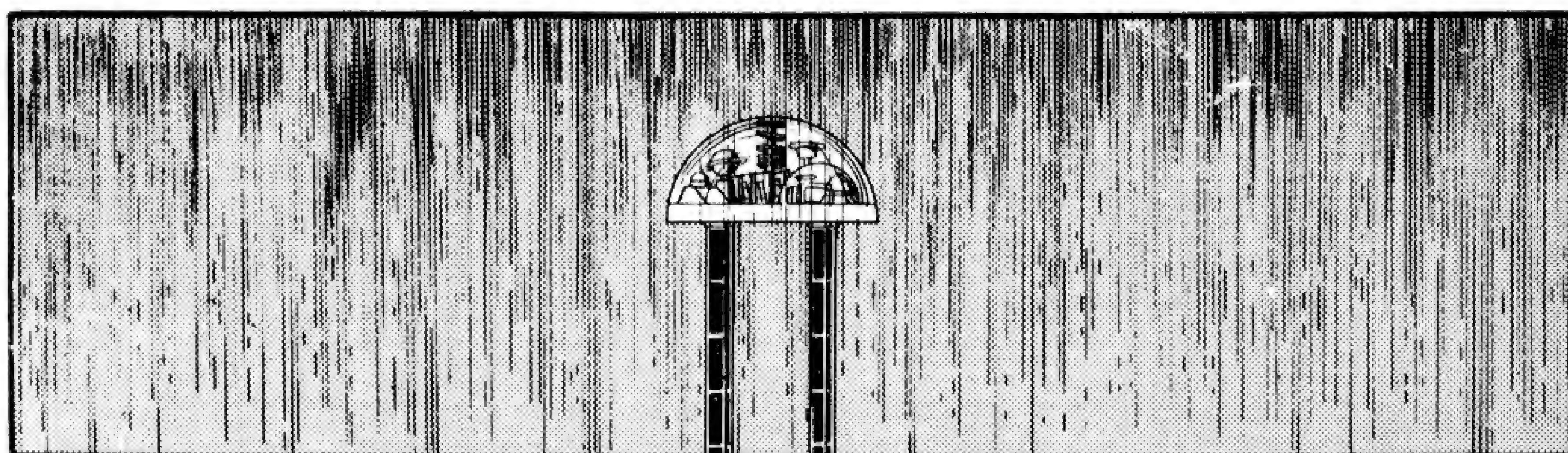
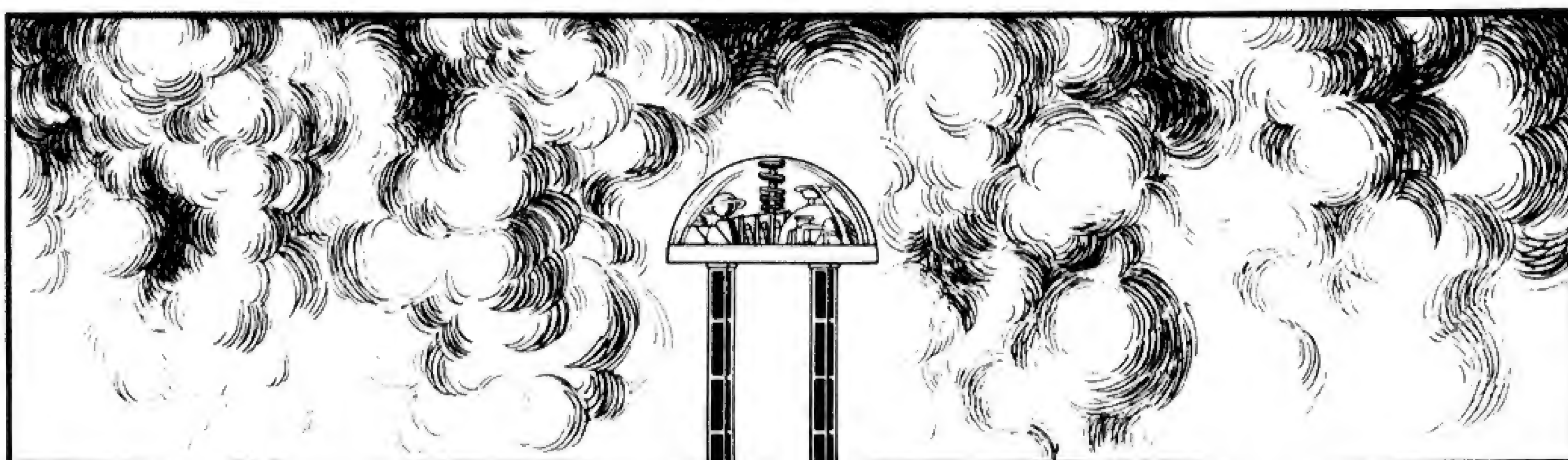
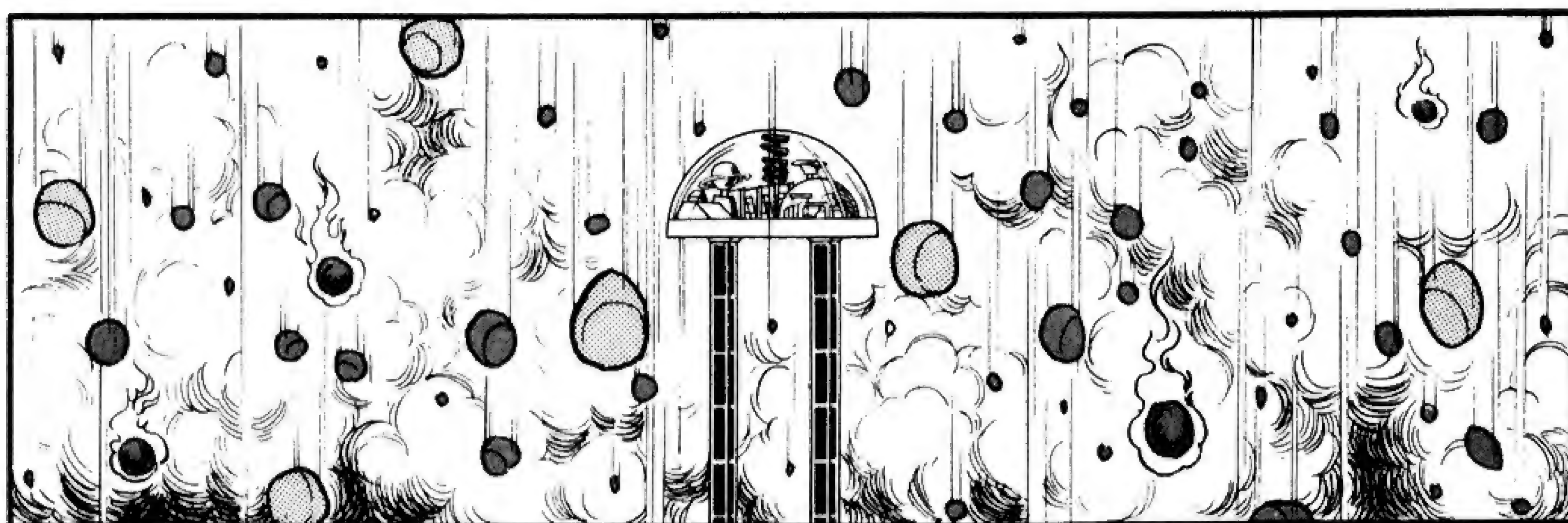
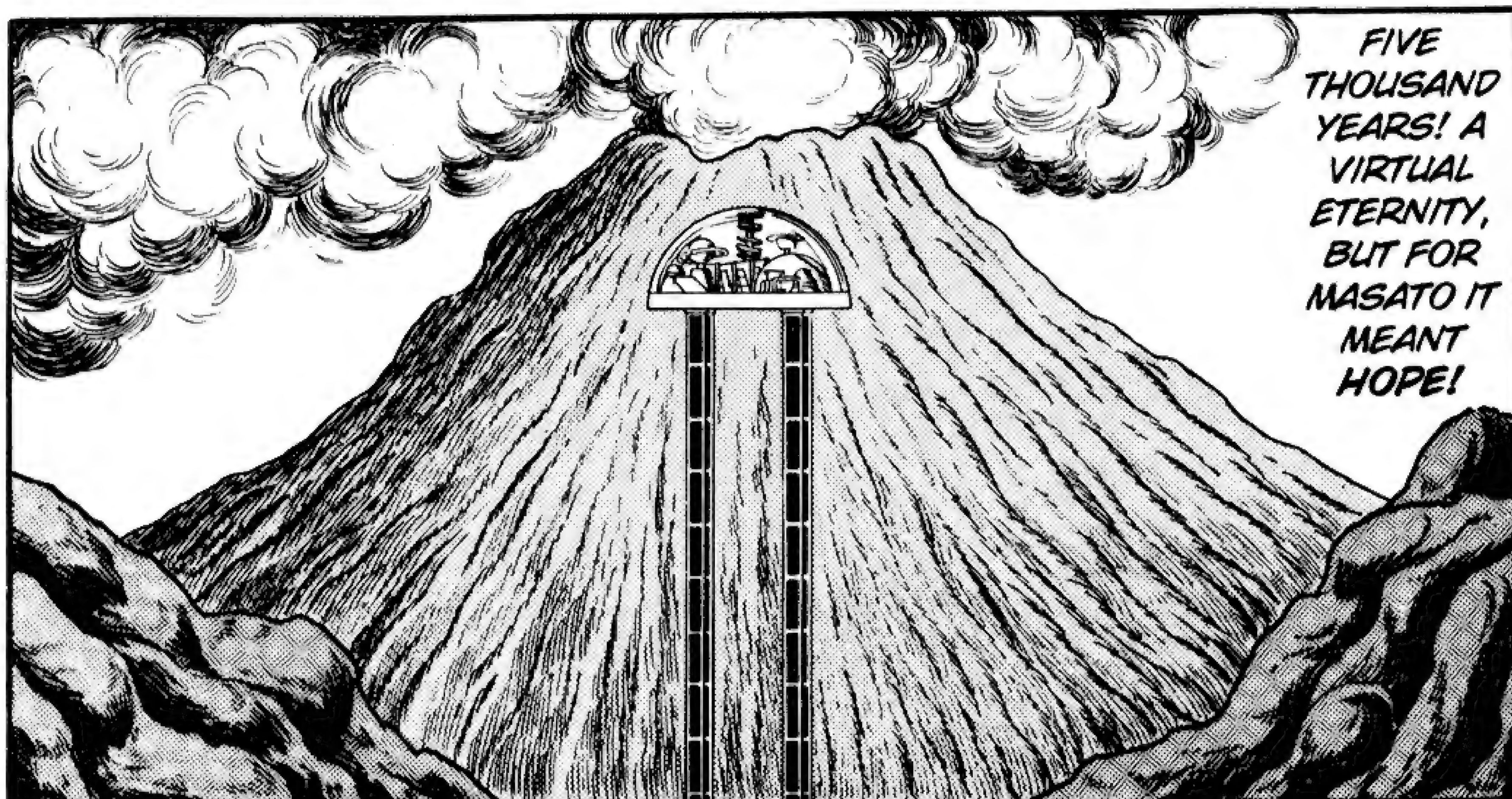




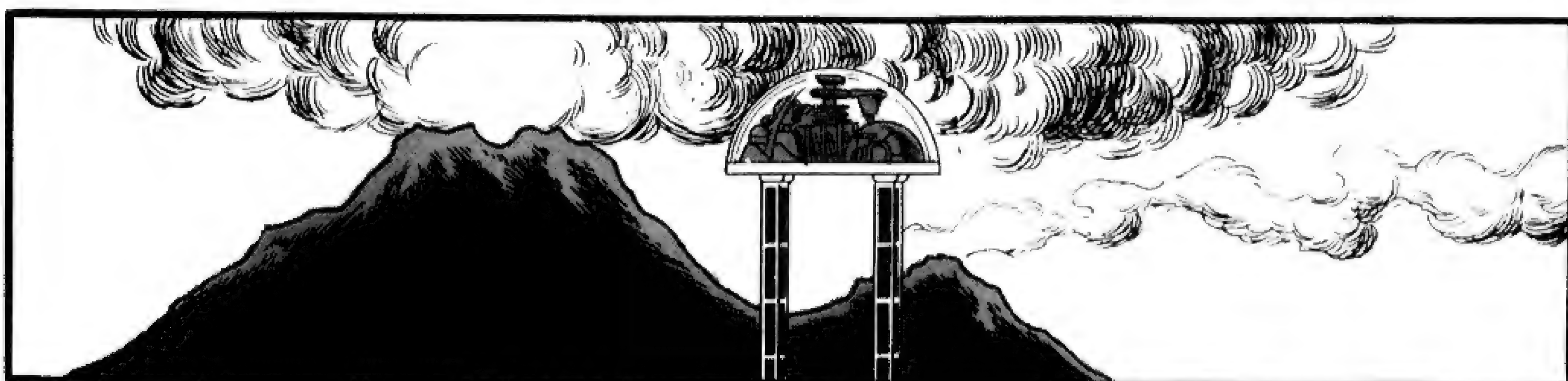
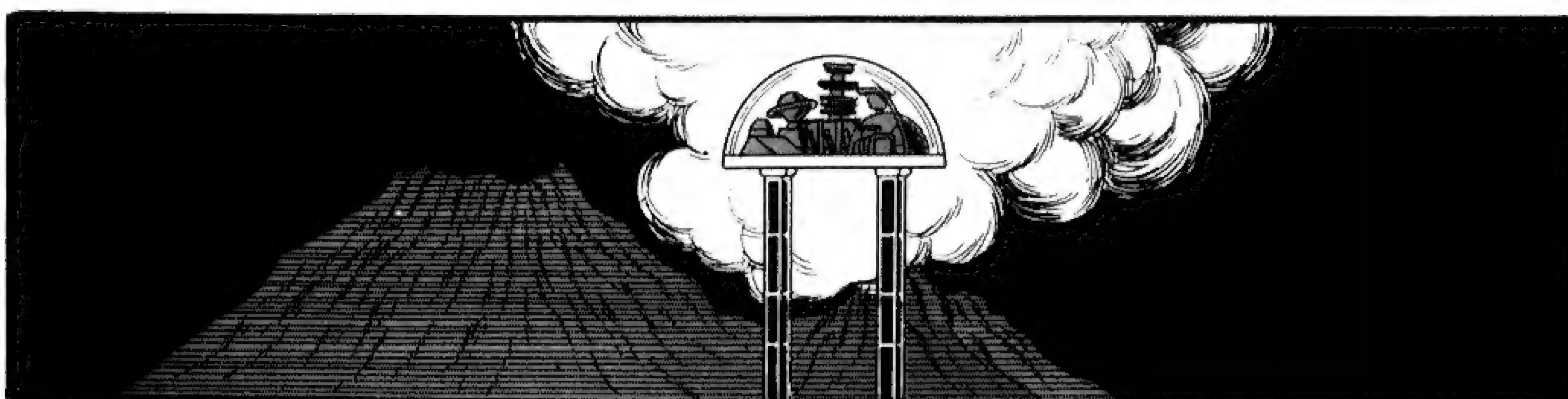
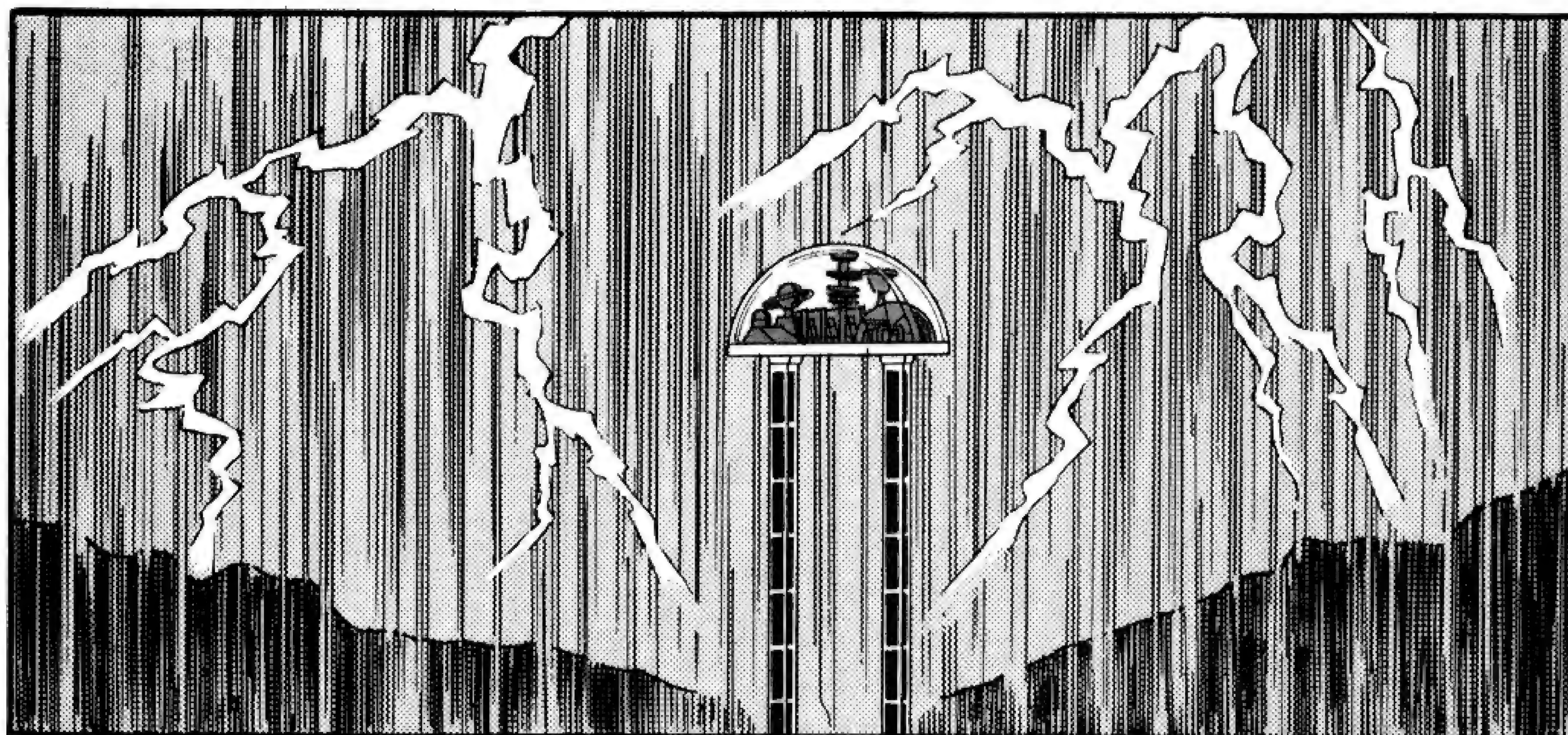
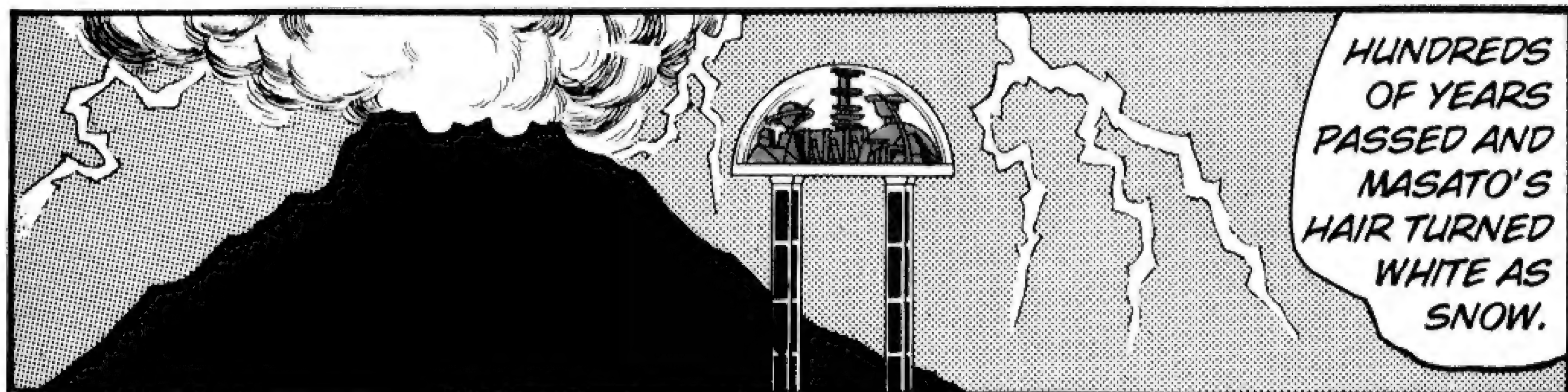








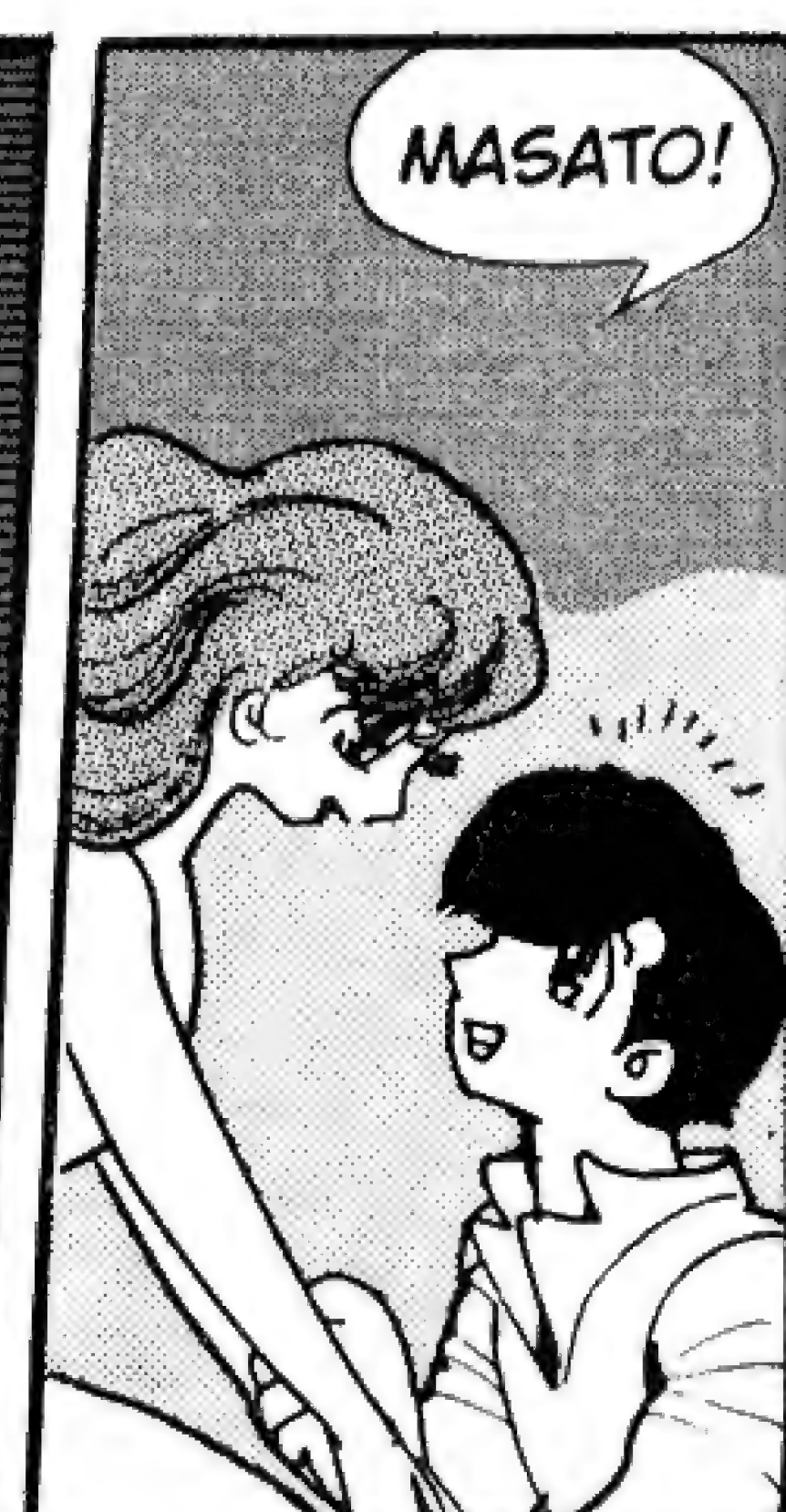
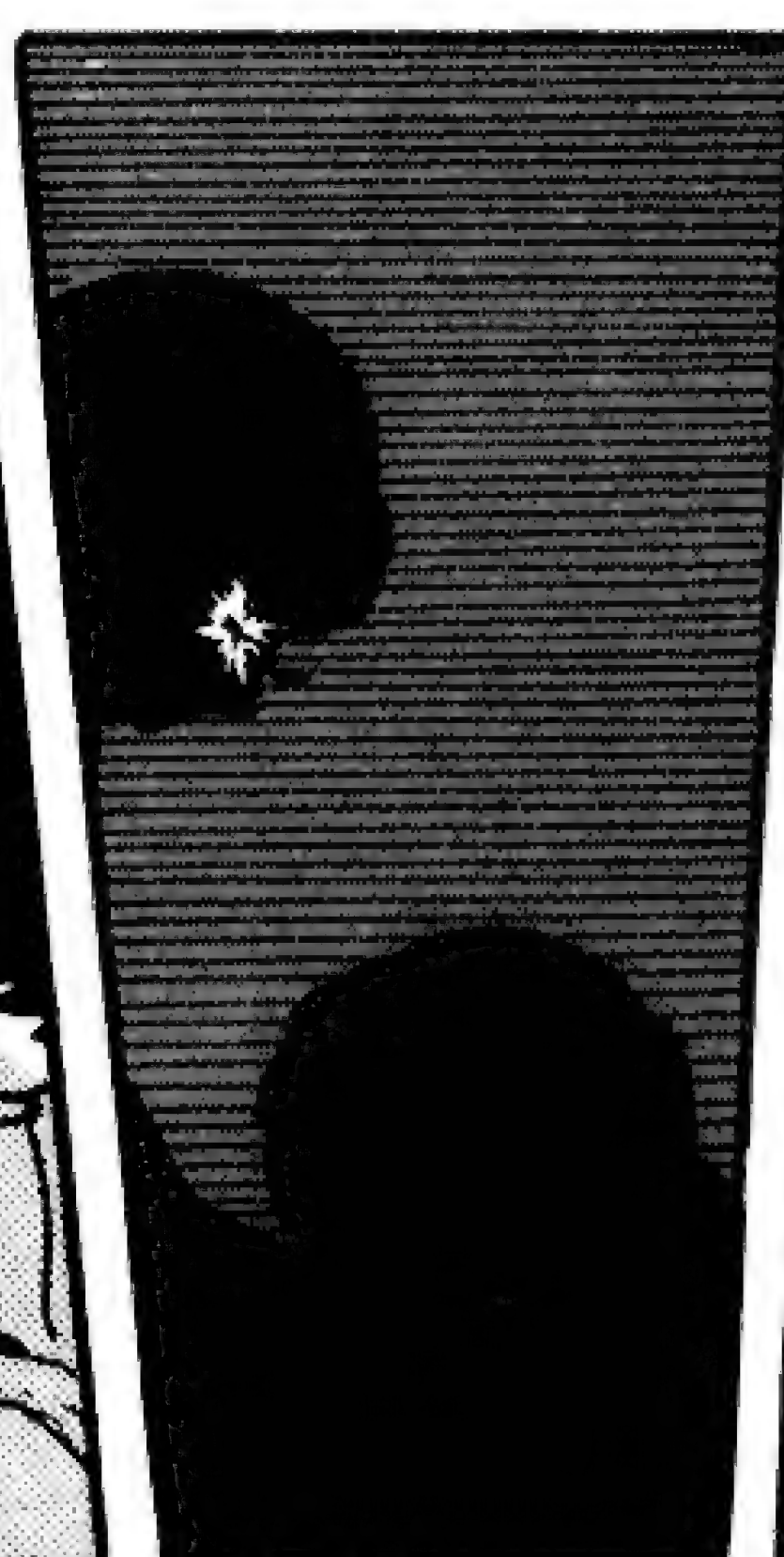
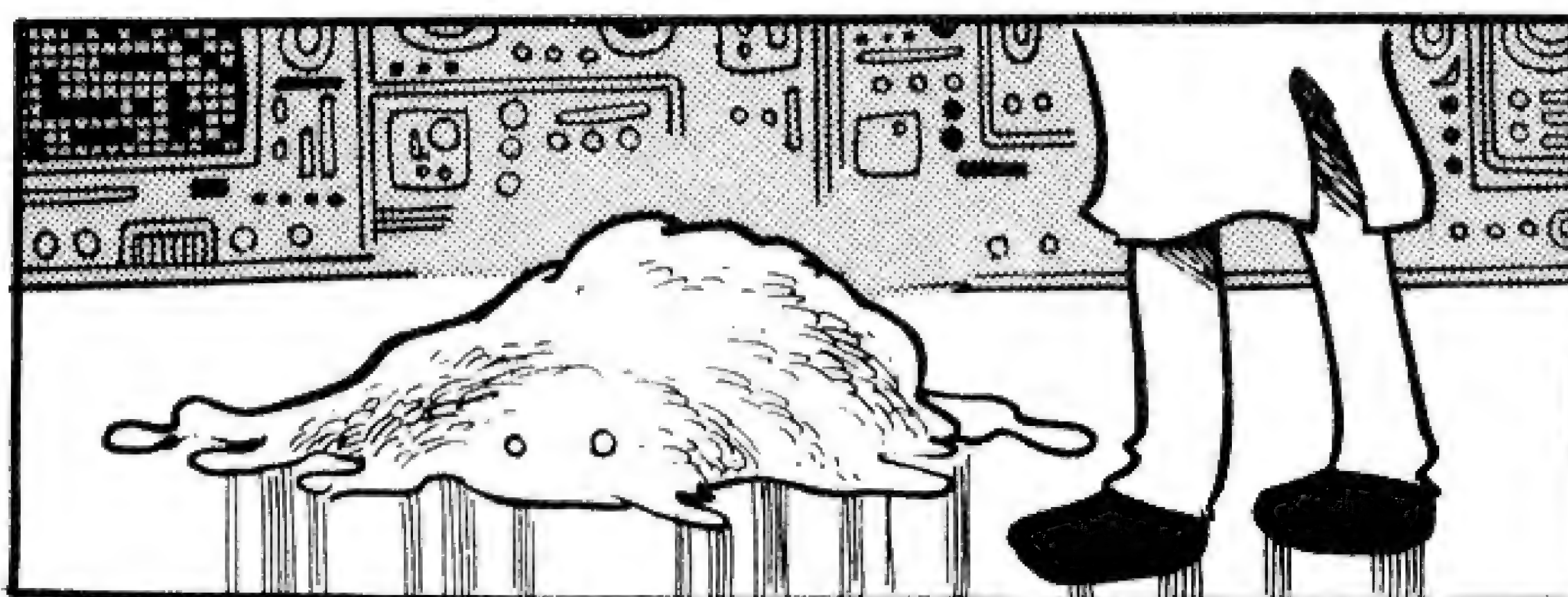










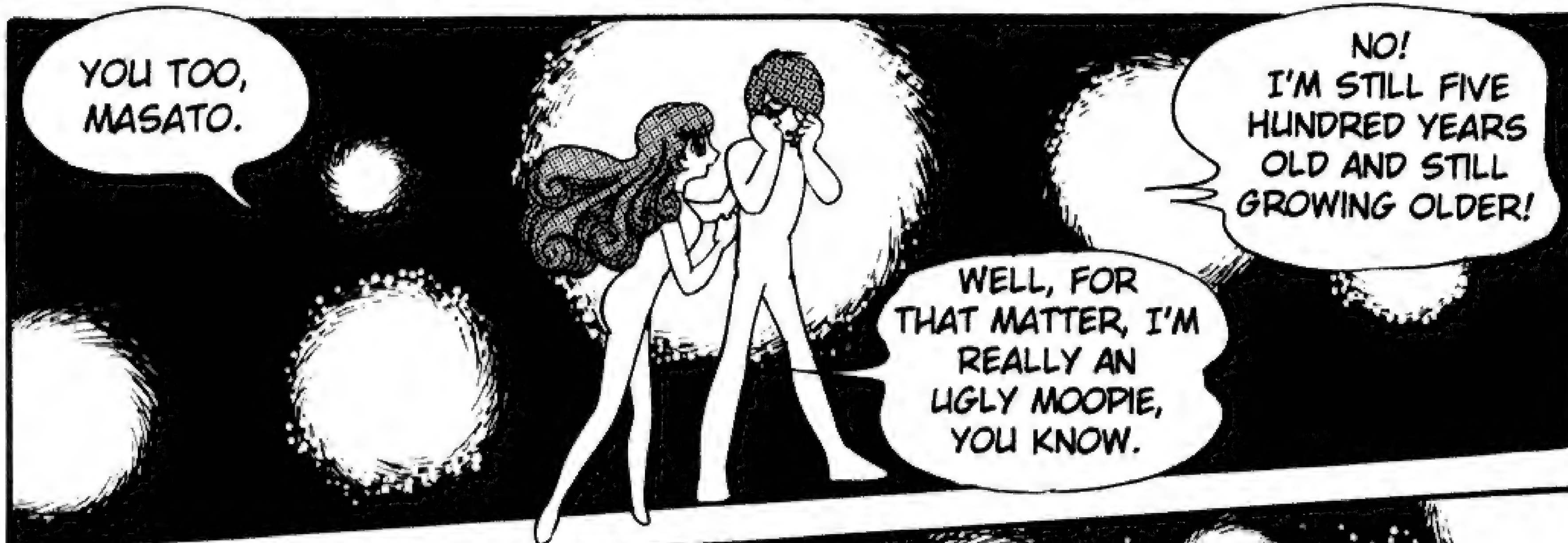






IT'S BEEN SO LONG SINCE WE LAST MET LIKE THIS!

**TAMAMI!!**  
YOU'RE ETERNALLY YOUNG!



YOU TOO, MASATO.

NO!  
I'M STILL FIVE HUNDRED YEARS OLD AND STILL GROWING OLDER!

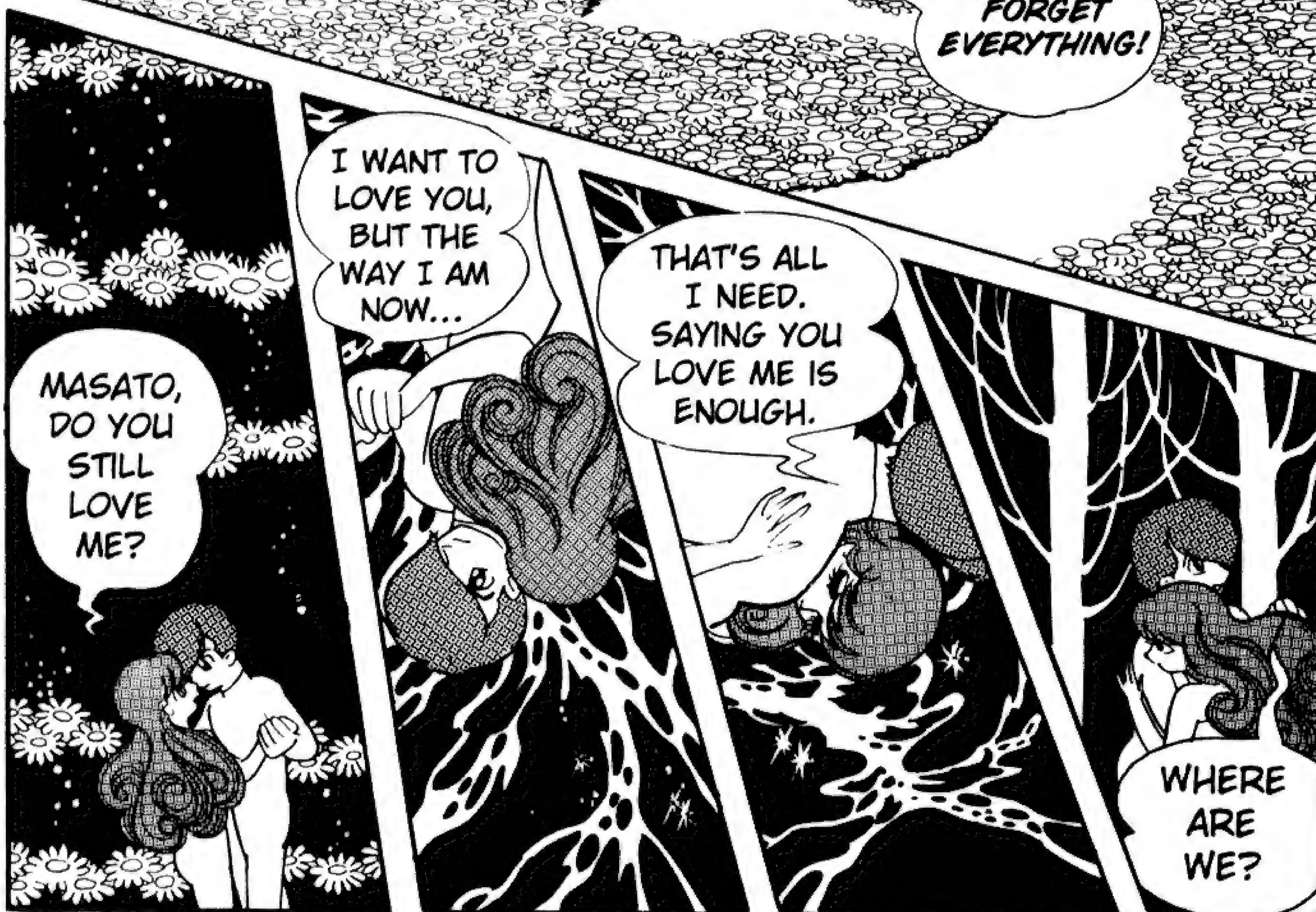
WELL, FOR THAT MATTER, I'M REALLY AN UGLY MOOPIE, YOU KNOW.



BUT WHAT DIFFERENCE DOES THAT MAKE IN THIS WORLD? WE CAN BE ETERNALLY YOUNG, IF WE WANT!

COME ON, LET'S DANCE!

FORGET EVERYTHING!



I WANT TO LOVE YOU, BUT THE WAY I AM NOW...

THAT'S ALL I NEED. SAYING YOU LOVE ME IS ENOUGH.

MASATO, DO YOU STILL LOVE ME?

WHERE ARE WE?





AH! I  
REMEMBER! THE  
EVENING OF  
THE FESTIVAL  
OF REBIRTH.

AND YOU TOLD ME  
THAT NO MATTER HOW  
BOTH OF US MAY  
CHANGE, IN OUR  
MEMORIES WE WOULD  
LOVE EACH OTHER  
ETERNALLY.

THIS IS  
THE PARK  
WHERE YOU  
FIRST DATED  
ME IN MY  
HUMAN  
FORM.

MASATO, HOLD  
ME TIGHT. DON'T  
LET ME GO OR  
I'LL...

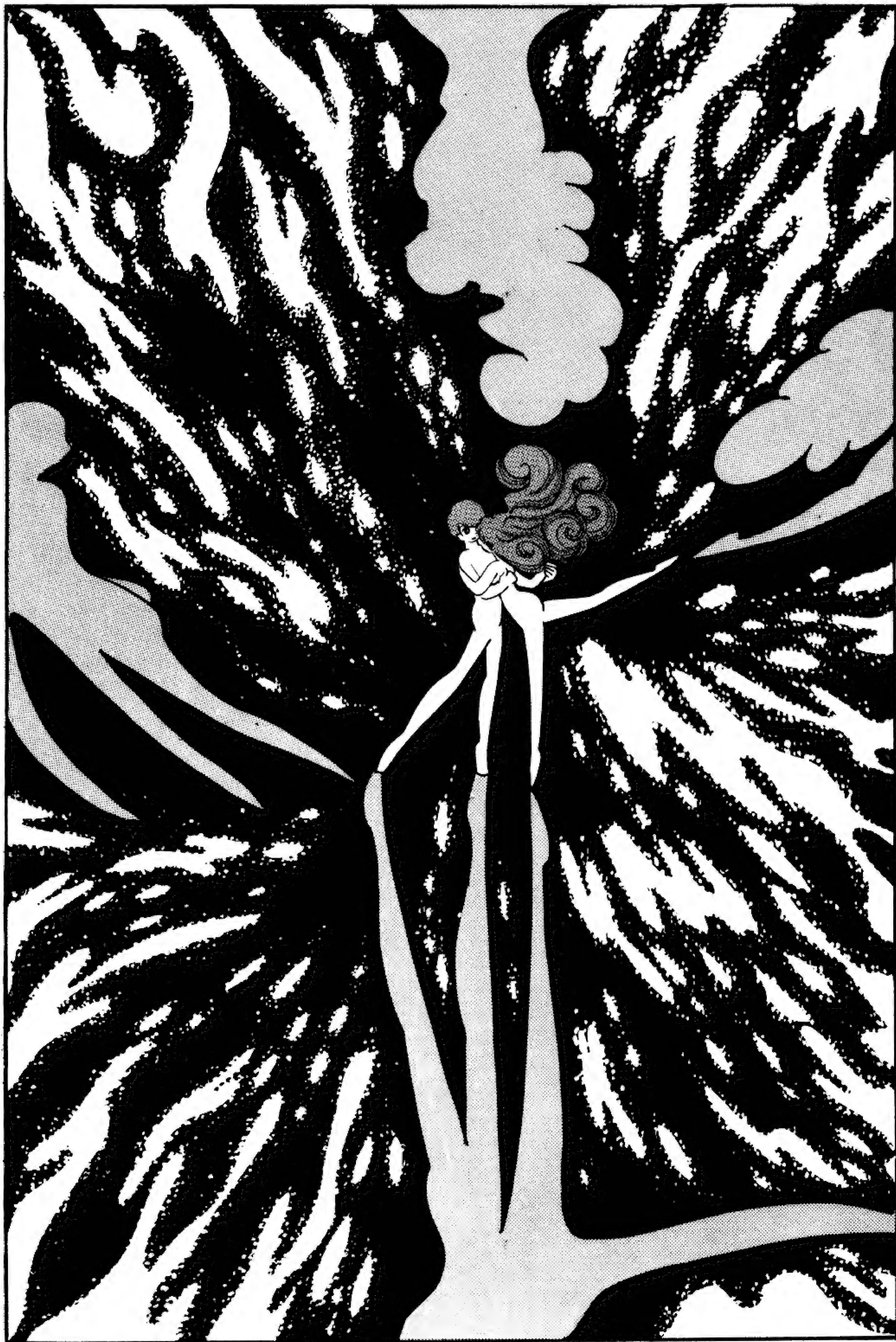
I THINK  
I HAVE  
TO  
LEAVE  
YOU...

WHY?

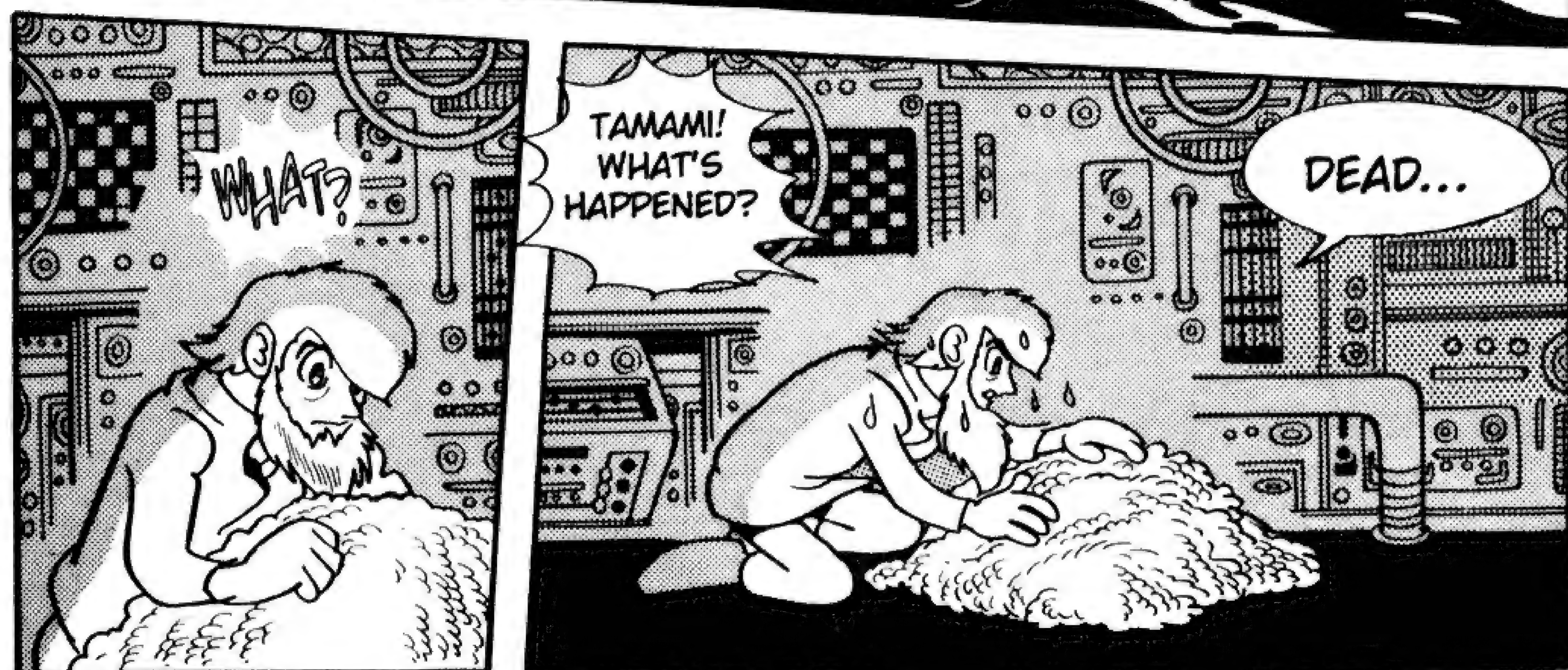
EVEN  
MOOPIES...

...CAN'T  
LIVE AS  
LONG AS  
YOU,  
MASATO.

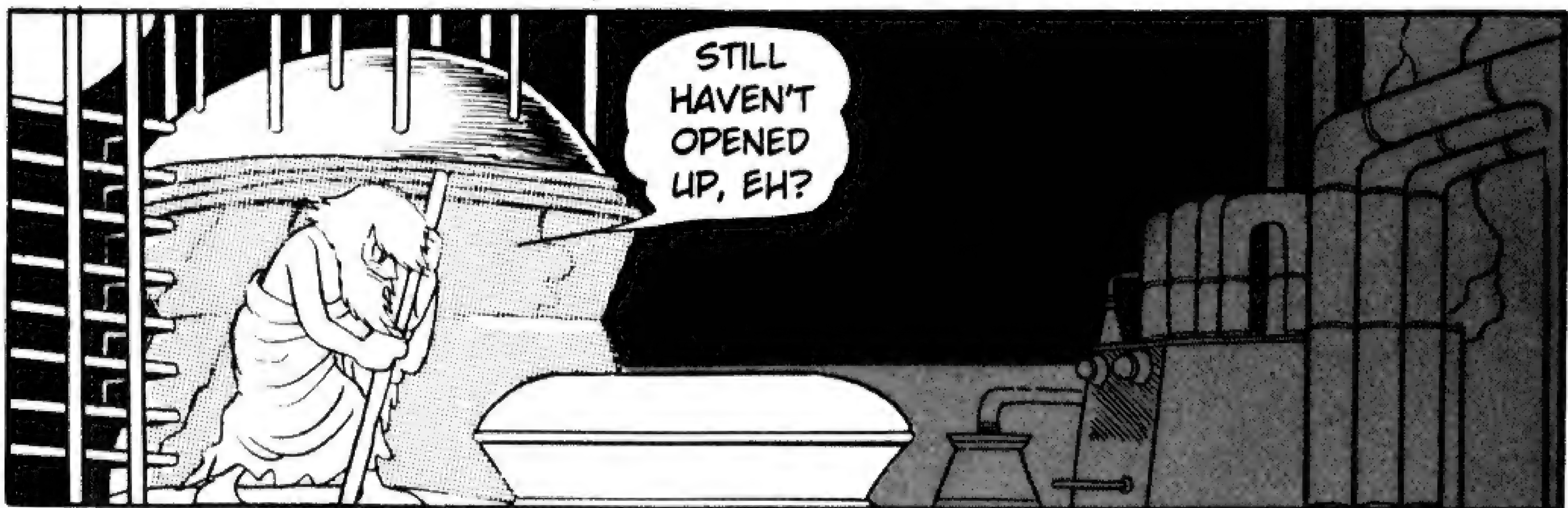
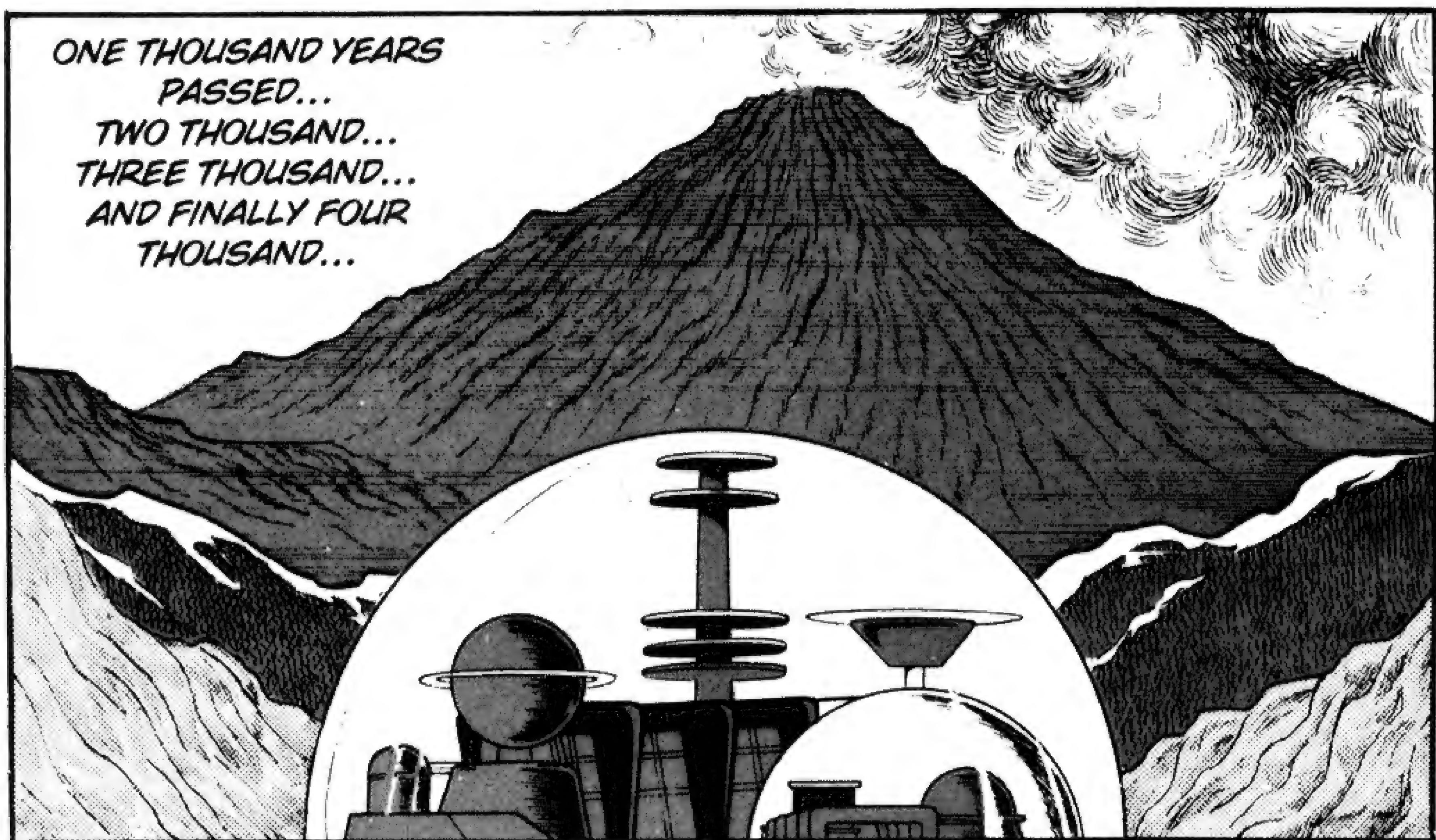
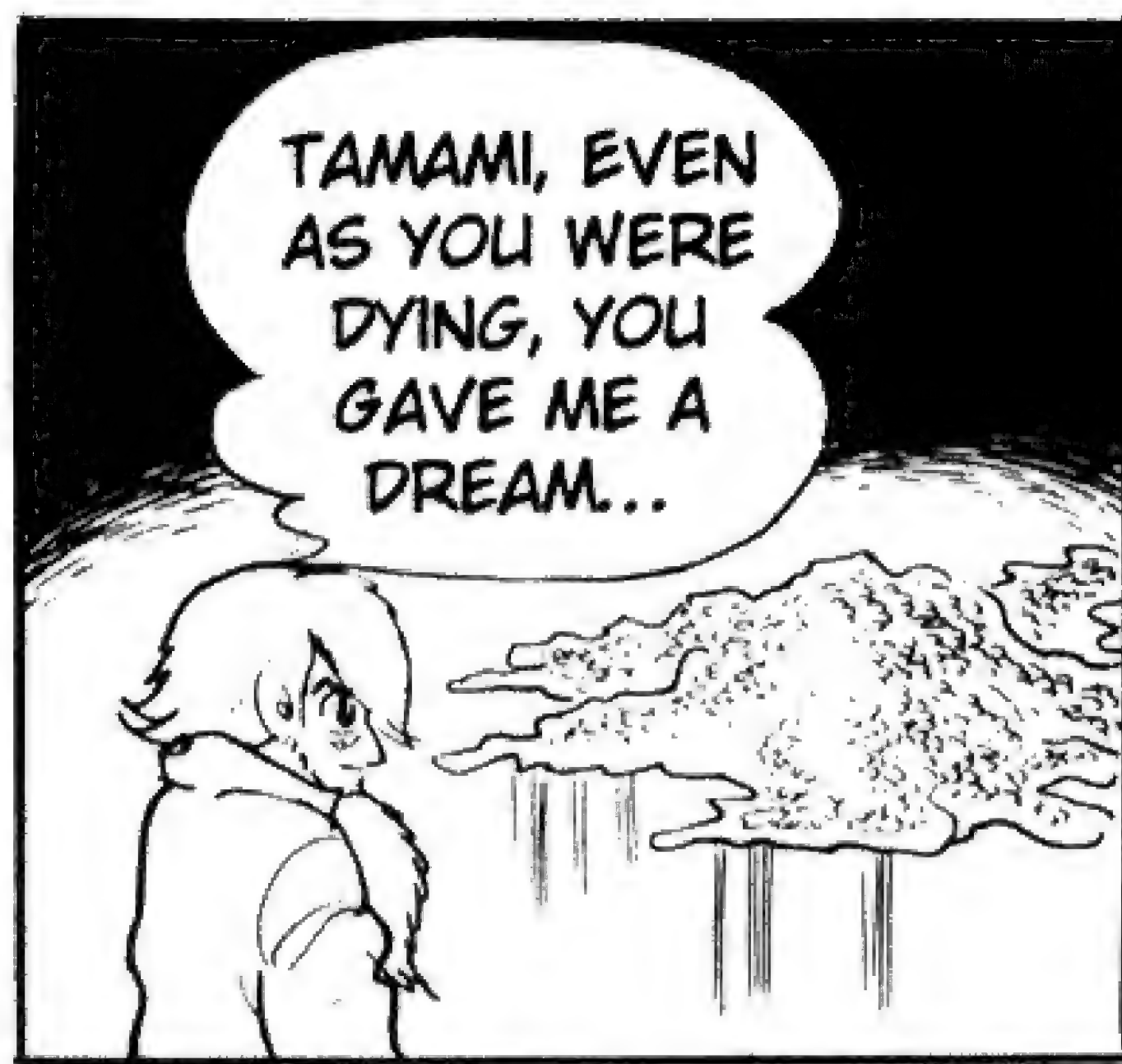
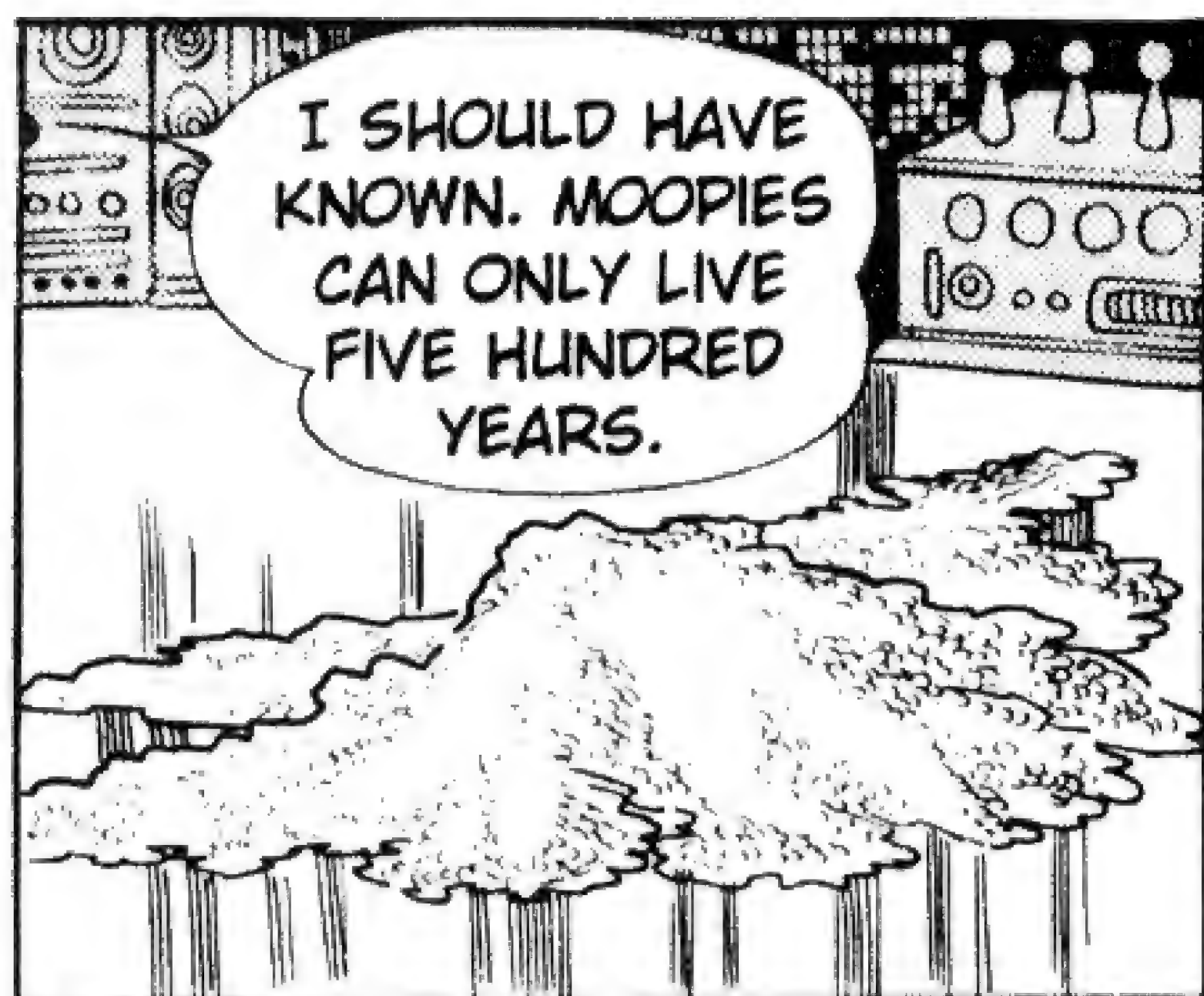




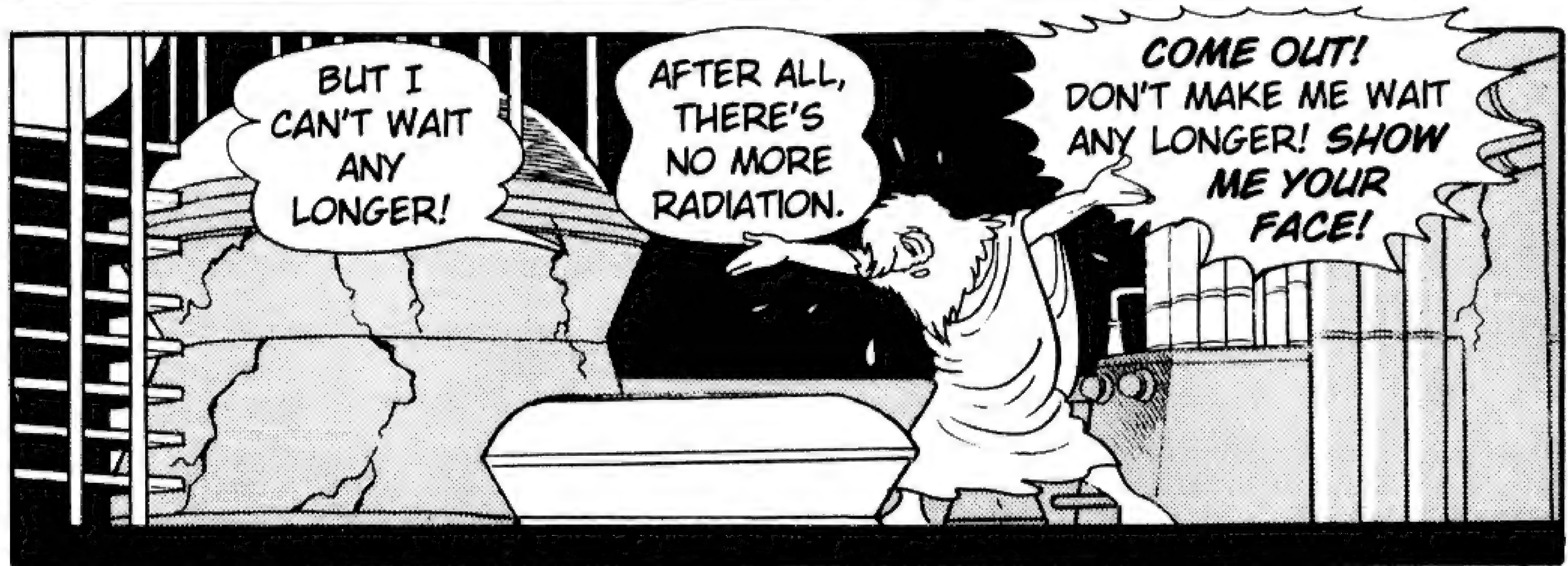
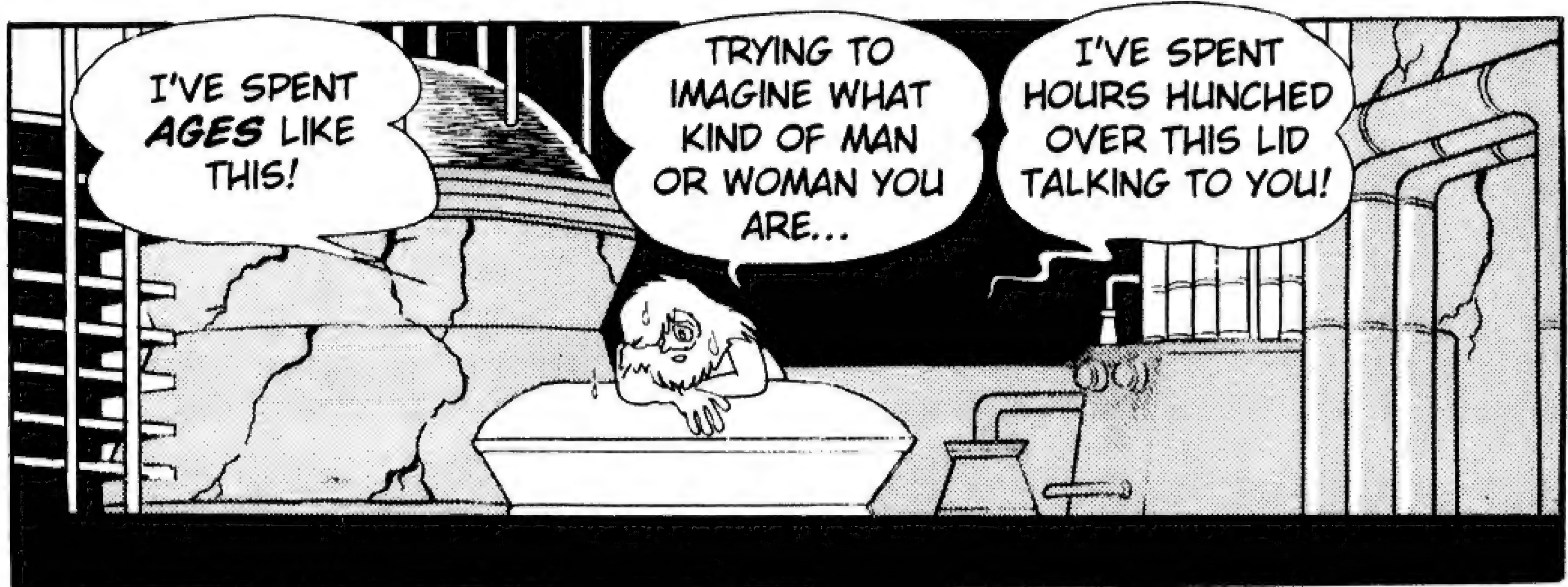
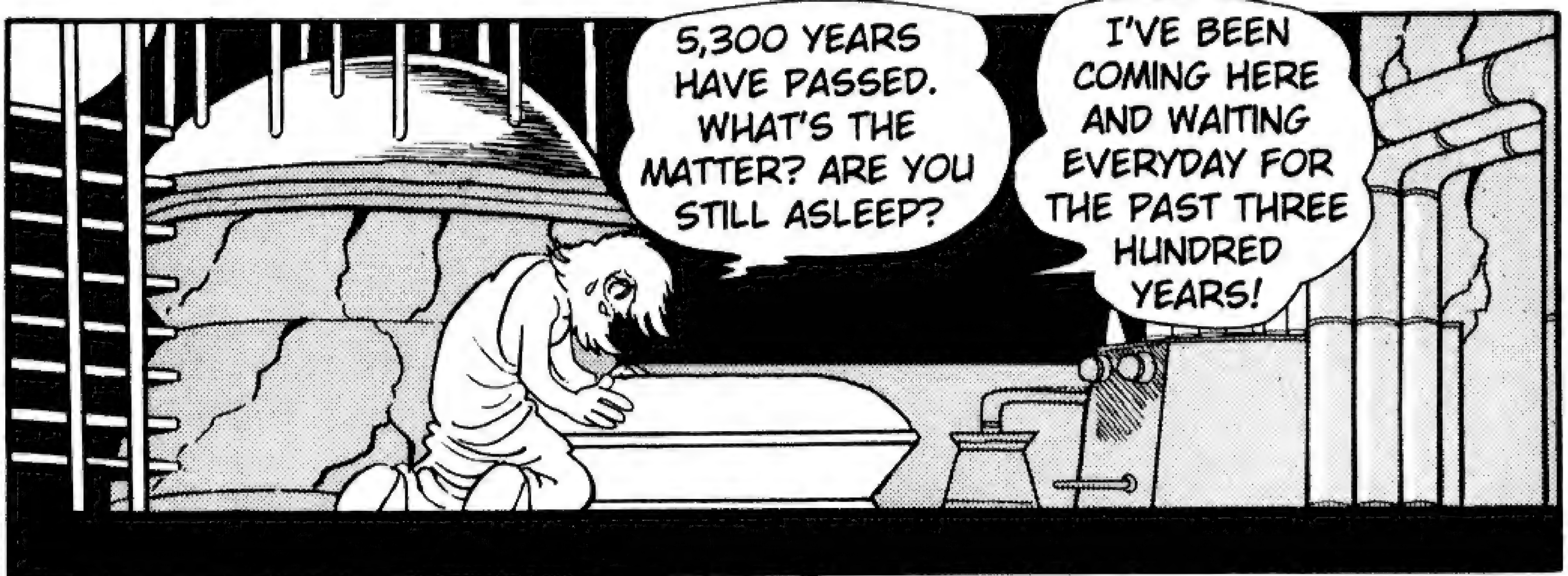




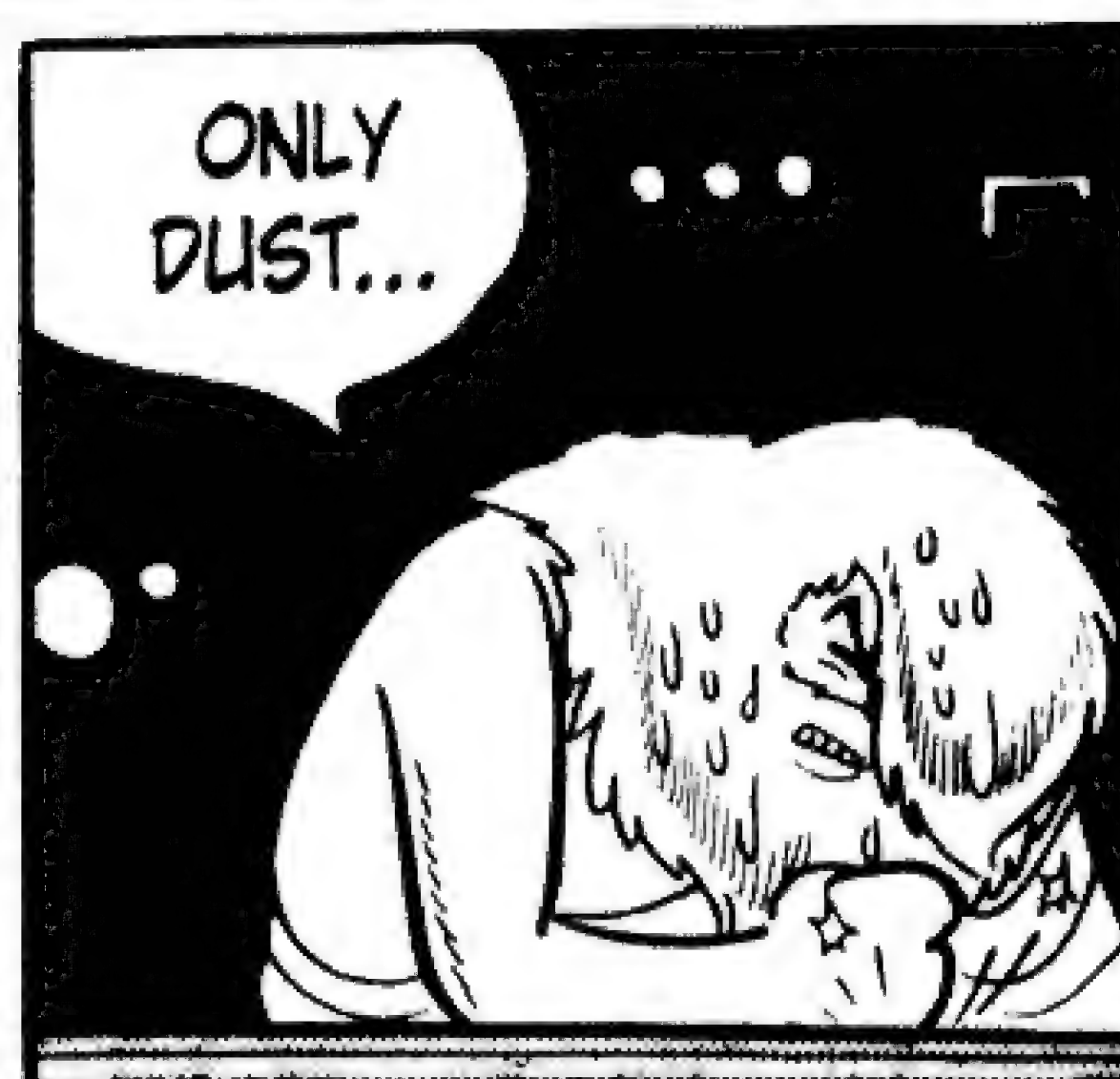
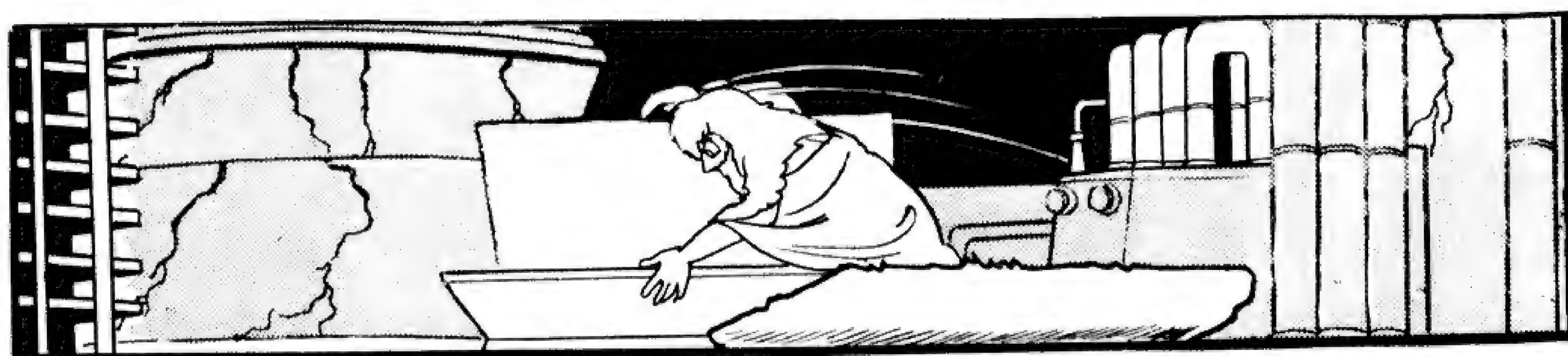
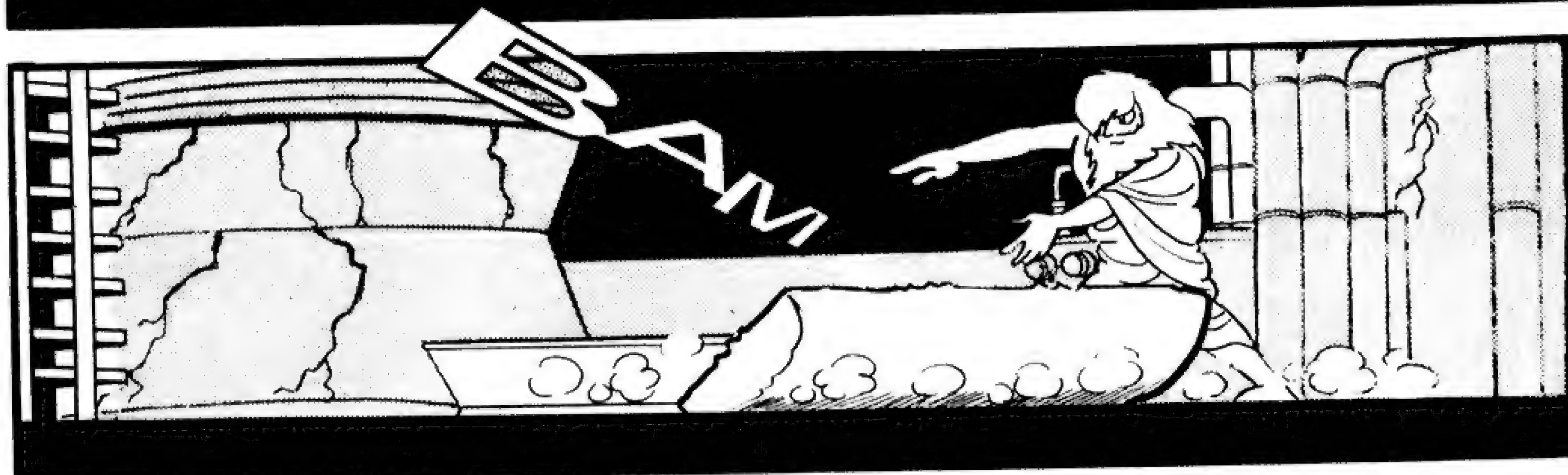
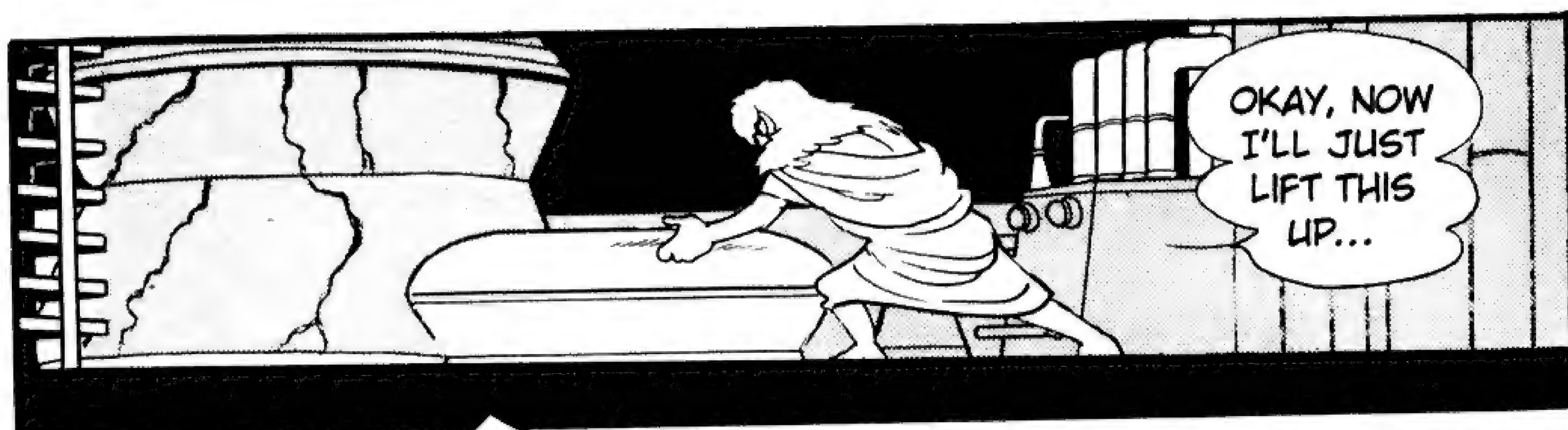
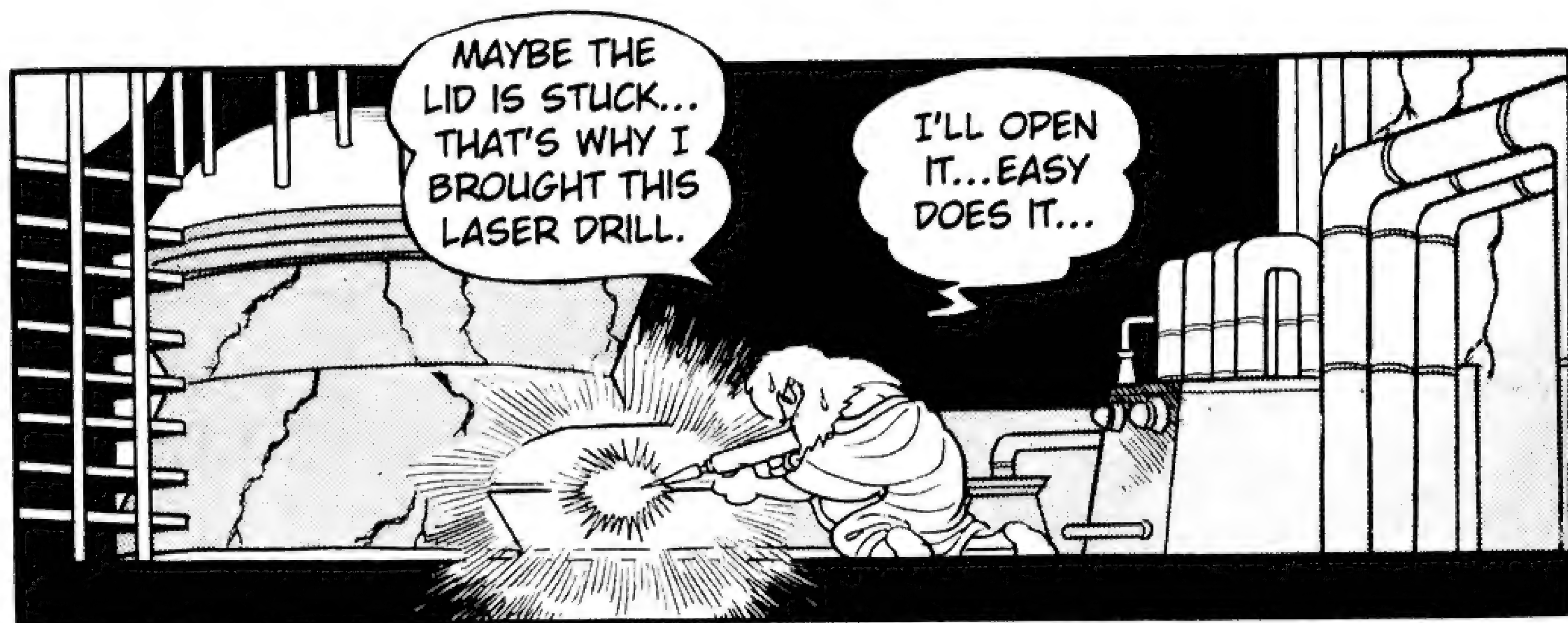




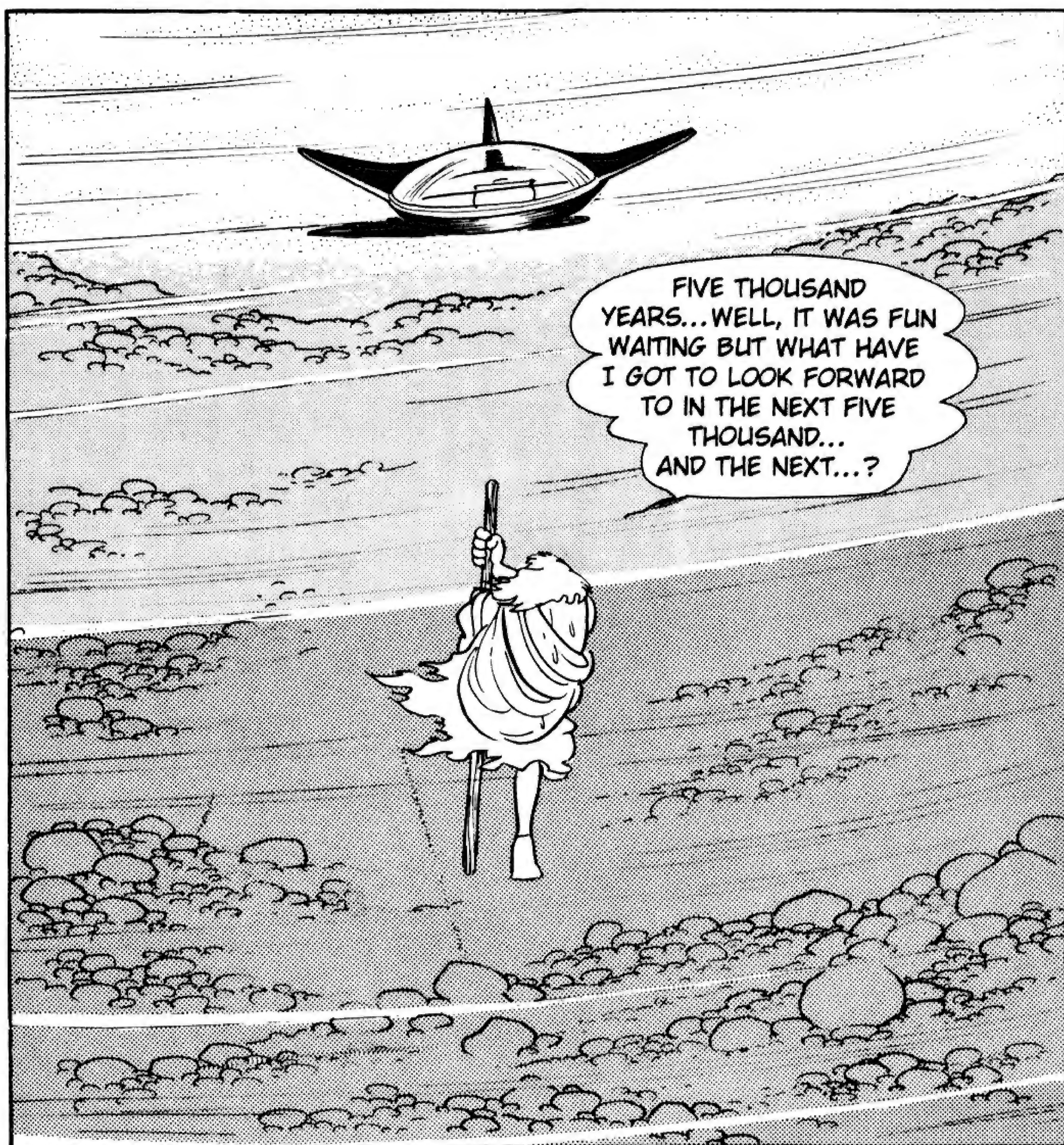




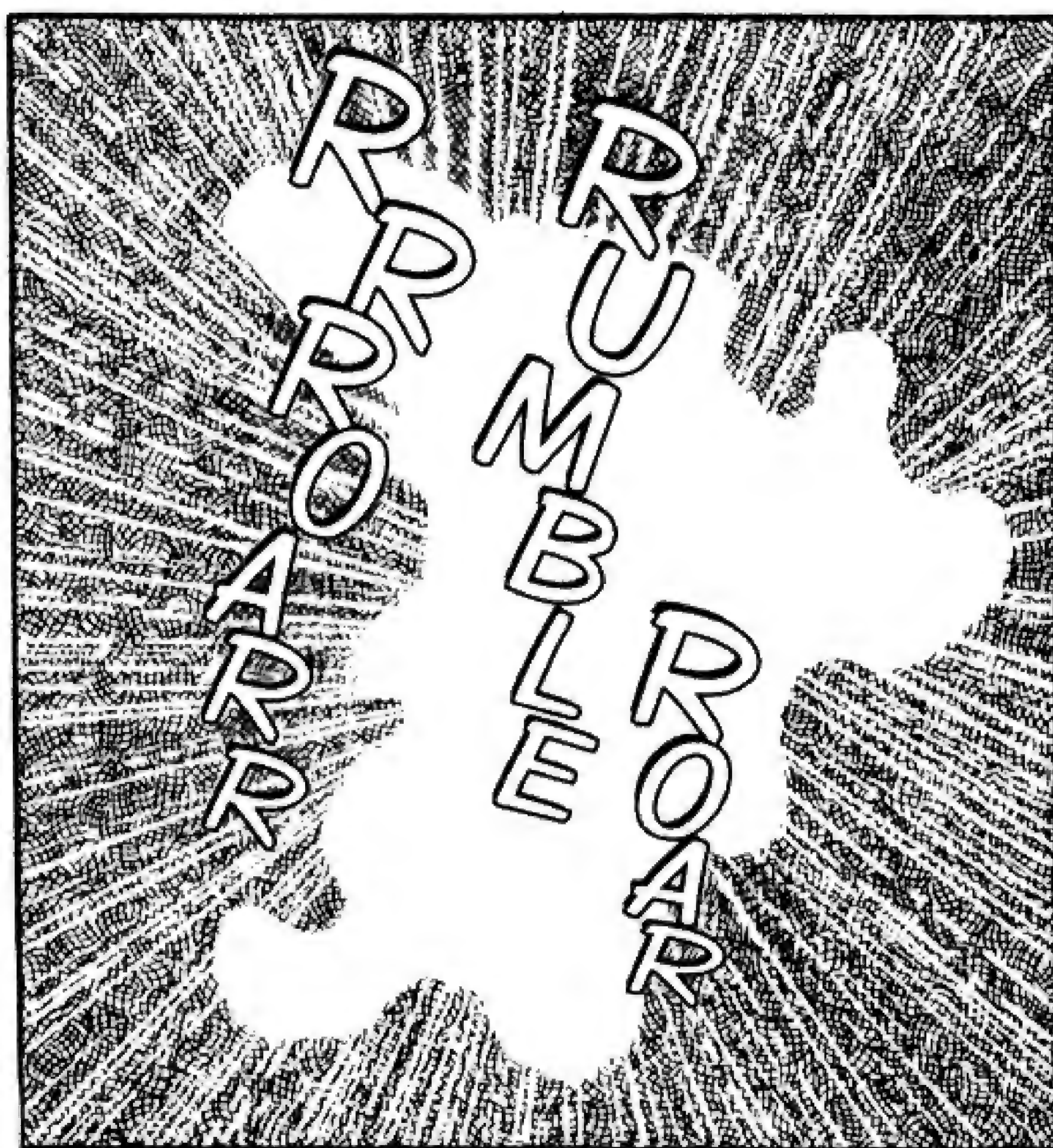
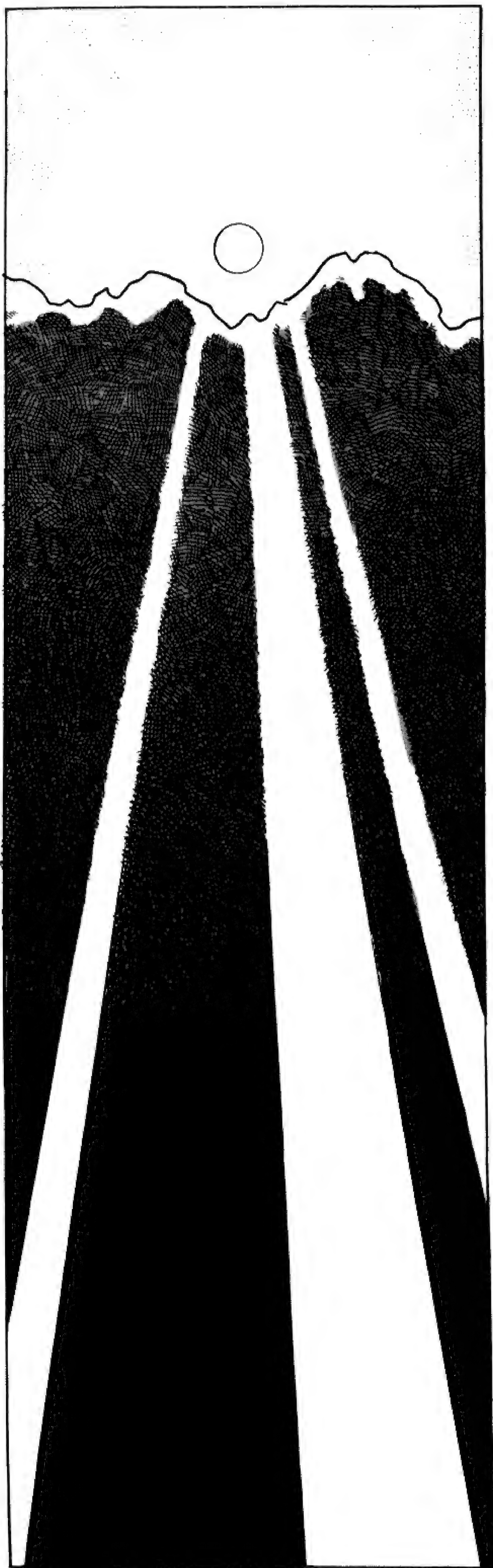




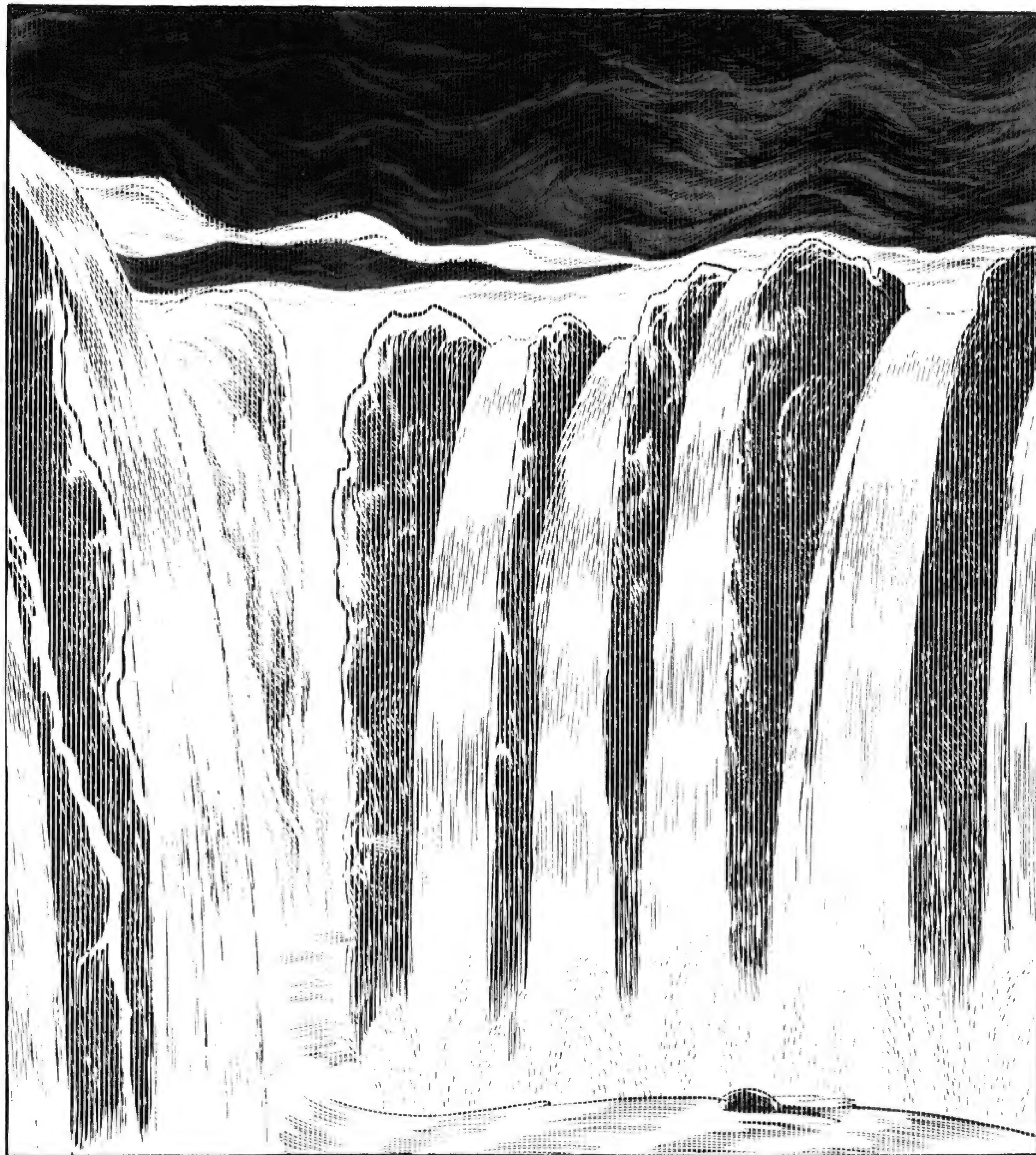








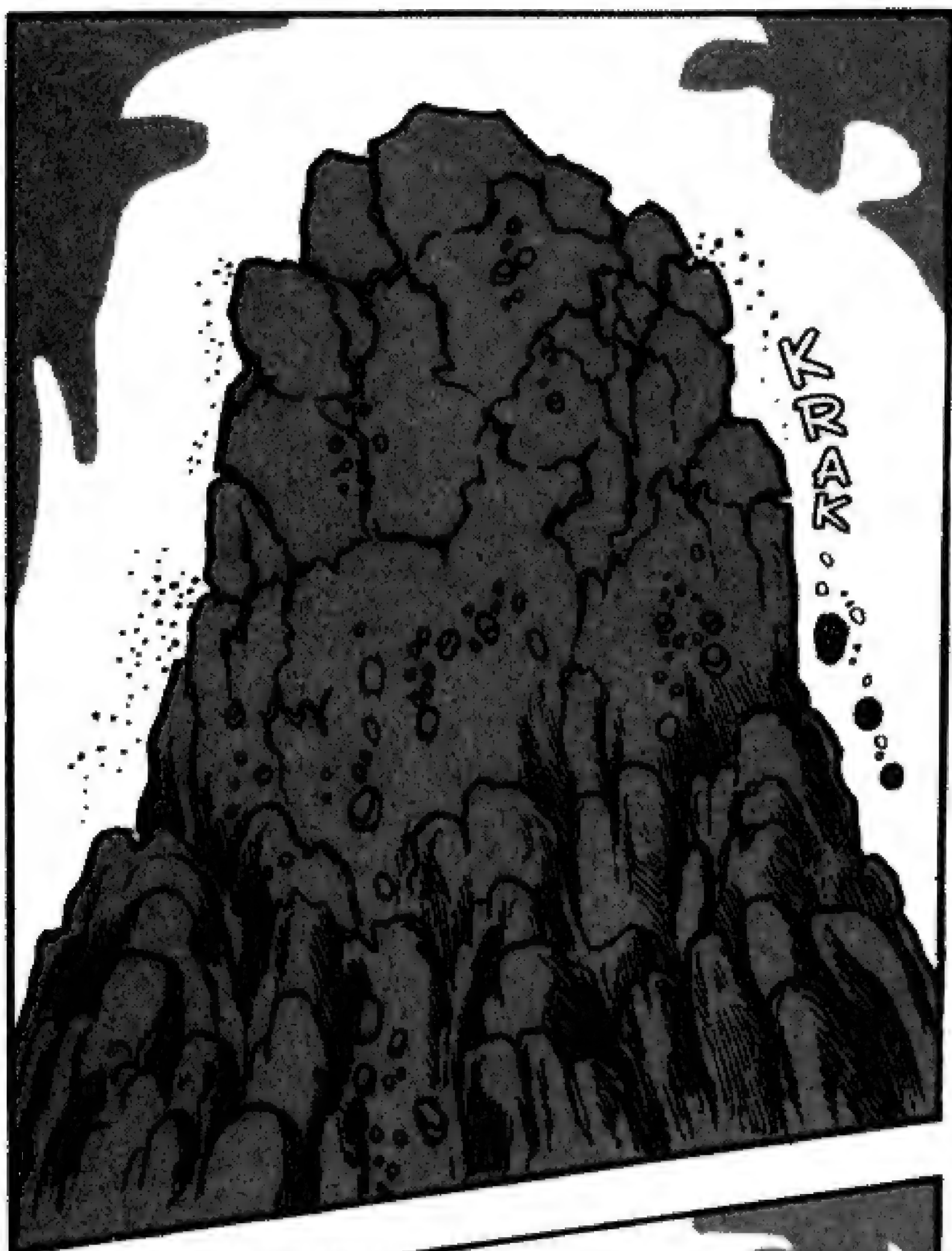






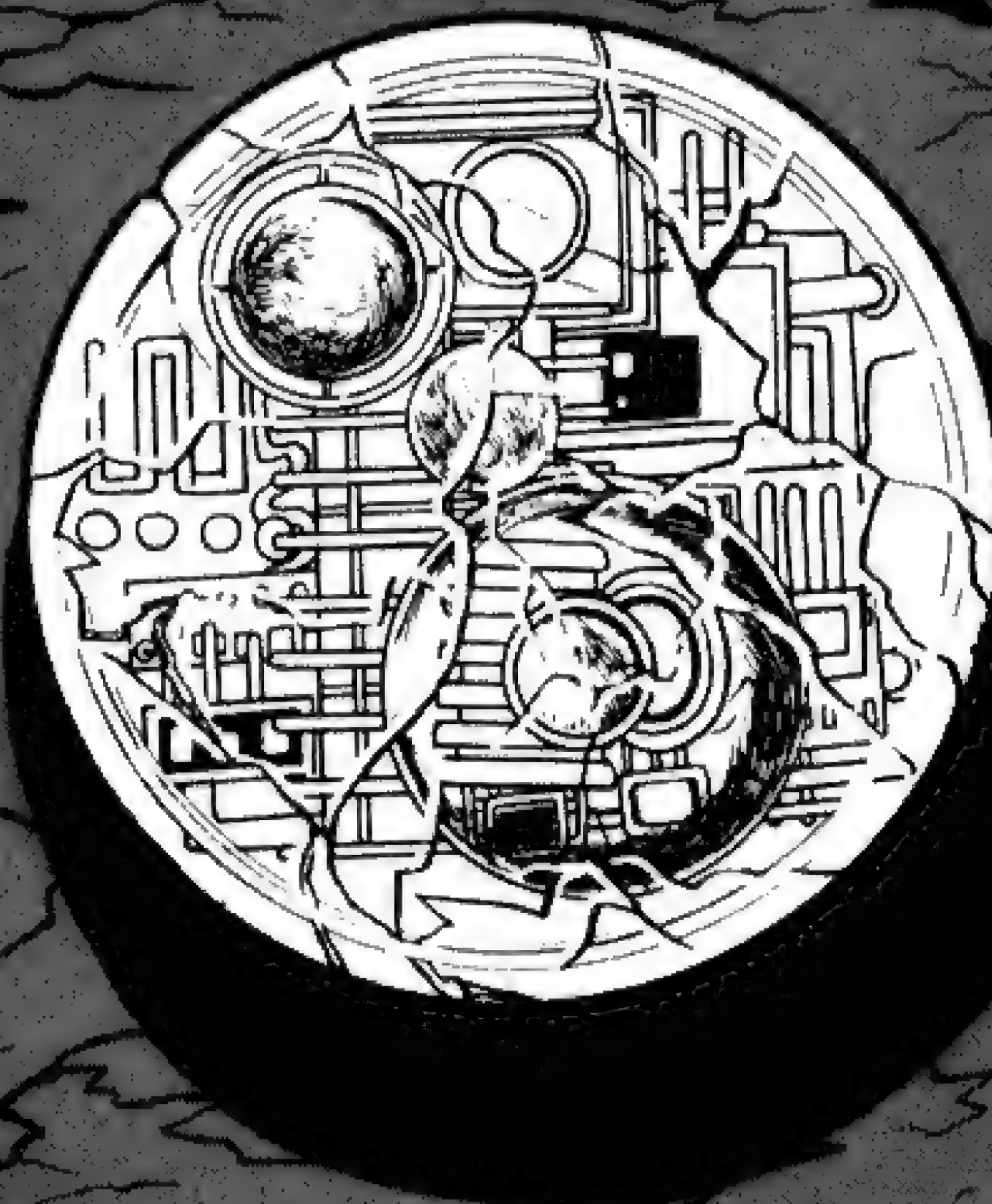








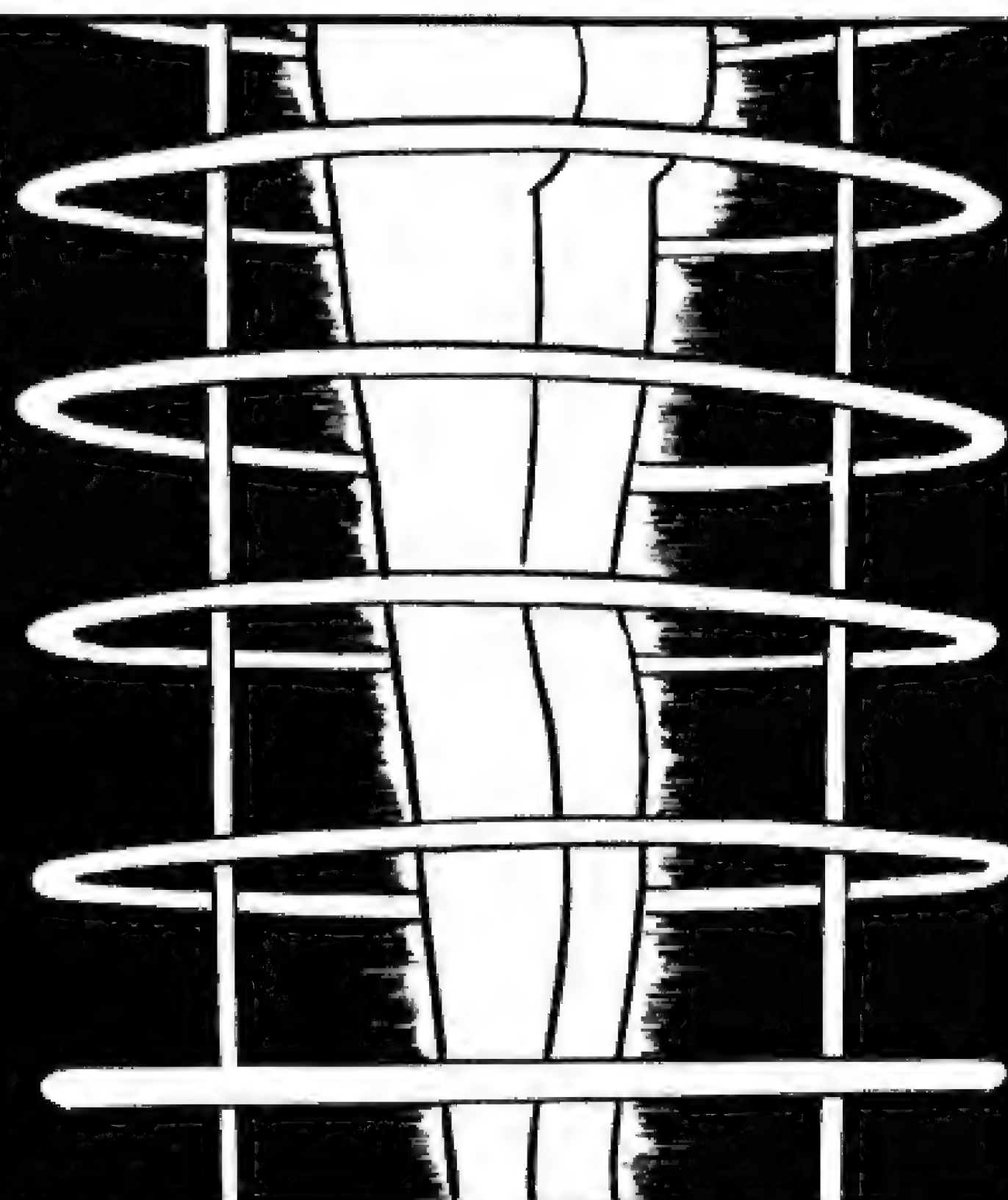
MASATO COULD  
NO LONGER  
ENDURE HIS  
ISOLATION.  
HE NEEDED  
SOMEONE TO  
TALK TO AND IN  
DESPERATION  
BEGAN BUILDING  
ROBOTS.



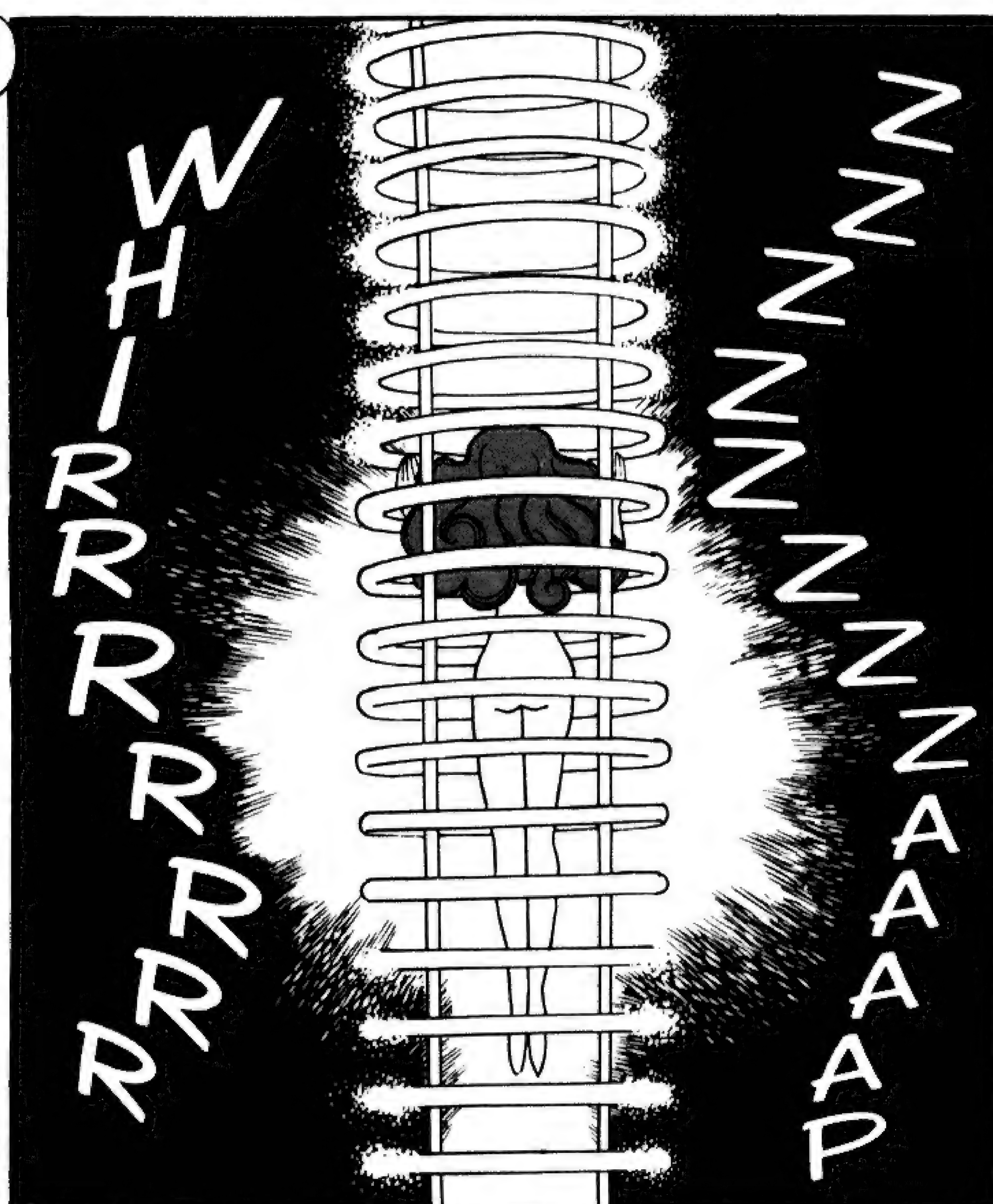
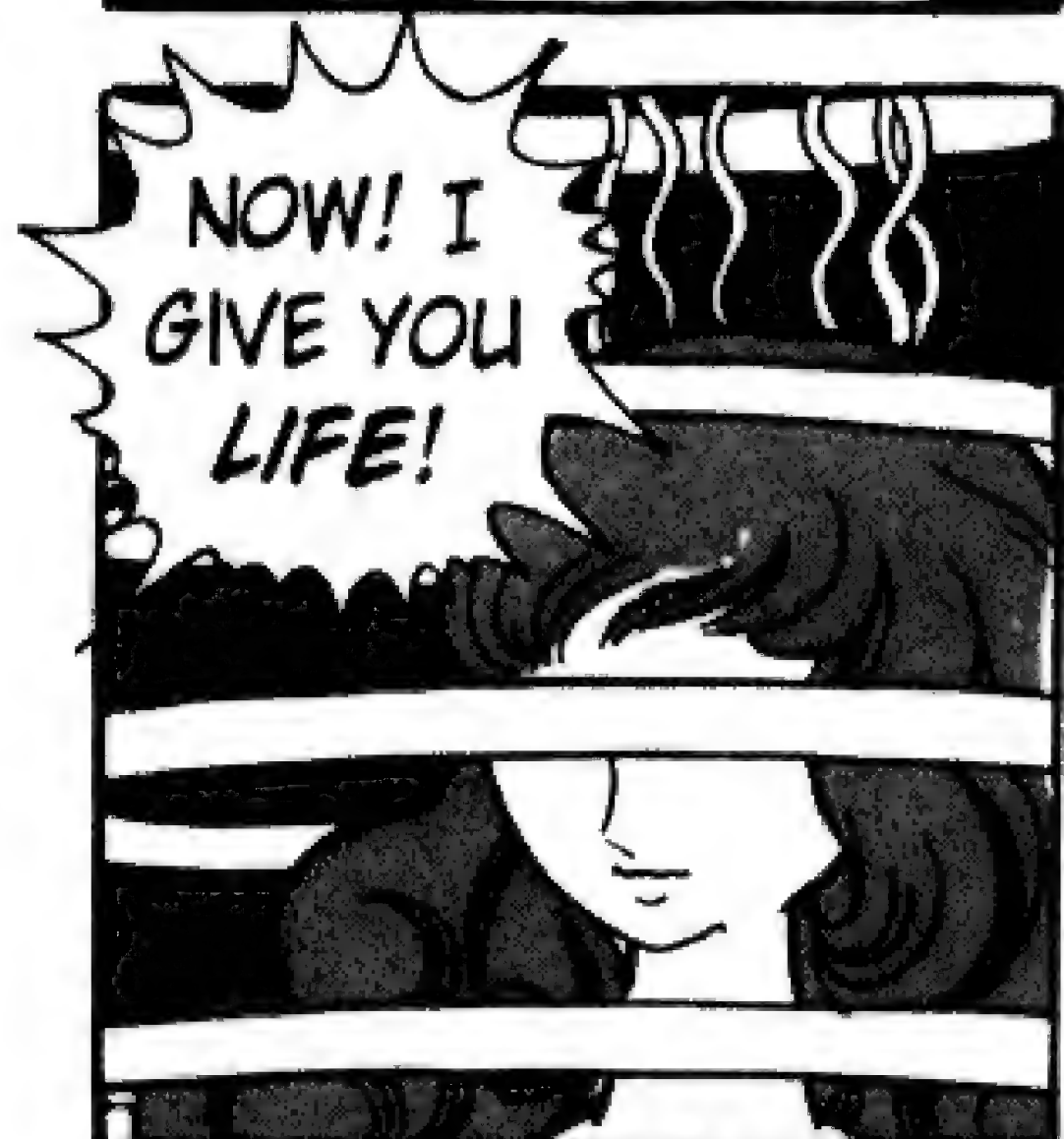
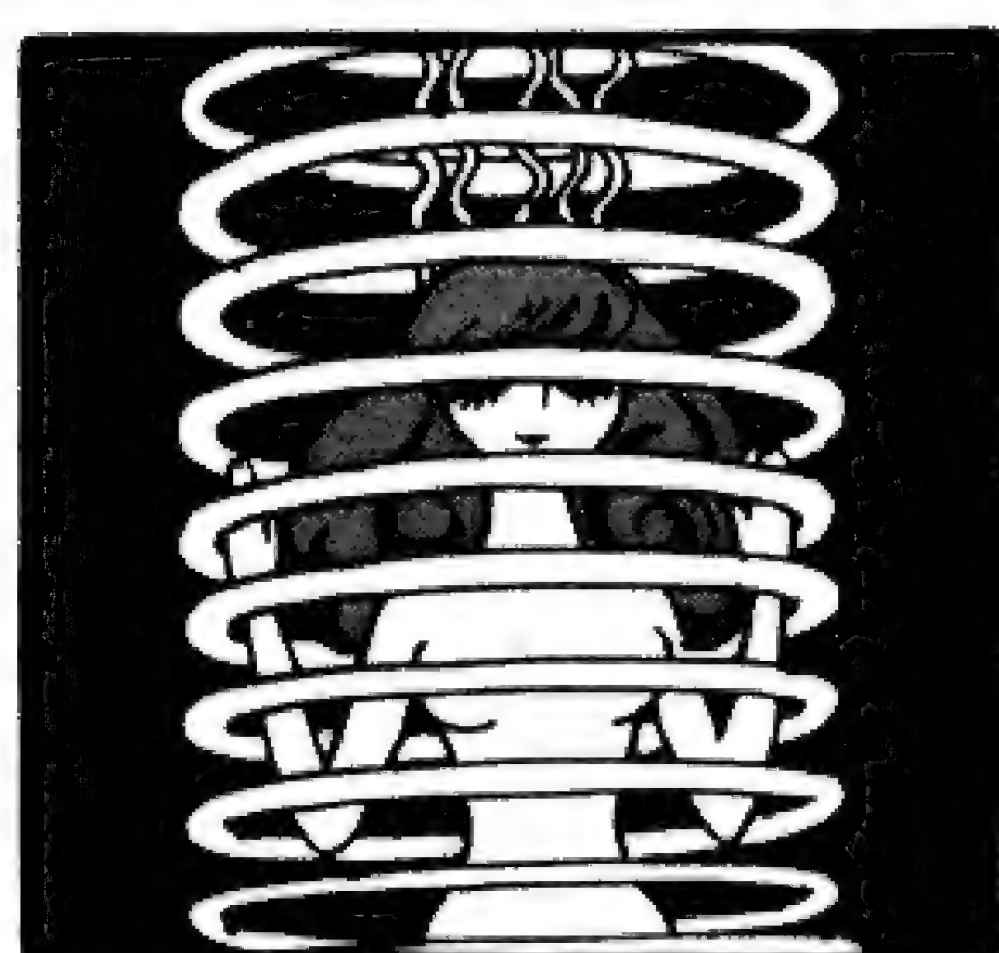
I'LL NEVER BE  
ABLE TO MATCH  
DR. SARUTA'S  
RESEARCH.  
I JUST DON'T  
HAVE HIS  
INTELLIGENCE.



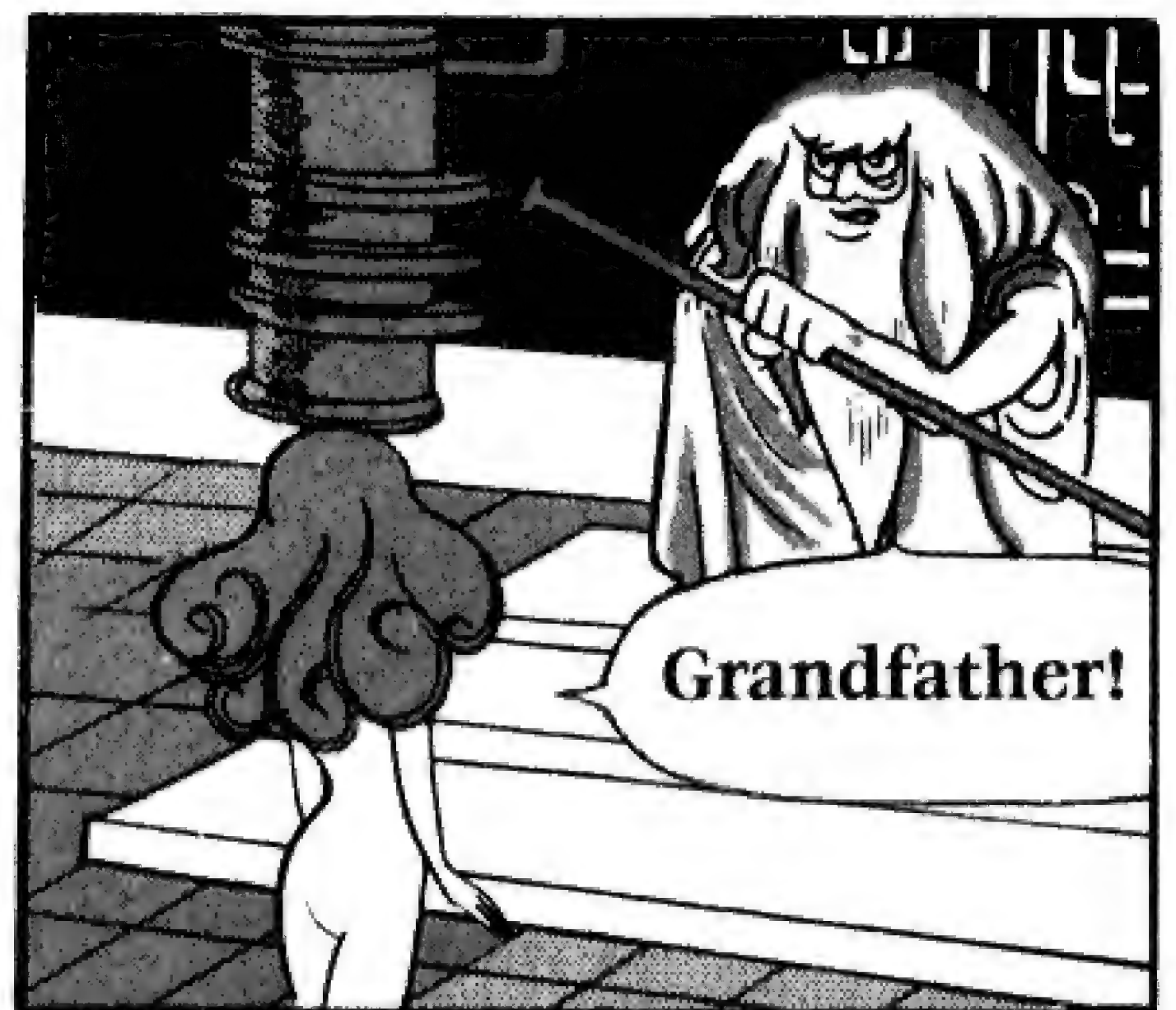
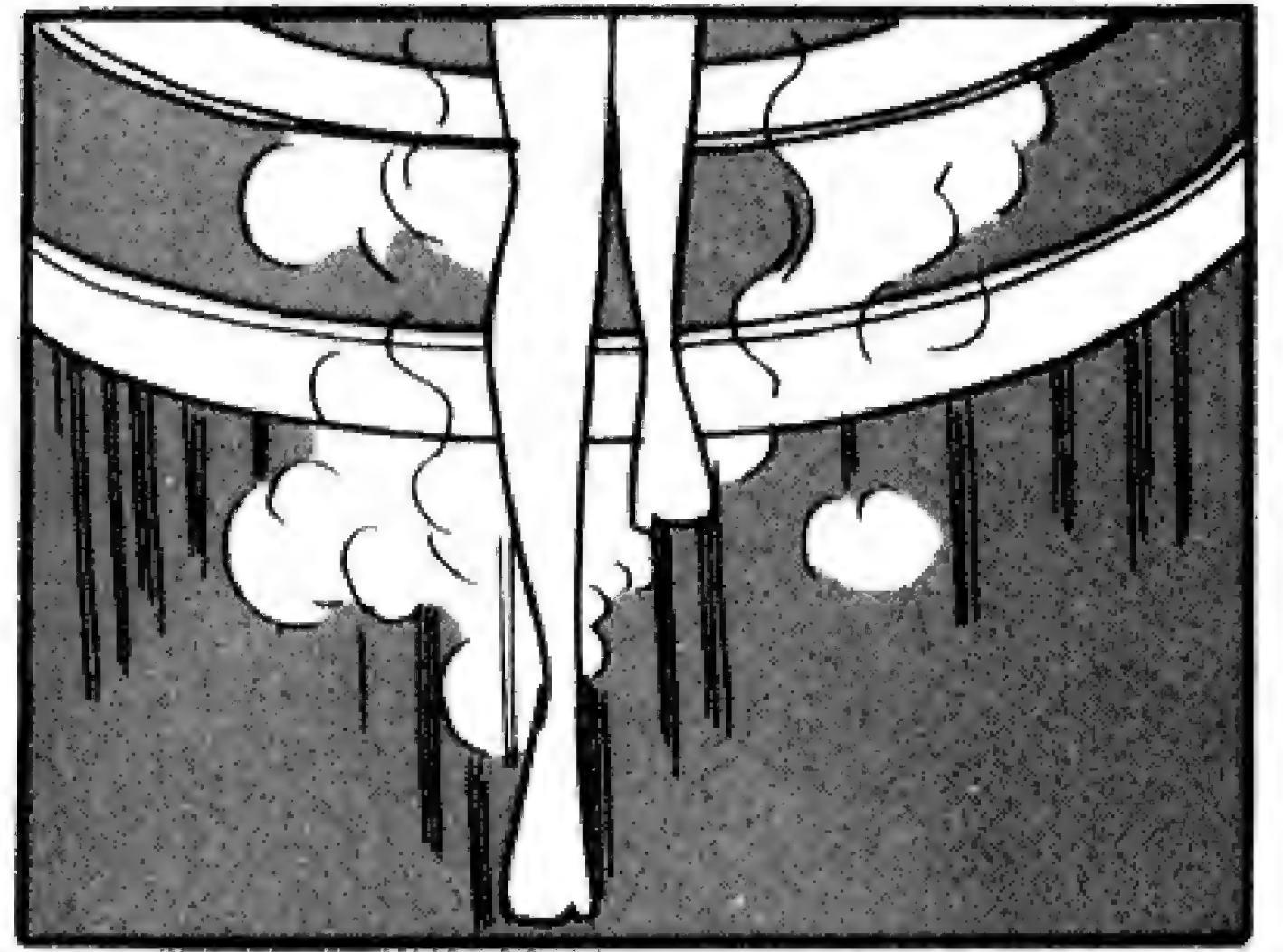
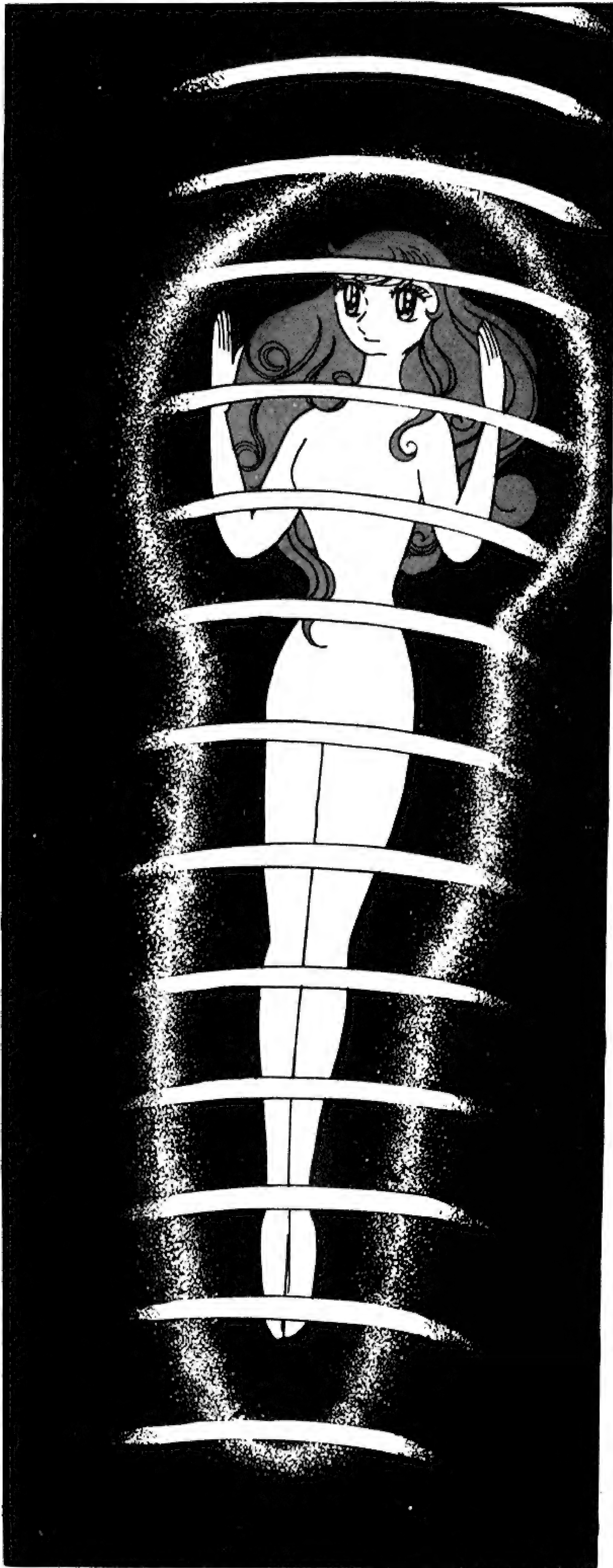
HE USED TO  
HAVE AN OLD  
MODEL ROBOT AS  
A FAITHFUL  
COMPANION TEN  
THOUSAND YEARS  
AGO. I THINK IT  
WAS CALLED  
ROBITA.



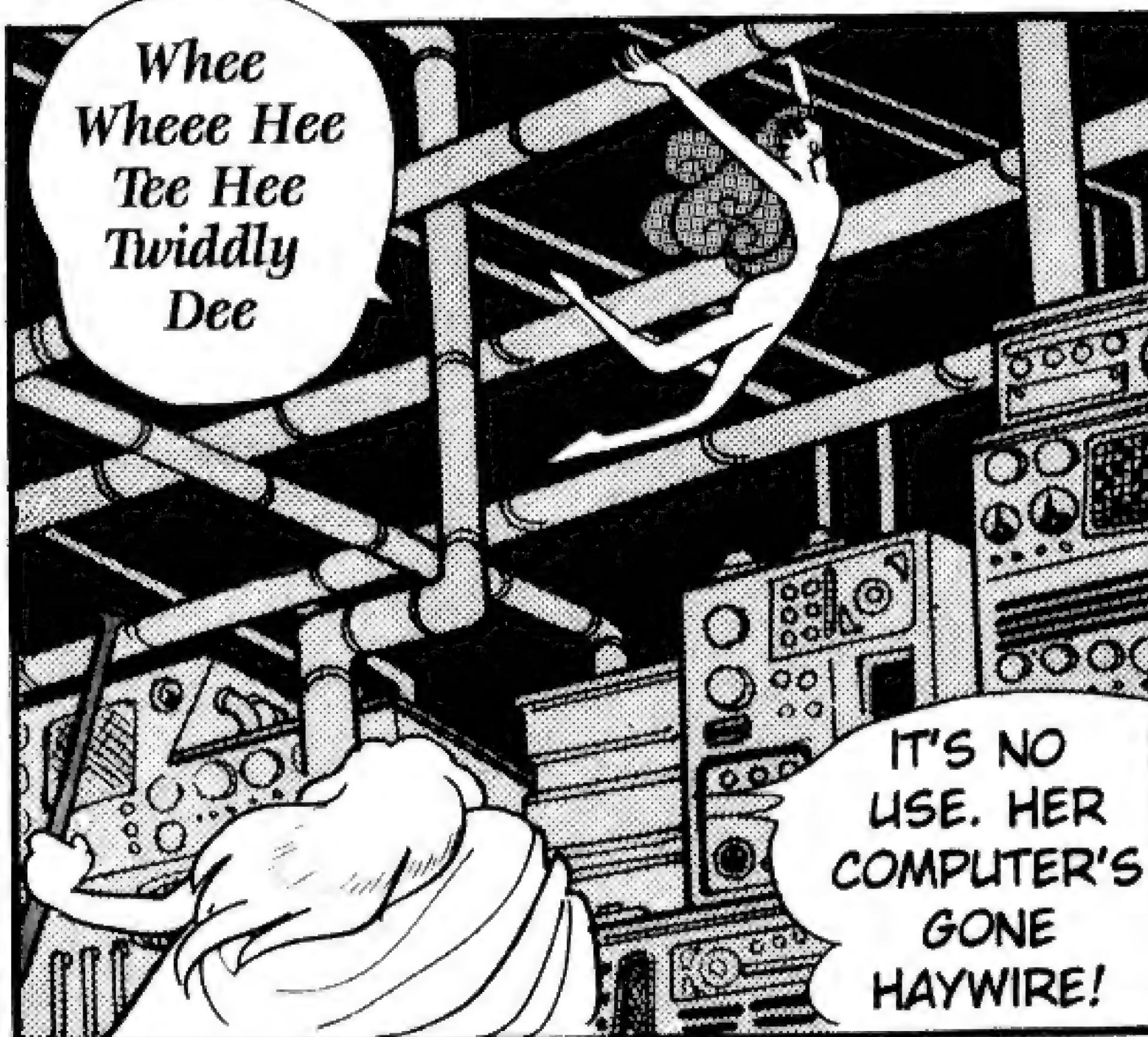
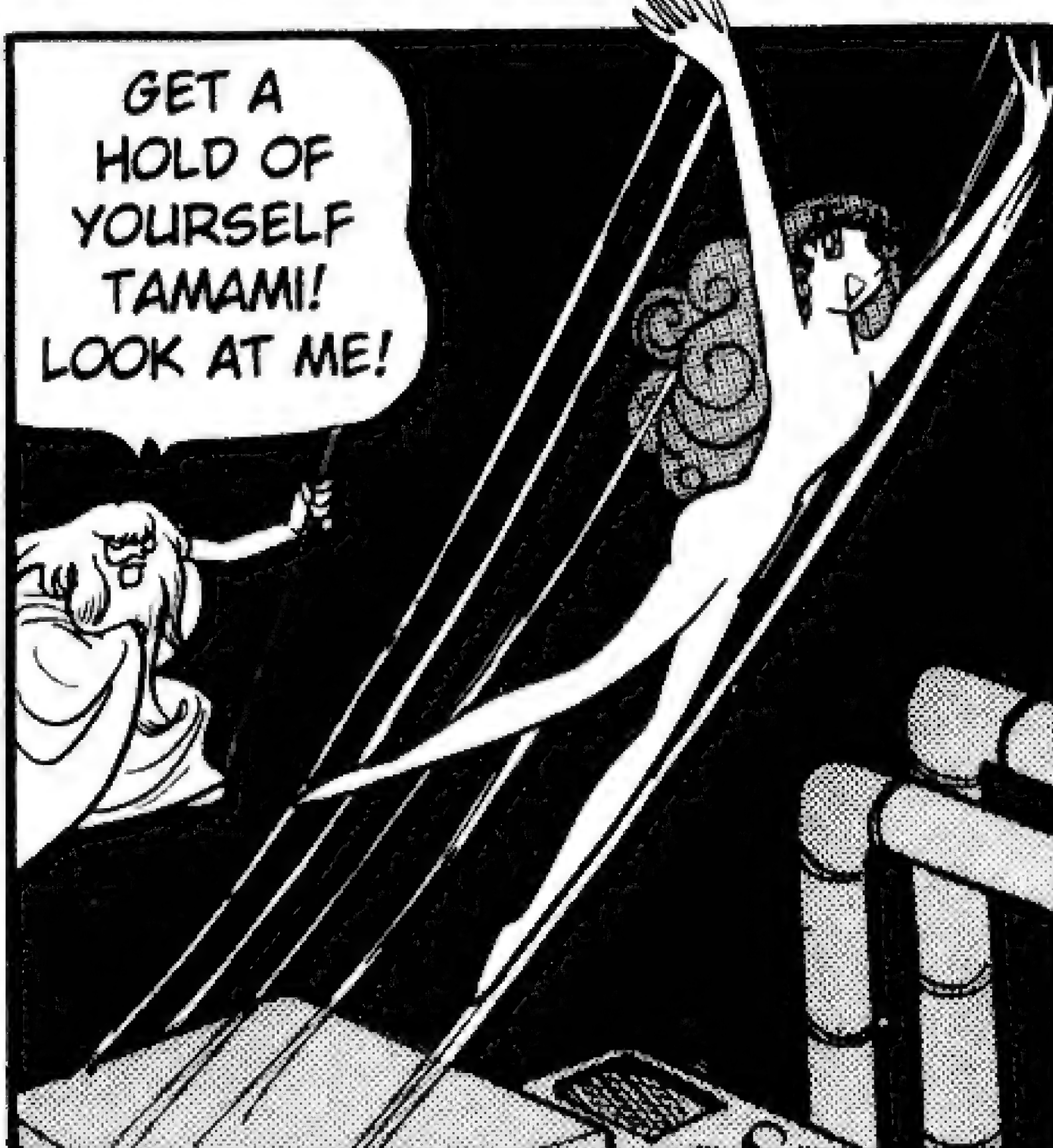












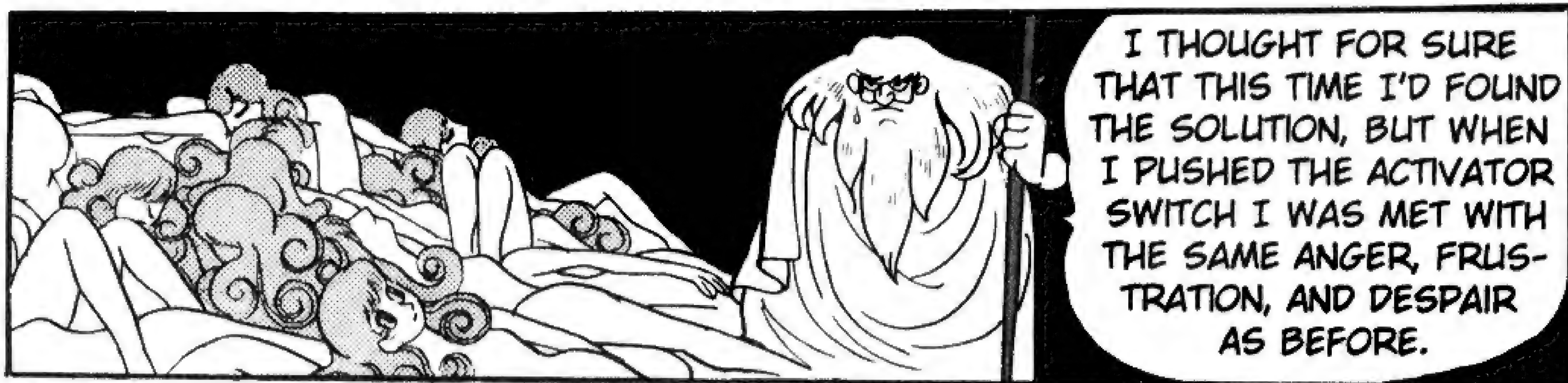












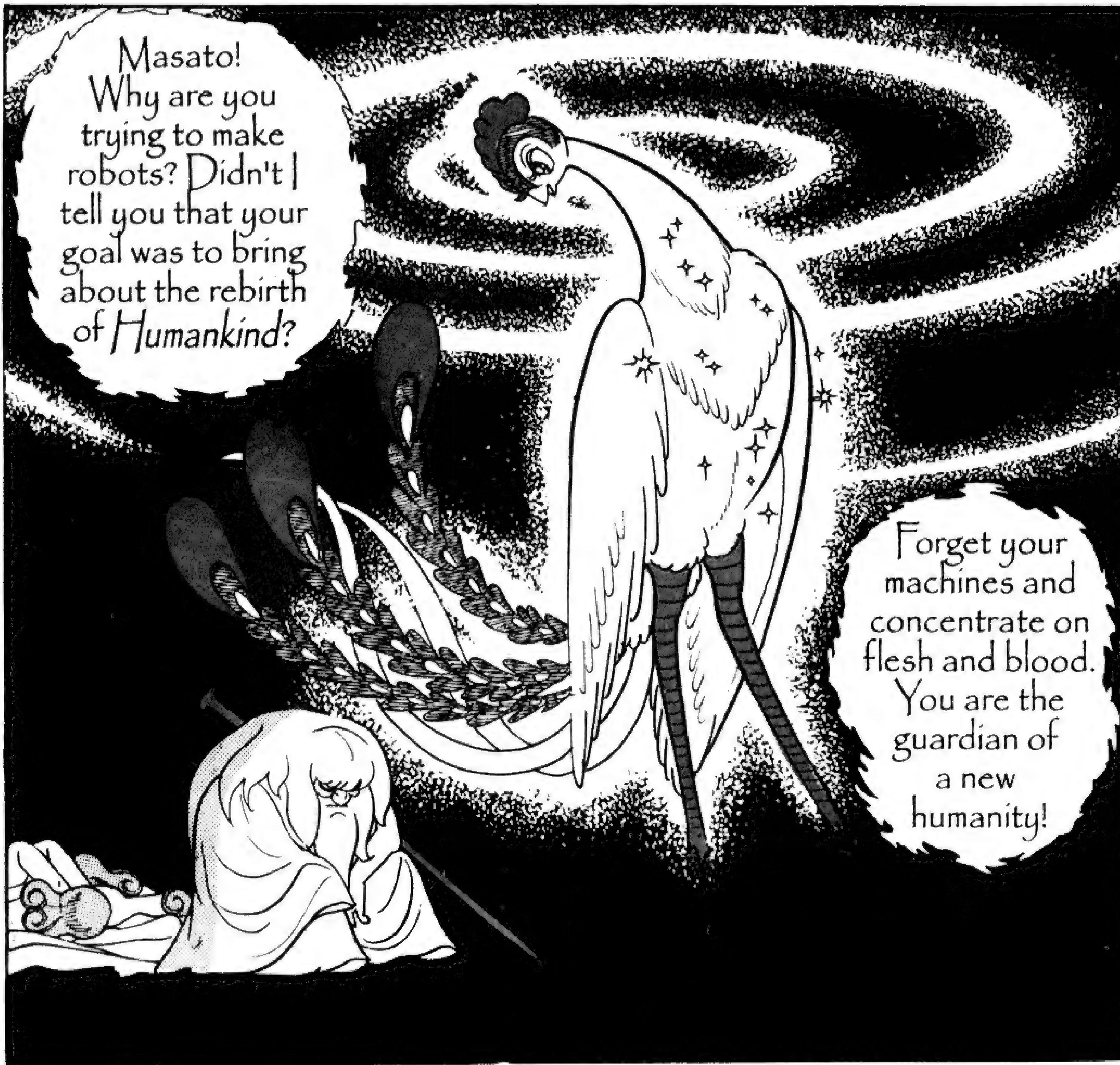
I THOUGHT FOR SURE THAT THIS TIME I'D FOUND THE SOLUTION, BUT WHEN I PUSHED THE ACTIVATOR SWITCH I WAS MET WITH THE SAME ANGER, FRUSTRATION, AND DESPAIR AS BEFORE.



I CAN'T EVEN MAKE A ROBOT...



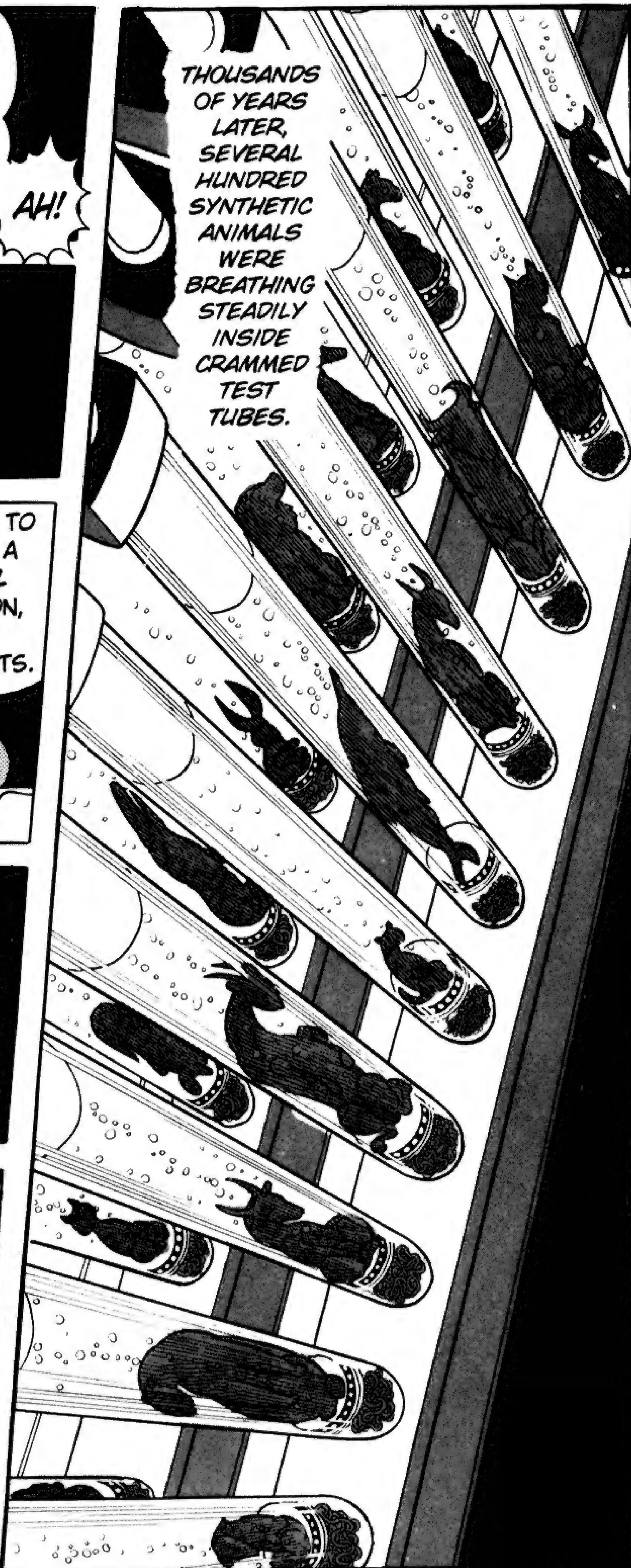
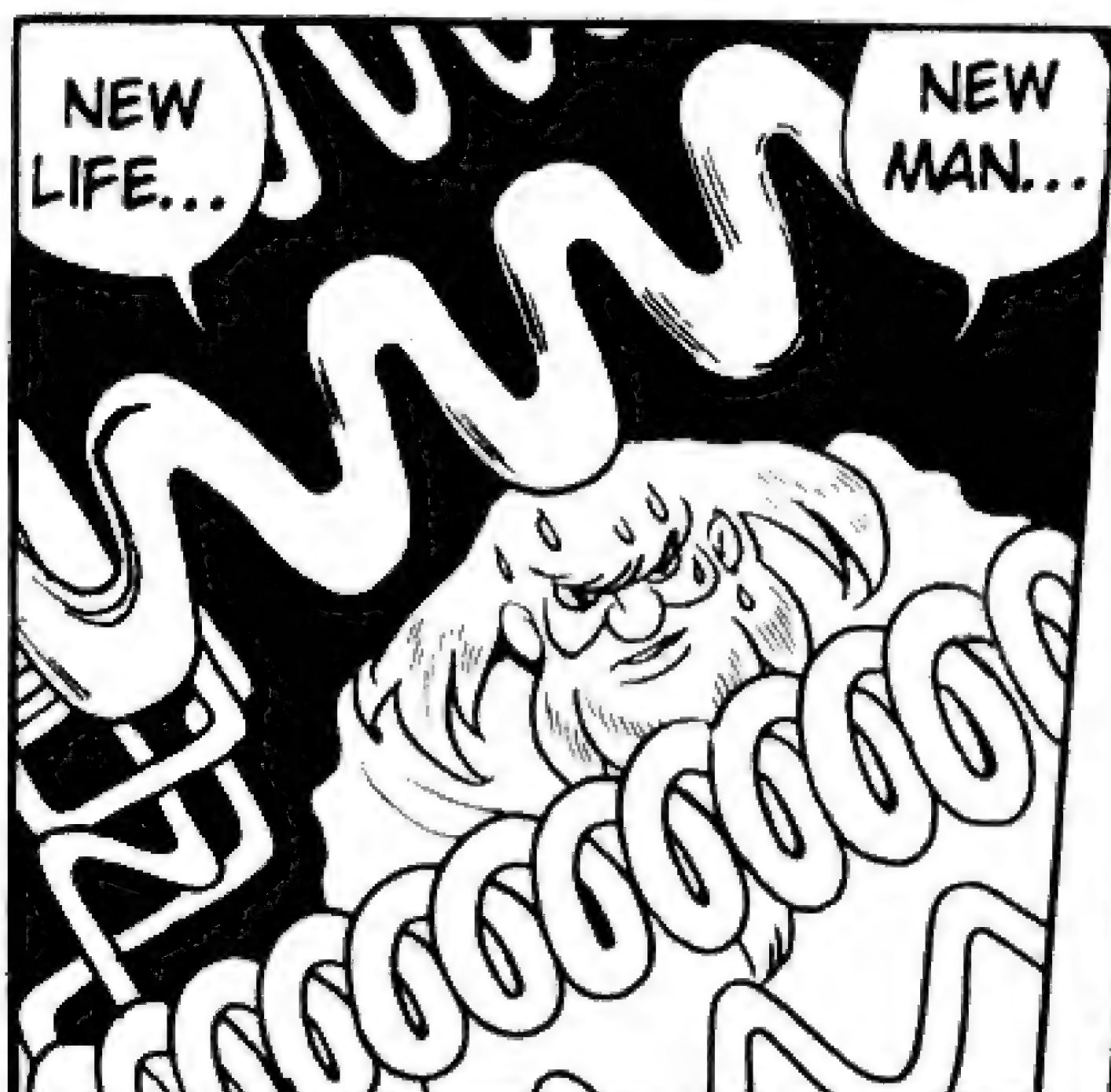
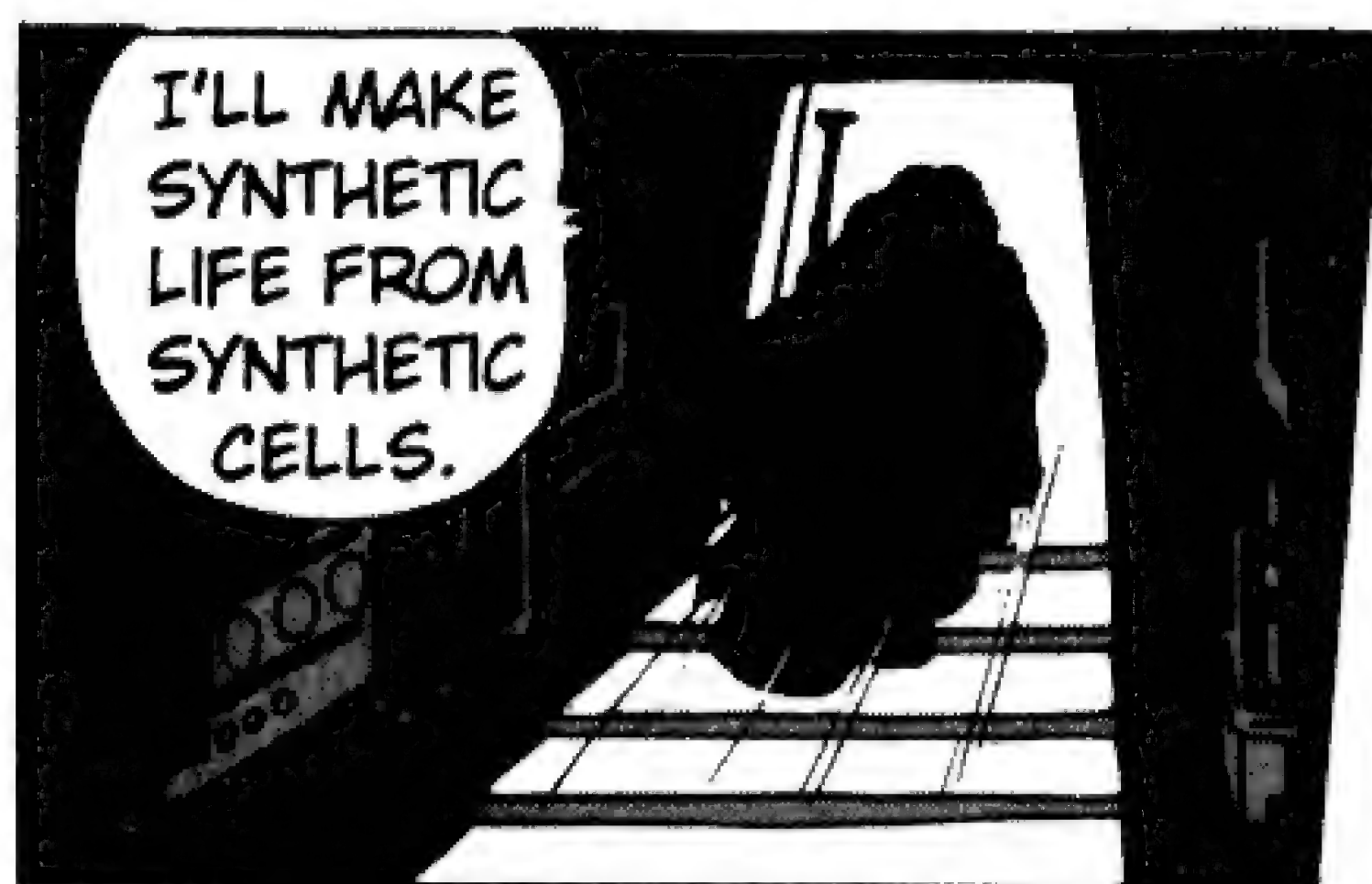
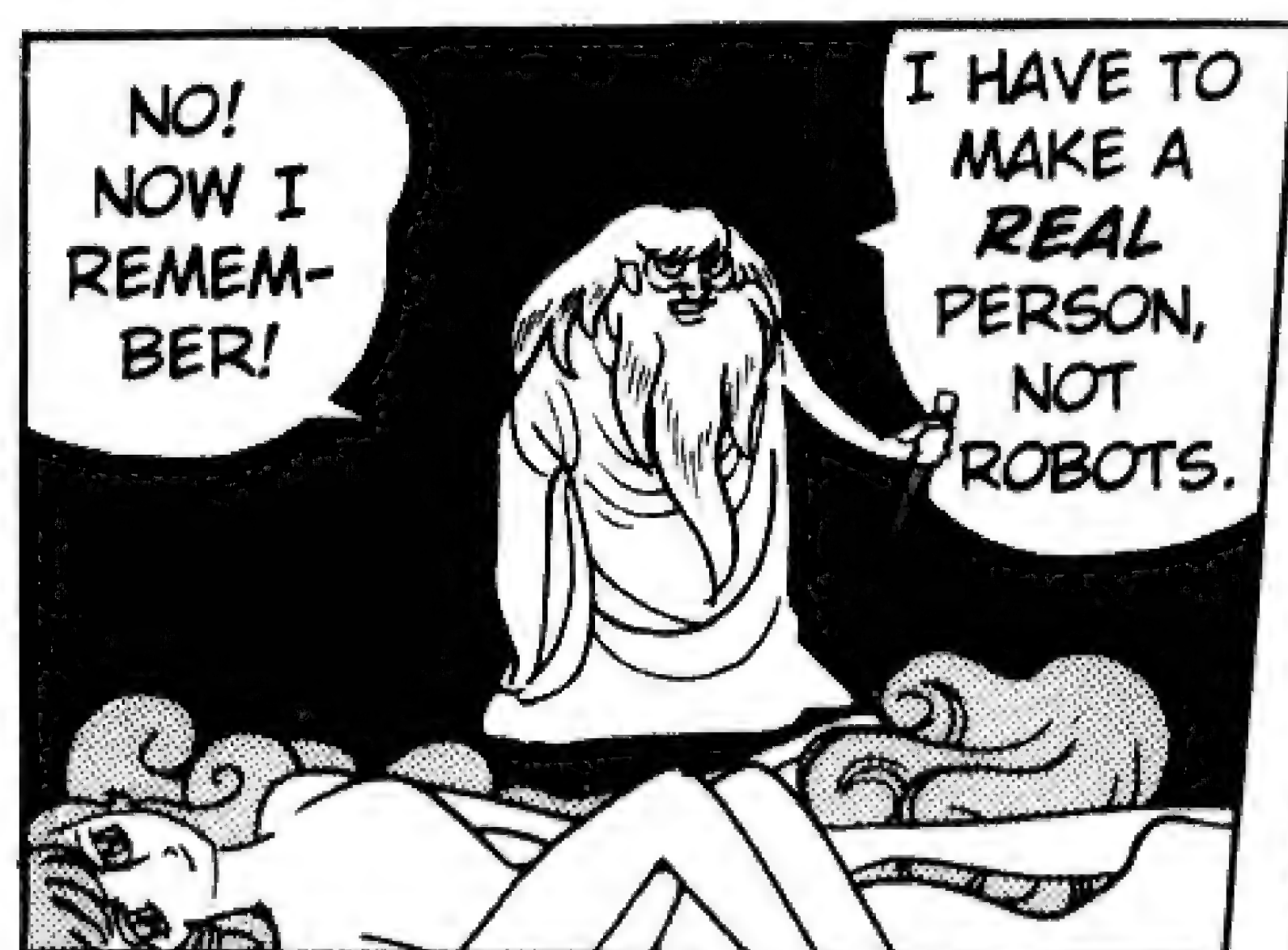
.....



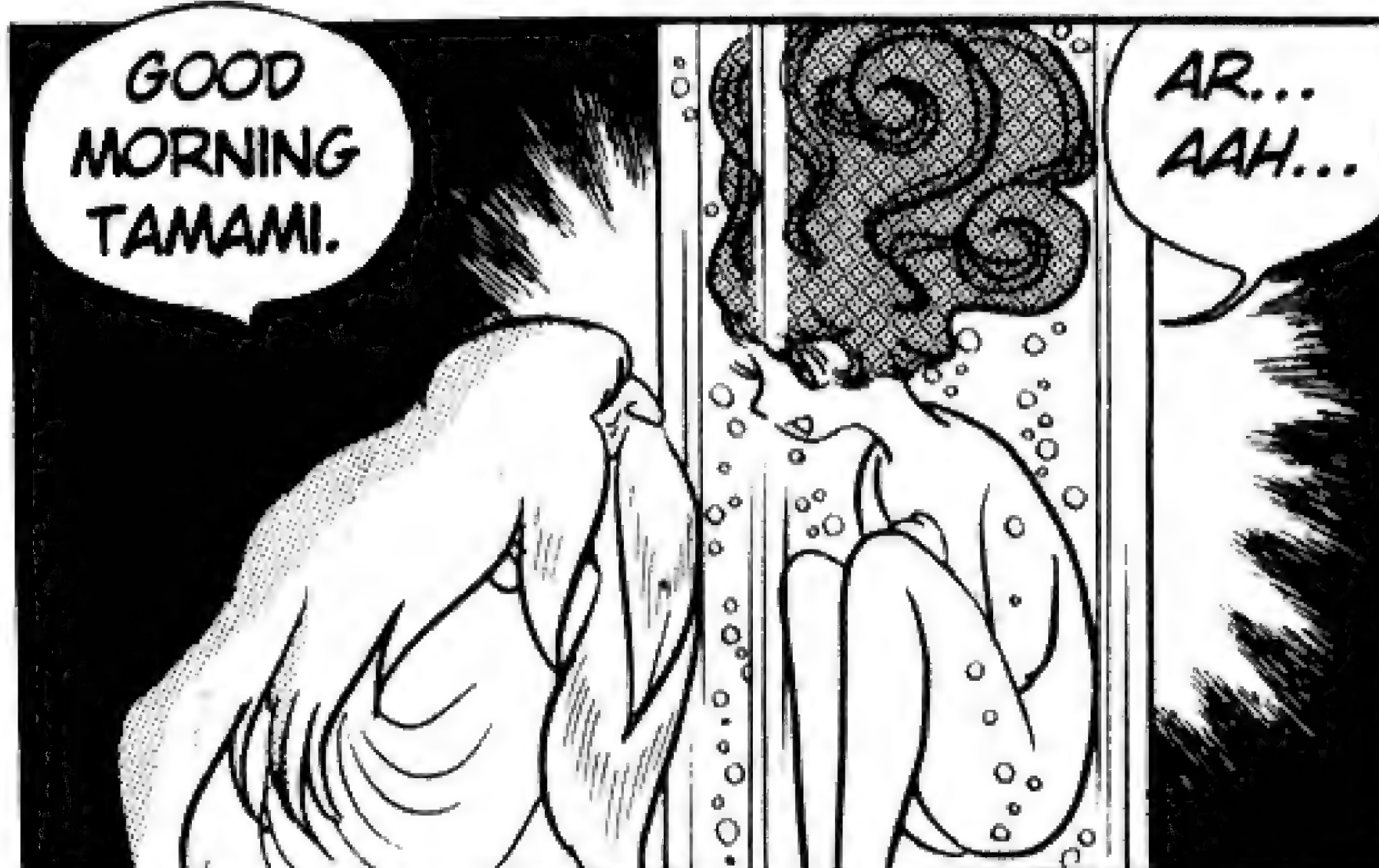
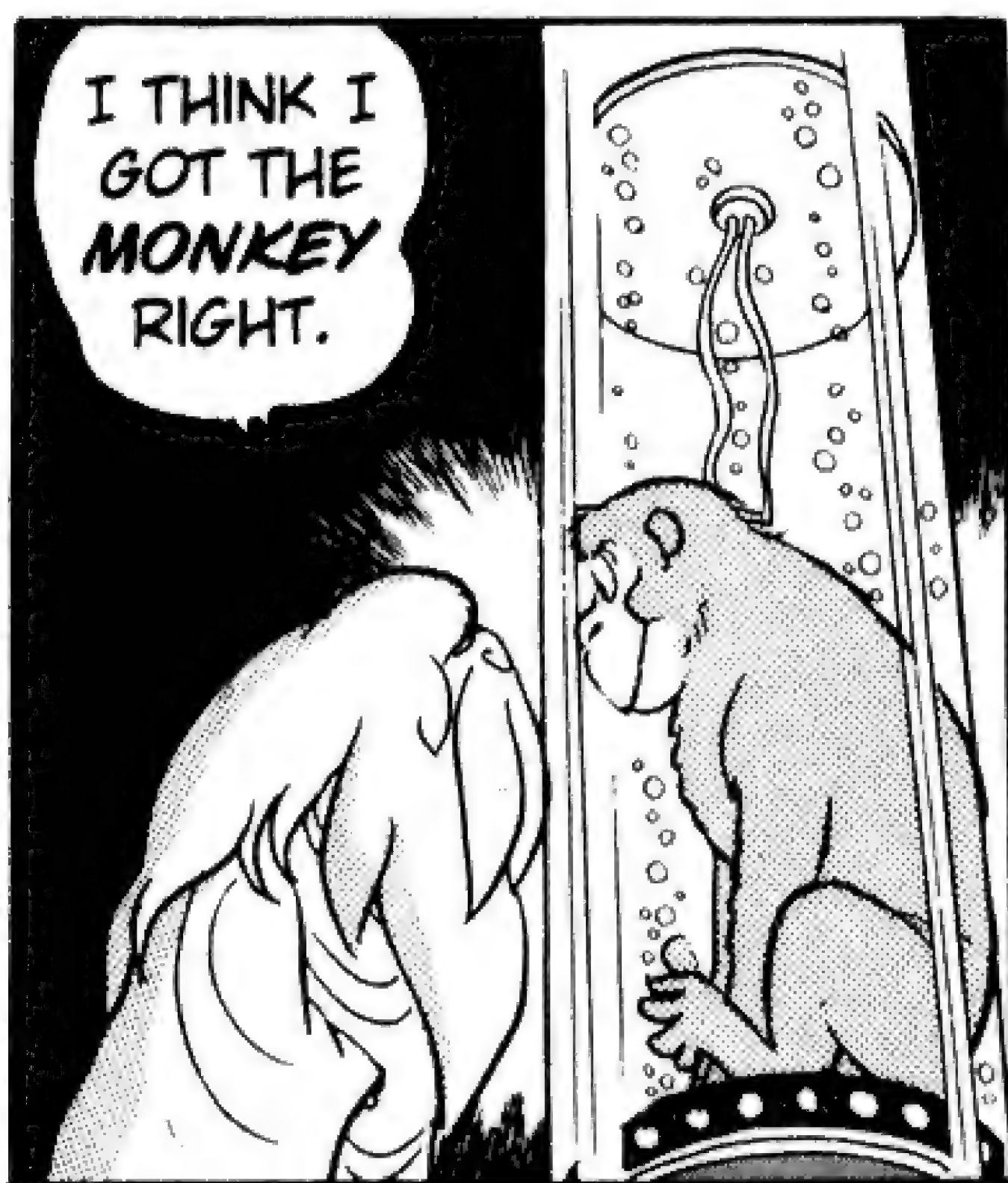
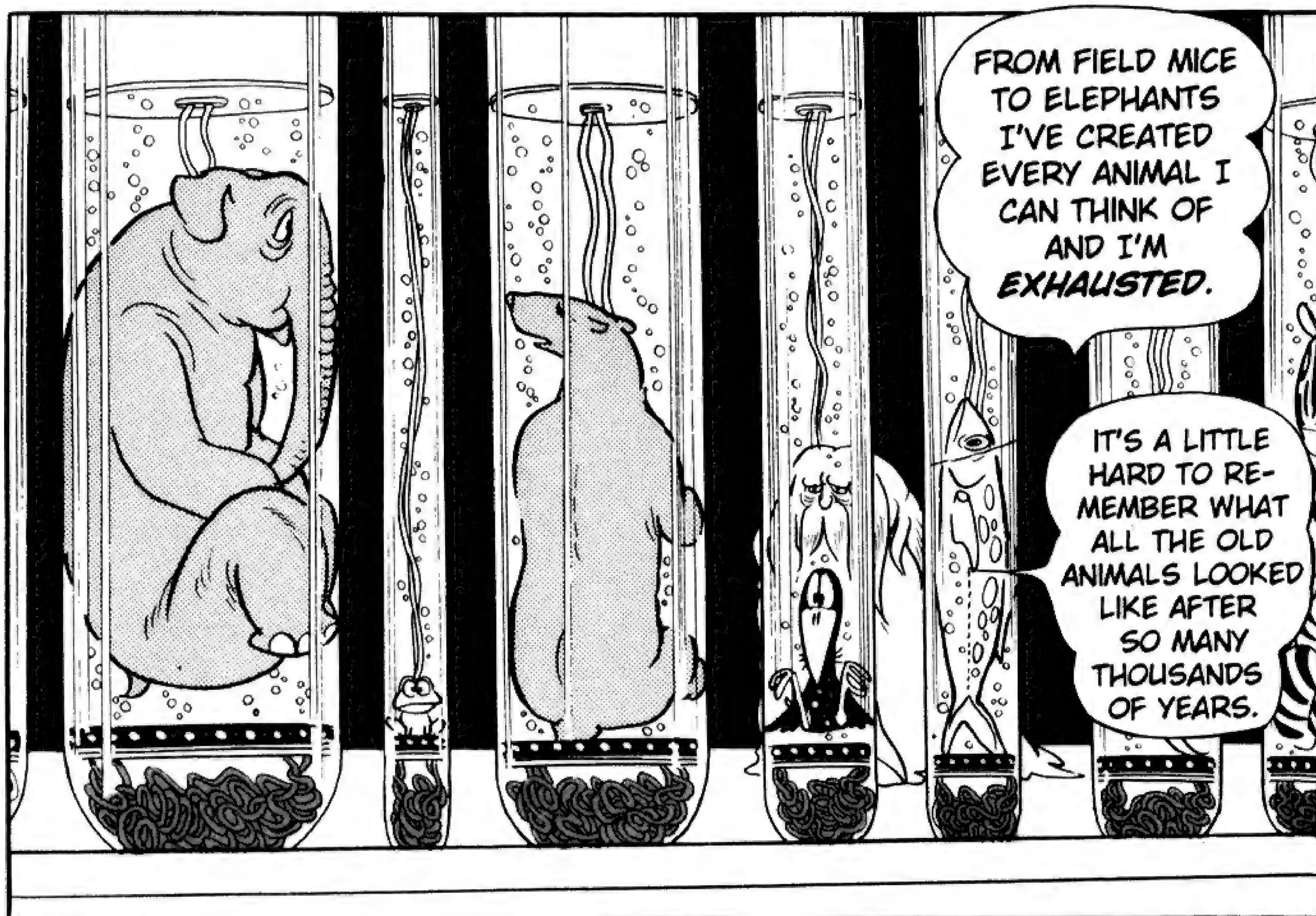
Masato!  
Why are you trying to make robots? Didn't I tell you that your goal was to bring about the rebirth of Humankind?

Forget your machines and concentrate on flesh and blood. You are the guardian of a new humanity!

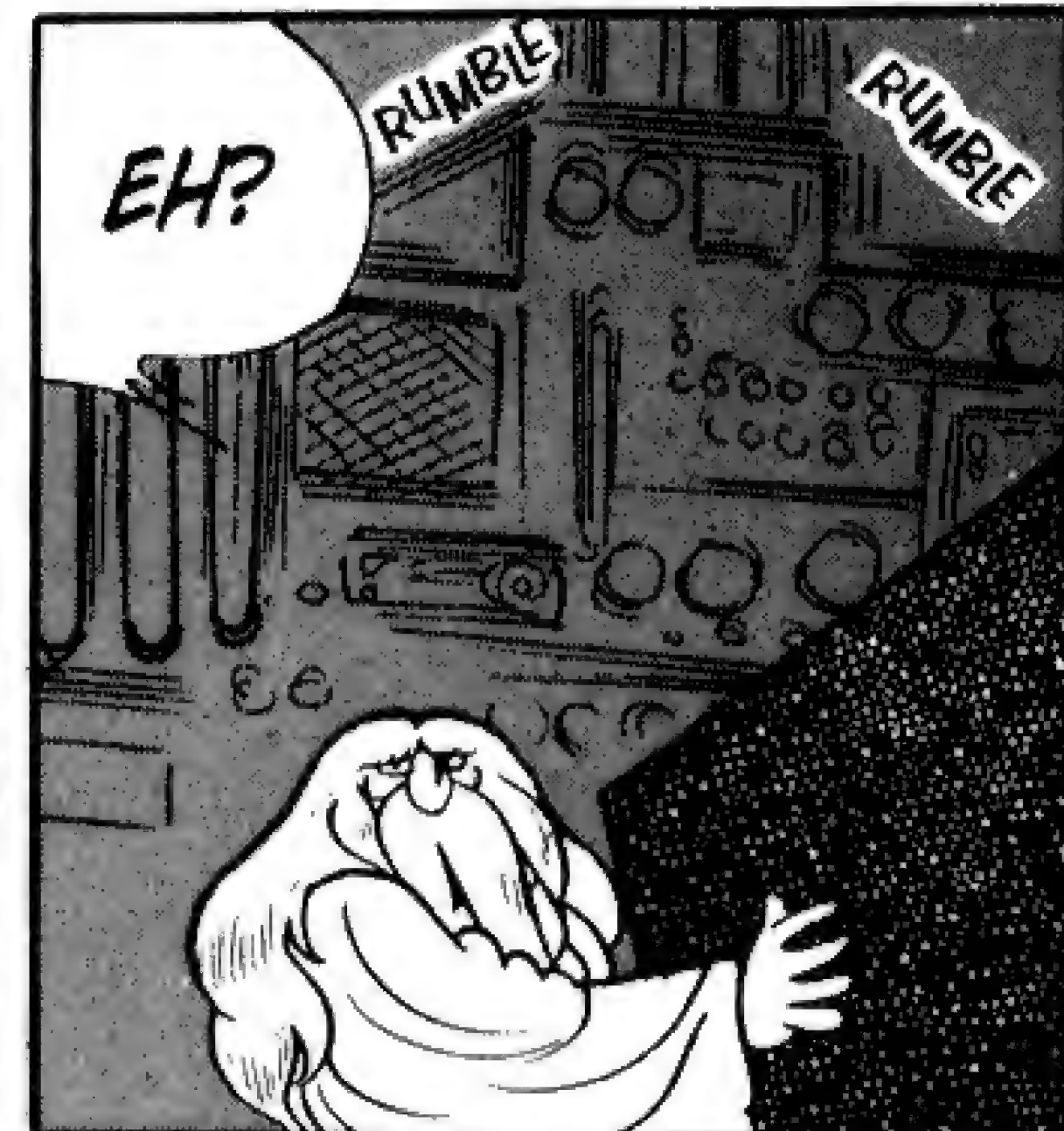
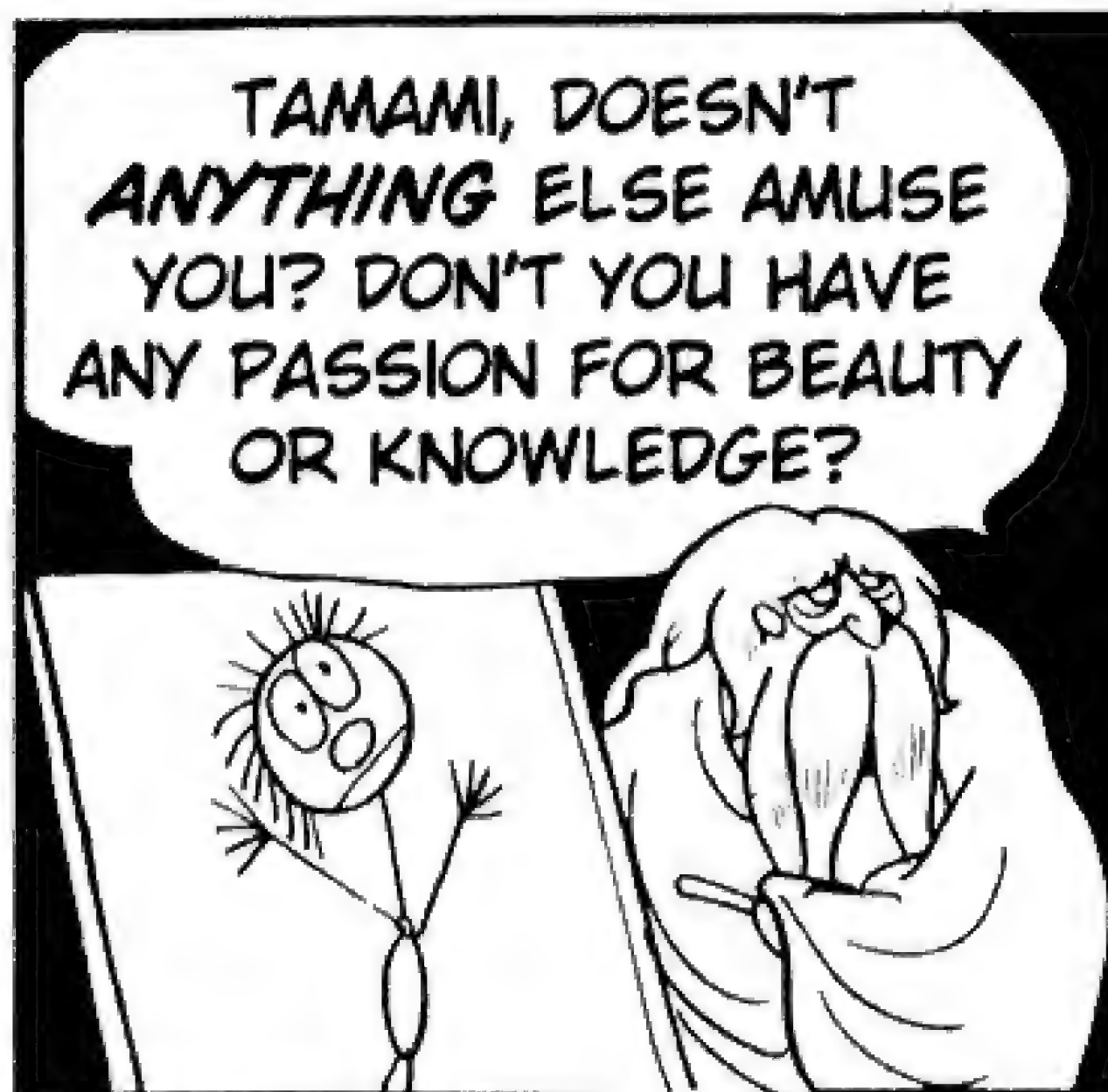
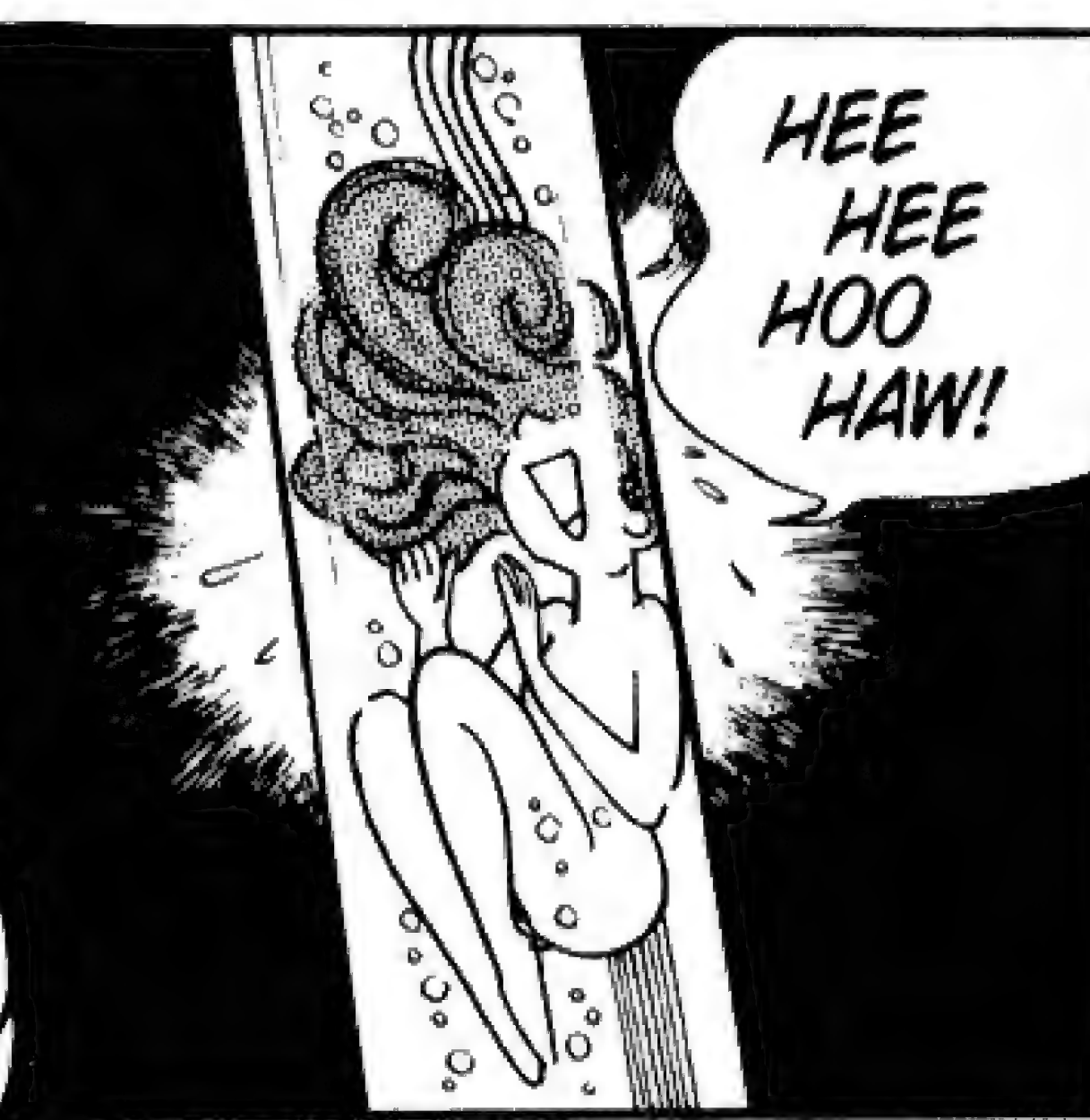
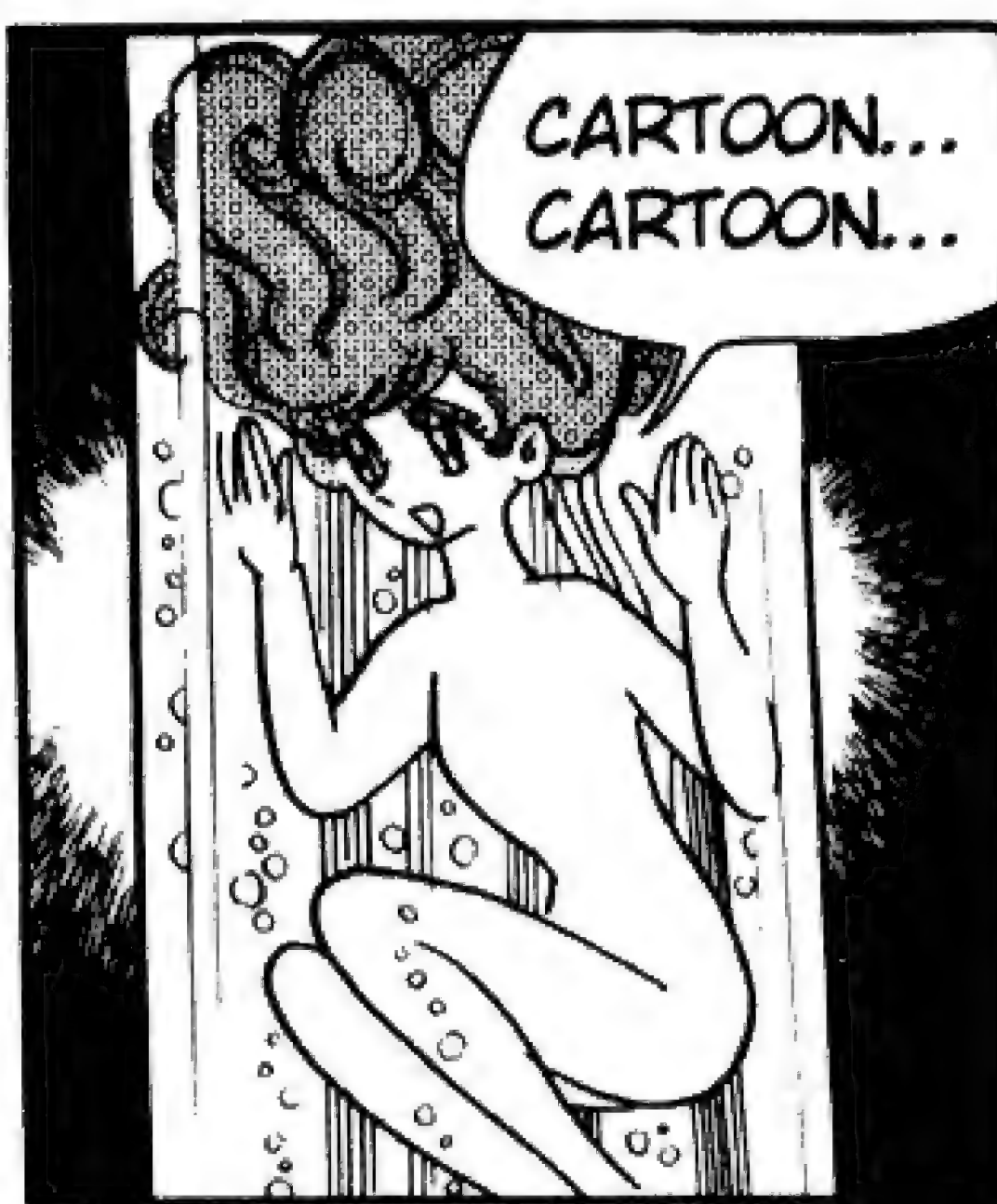




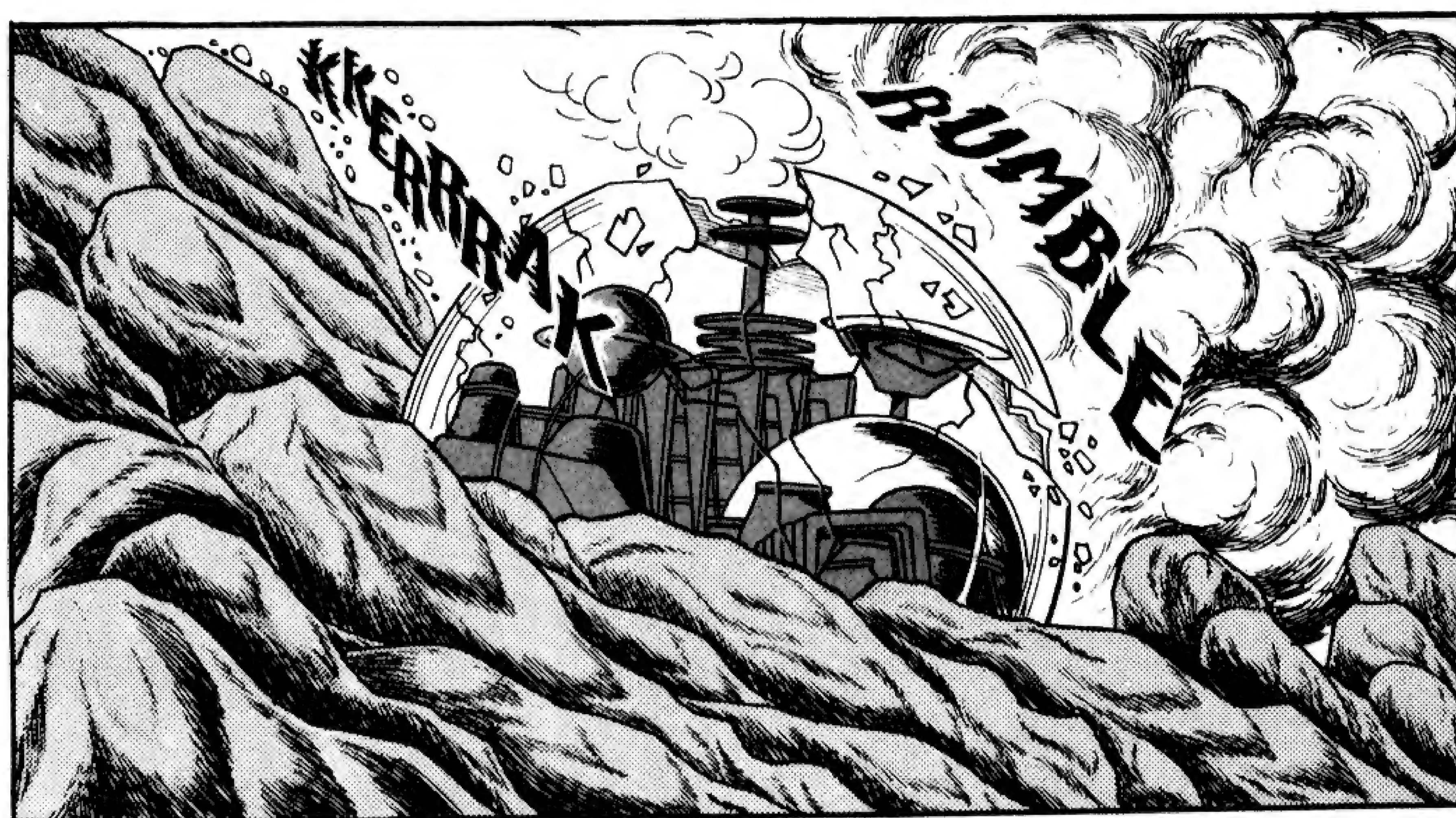
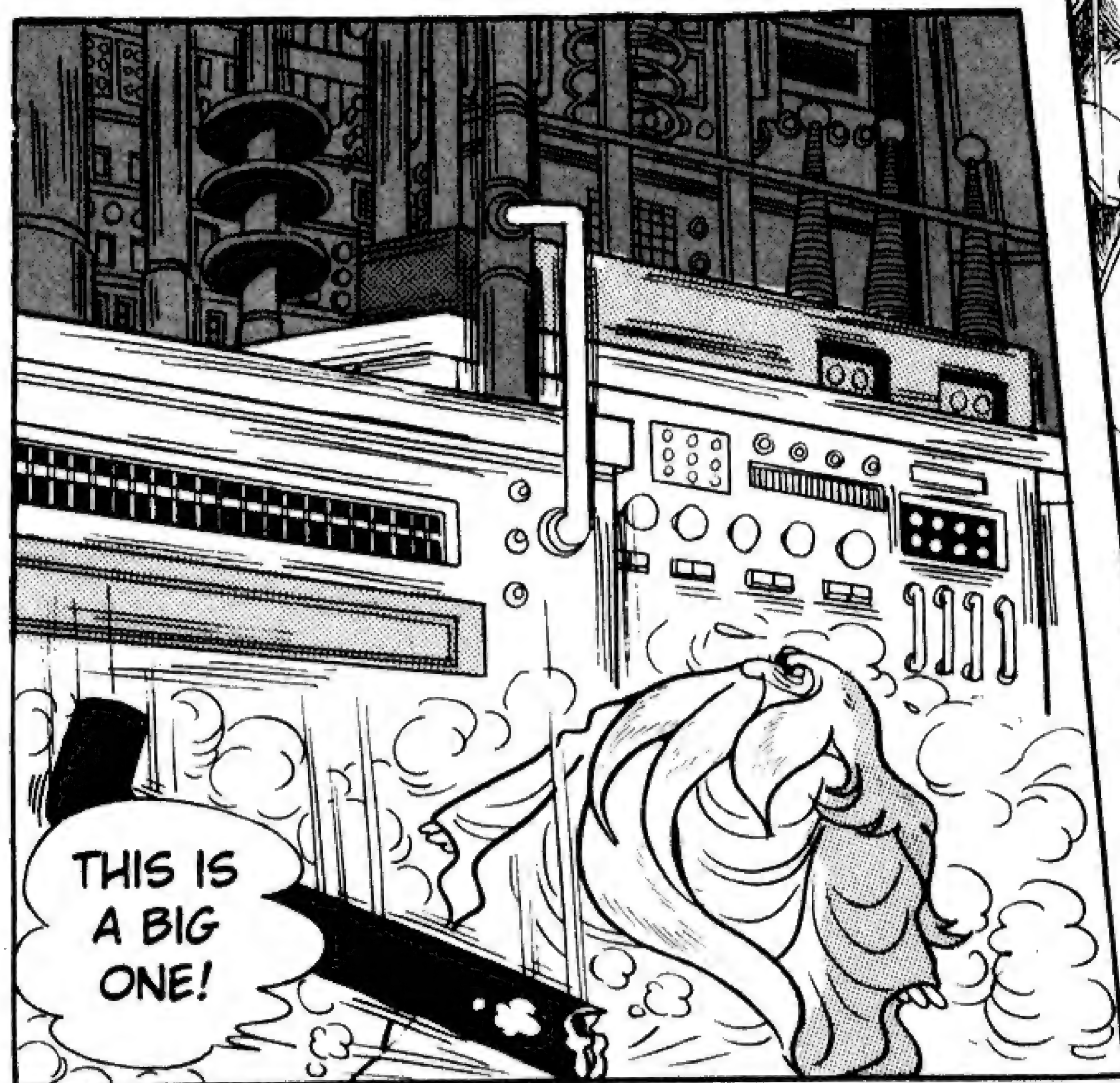




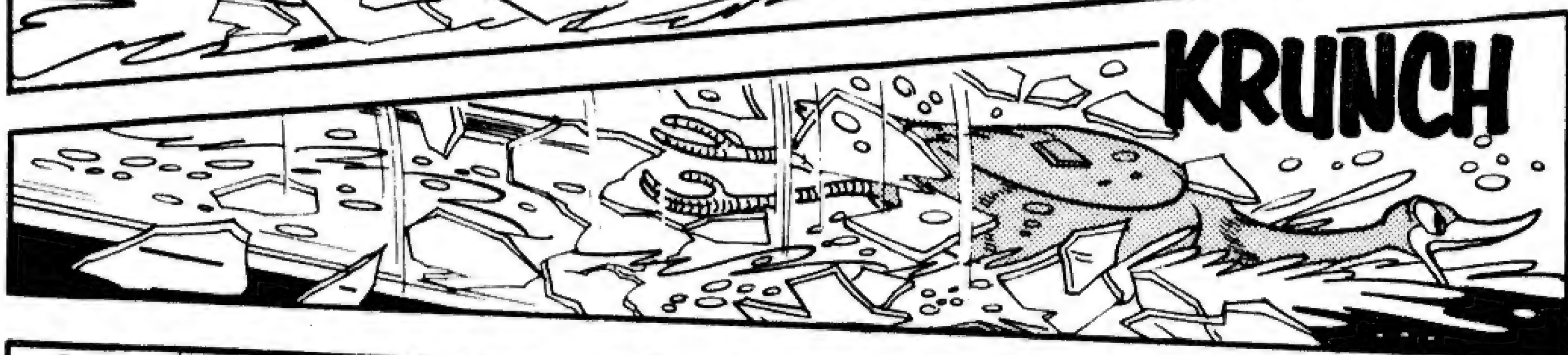








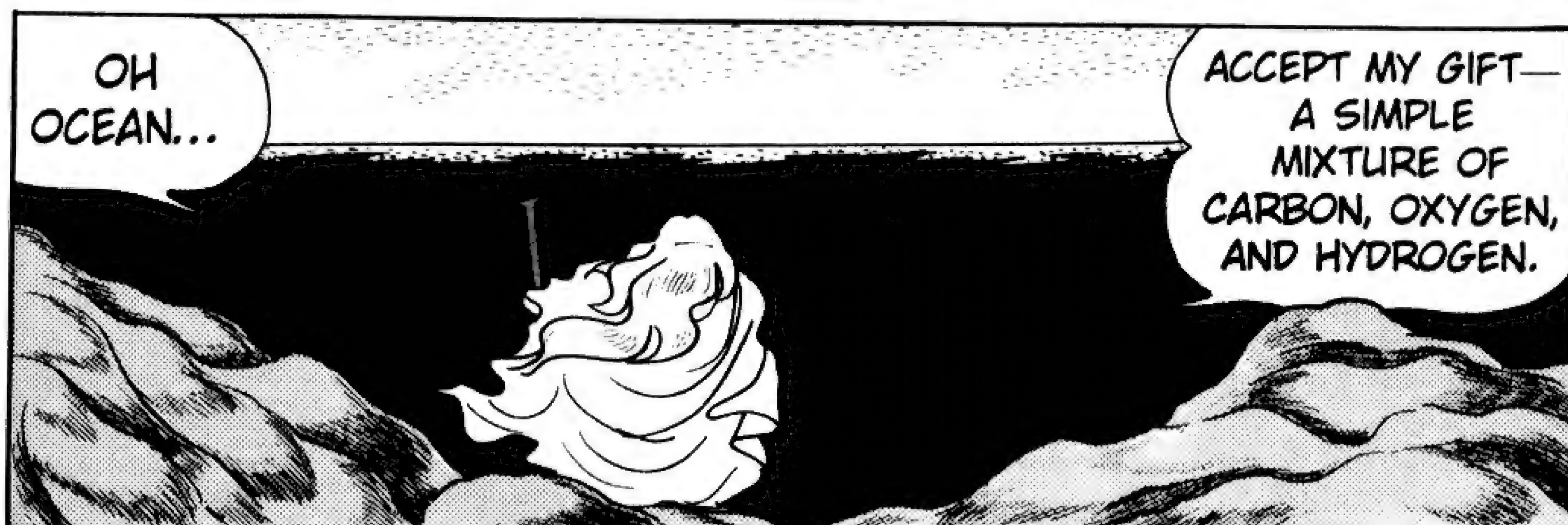
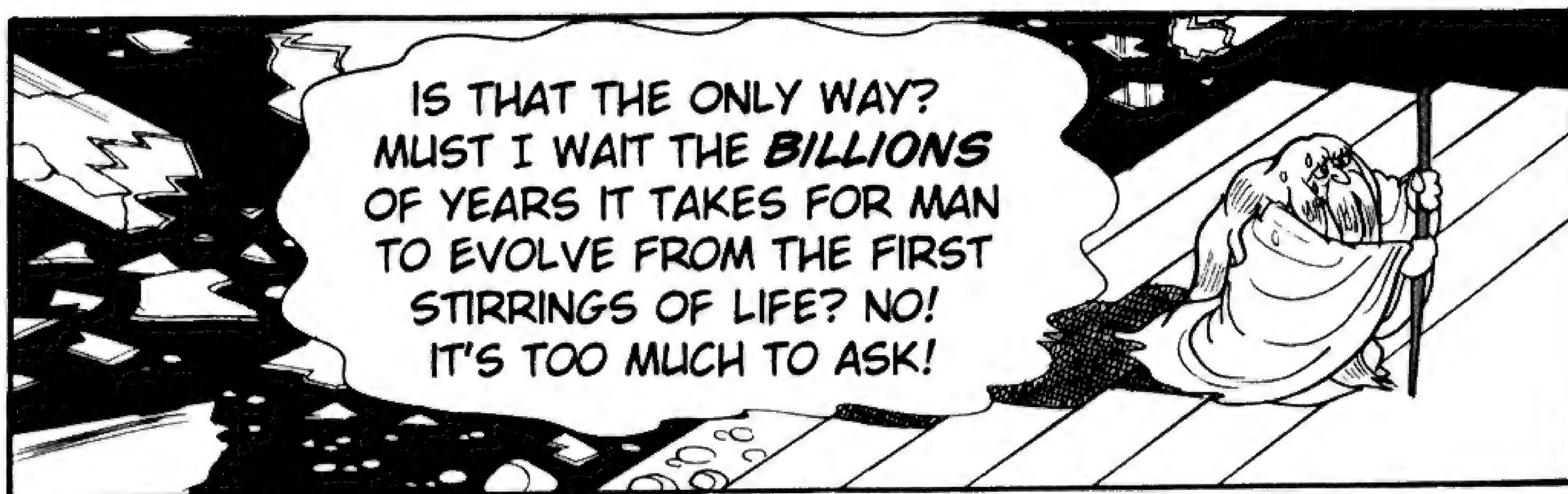
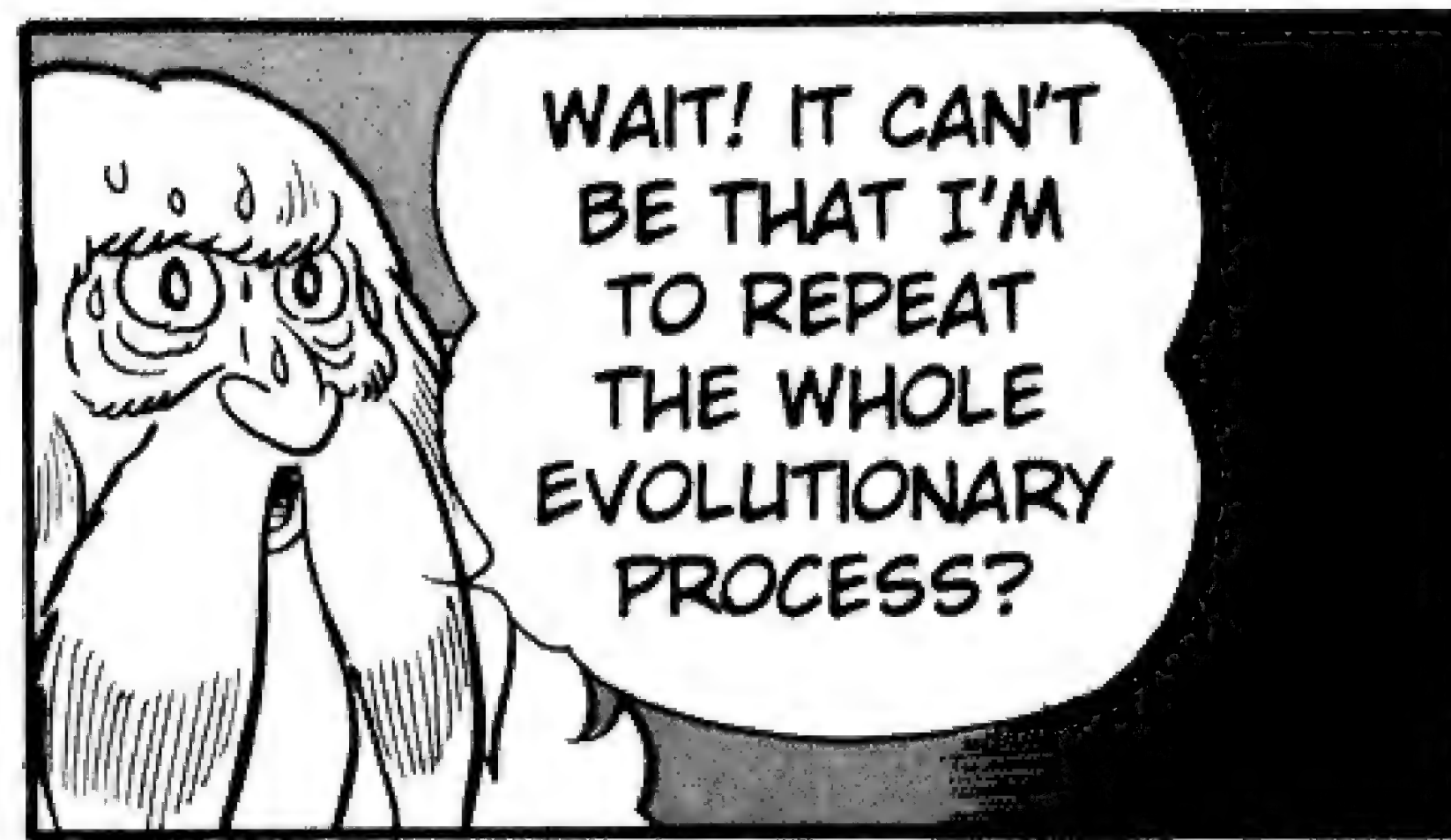




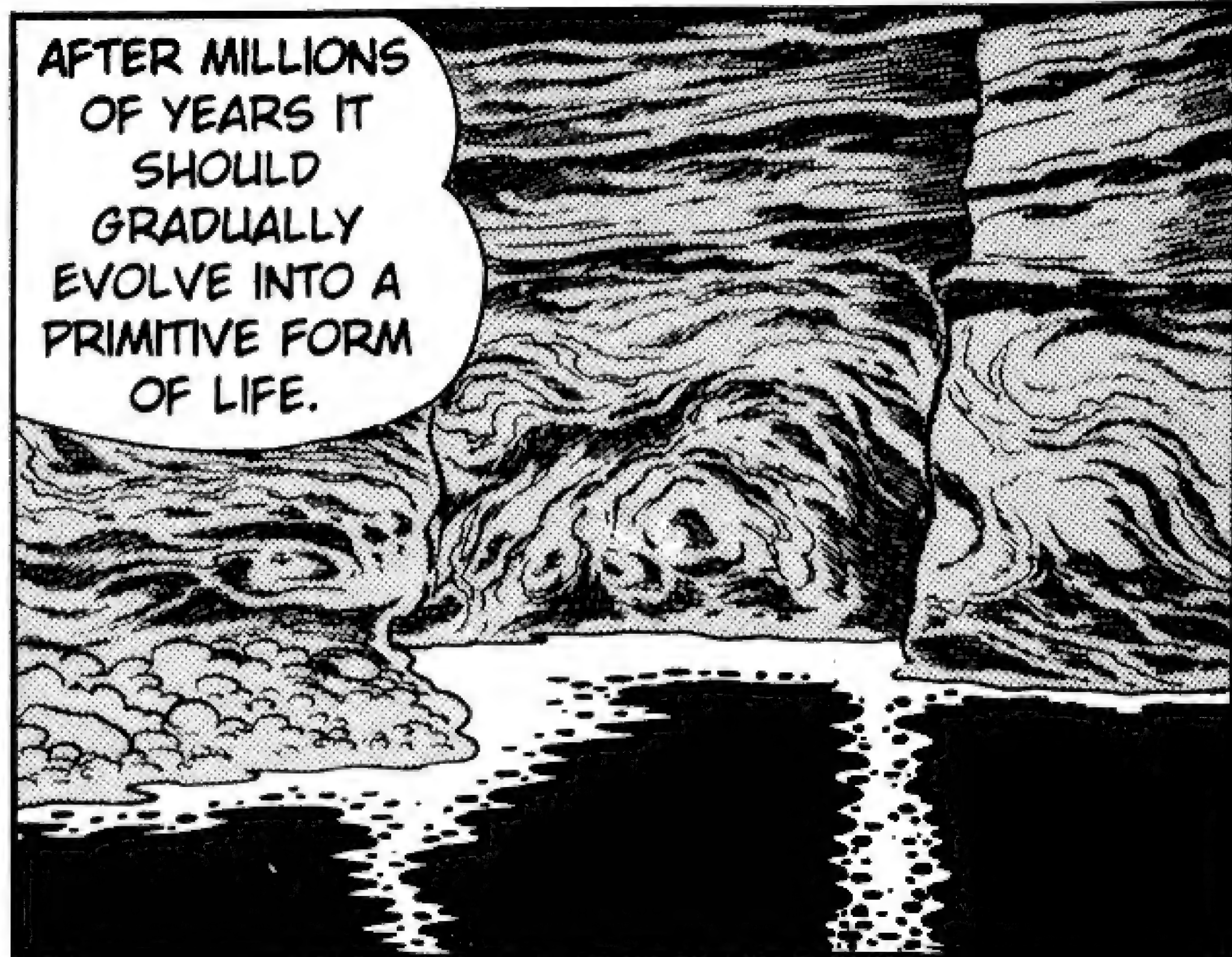
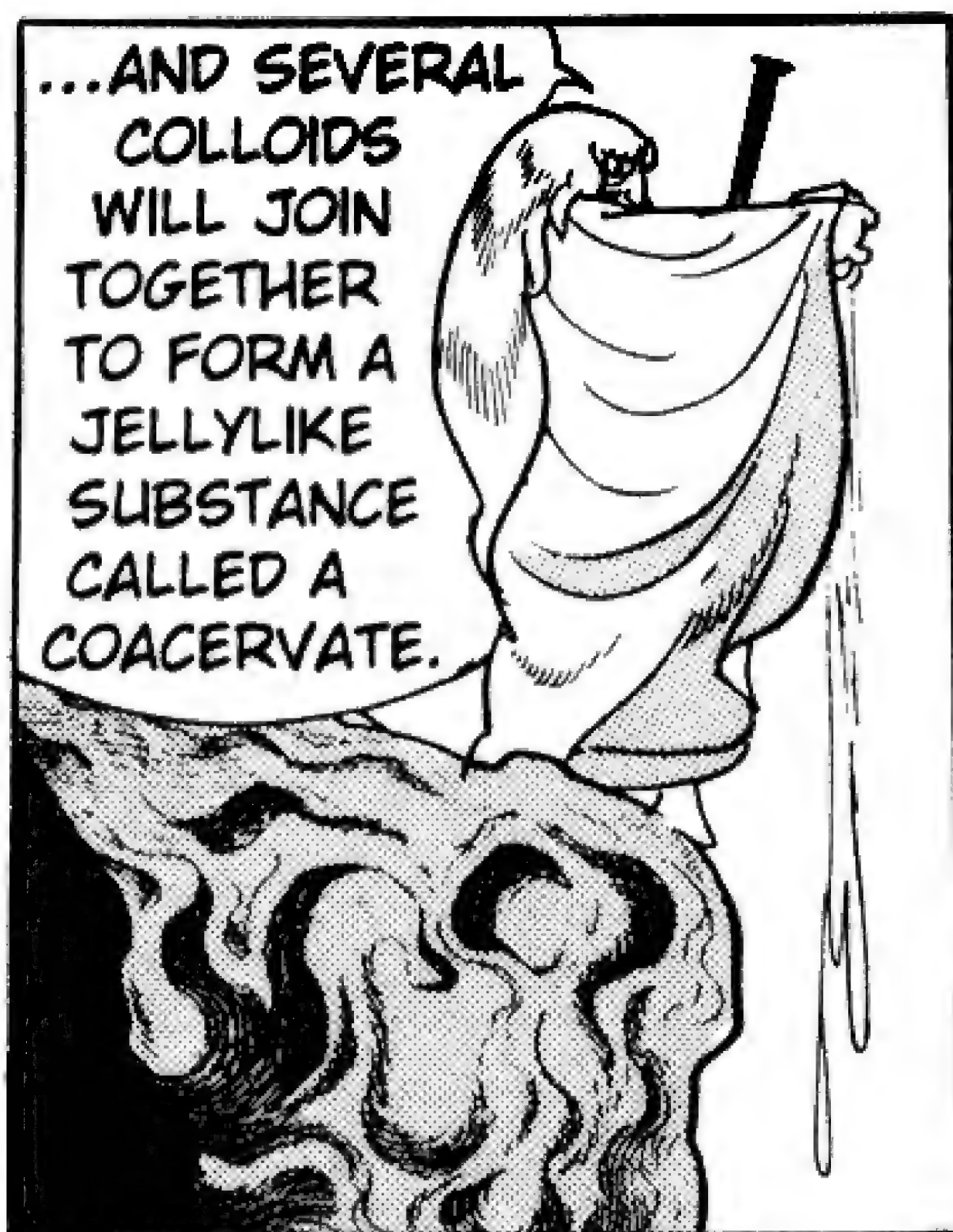




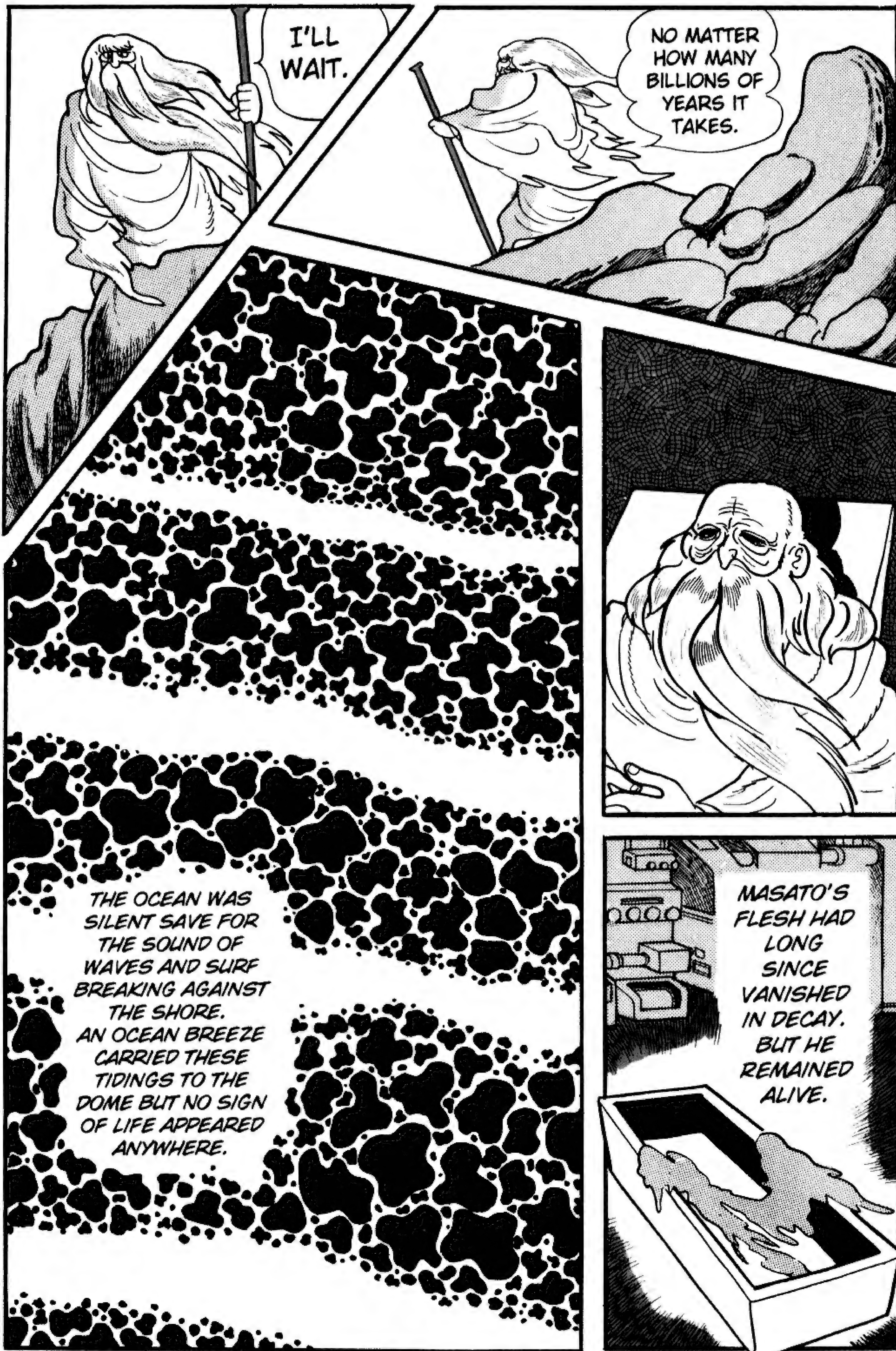












I'LL  
WAIT.

NO MATTER  
HOW MANY  
BILLIONS OF  
YEARS IT  
TAKES.

THE OCEAN WAS  
SILENT SAVE FOR  
THE SOUND OF  
WAVES AND SURF  
BREAKING AGAINST  
THE SHORE.  
AN OCEAN BREEZE  
CARRIED THESE  
TIDINGS TO THE  
DOME BUT NO SIGN  
OF LIFE APPEARED  
ANYWHERE.

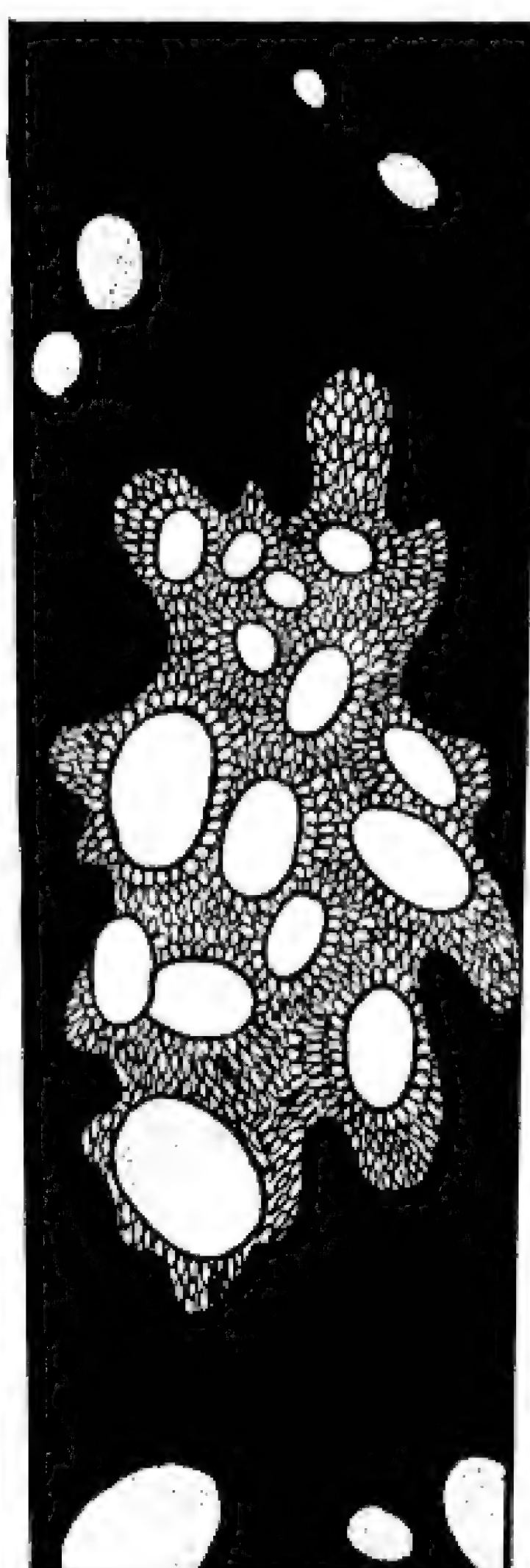
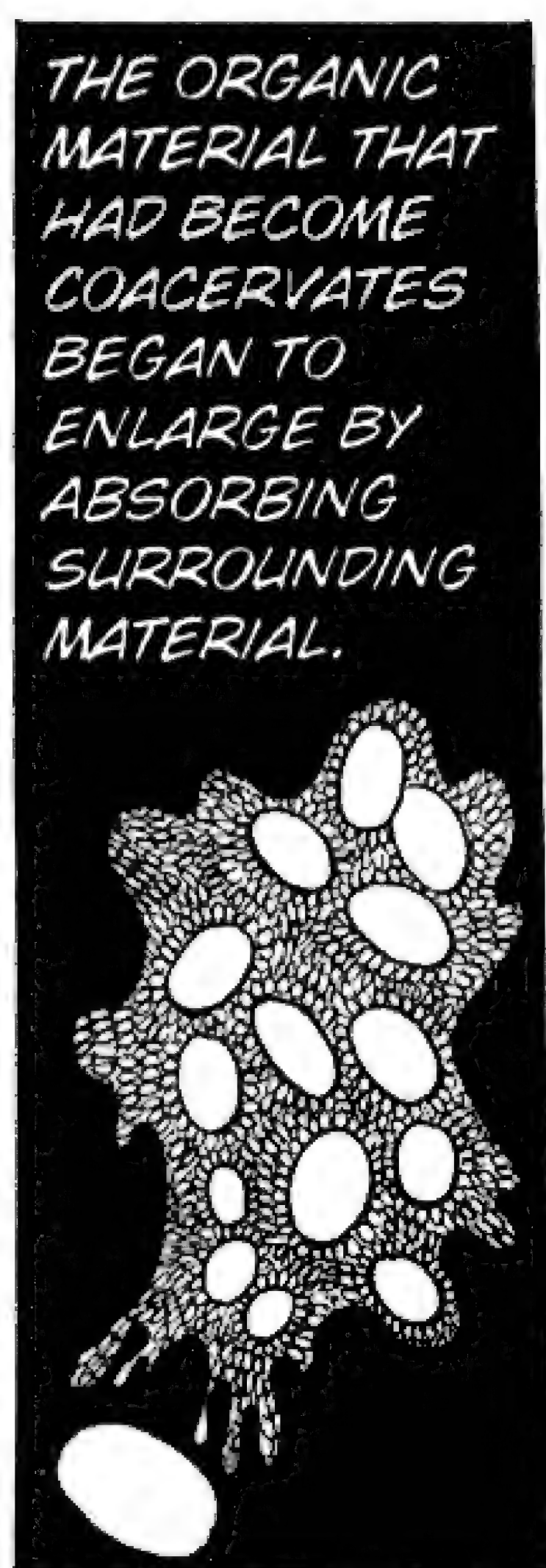
MASATO'S  
FLESH HAD  
LONG  
SINCE  
VANISHED  
IN DECAY.  
BUT HE  
REMAINED  
ALIVE.



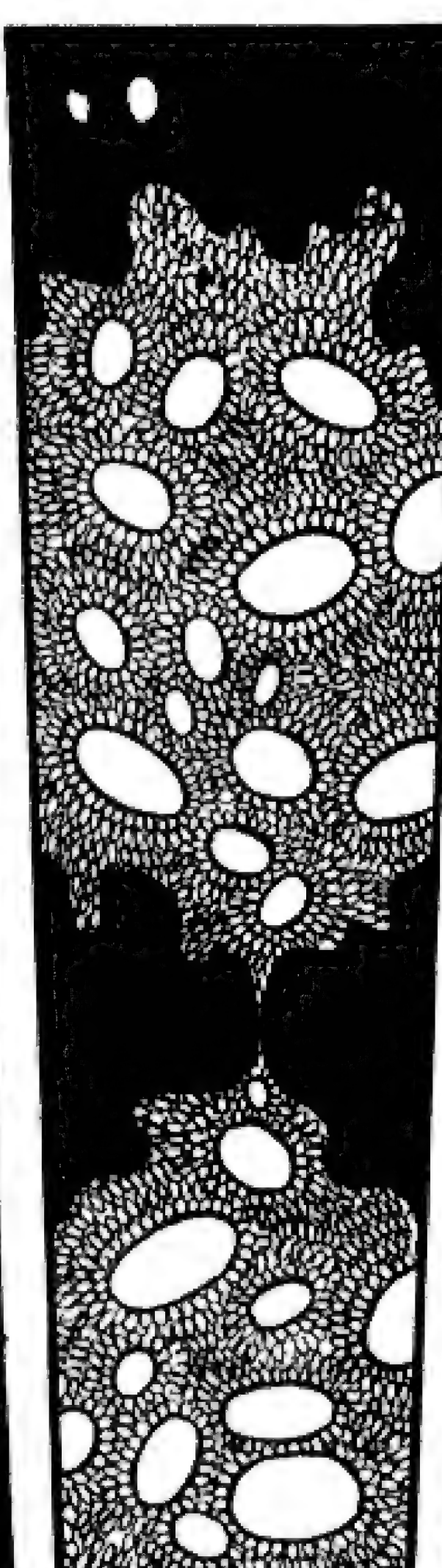
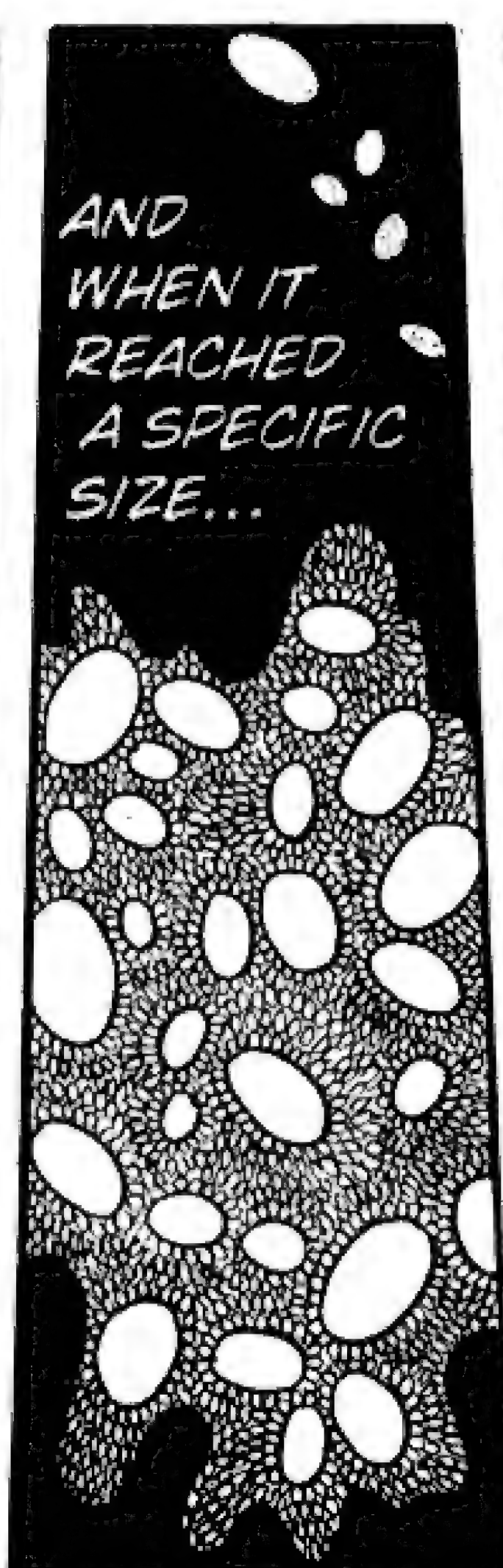
MASATO BECAME PURE  
EXISTENCE—A FORCE  
WHICH CEASELESSLY  
KEPT WATCH OVER THE  
SLOWLY EVOLVING  
STRAINS OF LIFE.  
HE TRANSCENDED  
TIME AND SPACE...



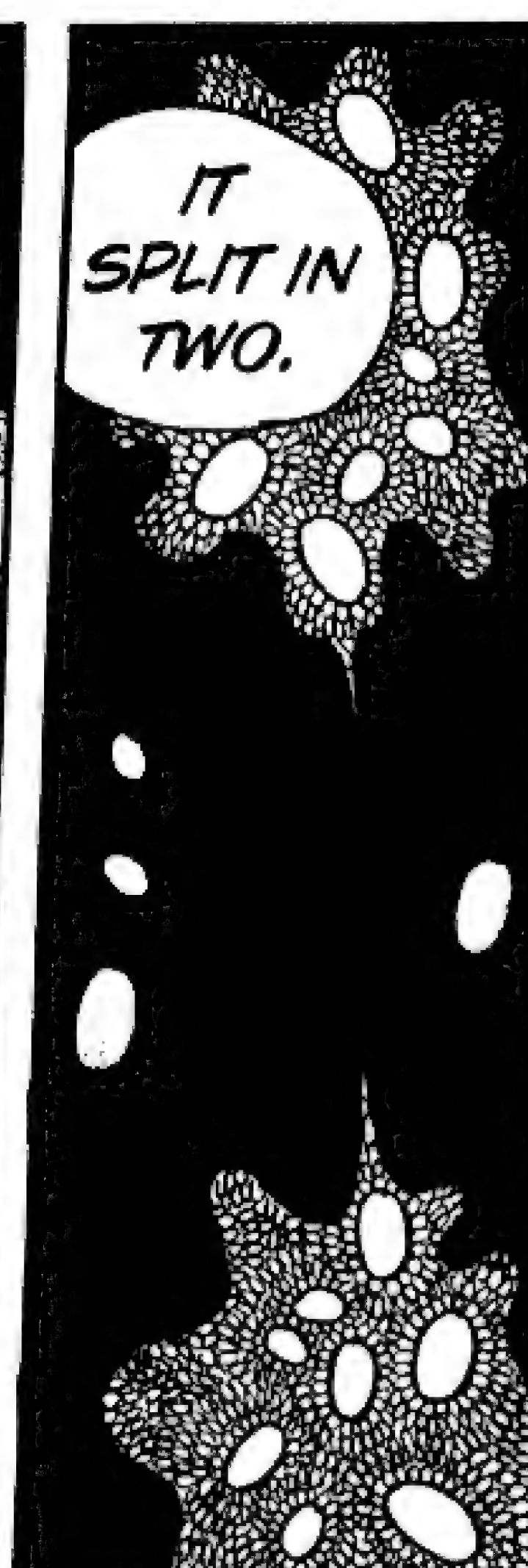
THE ORGANIC  
MATERIAL THAT  
HAD BECOME  
COACERVATES  
BEGAN TO  
ENLARGE BY  
ABSORBING  
SURROUNDING  
MATERIAL.



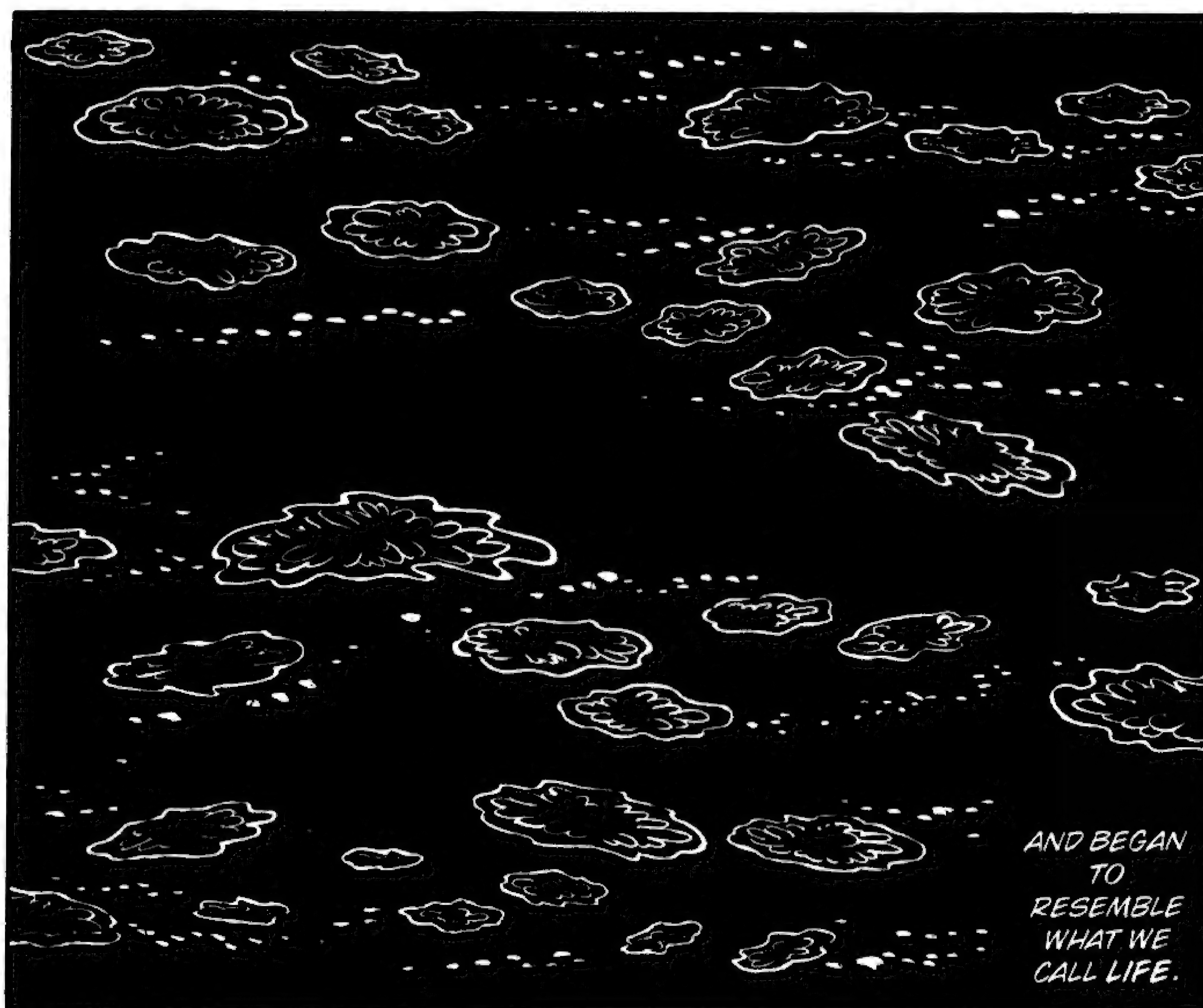
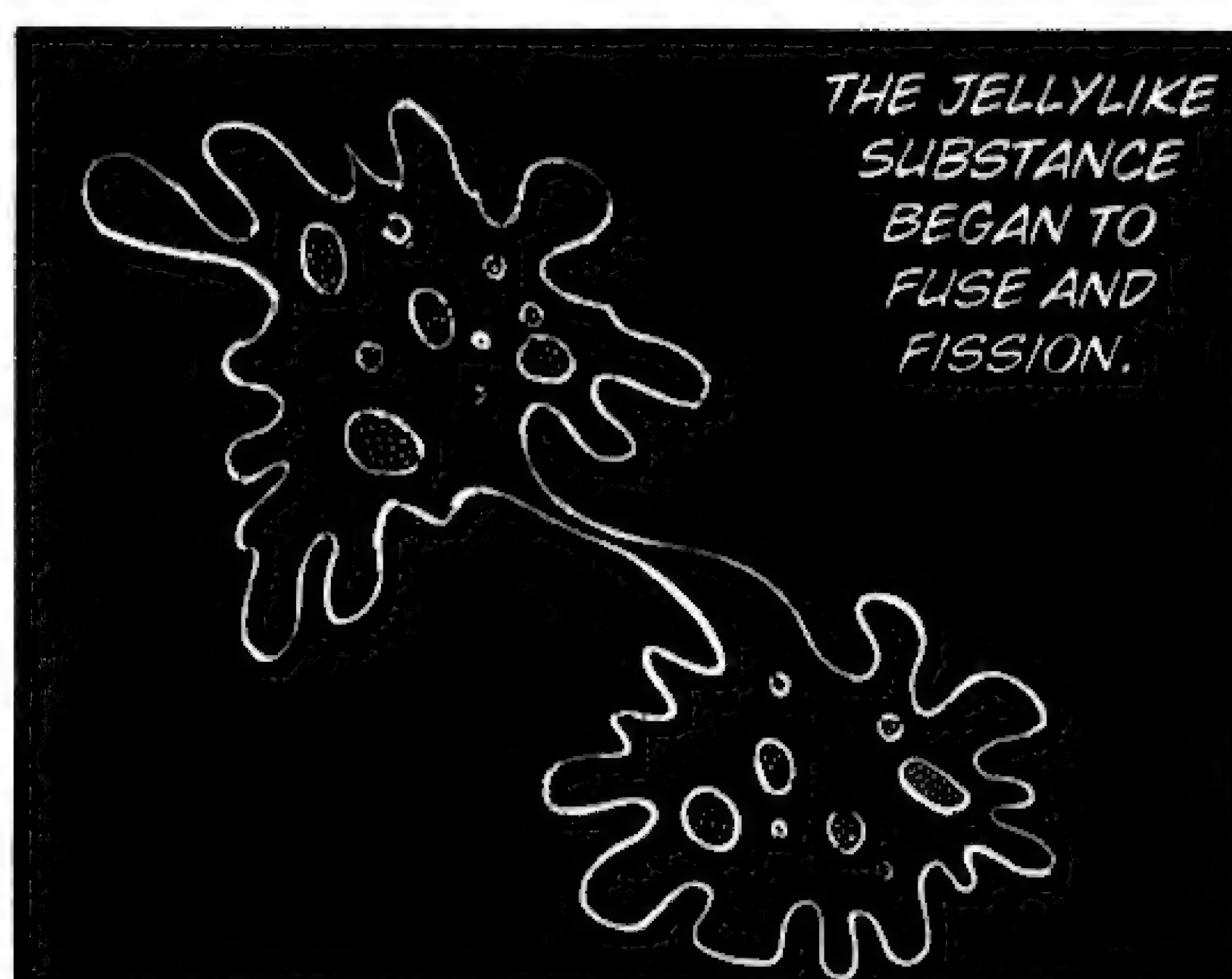
AND  
WHEN IT  
REACHED  
A SPECIFIC  
SIZE...



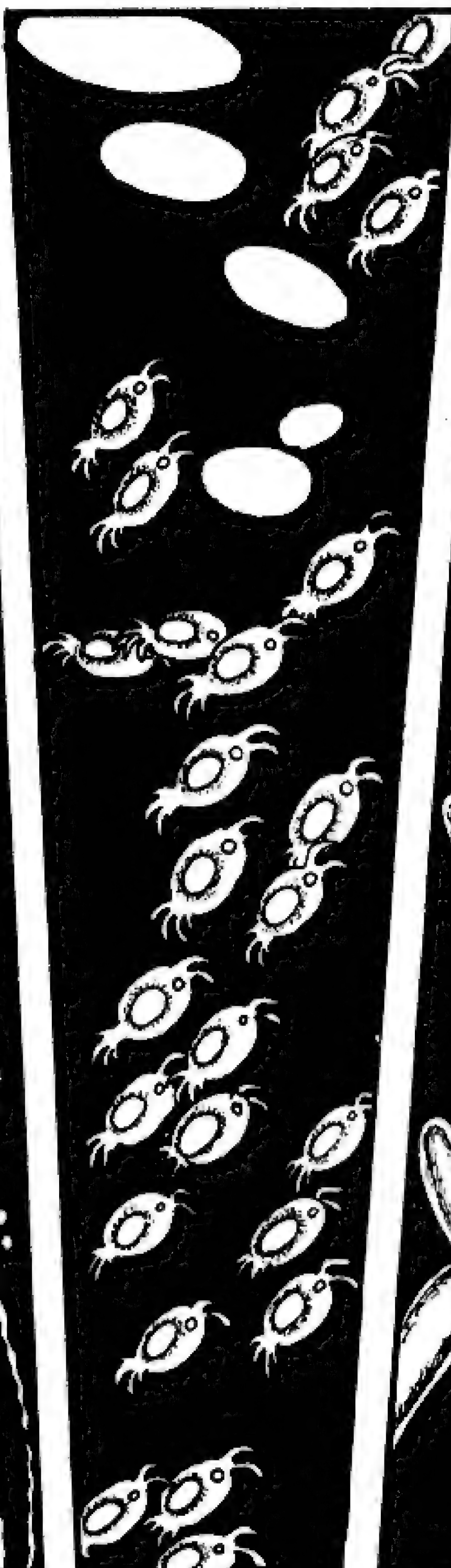
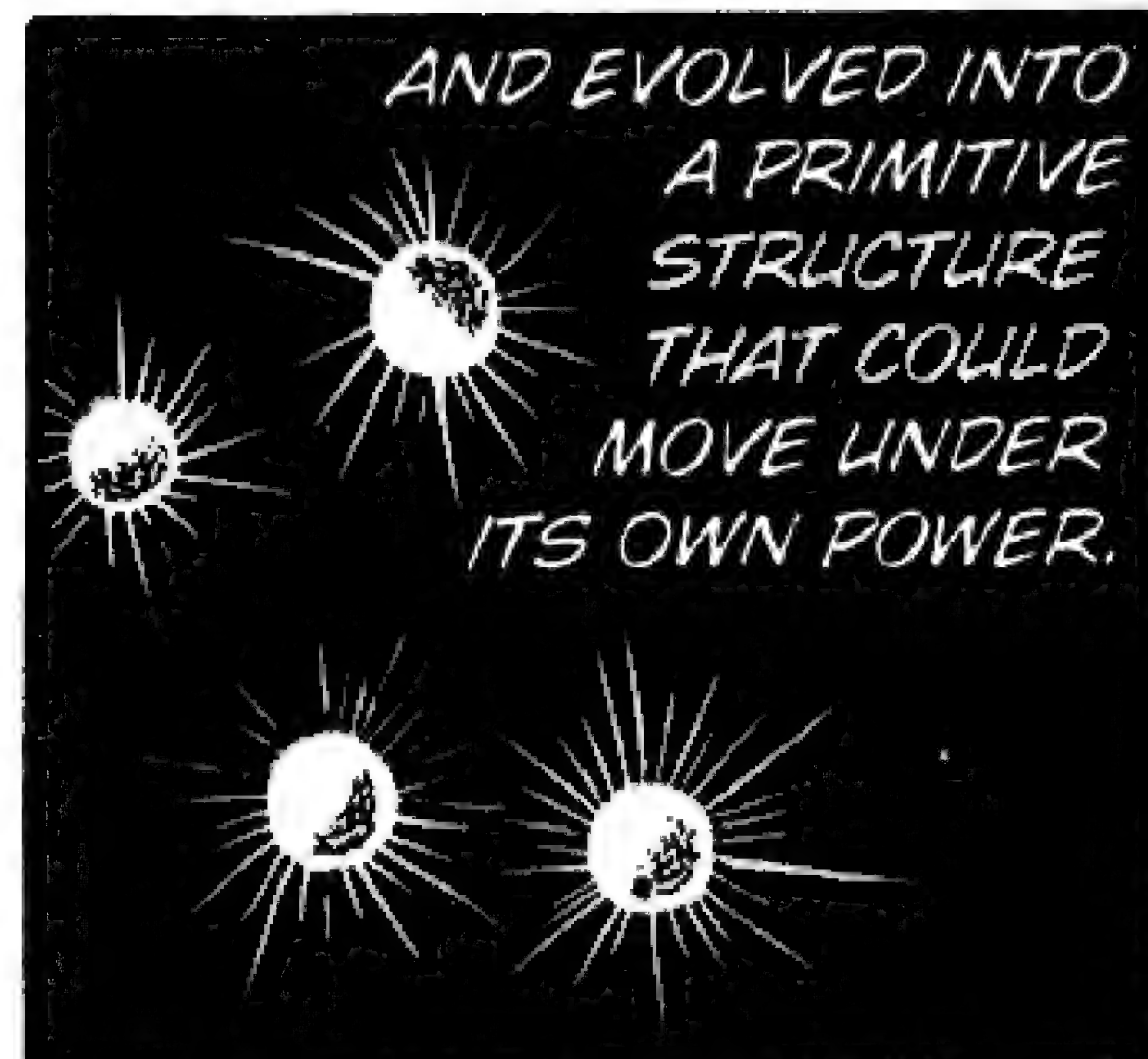
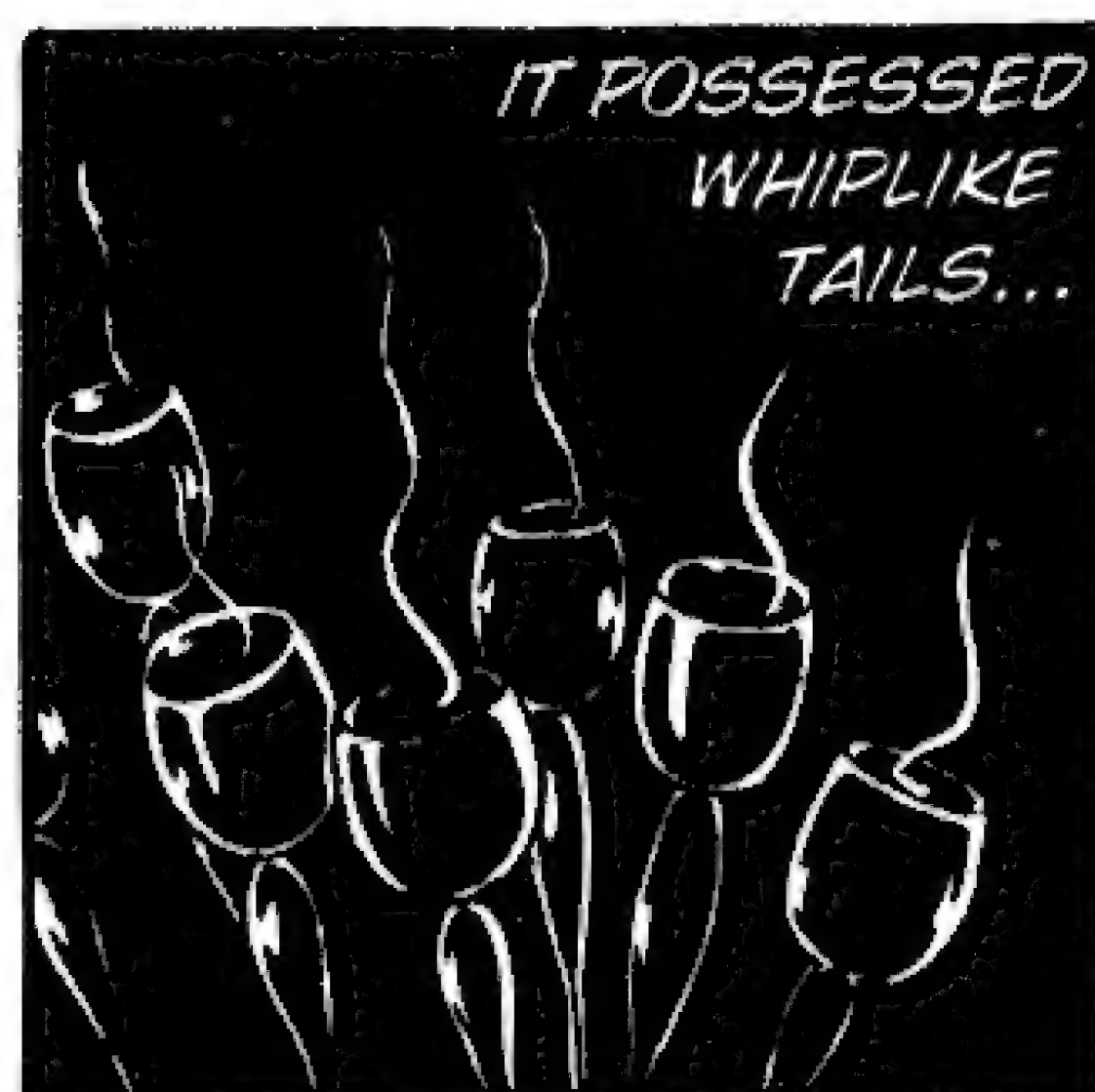
IT  
SPLIT IN  
TWO.



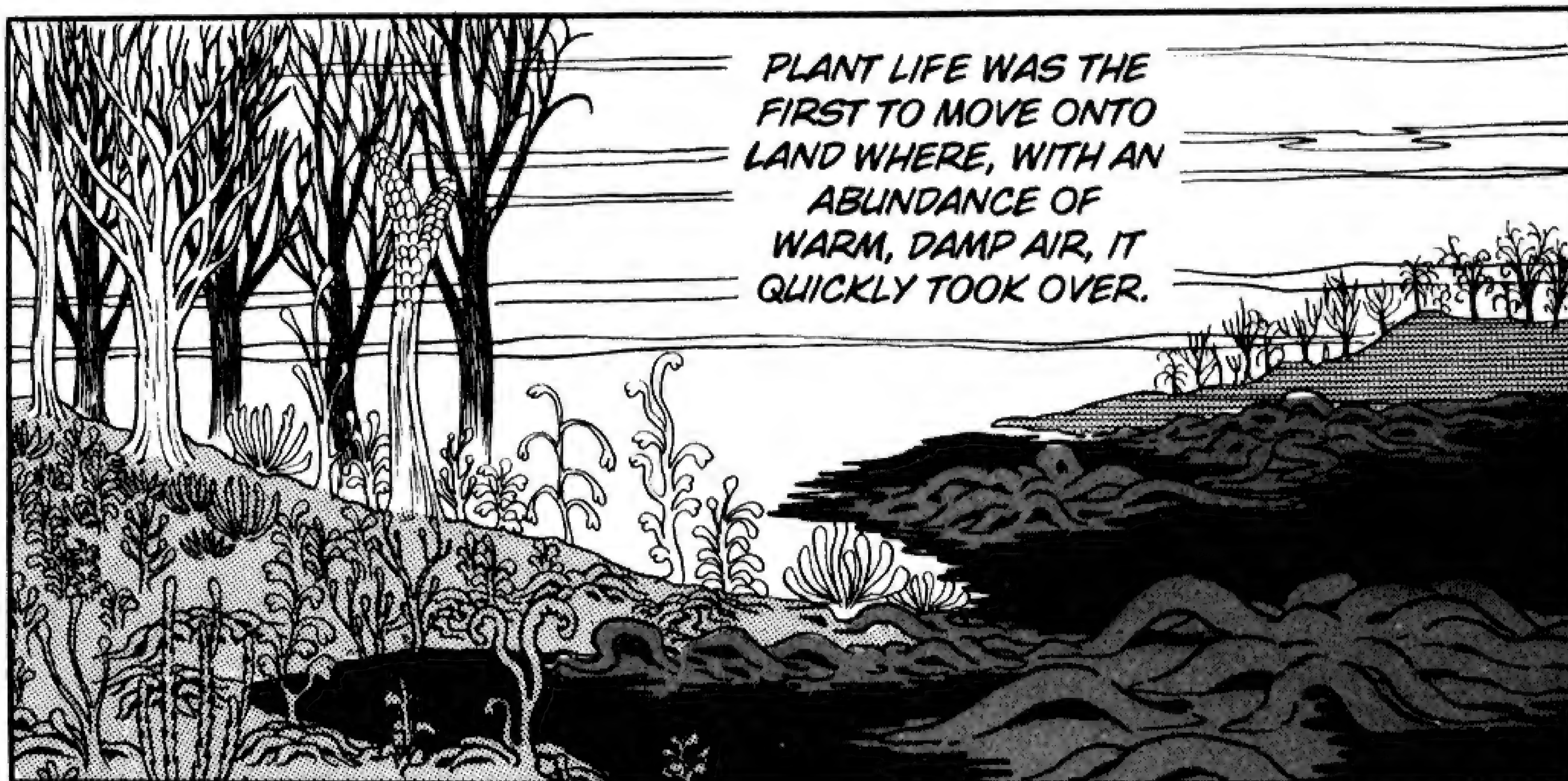
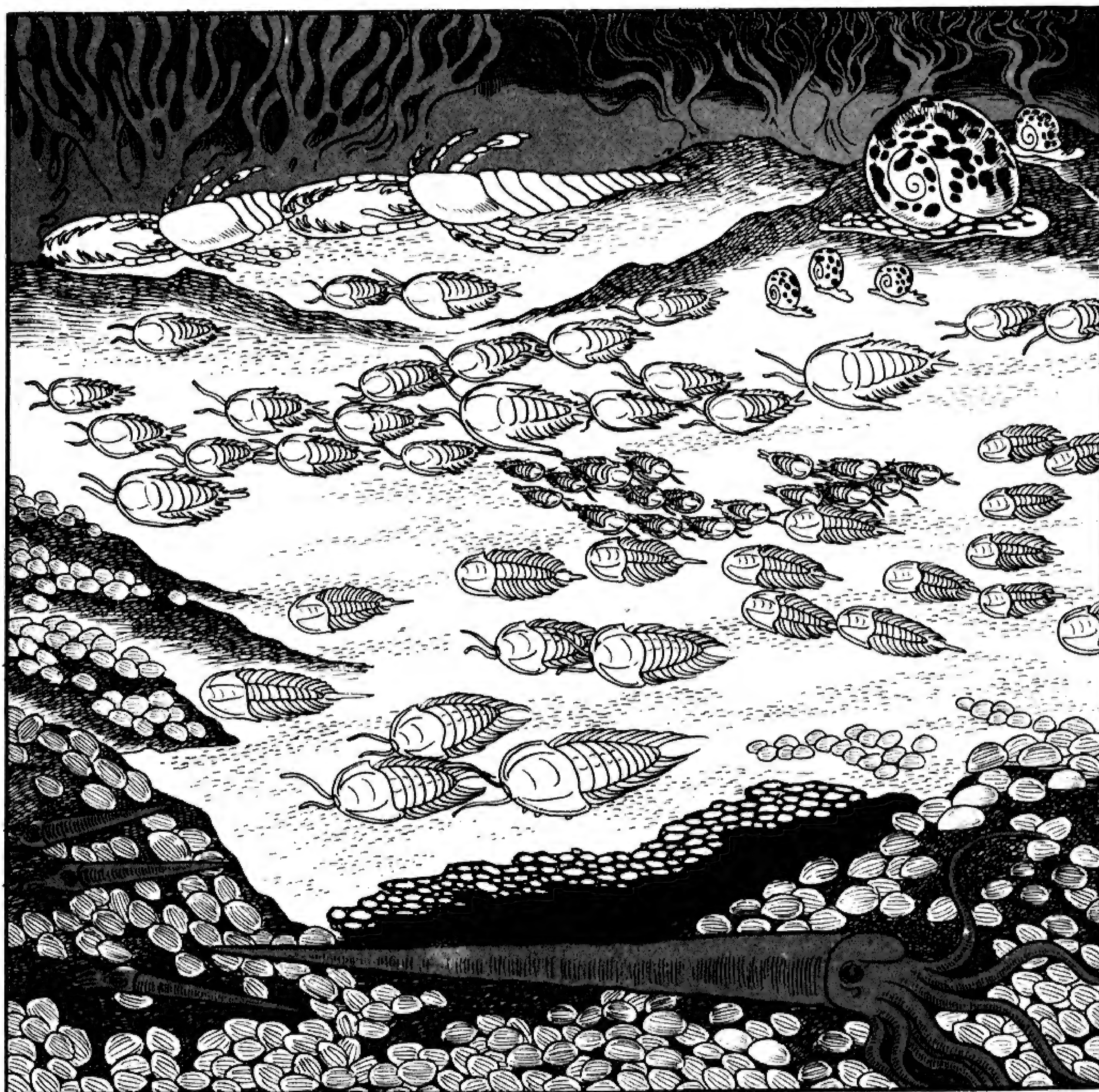








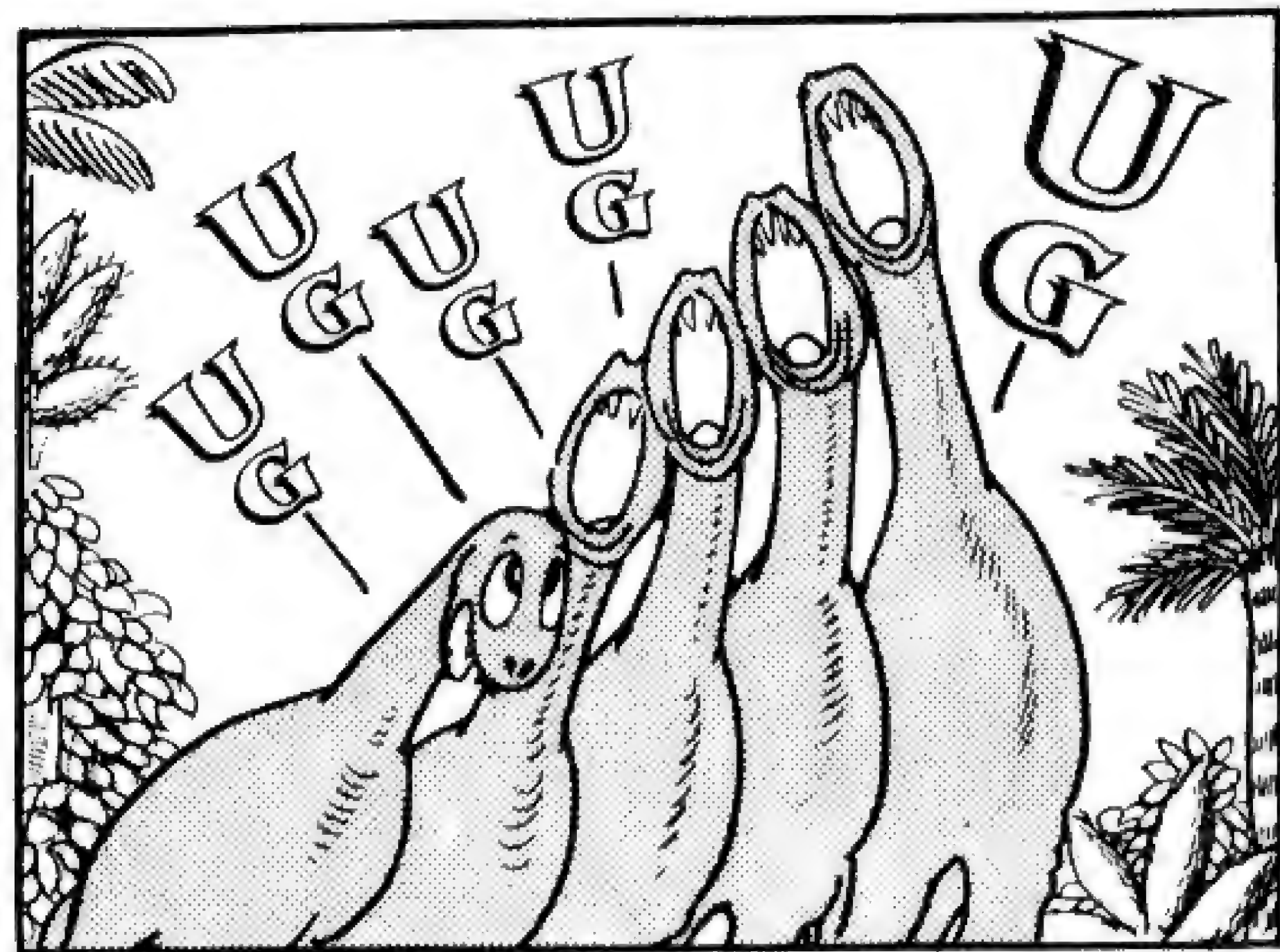
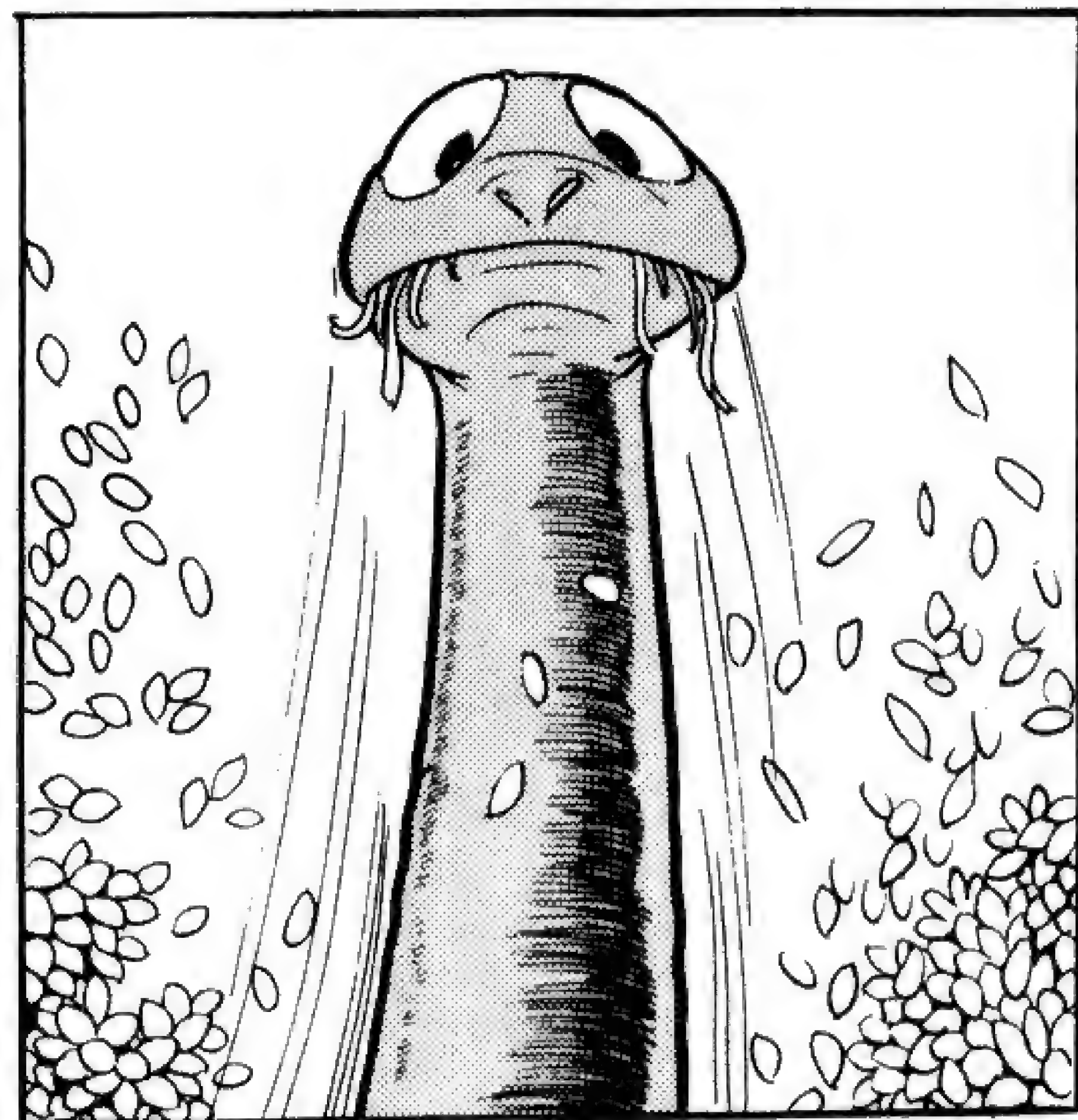
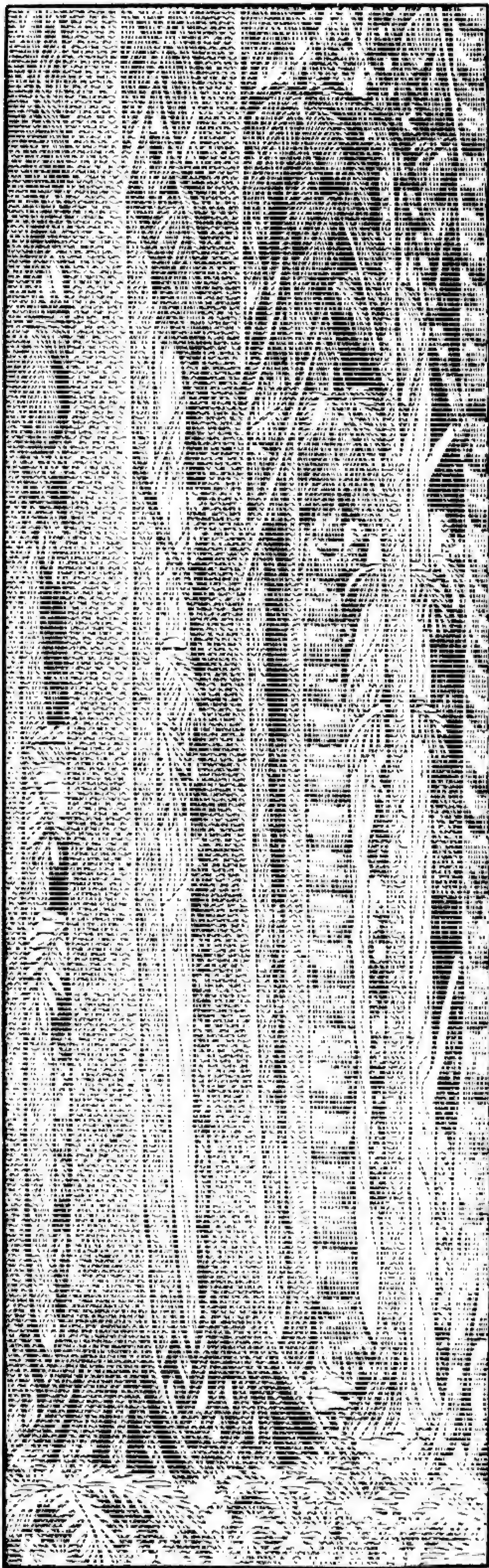










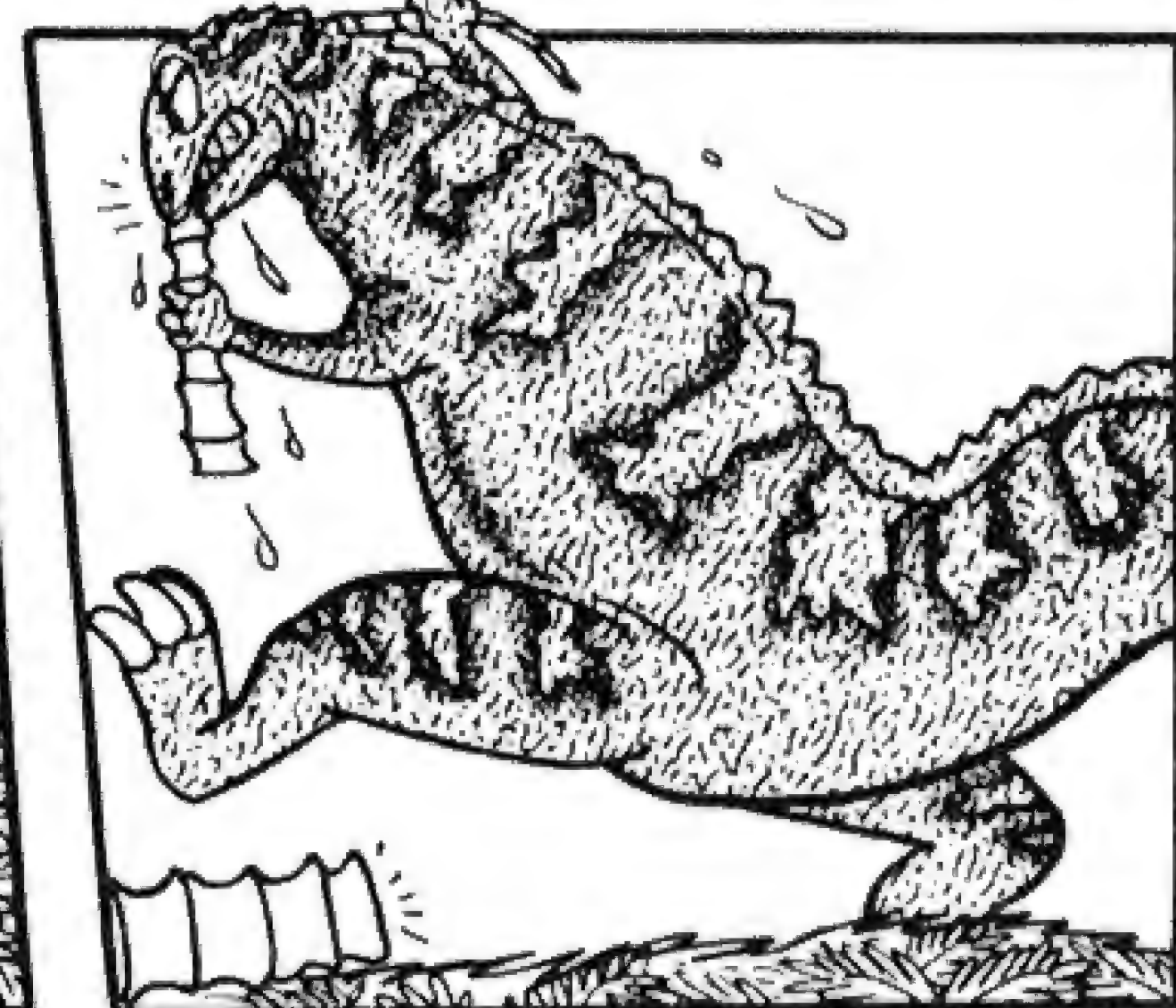
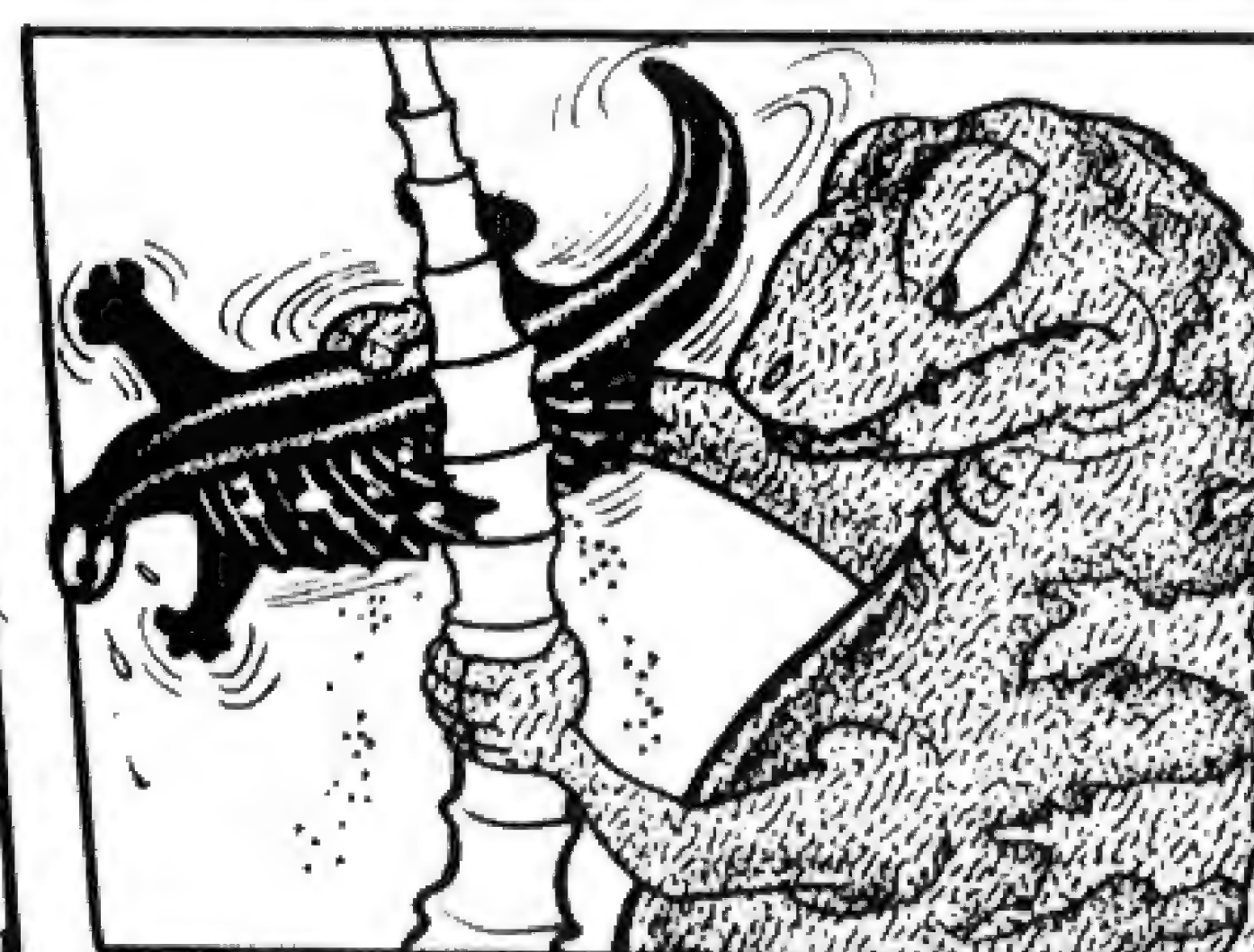
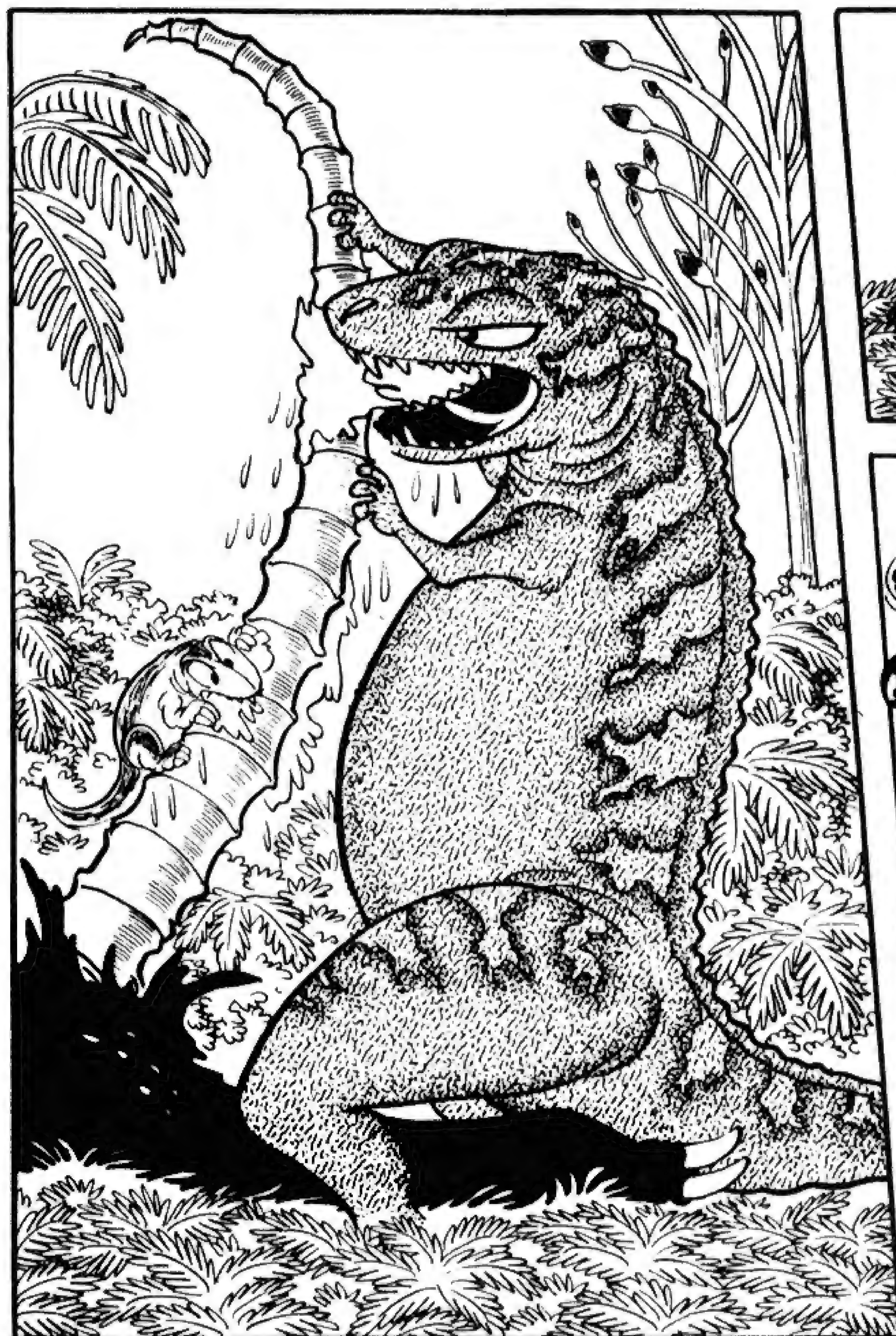




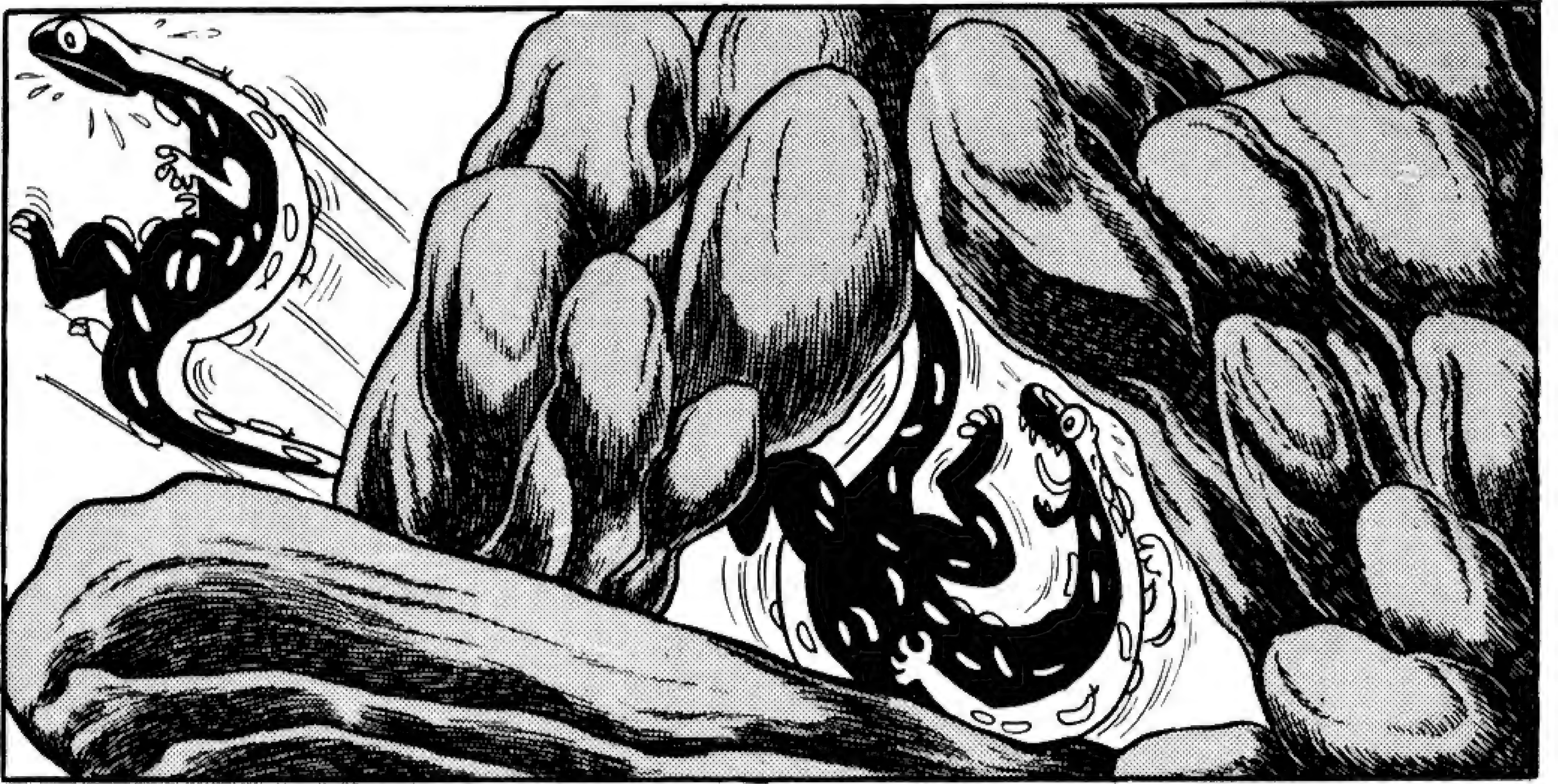




**DINOSAURS!**  
A WORLD OF  
REPTILES  
HERALDING THE  
ARRIVAL OF  
MAMMALS AND  
THE DAWN OF  
WHAT MASATO  
HAD LONG  
WAITED FOR...  
MANKIND.



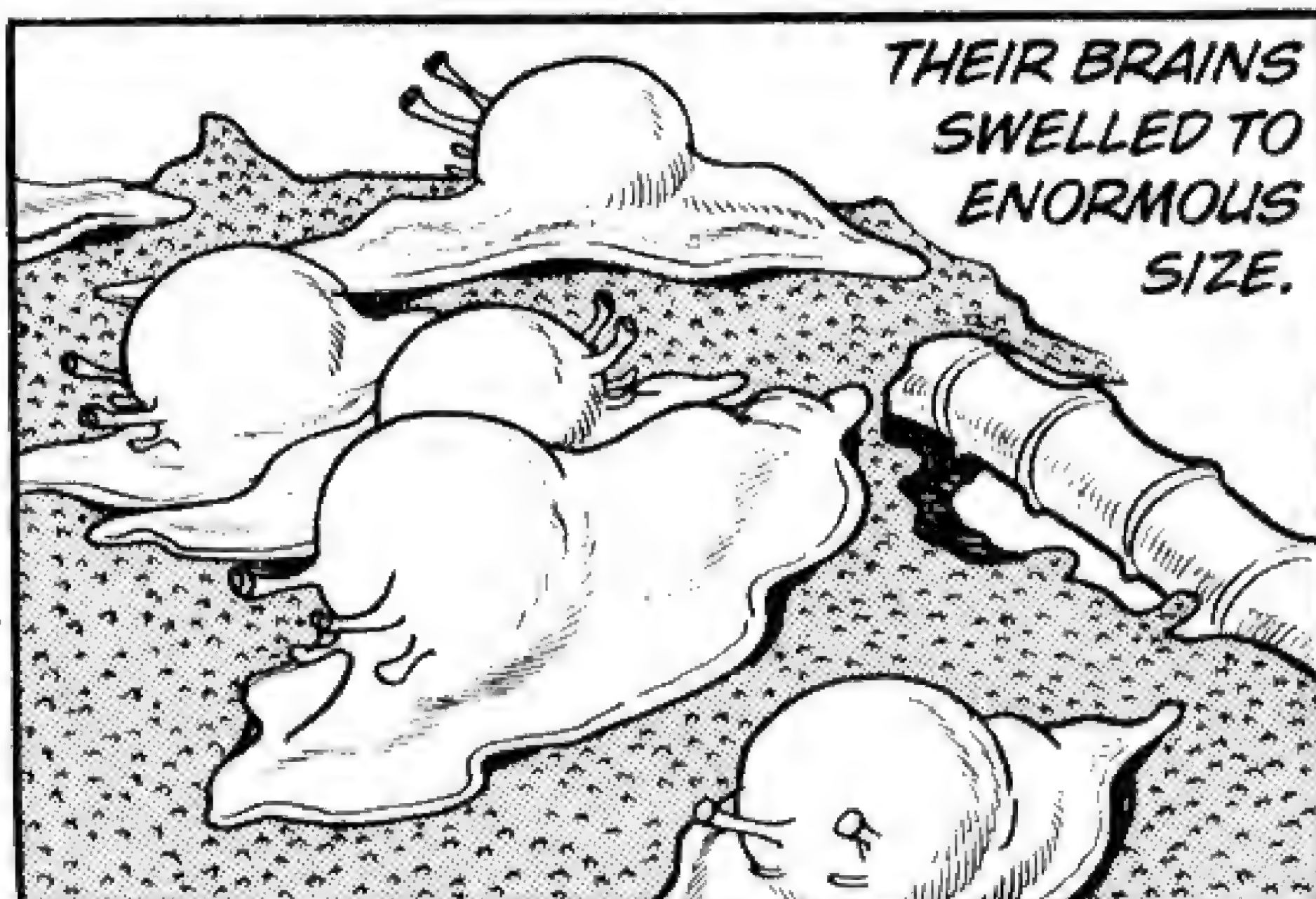
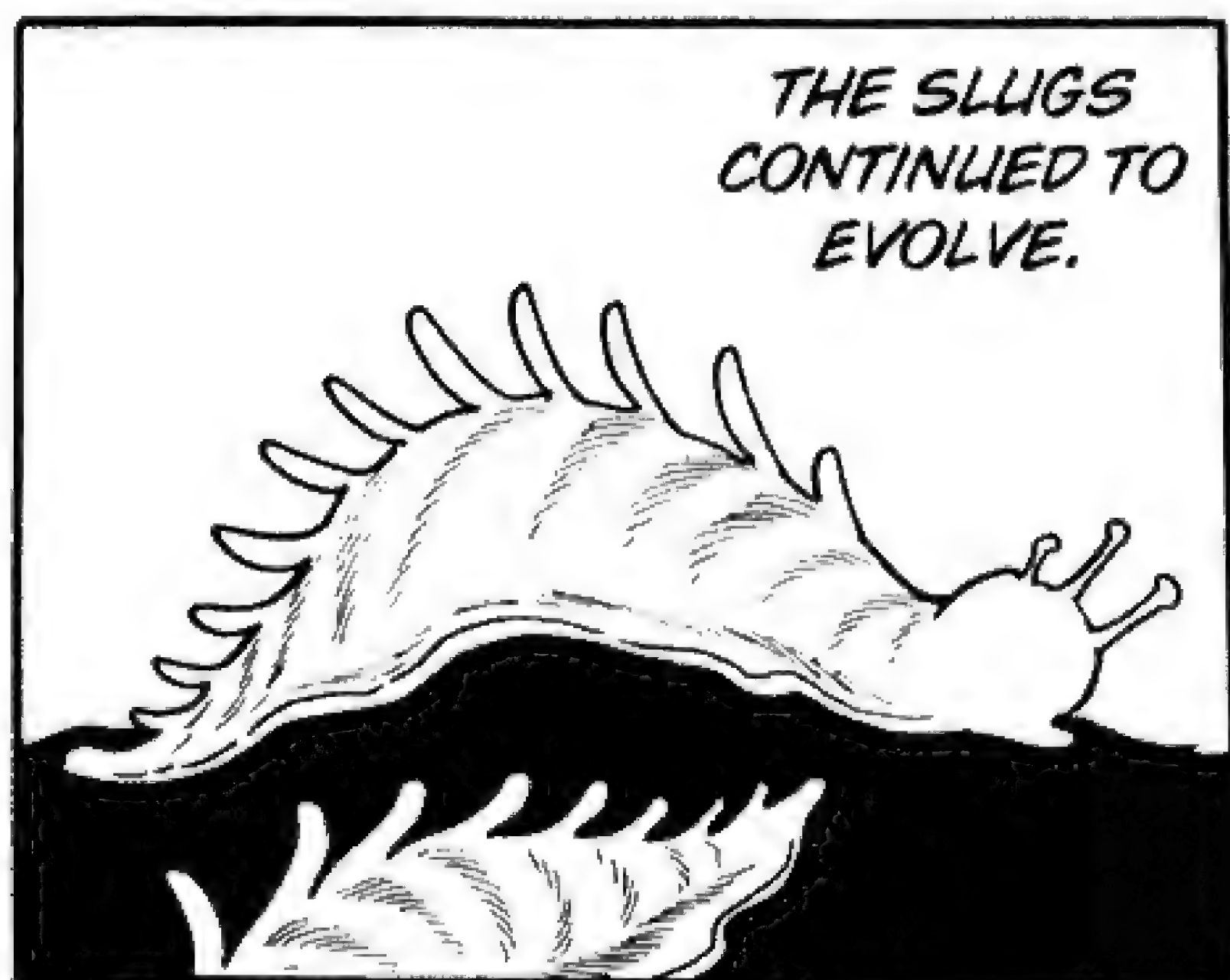
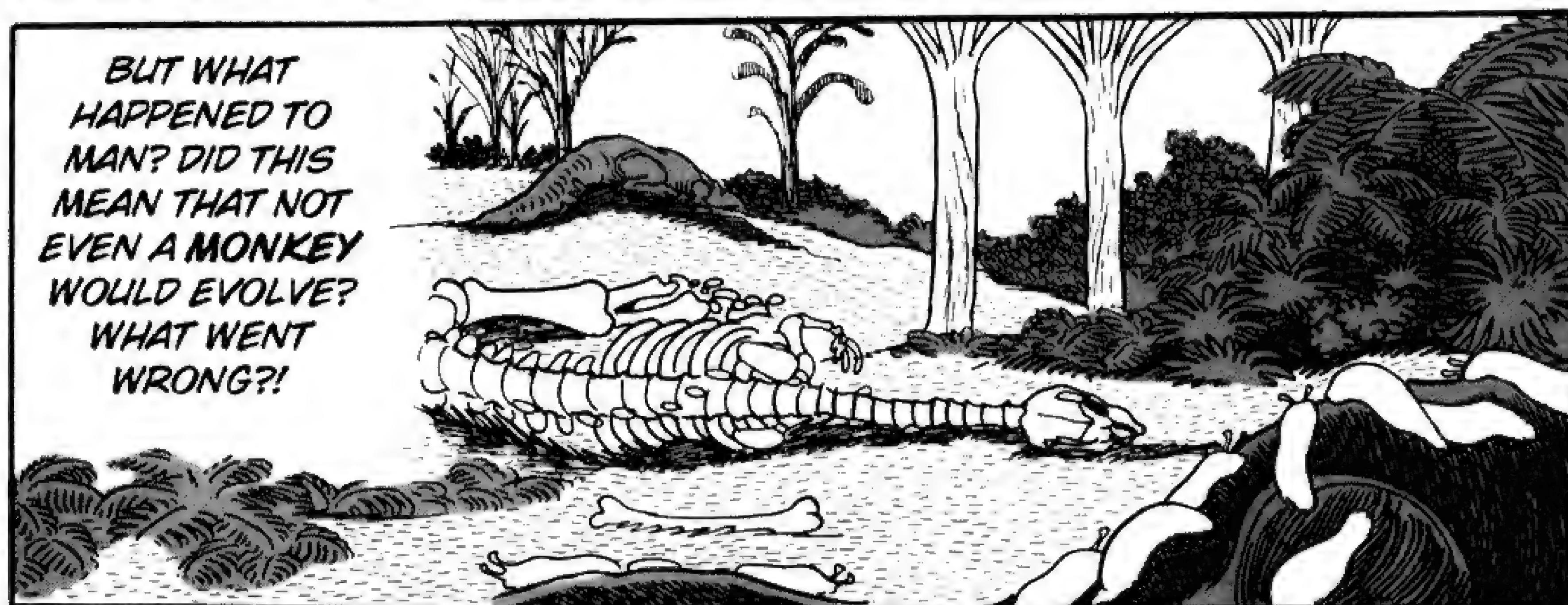
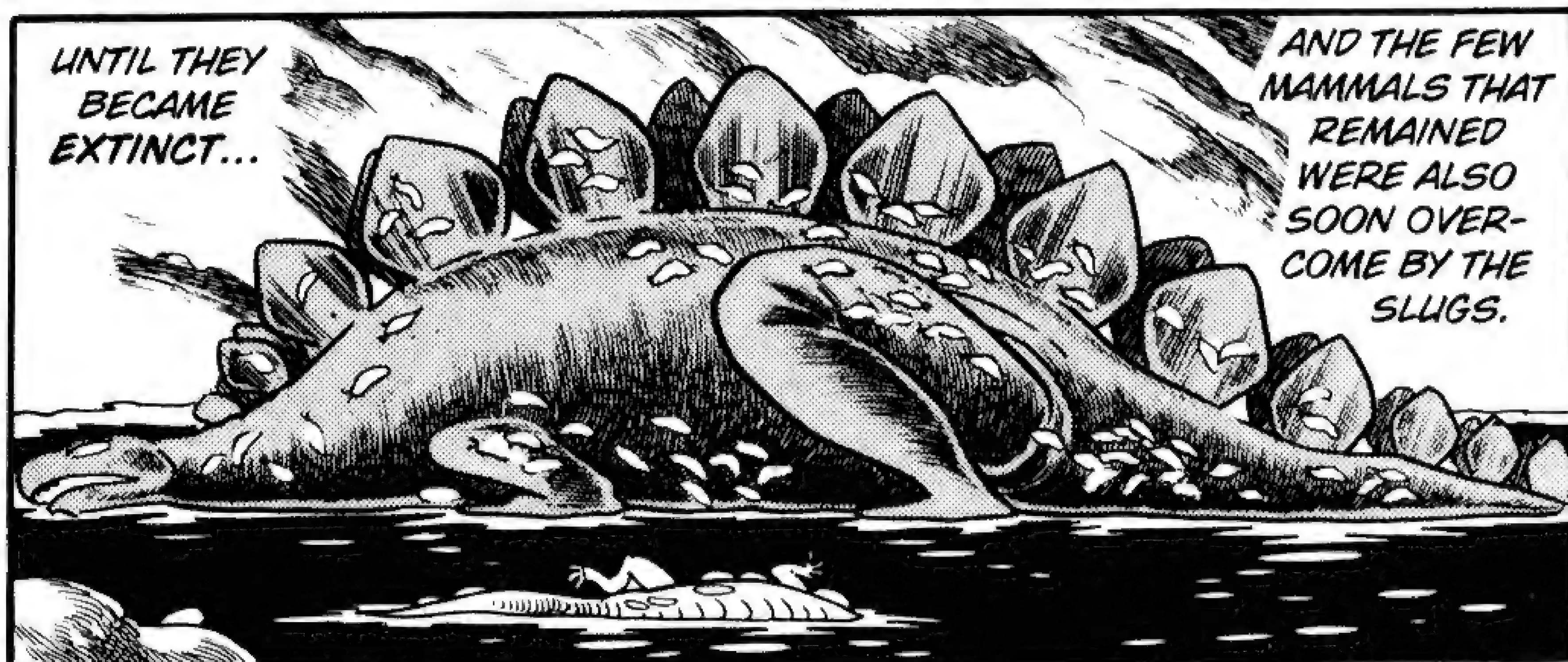
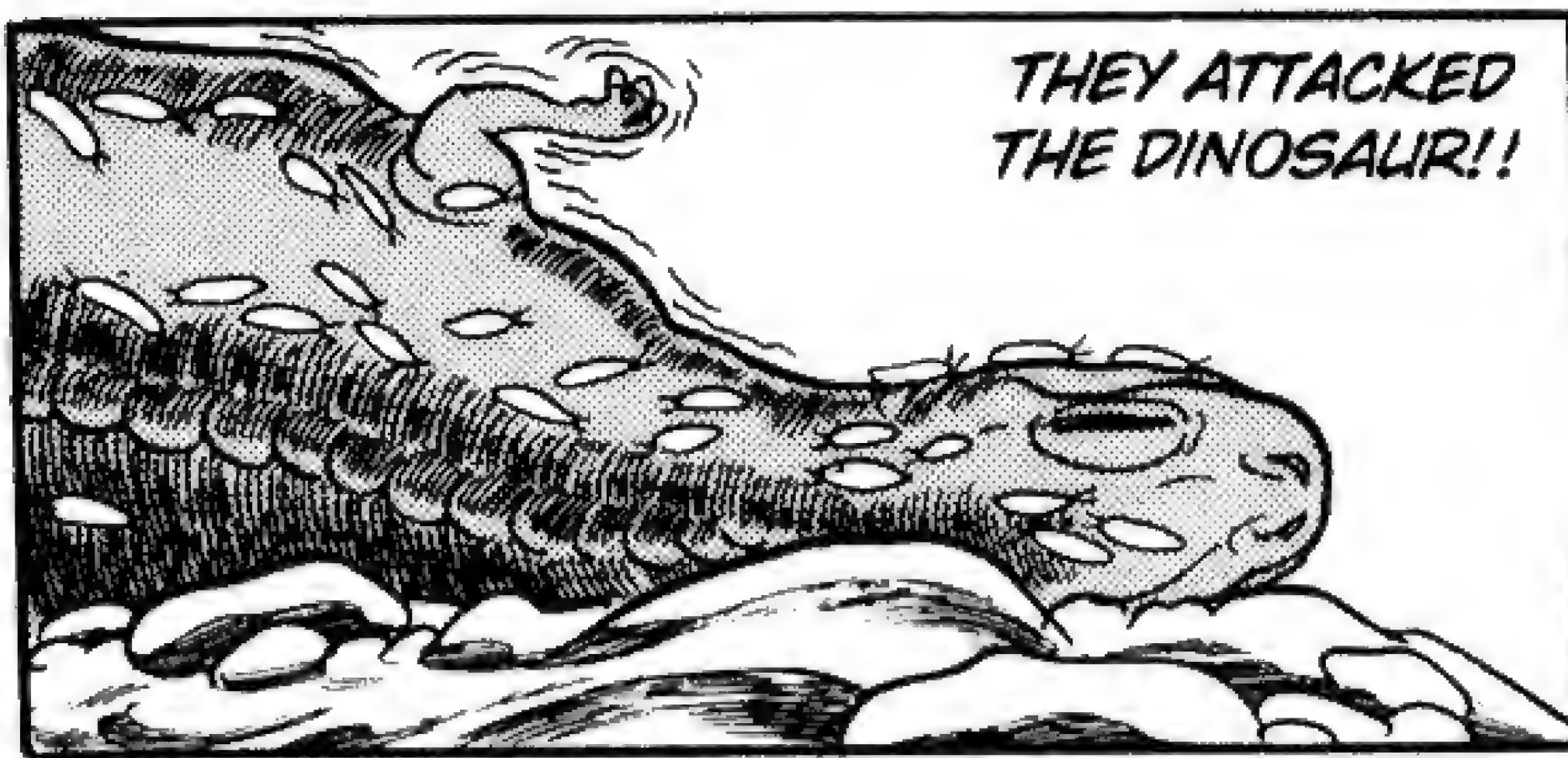
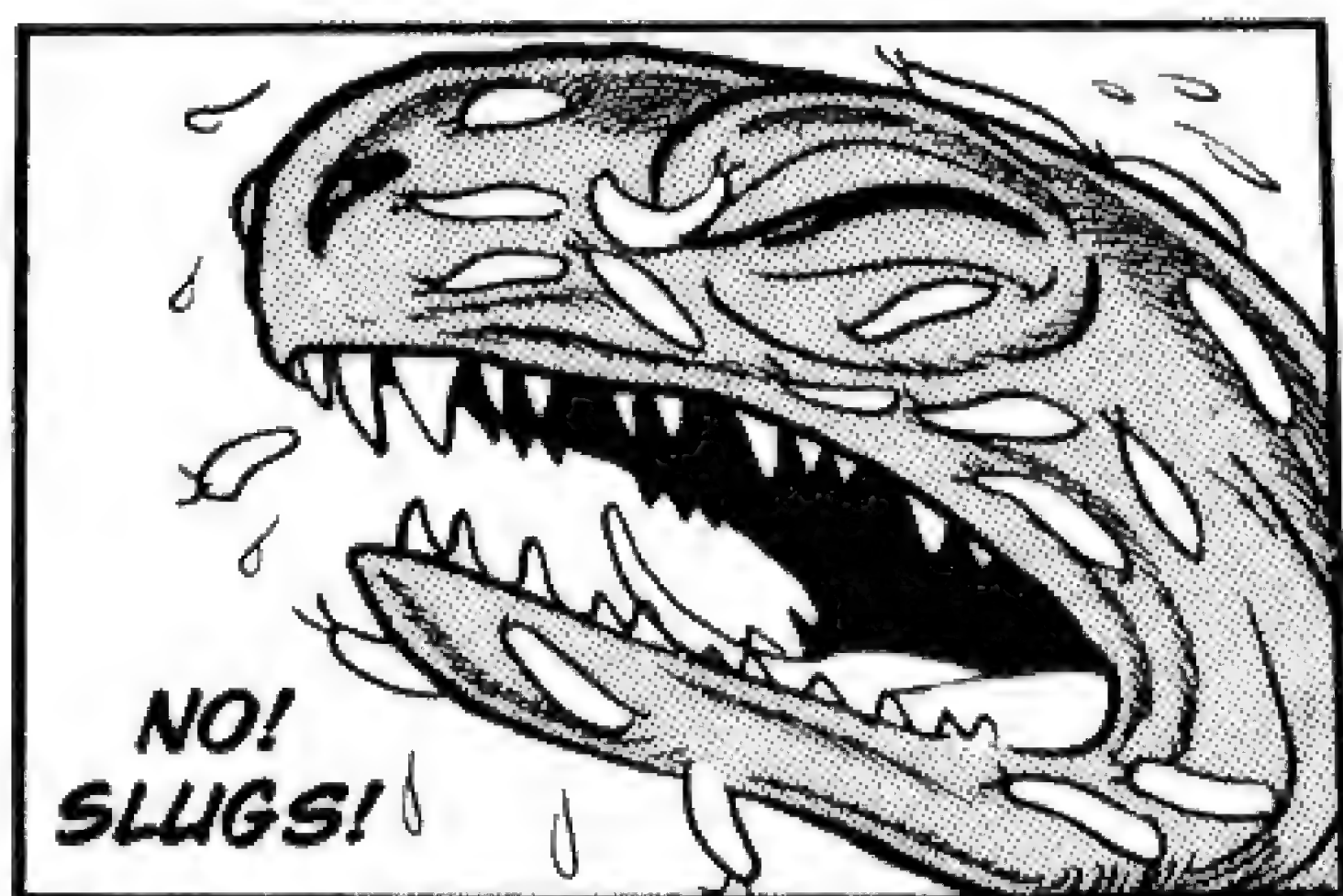




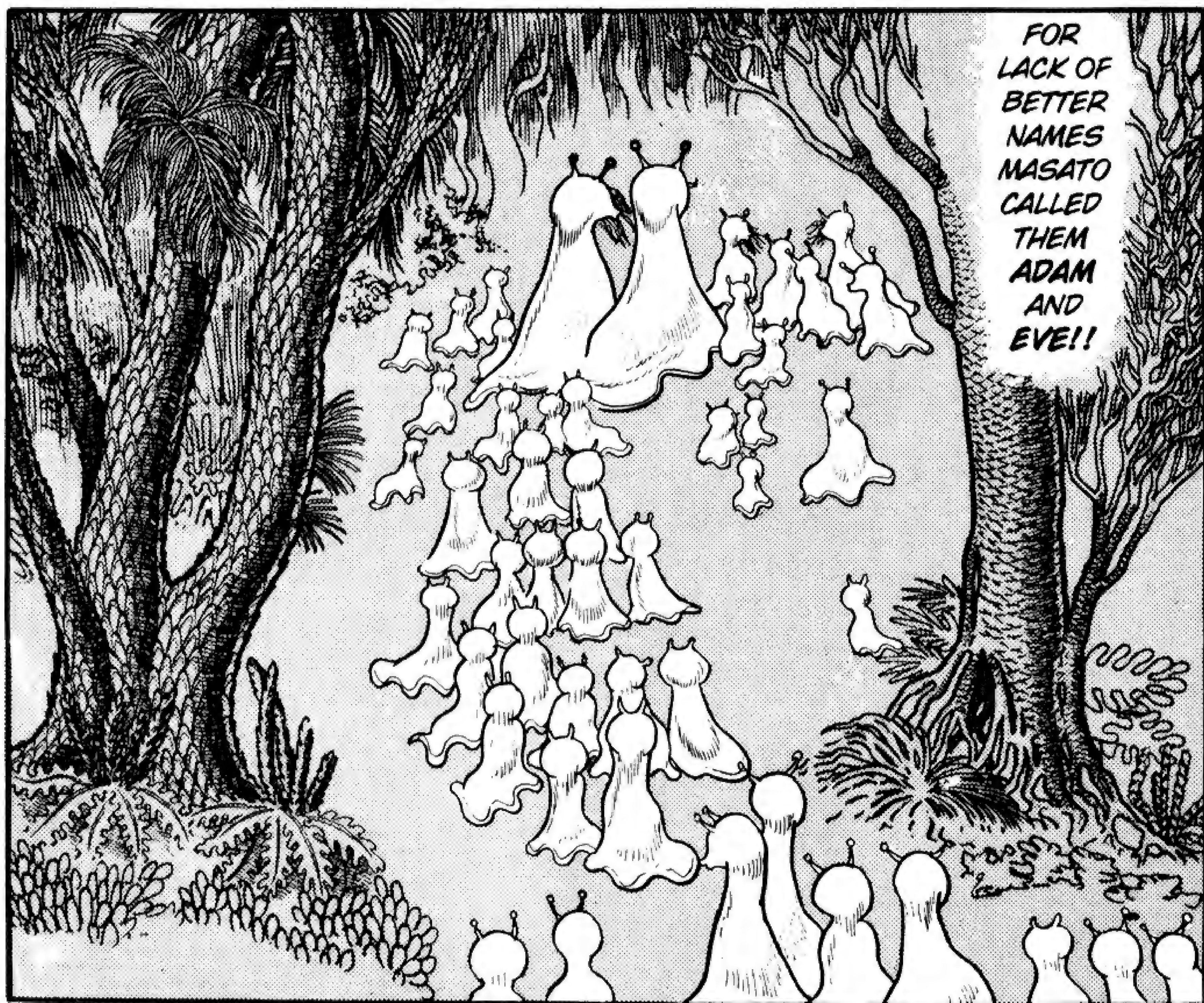
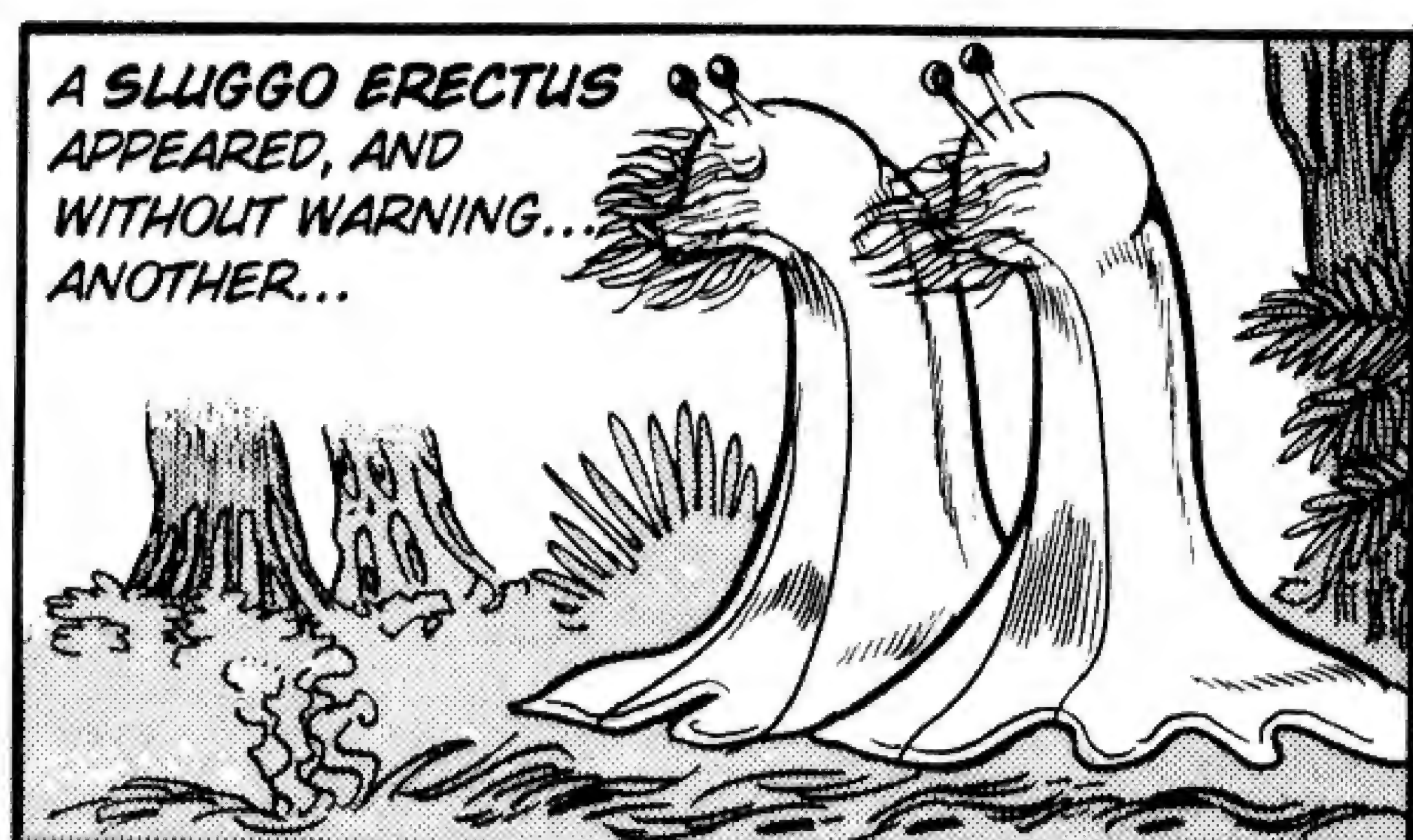
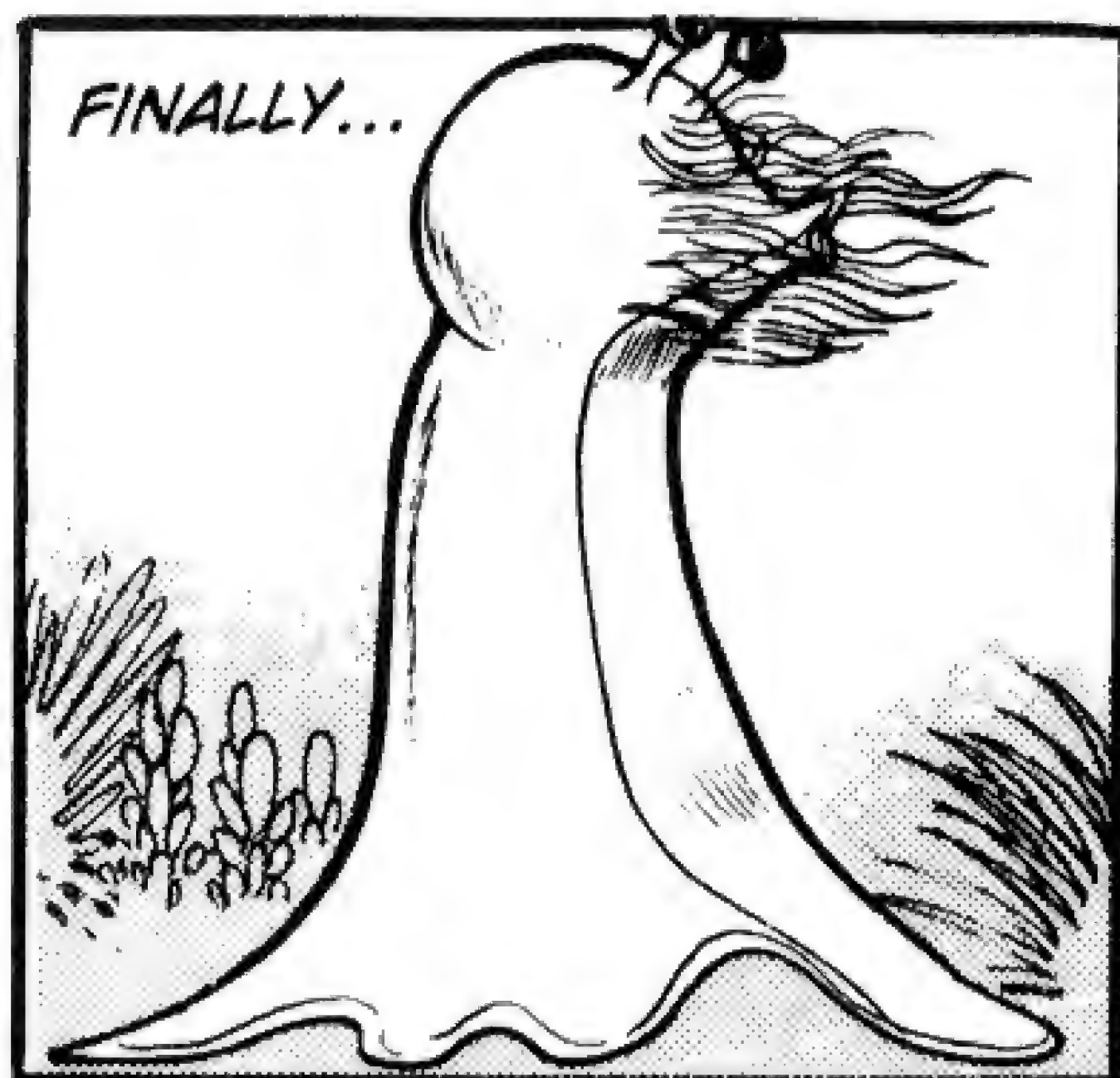
BUT THE  
DINOSAURS  
WERE SUDDENLY  
ATTACKED BY  
SOMETHING THAT  
ATTACHED  
ITSELF TO  
THEIR  
BODIES—  
LEECHES?







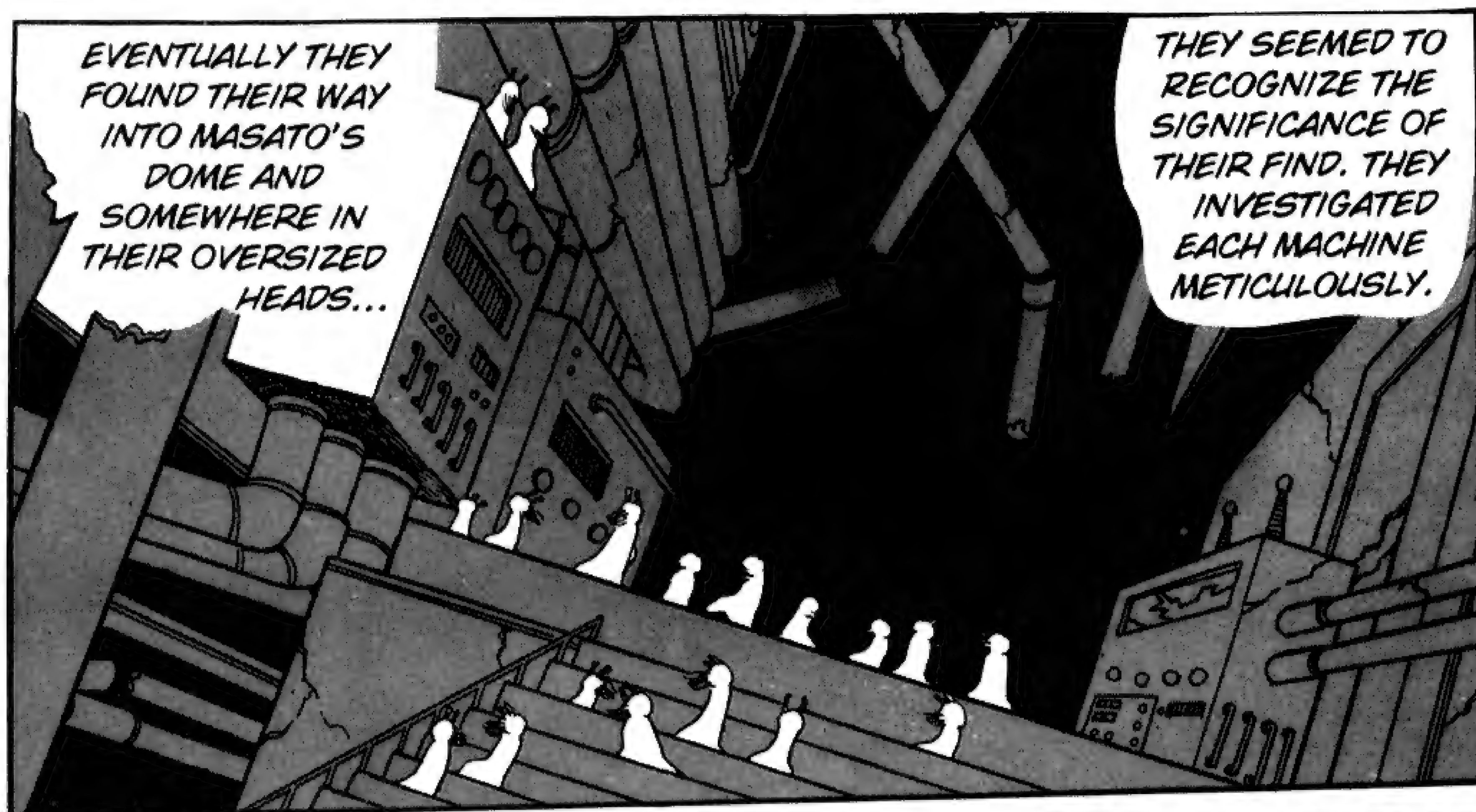










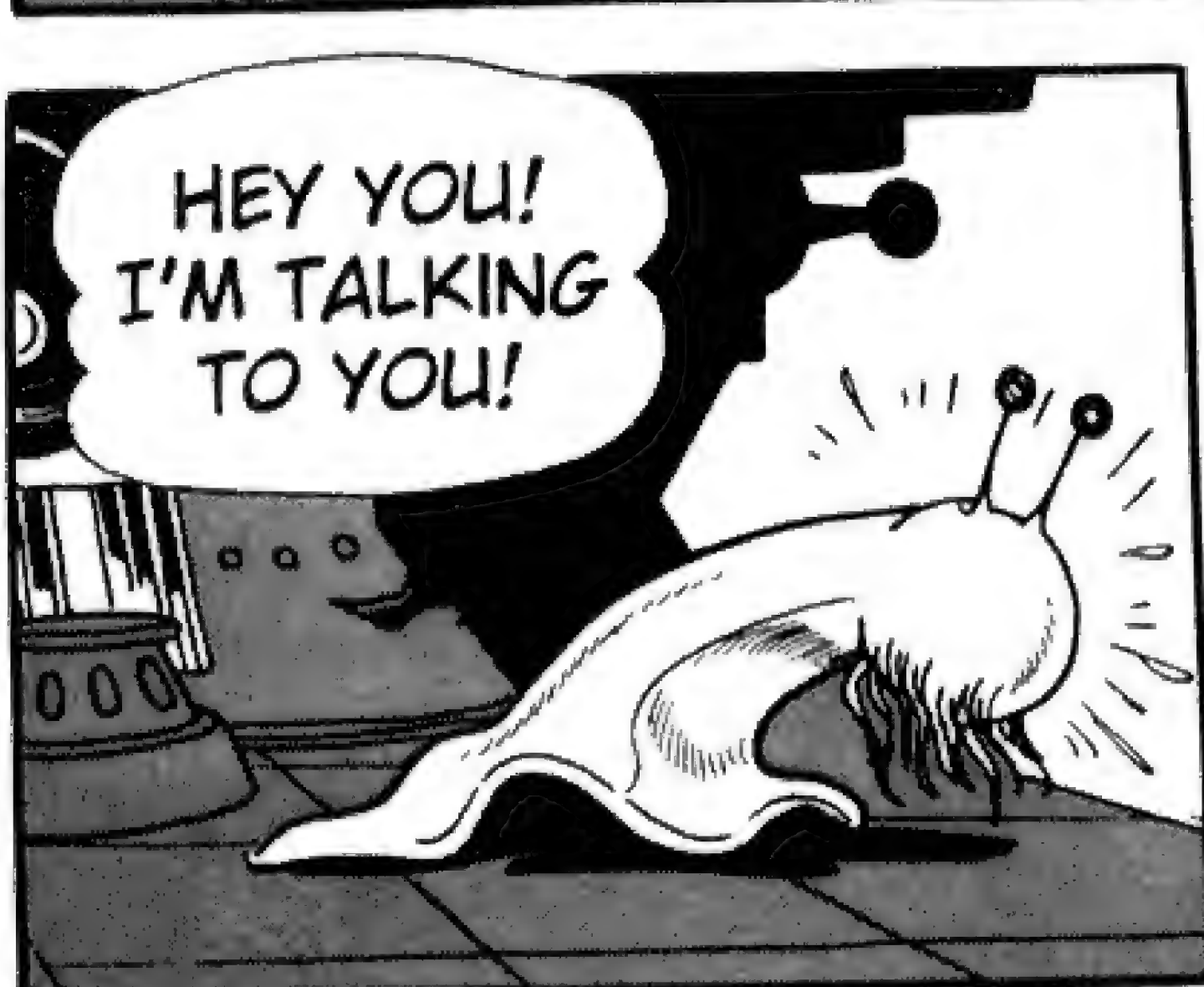


EVENTUALLY THEY FOUND THEIR WAY INTO MASATO'S DOME AND SOMEWHERE IN THEIR OVERSIZED HEADS...

THEY SEEMED TO RECOGNIZE THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THEIR FIND. THEY INVESTIGATED EACH MACHINE METICULOUSLY.



MASATO TRIED TO COMMUNICATE WITH THE SLUGS.



HEY YOU! I'M TALKING TO YOU!



Who are you?

I USED TO BE THE OWNER OF THIS DOME AND THE ONE WHO MADE YOU.

You mean our creator?



What do you want of me?

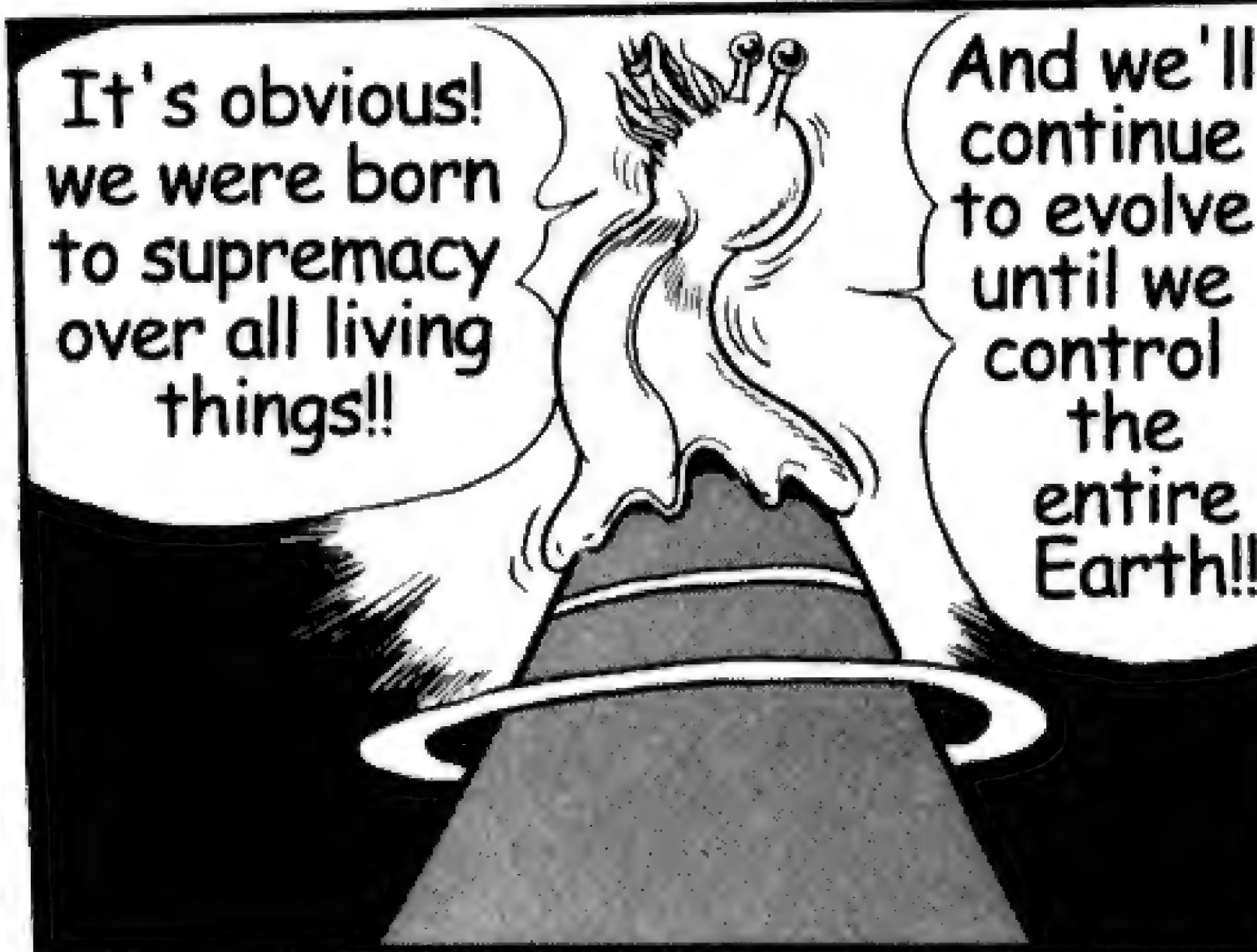
I'm busy absorbing new knowledge!!



OF COURSE.

AND I'M BUSY WONDERING WHY YOU CREATURES HAVE COME INTO EXISTENCE!

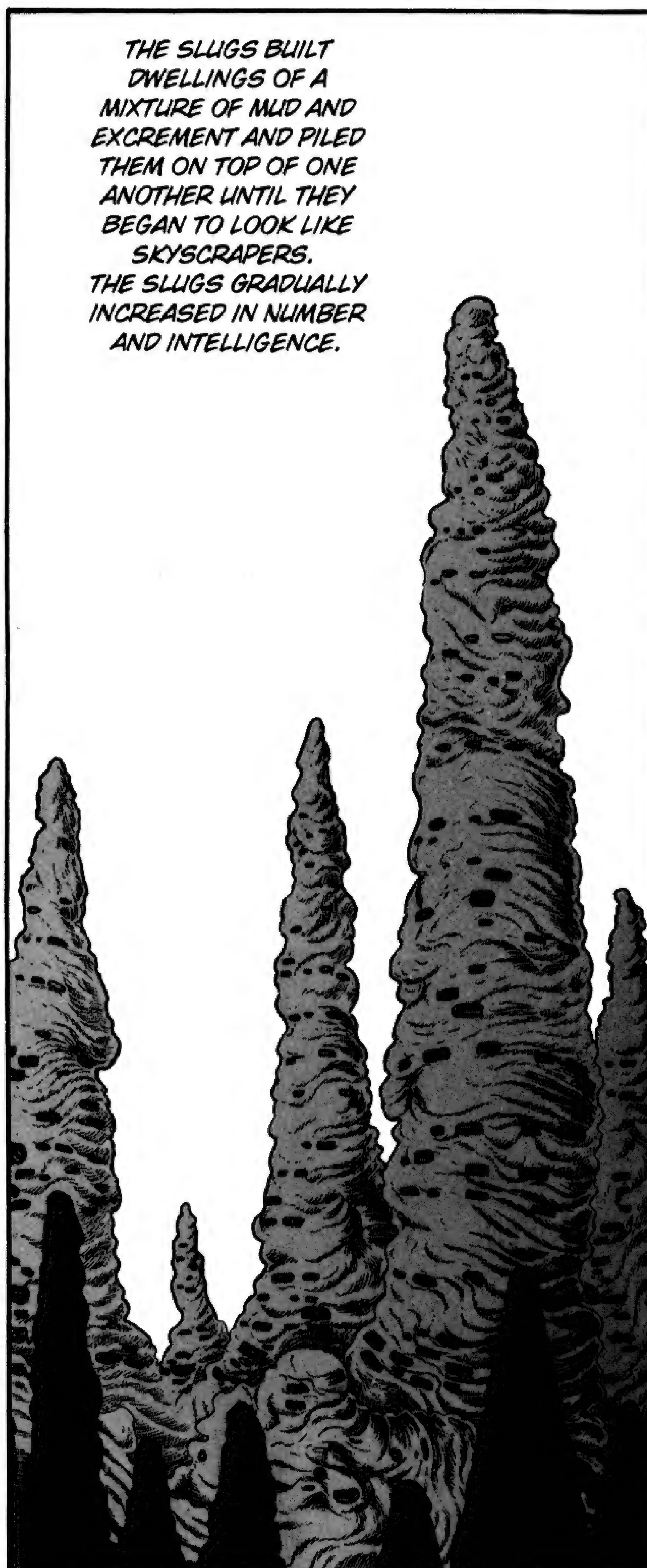
Wha!



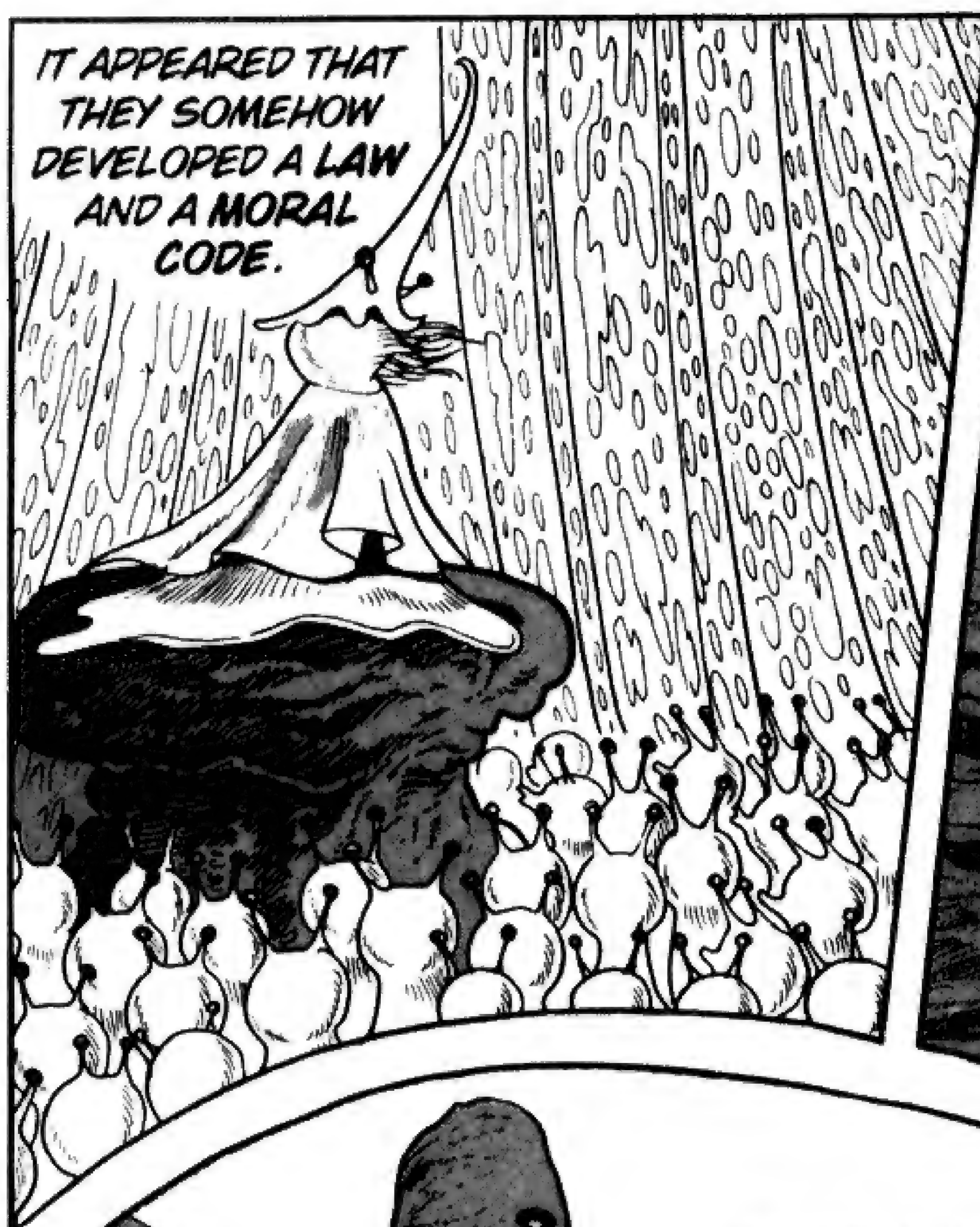
It's obvious! we were born to supremacy over all living things!!

And we'll continue to evolve until we control the entire Earth!!

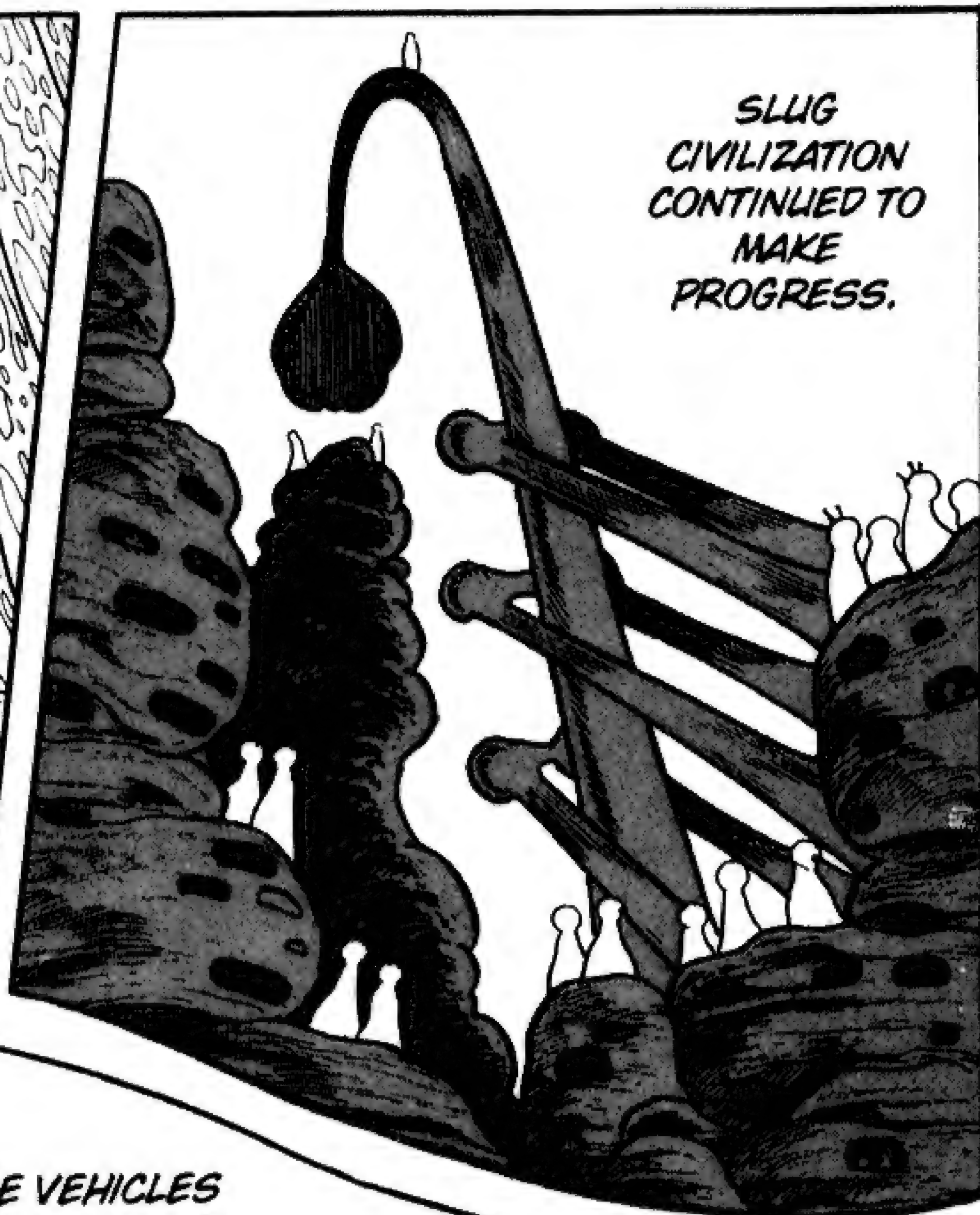








IT APPEARED THAT  
THEY SOMEHOW  
DEVELOPED A LAW  
AND A MORAL  
CODE.



SLUG  
CIVILIZATION  
CONTINUED TO  
MAKE  
PROGRESS.

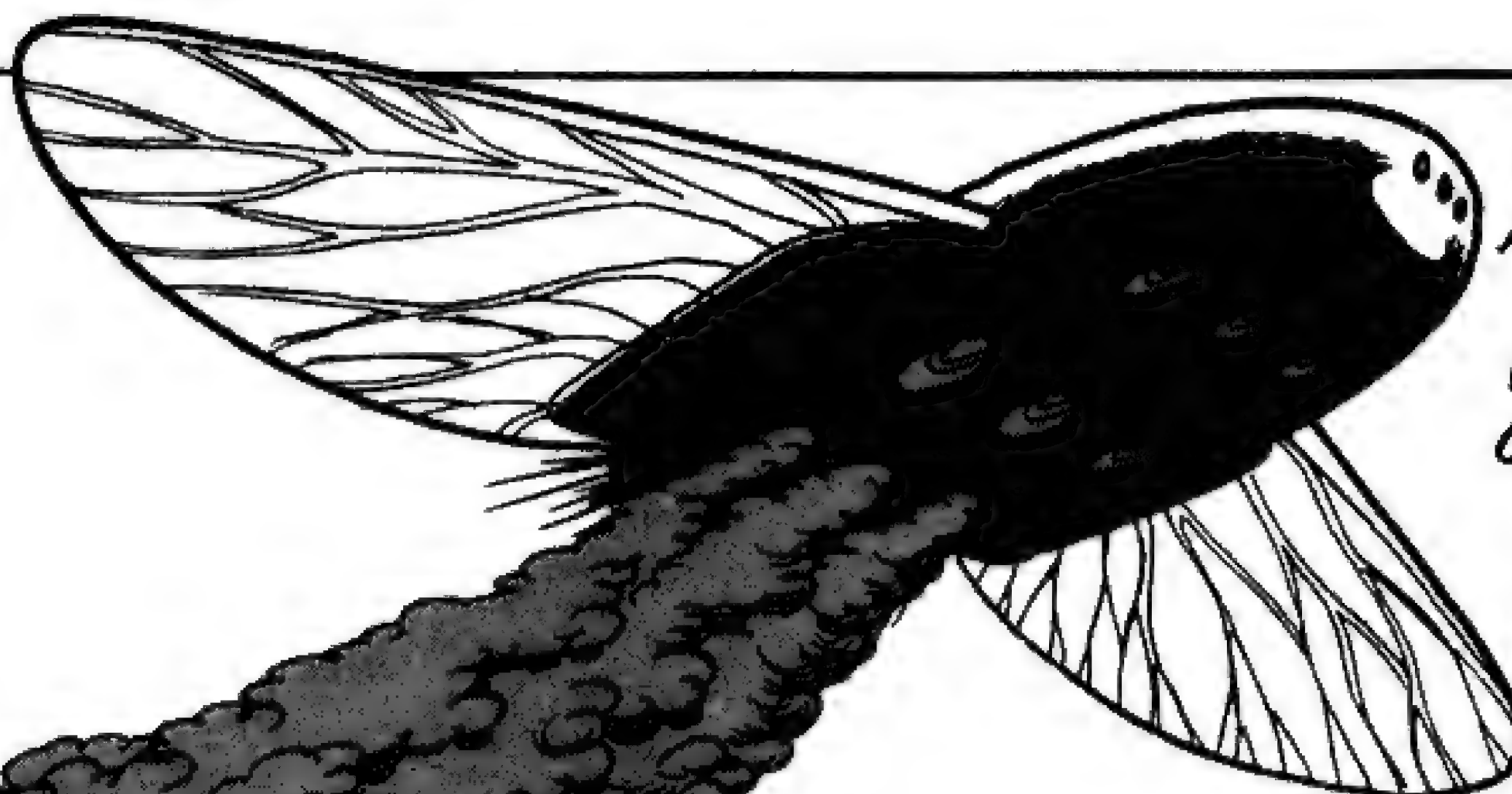


STRANGE VEHICLES  
APPEARED IN THEIR  
CITIES. THEY WERE  
PROPELLED BY A  
KIND OF METHANE  
GAS.



METHANE-  
POWERED  
FLYING  
MACHINES  
WERE ALSO  
DEVELOPED.

MASATO WAS  
ASTONISHED—  
HE WAS  
WITNESSING A  
CARICATURE OF  
HUMAN  
CULTURE.

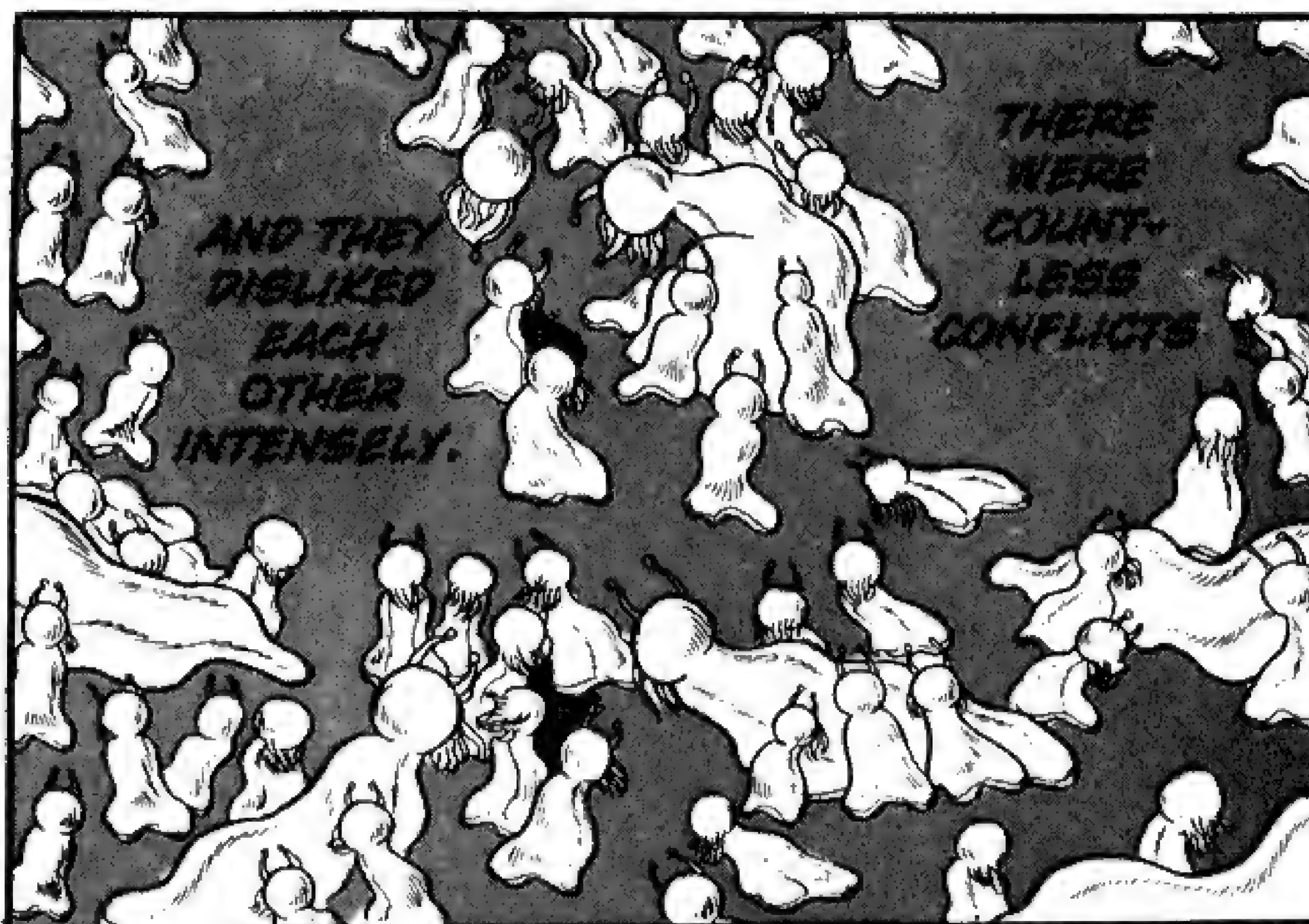


AS TIME PASSED  
SLUGS DIVIDED INTO  
TWO DISTINCT  
TYPES—A HAUGHTY  
WHITE NORTHERN  
GROUP AND LARGE  
BLACK SOUTHERN  
ONE. BOTH HAD A  
COMPLETE DIFFERENT  
CHARACTER, THOUGHT,  
AND RELIGION.

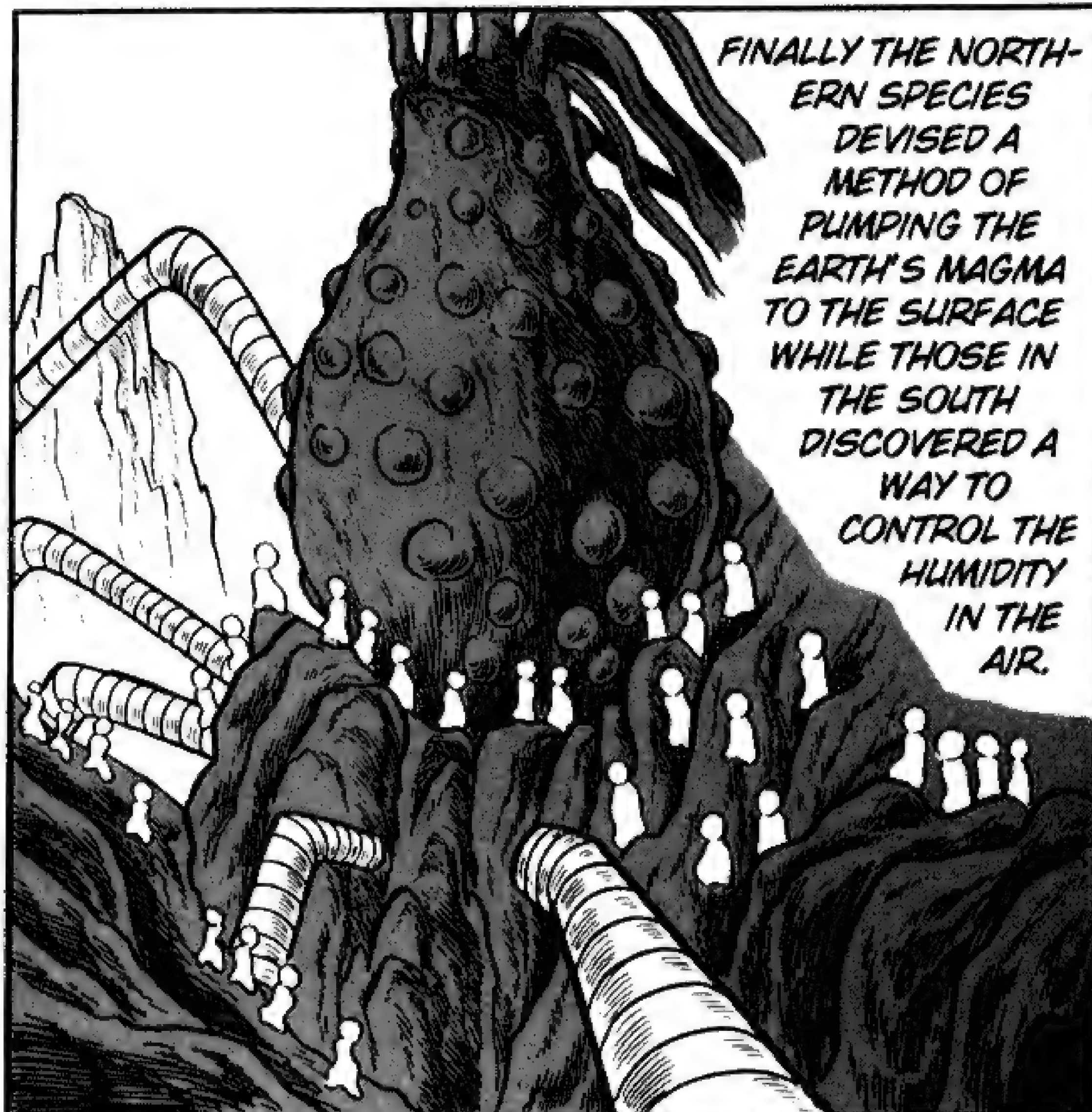


AND THEY  
DISLIKED  
EACH  
OTHER  
INTENSELY.

THERE  
WERE  
COUNT-  
LESS  
CONFLICTS

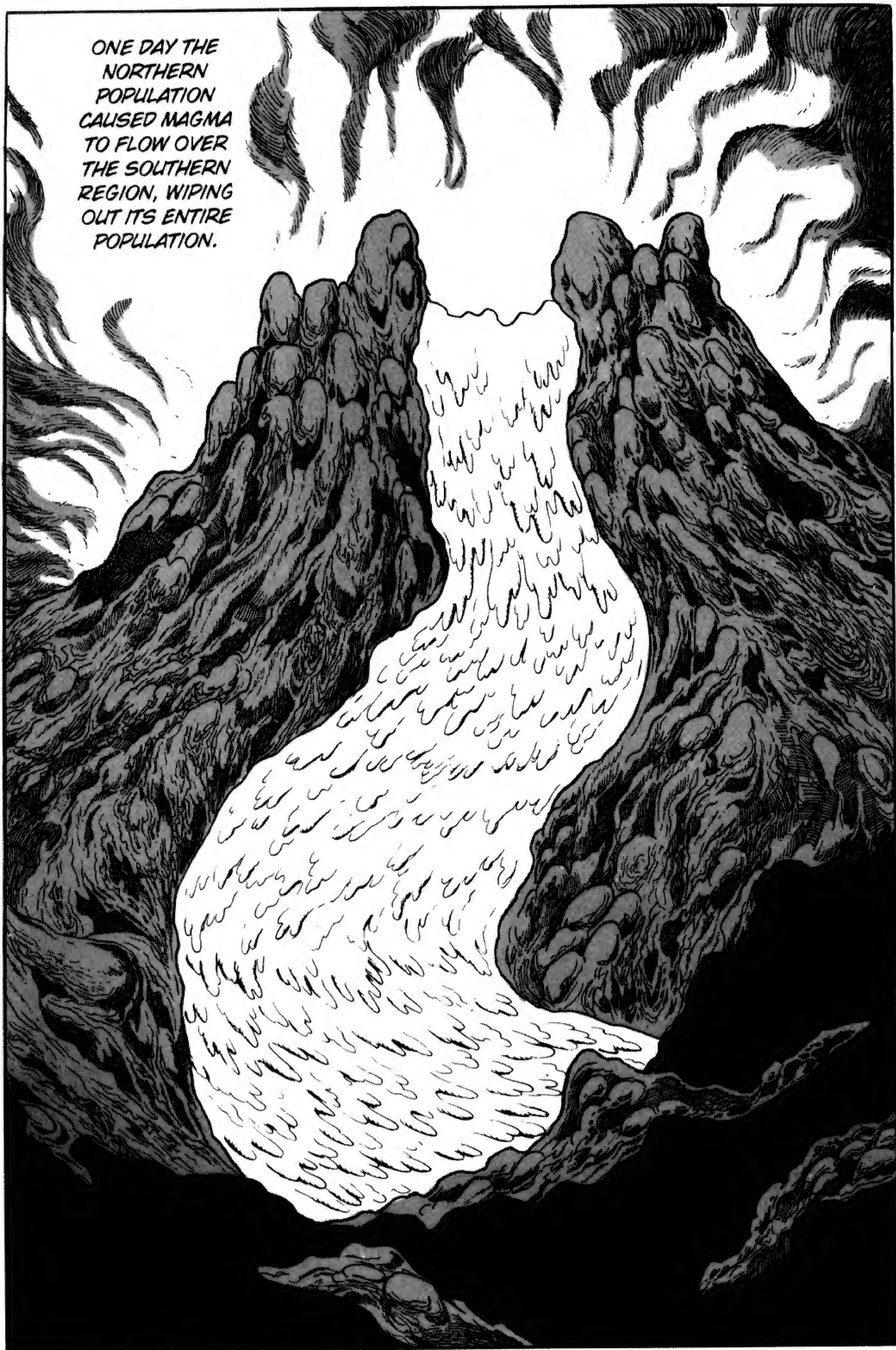


FINALLY THE NORTH-  
ERN SPECIES  
DEvised A  
METHOD OF  
PUMPING THE  
EARTH'S MAGMA  
TO THE SURFACE  
WHILE THOSE IN  
THE SOUTH  
DISCOVERED A  
WAY TO  
CONTROL THE  
HUMIDITY  
IN THE  
AIR.

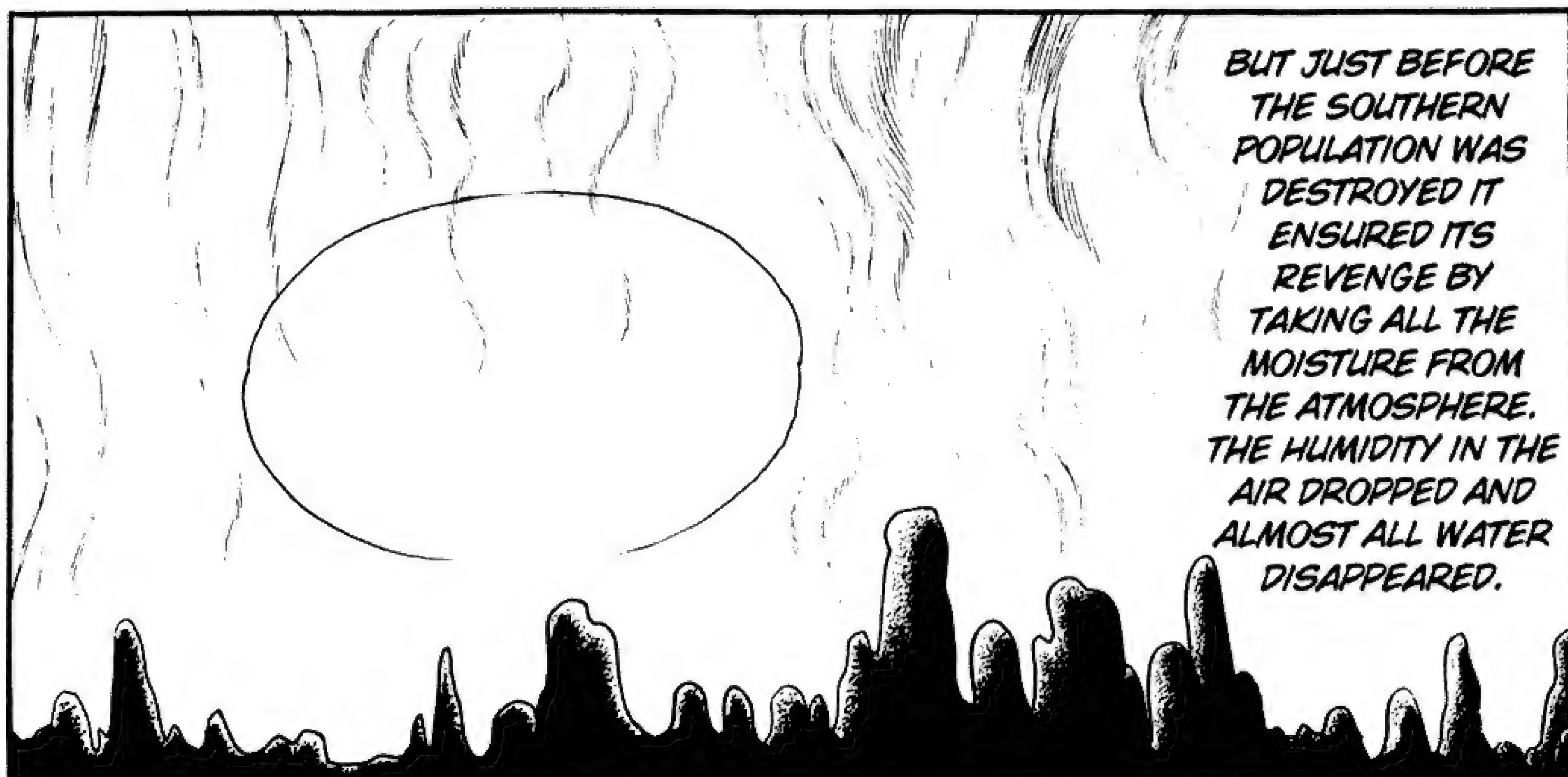




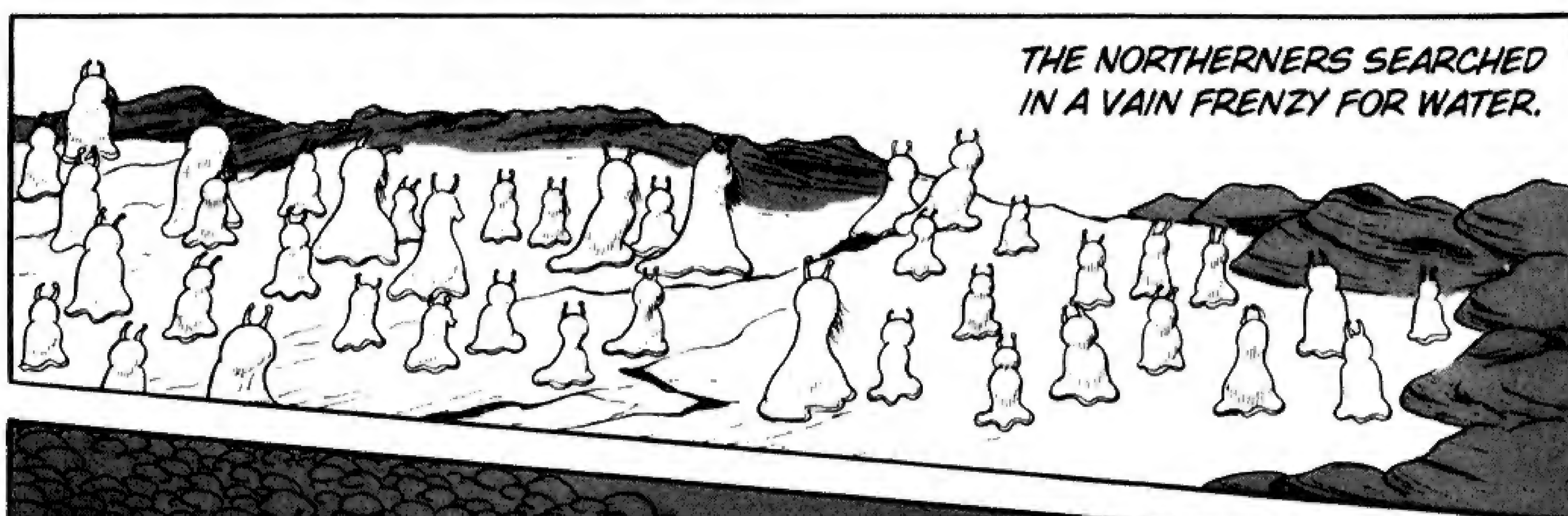
ONE DAY THE  
NORTHERN  
POPULATION  
CAUSED MAGMA  
TO FLOW OVER  
THE SOUTHERN  
REGION, WIPING  
OUT ITS ENTIRE  
POPULATION.



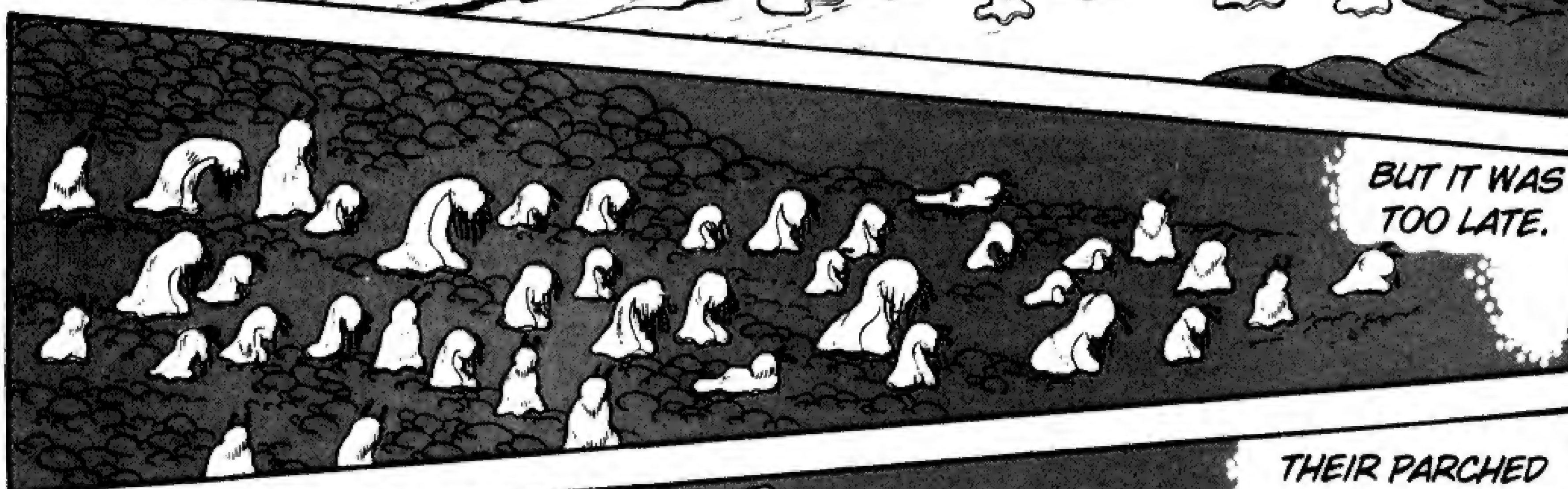




BUT JUST BEFORE  
THE SOUTHERN  
POPULATION WAS  
DESTROYED IT  
ENSURED ITS  
REVENGE BY  
TAKING ALL THE  
MOISTURE FROM  
THE ATMOSPHERE.  
THE HUMIDITY IN THE  
AIR DROPPED AND  
ALMOST ALL WATER  
DISAPPEARED.



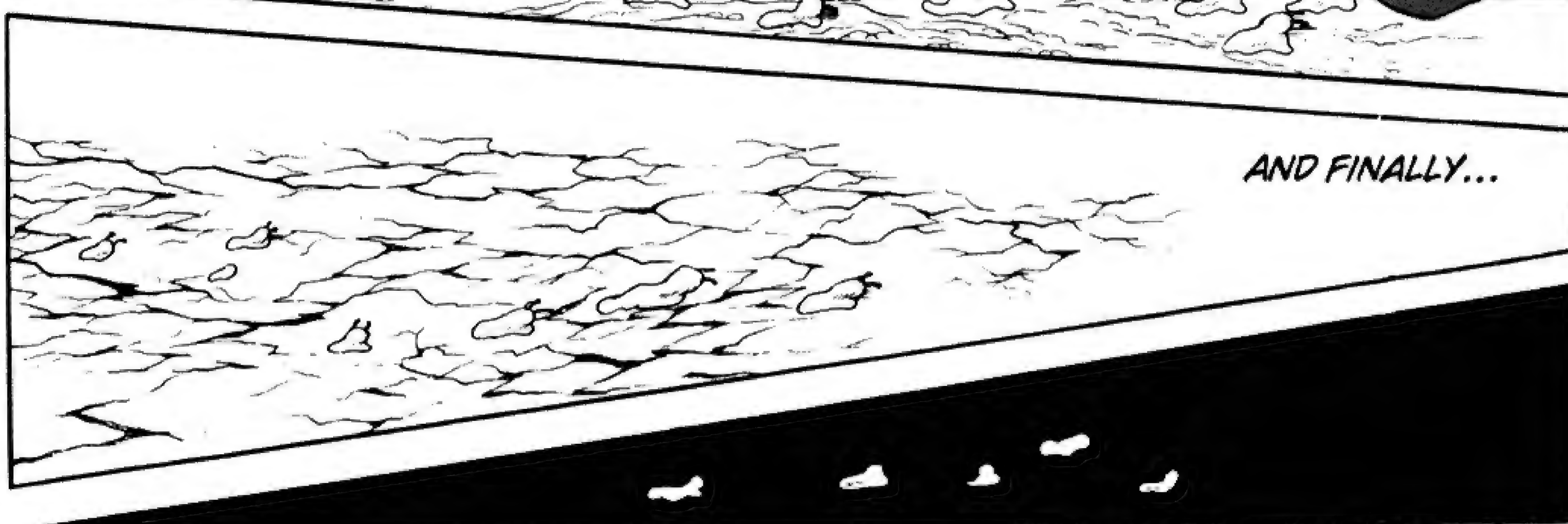
THE NORTHERNERS SEARCHED  
IN A VAIN FRENZY FOR WATER.



BUT IT WAS  
TOO LATE.

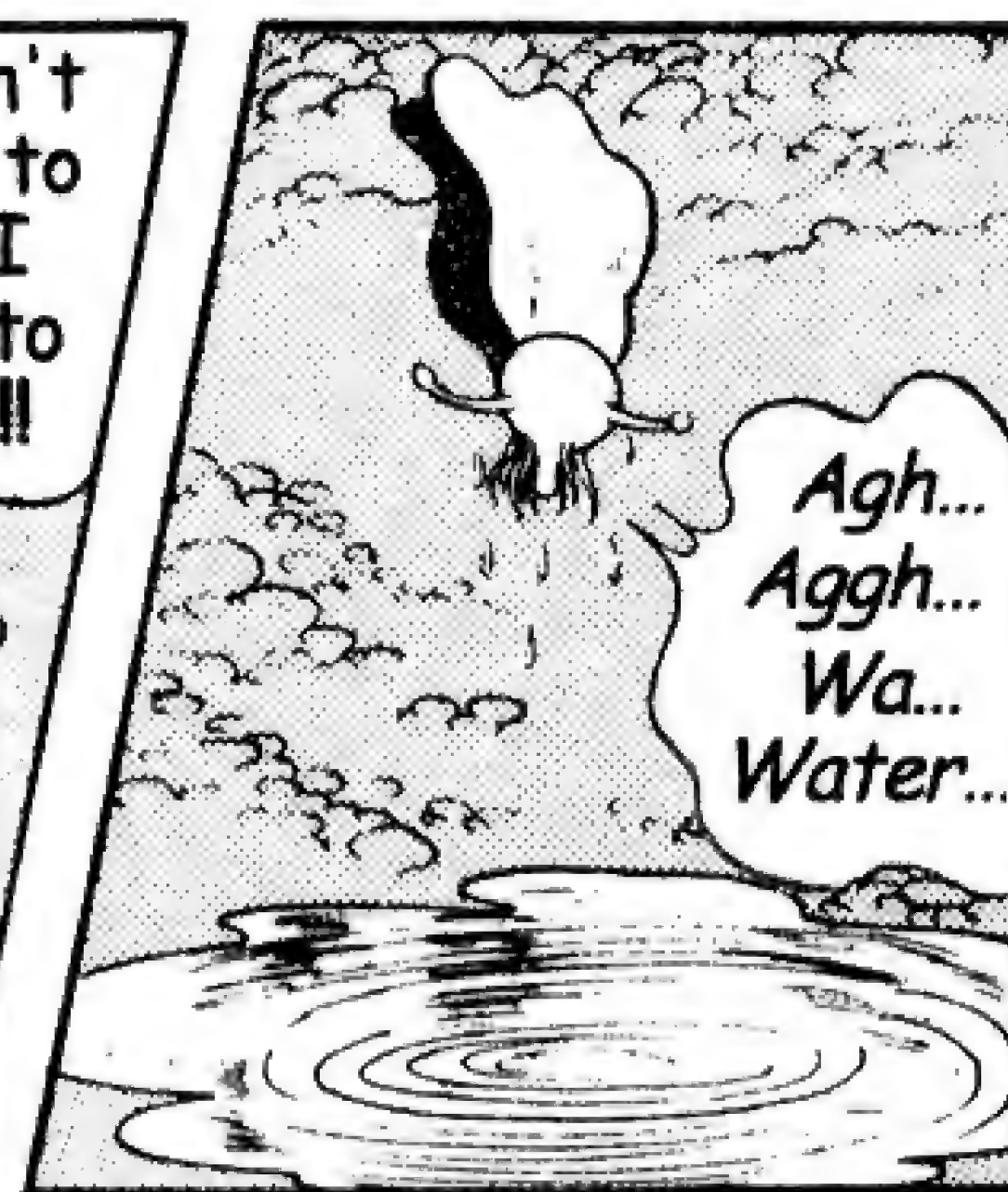
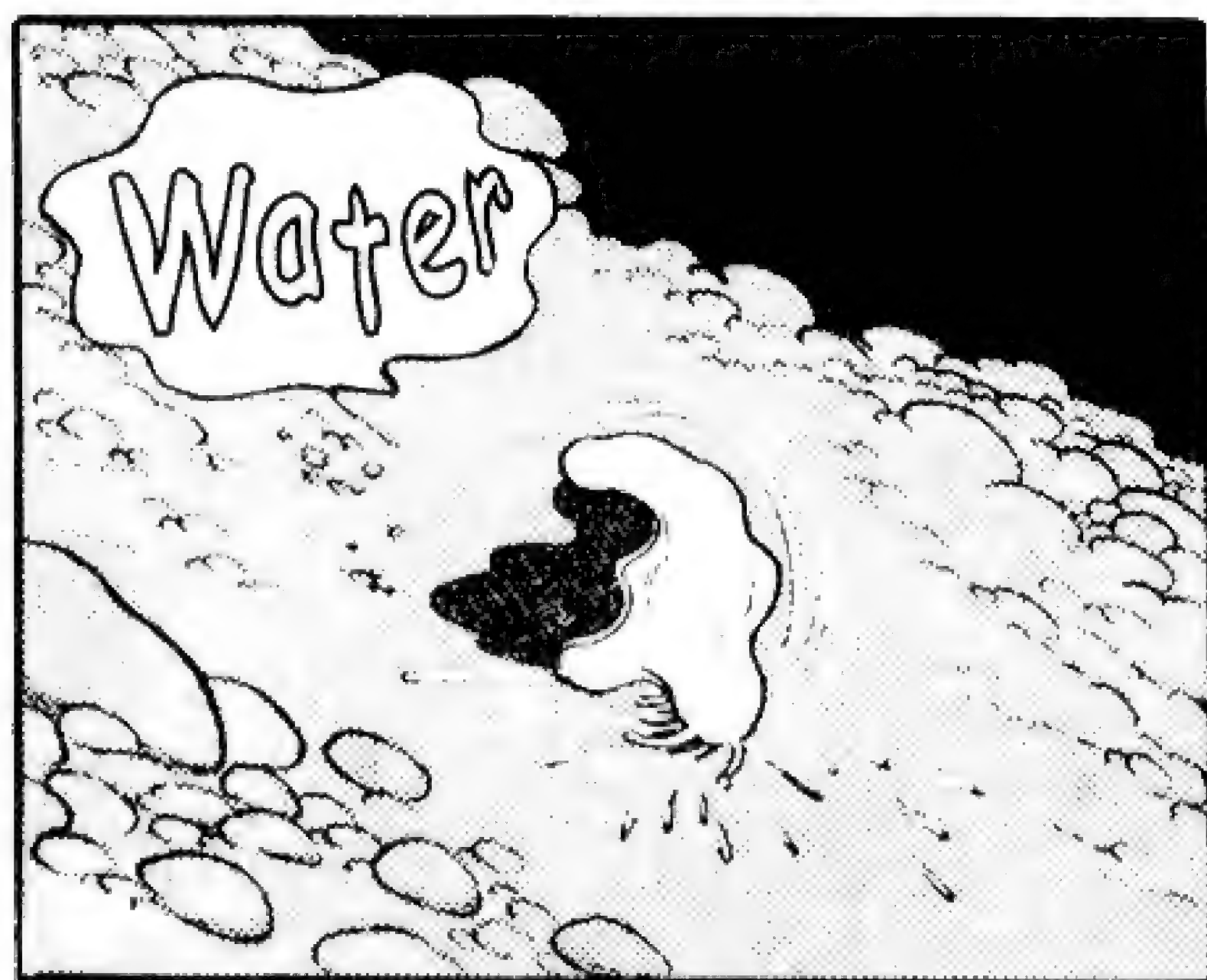
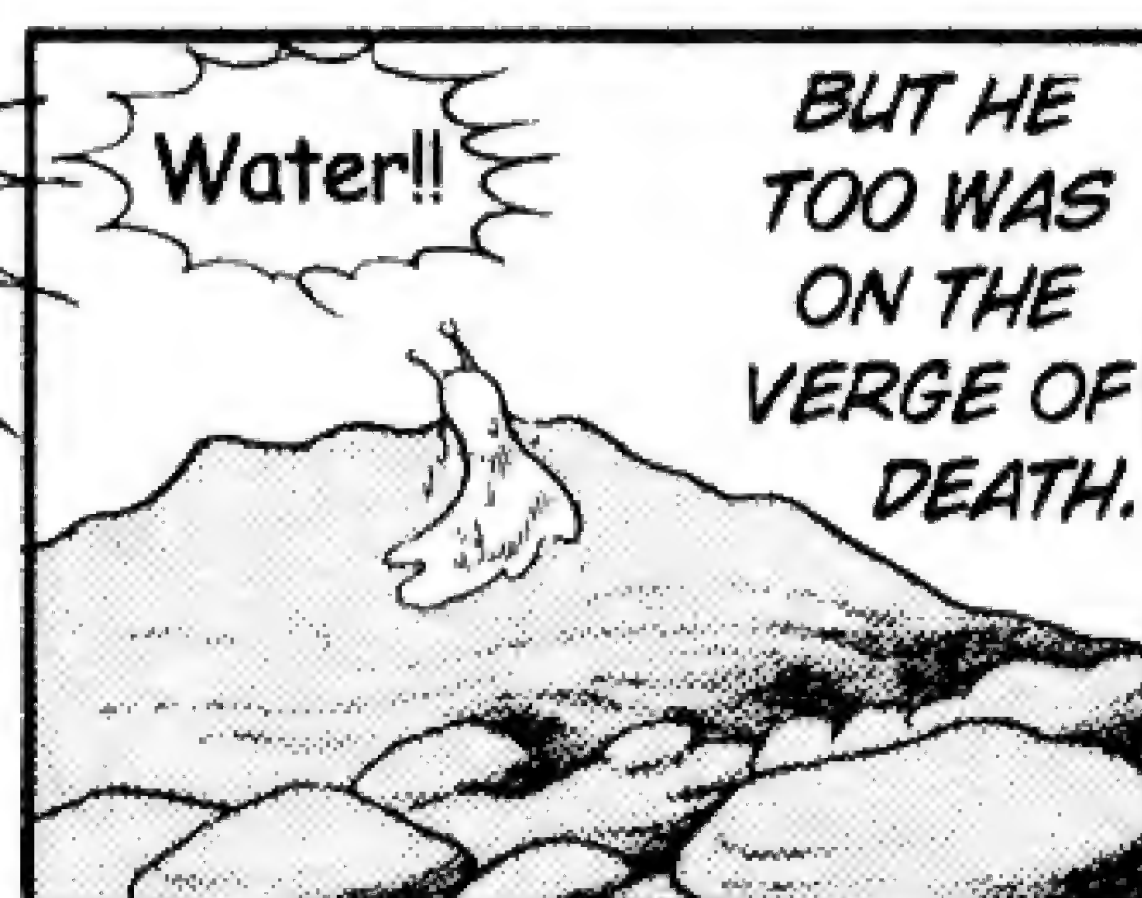


THEIR PARCHED  
BODIES LITTERED  
THE LANDSCAPE.

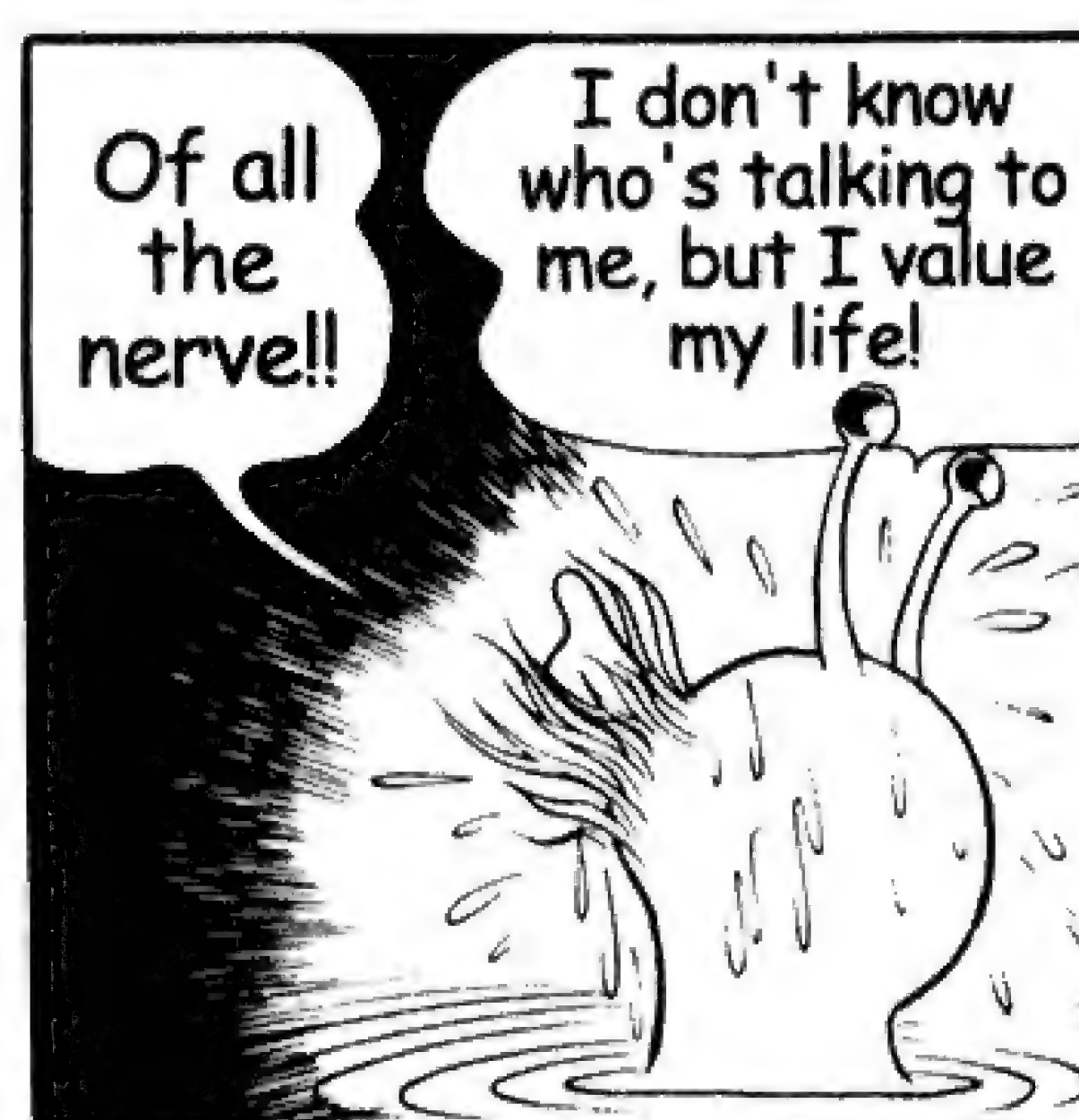
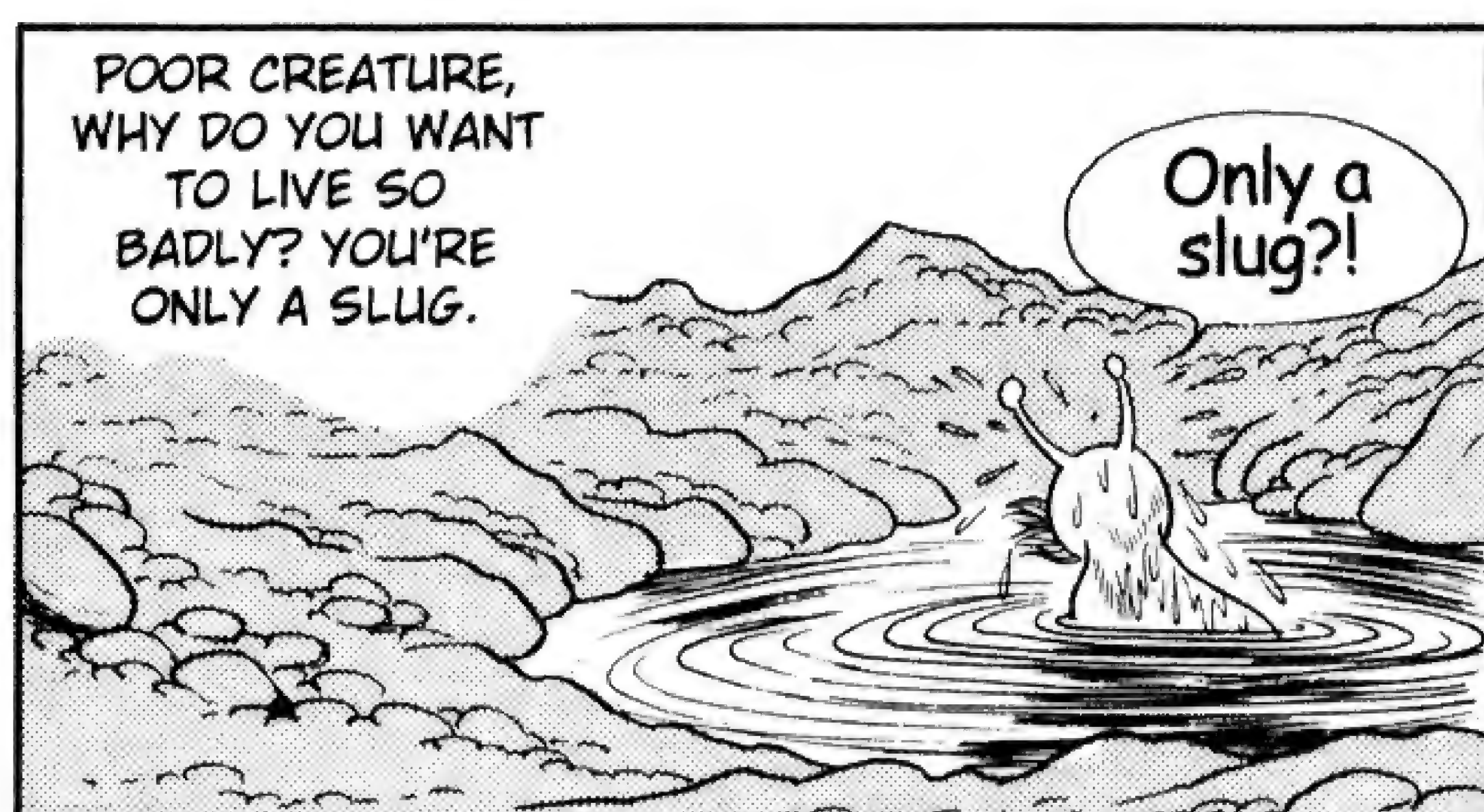
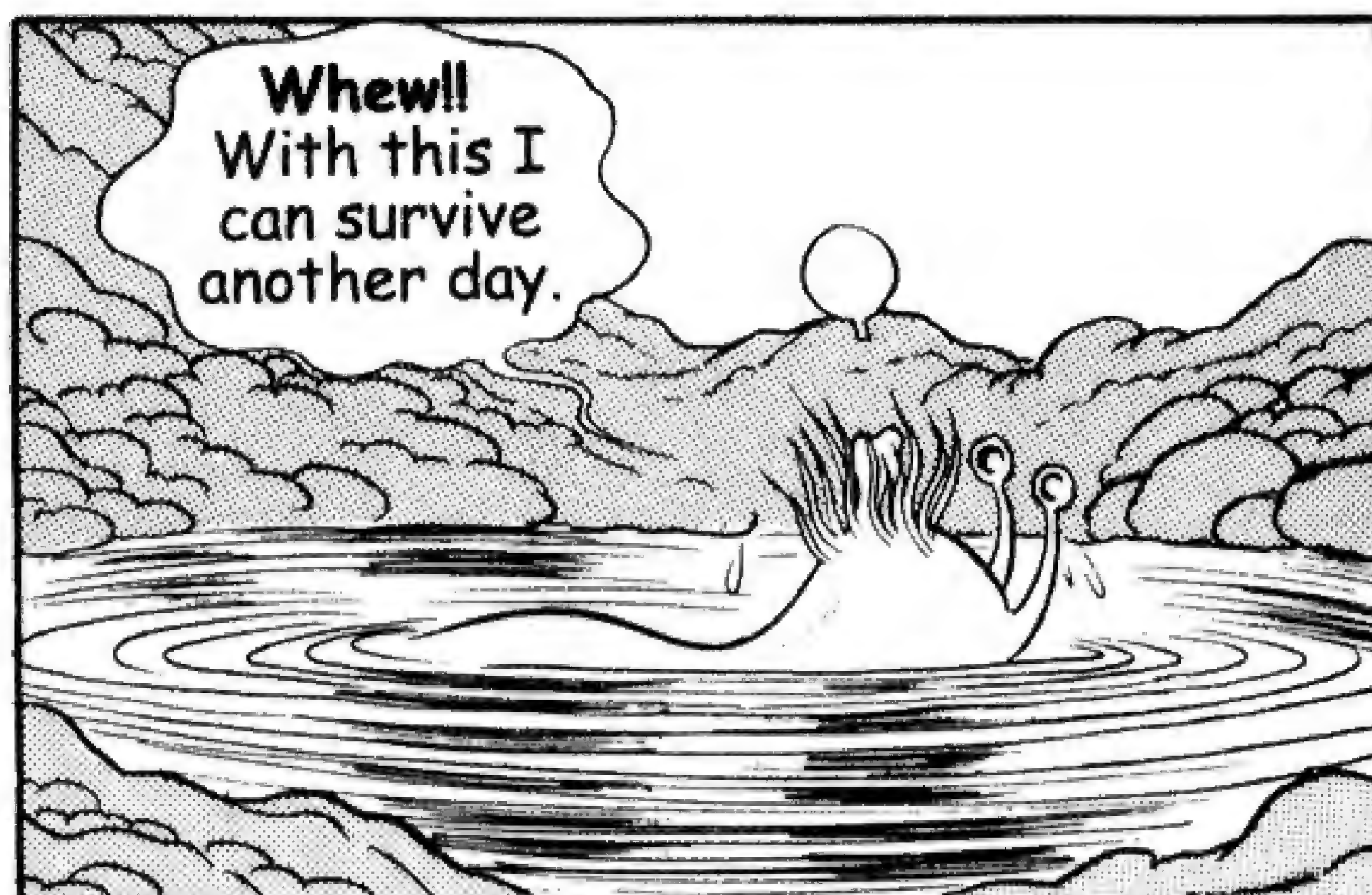
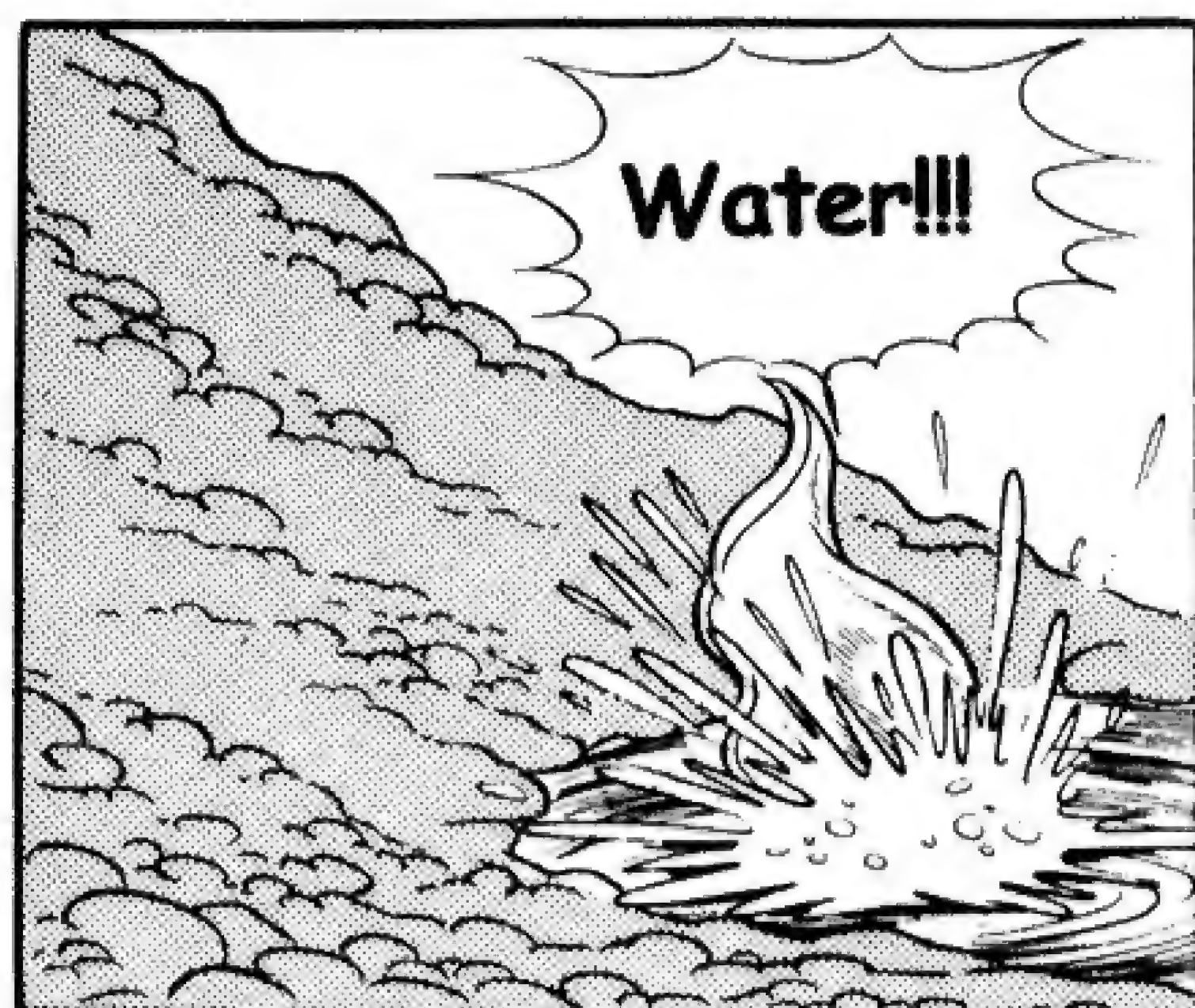


AND FINALLY...

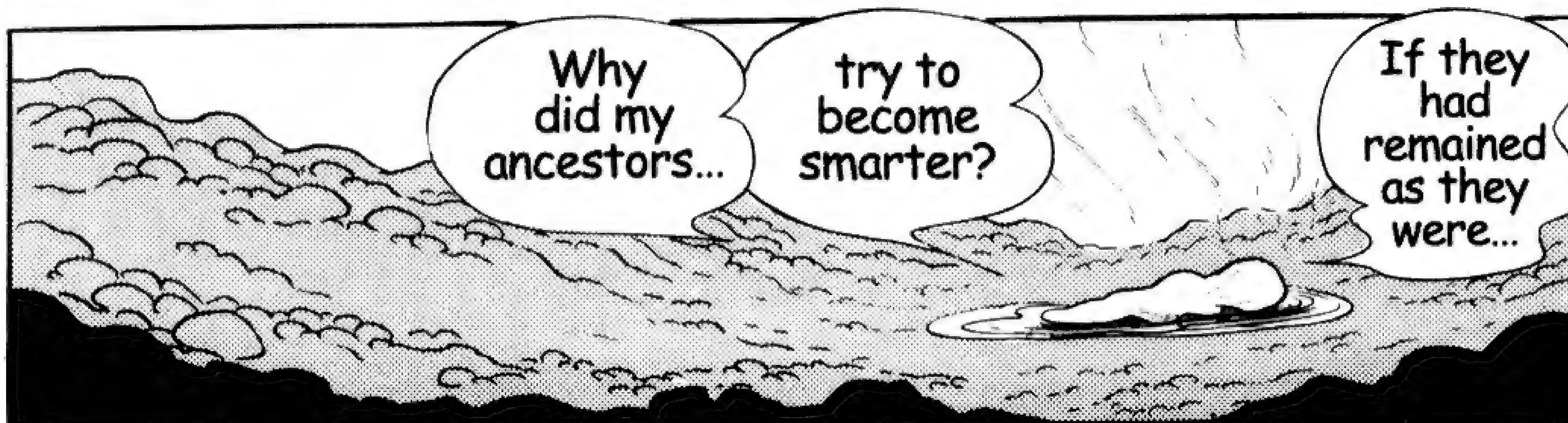
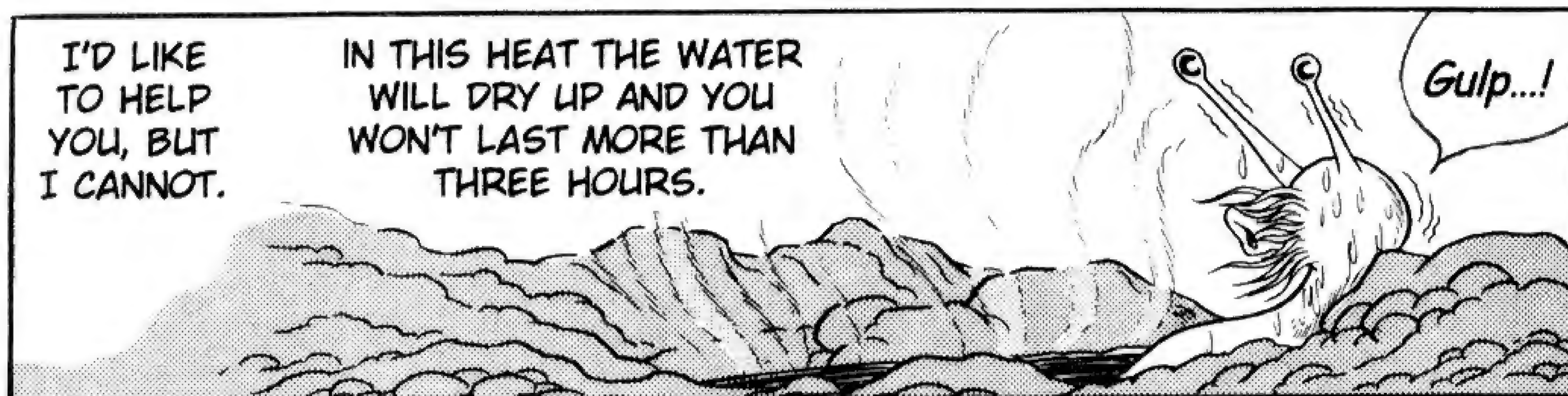














WARM  
RAINS  
WASHED  
THE EARTH  
FOR  
THOUSANDS  
OF YEARS.

MOOSH

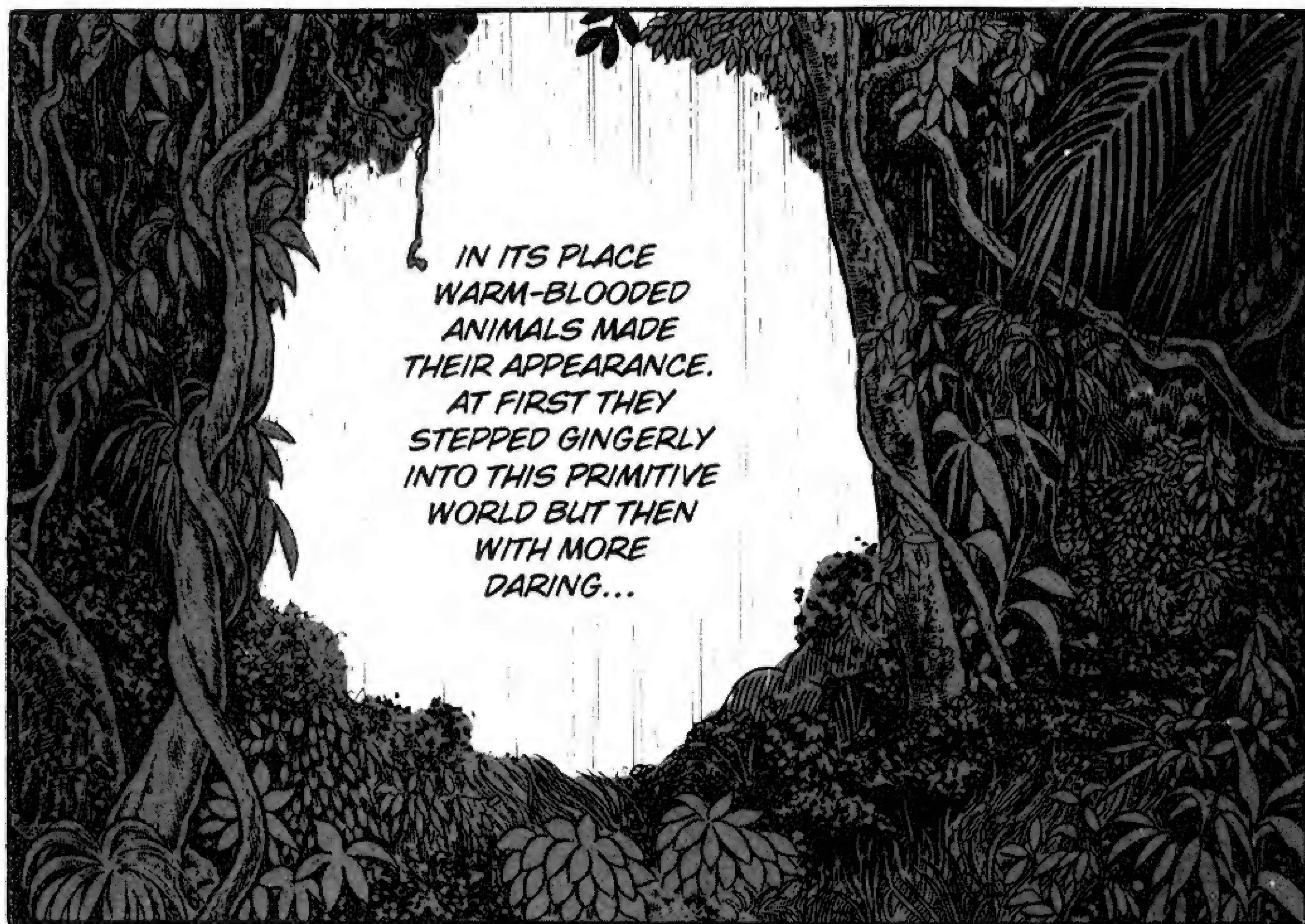
MOOSH

MOOSH

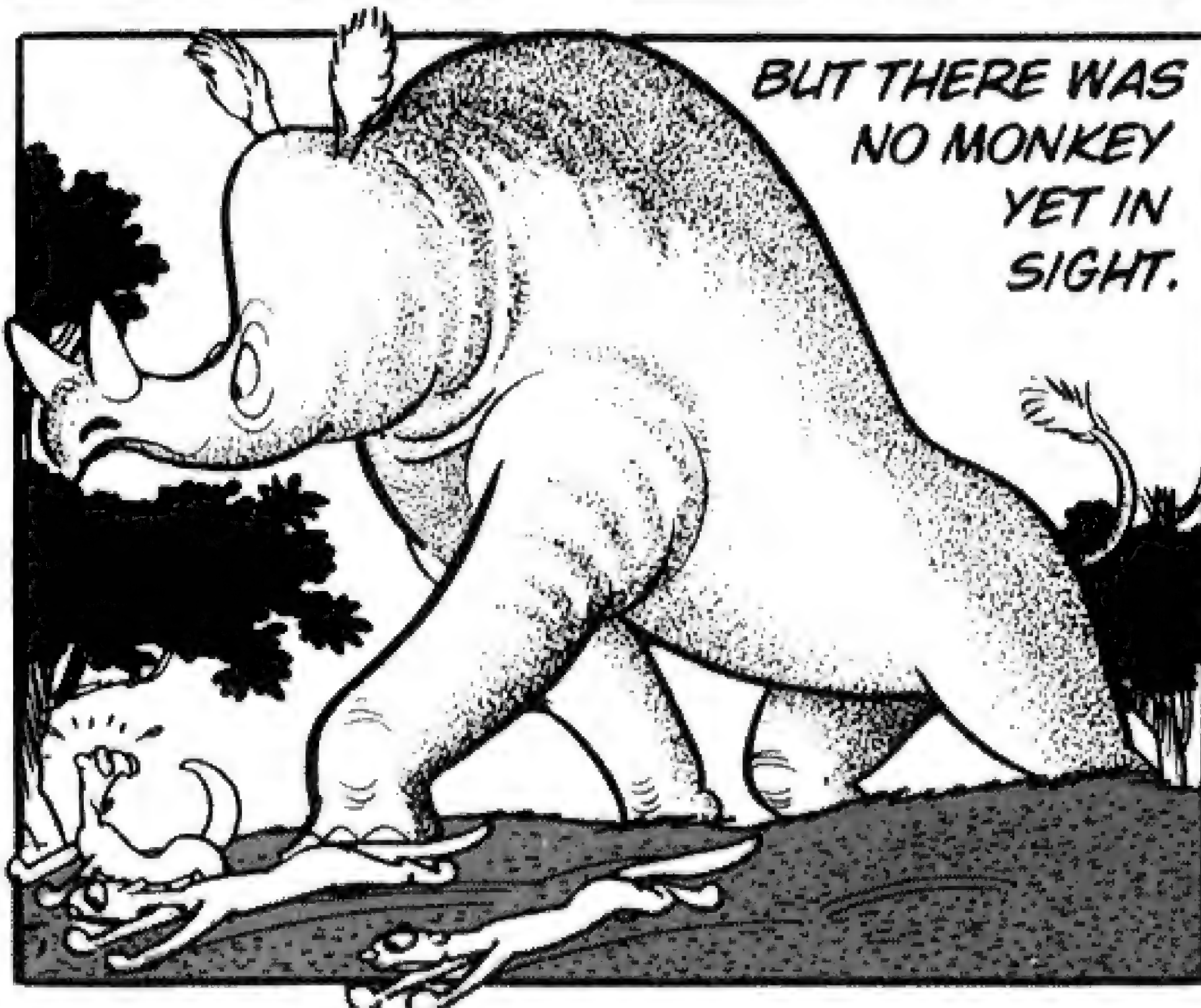
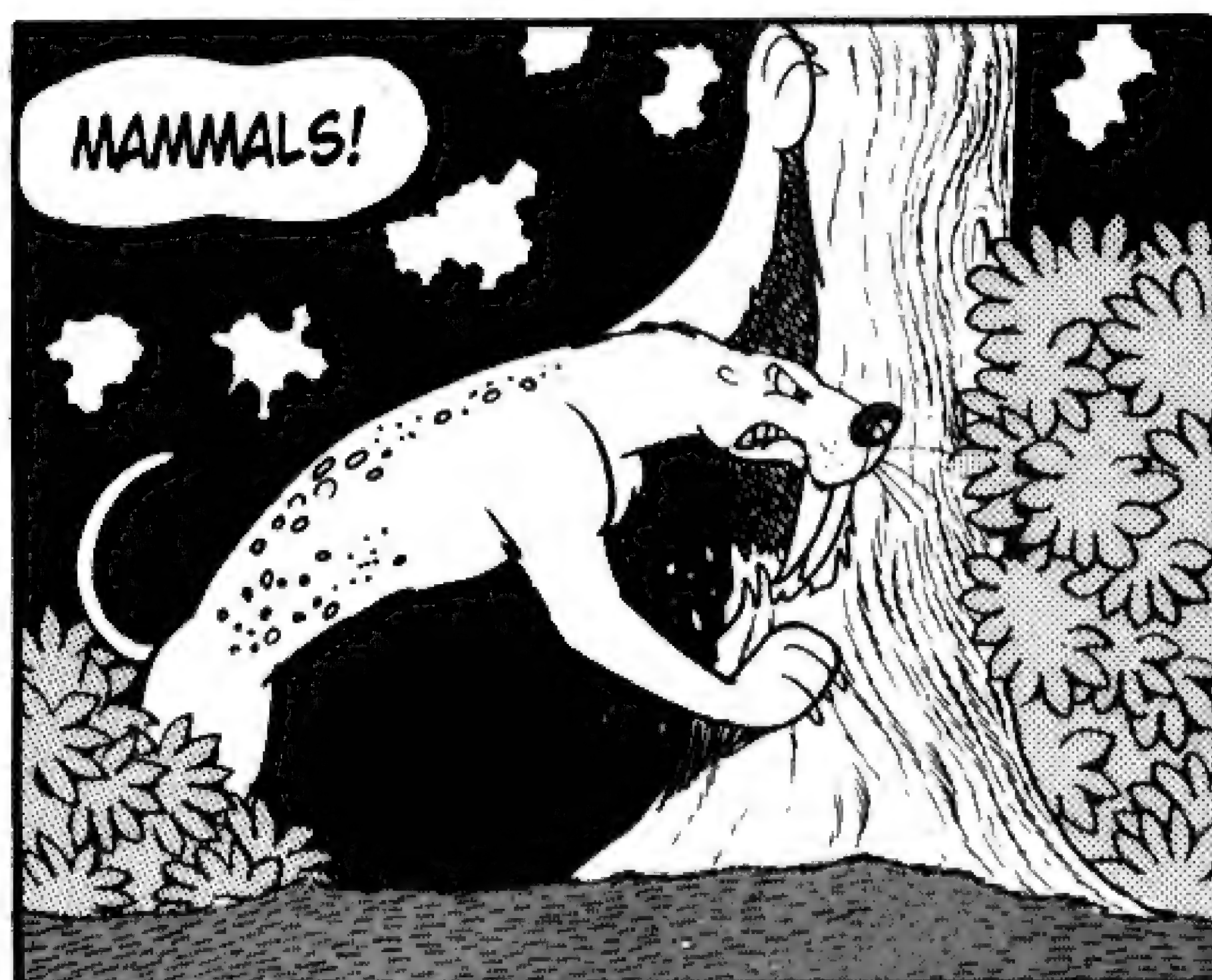
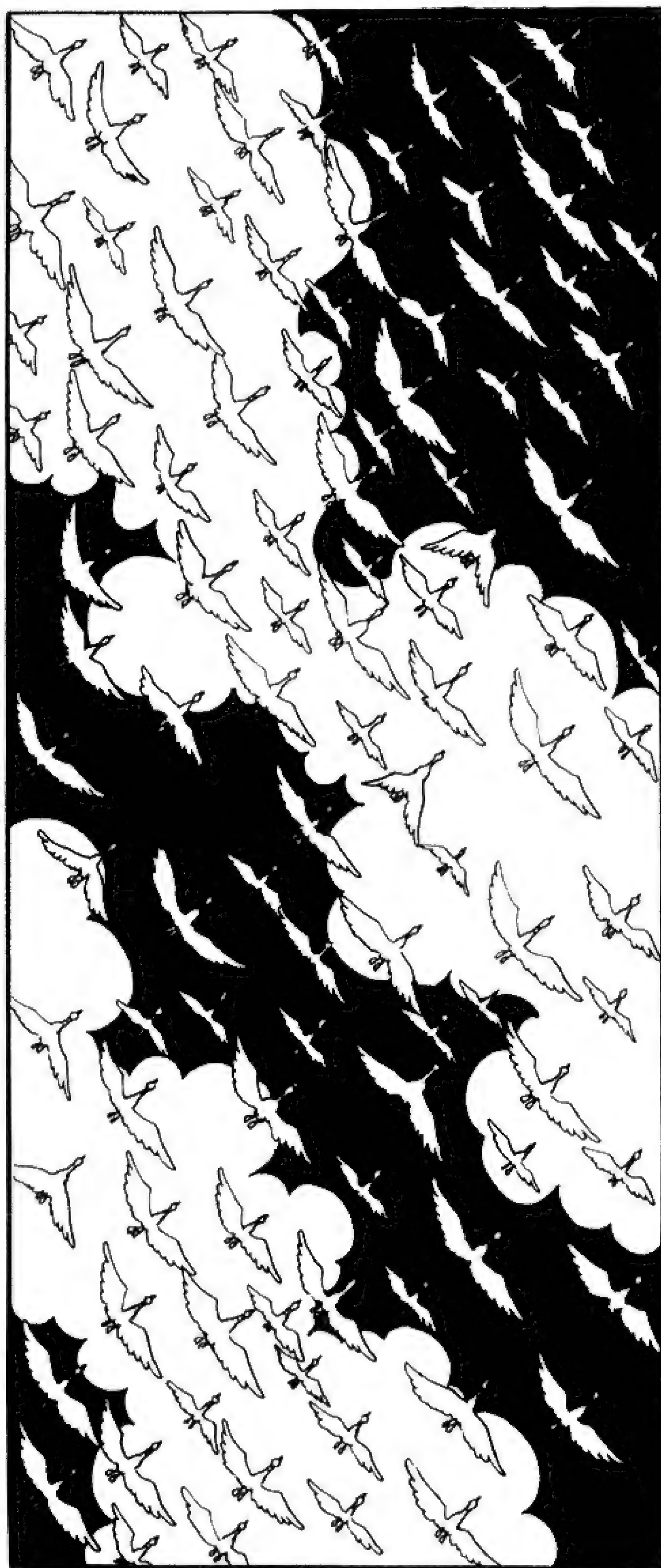
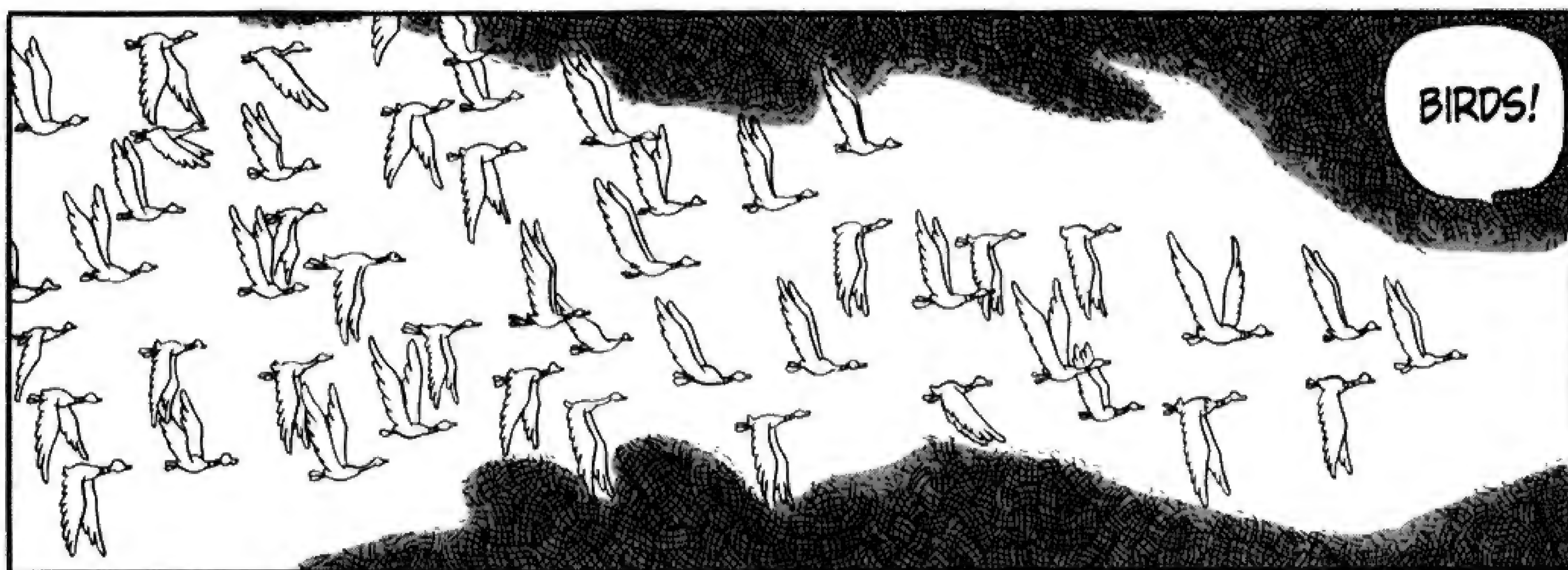
AND SLUG  
CULTURE,  
ALONG WITH  
ALL OTHER  
REMNANTS  
OF THE  
MESOZOIC  
AGE WERE  
WASHED  
AWAY.

ROAR ROOAR

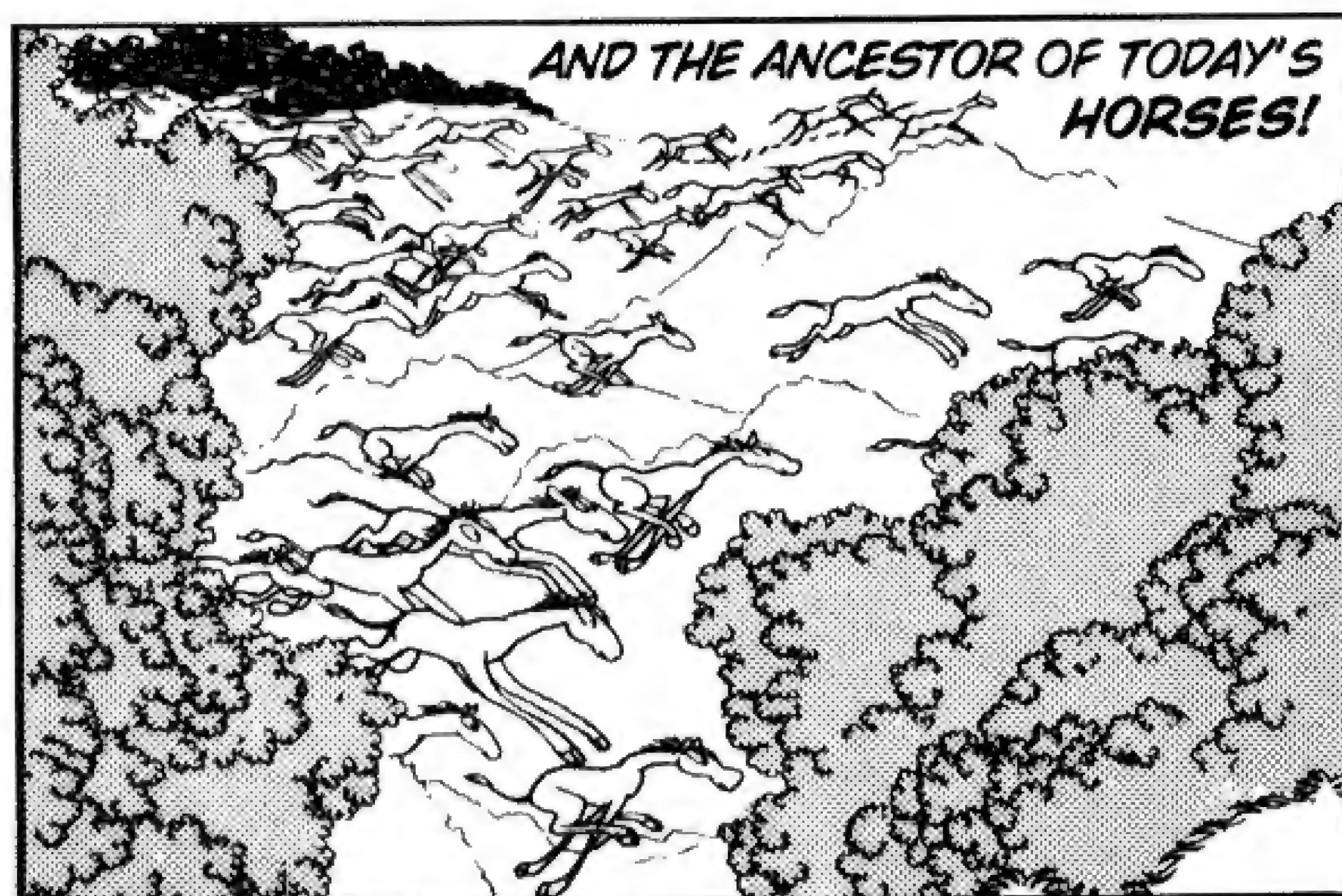
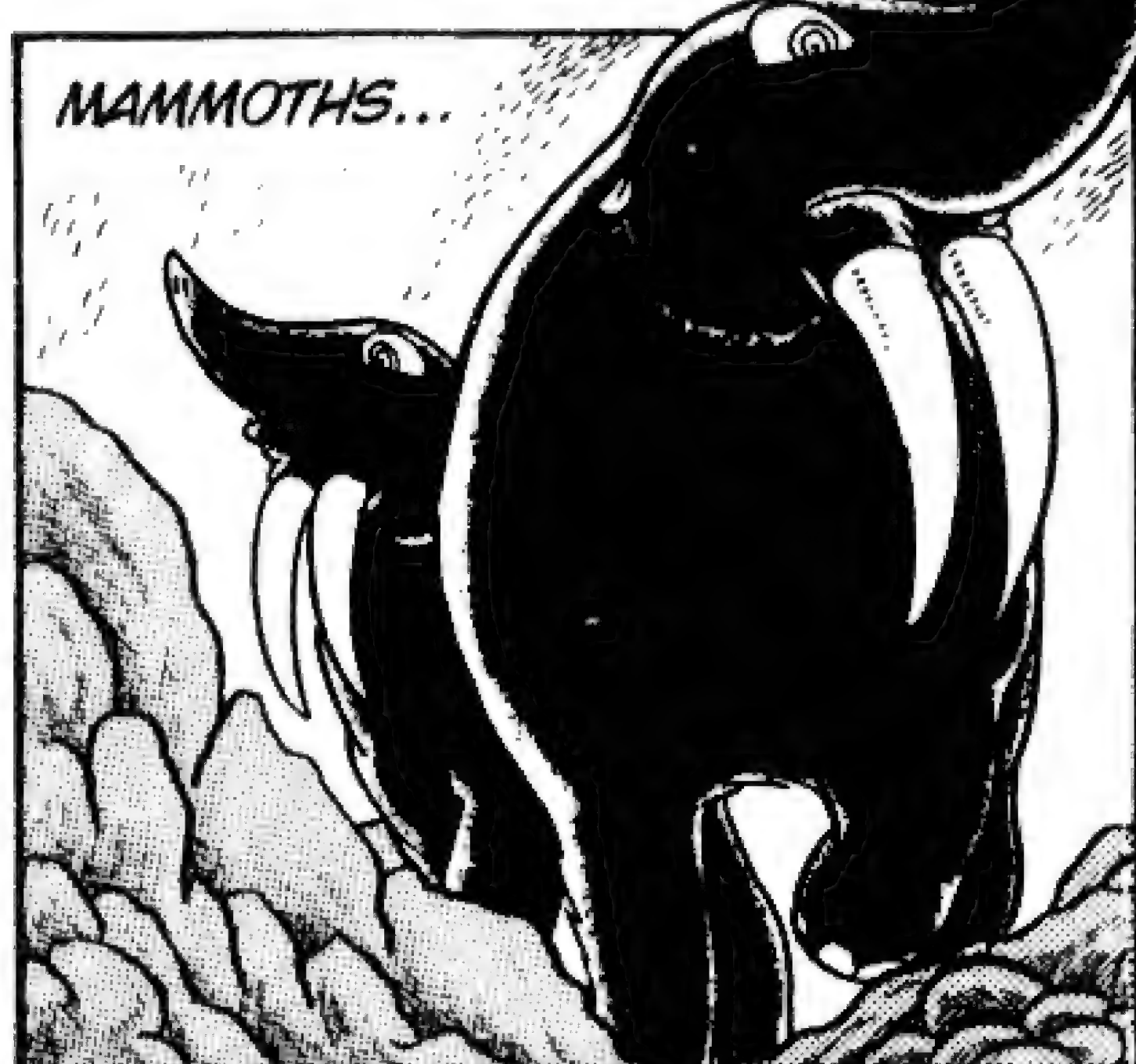
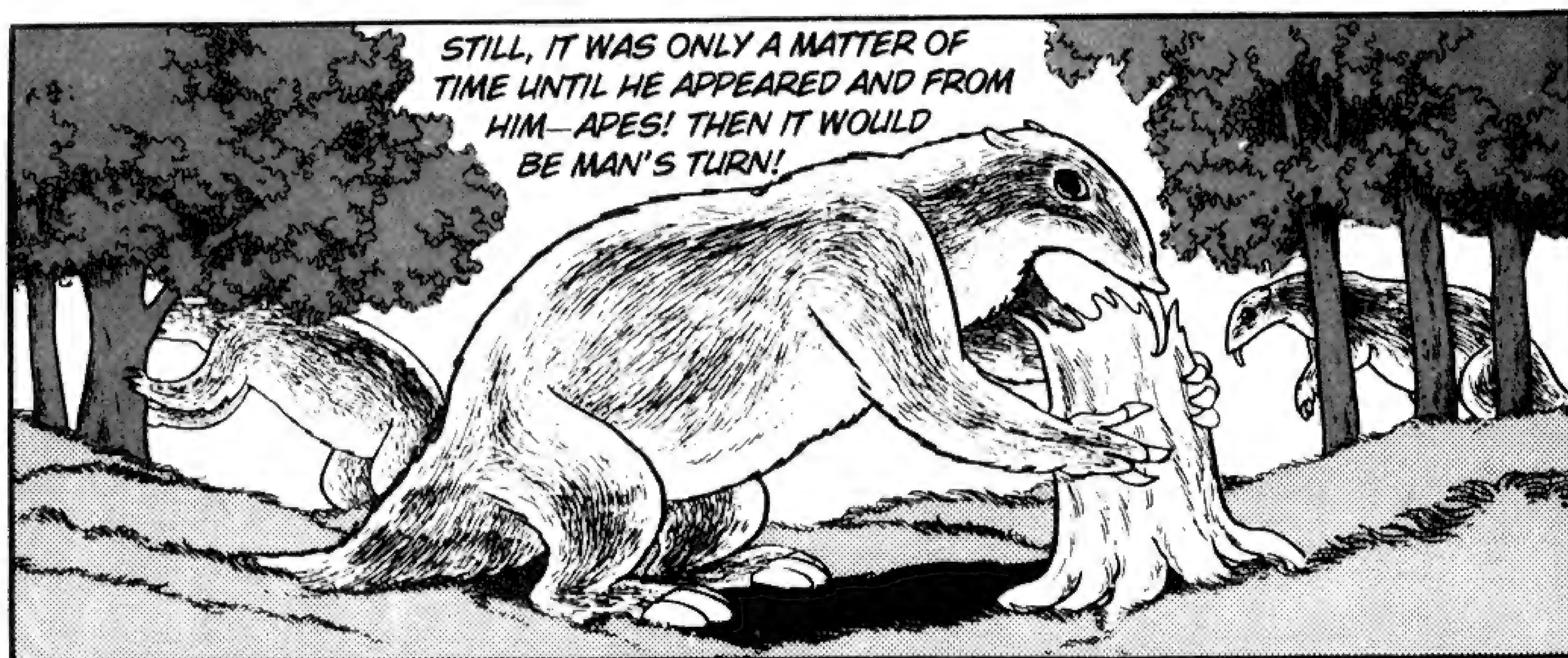




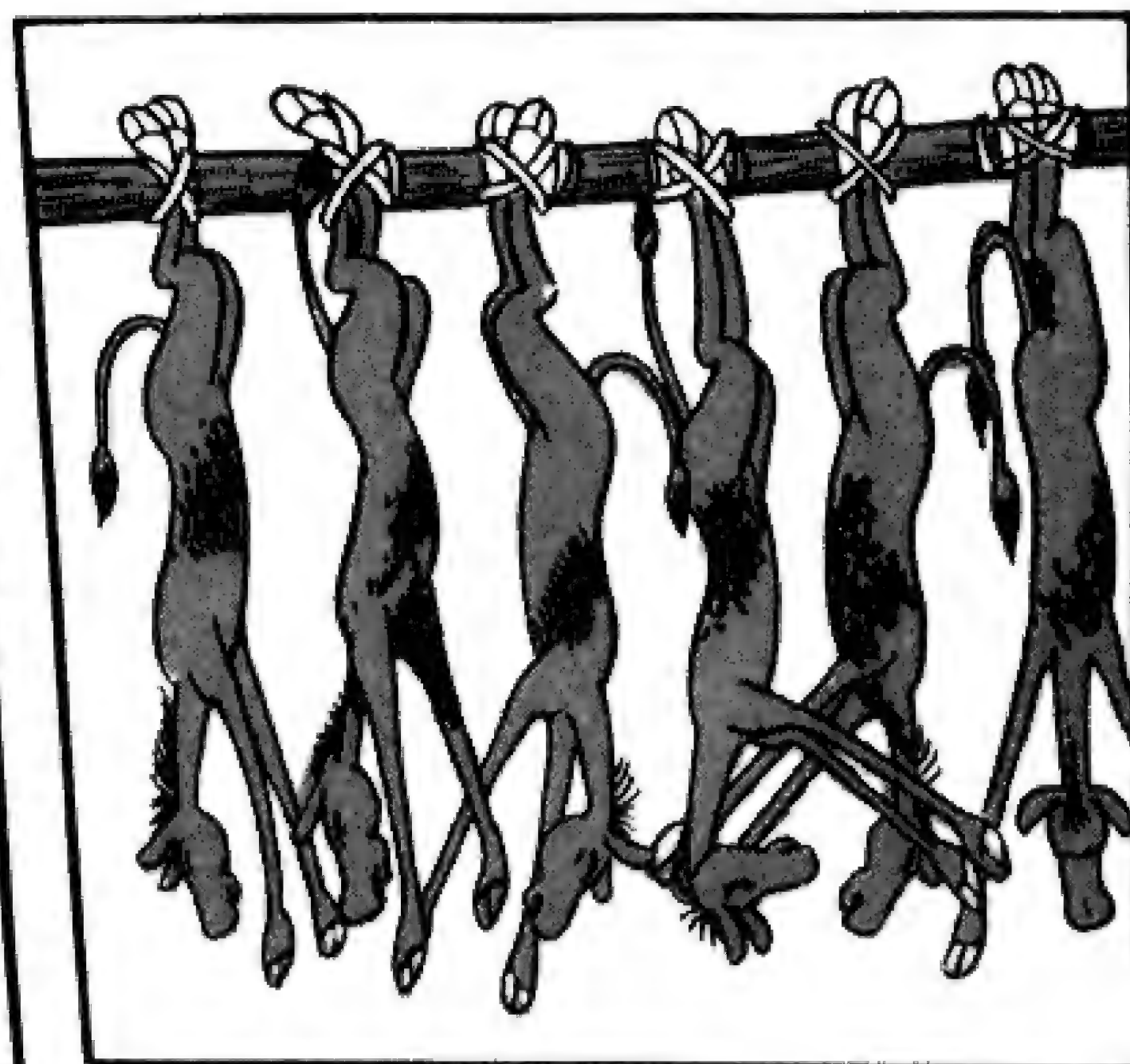




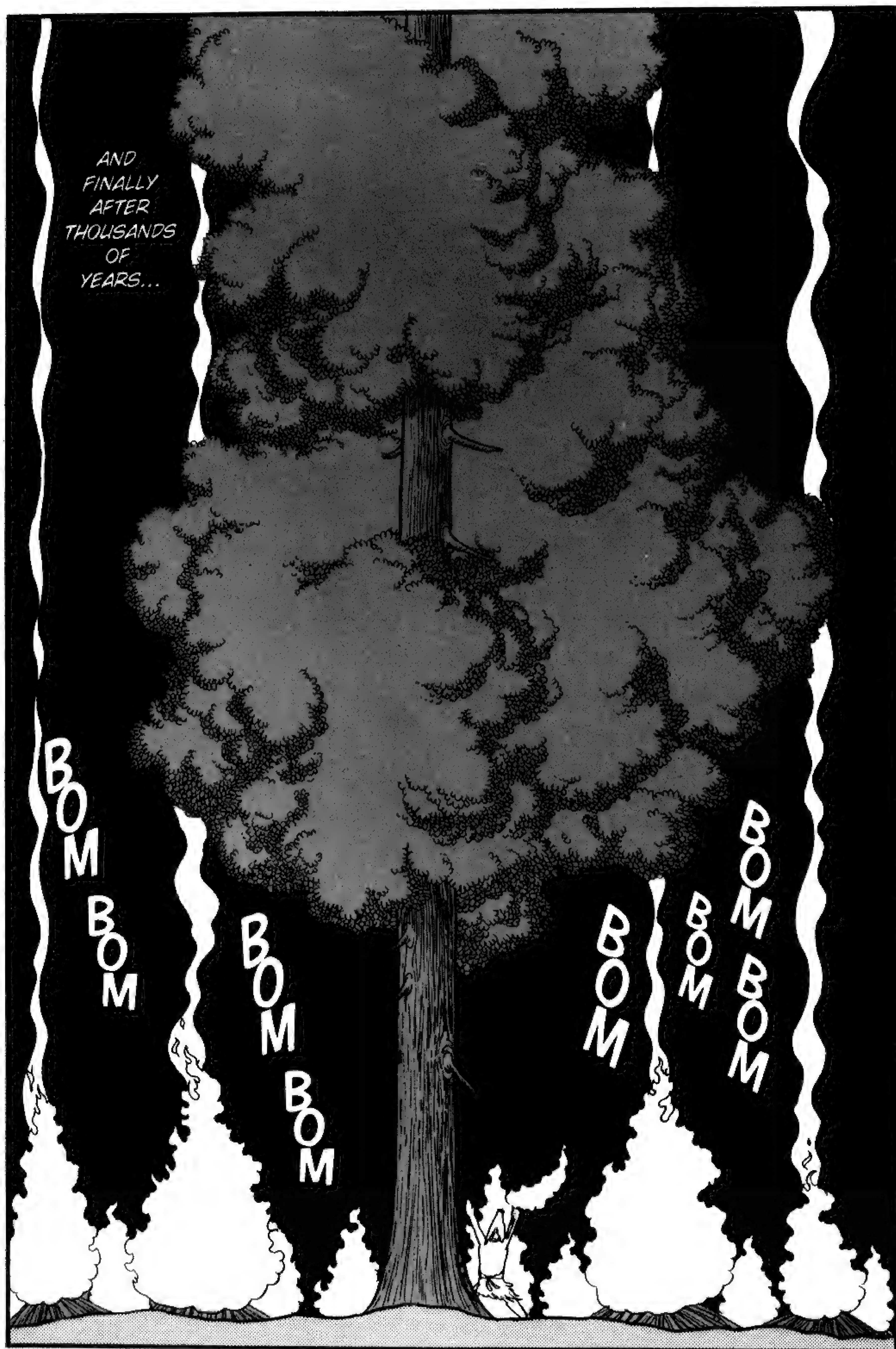




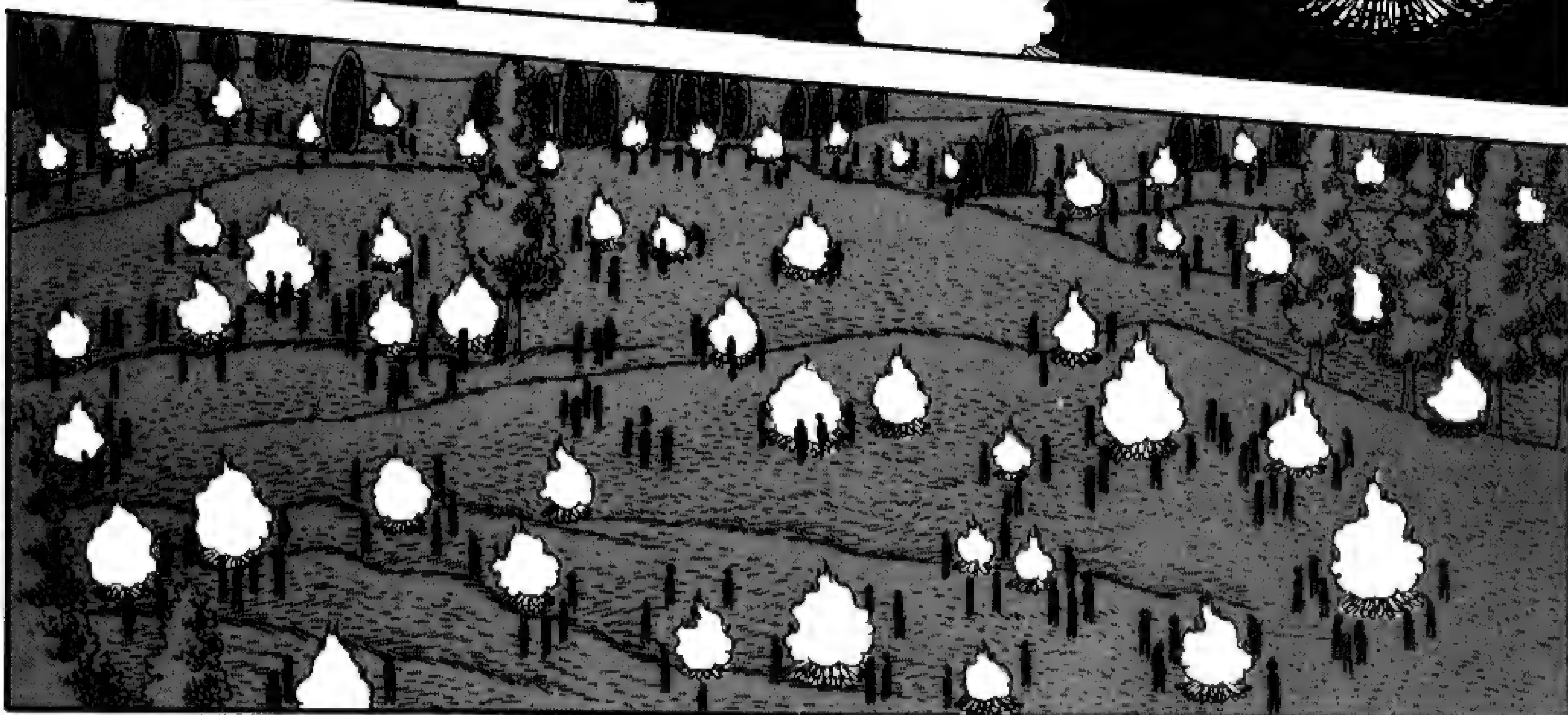
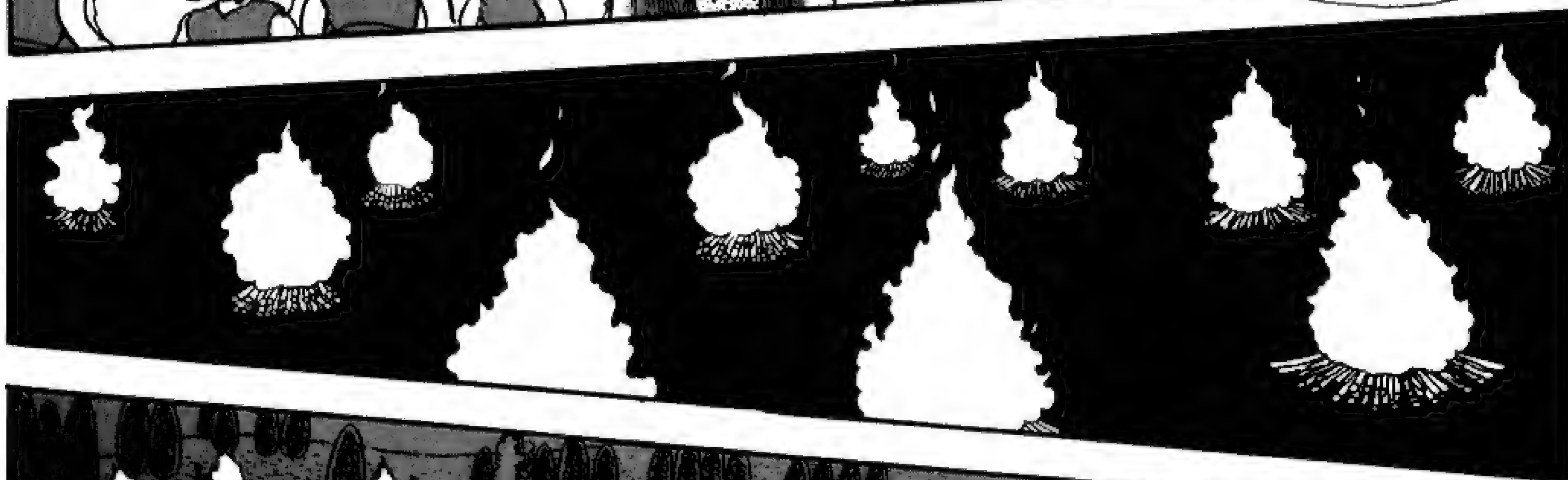
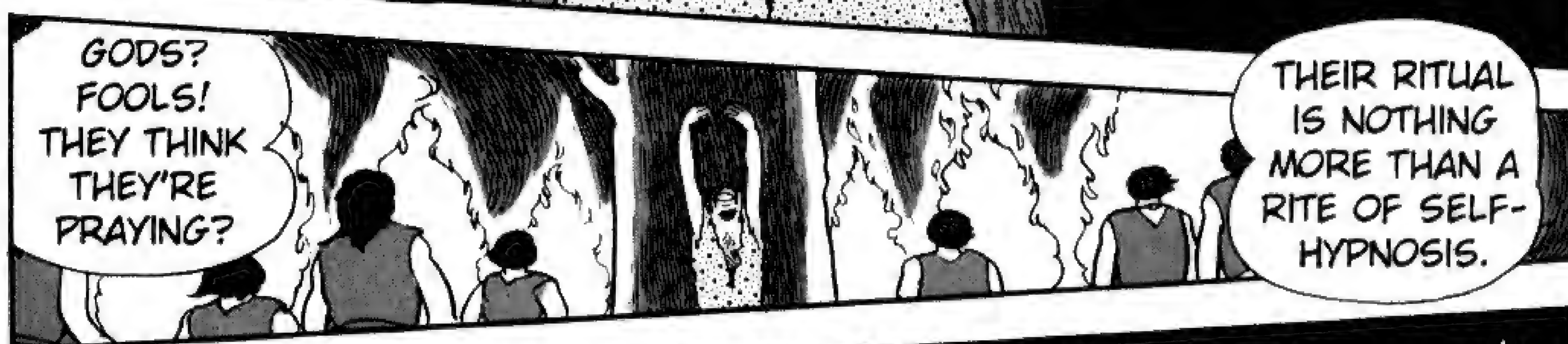




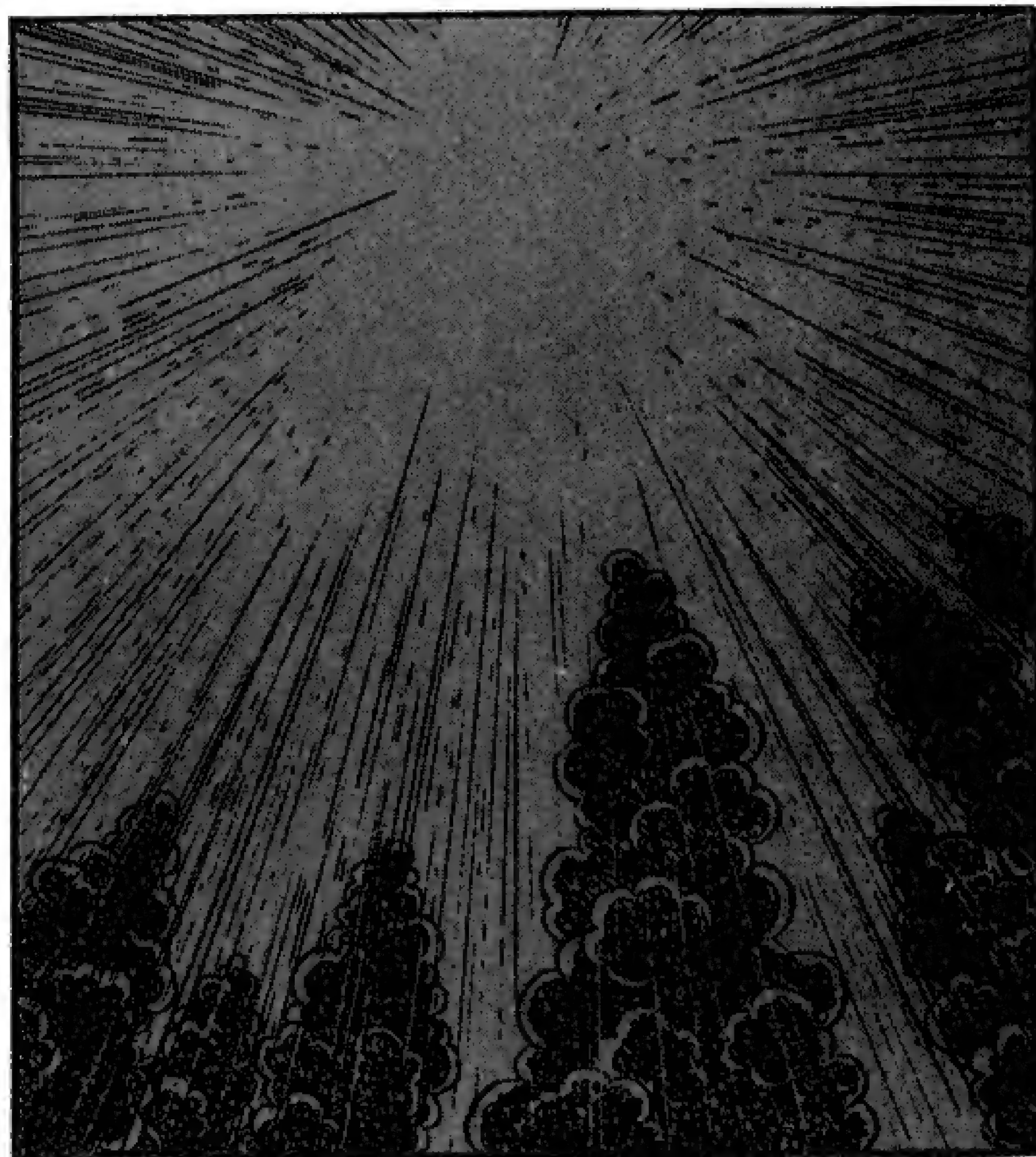




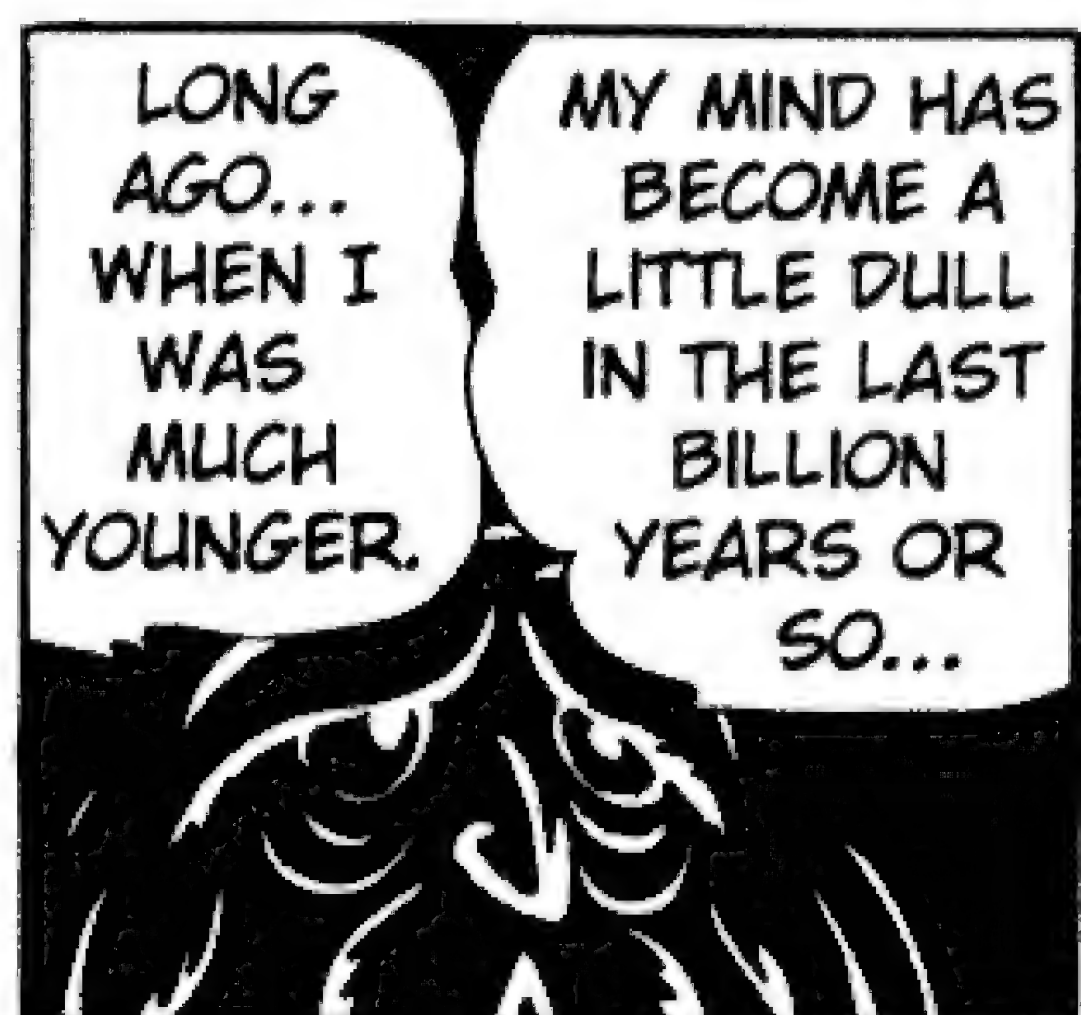
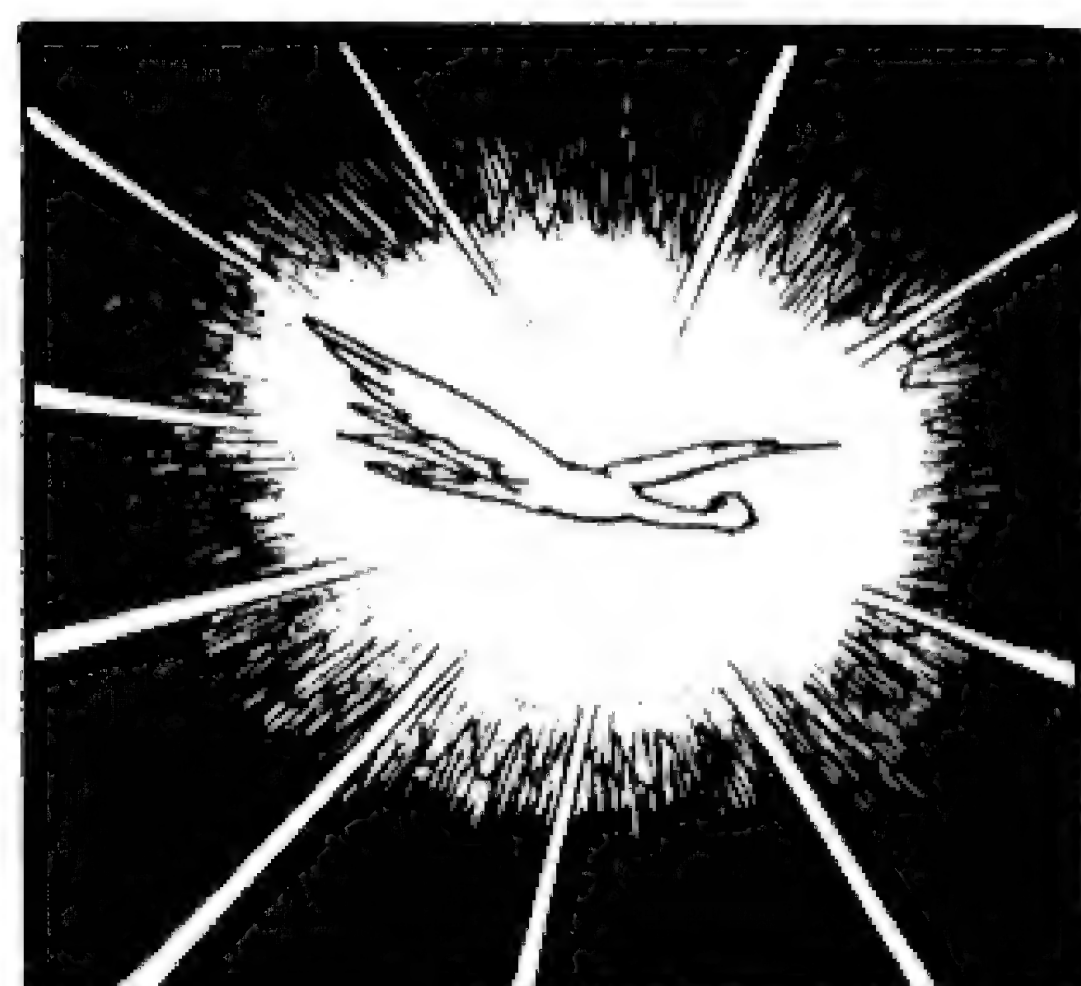
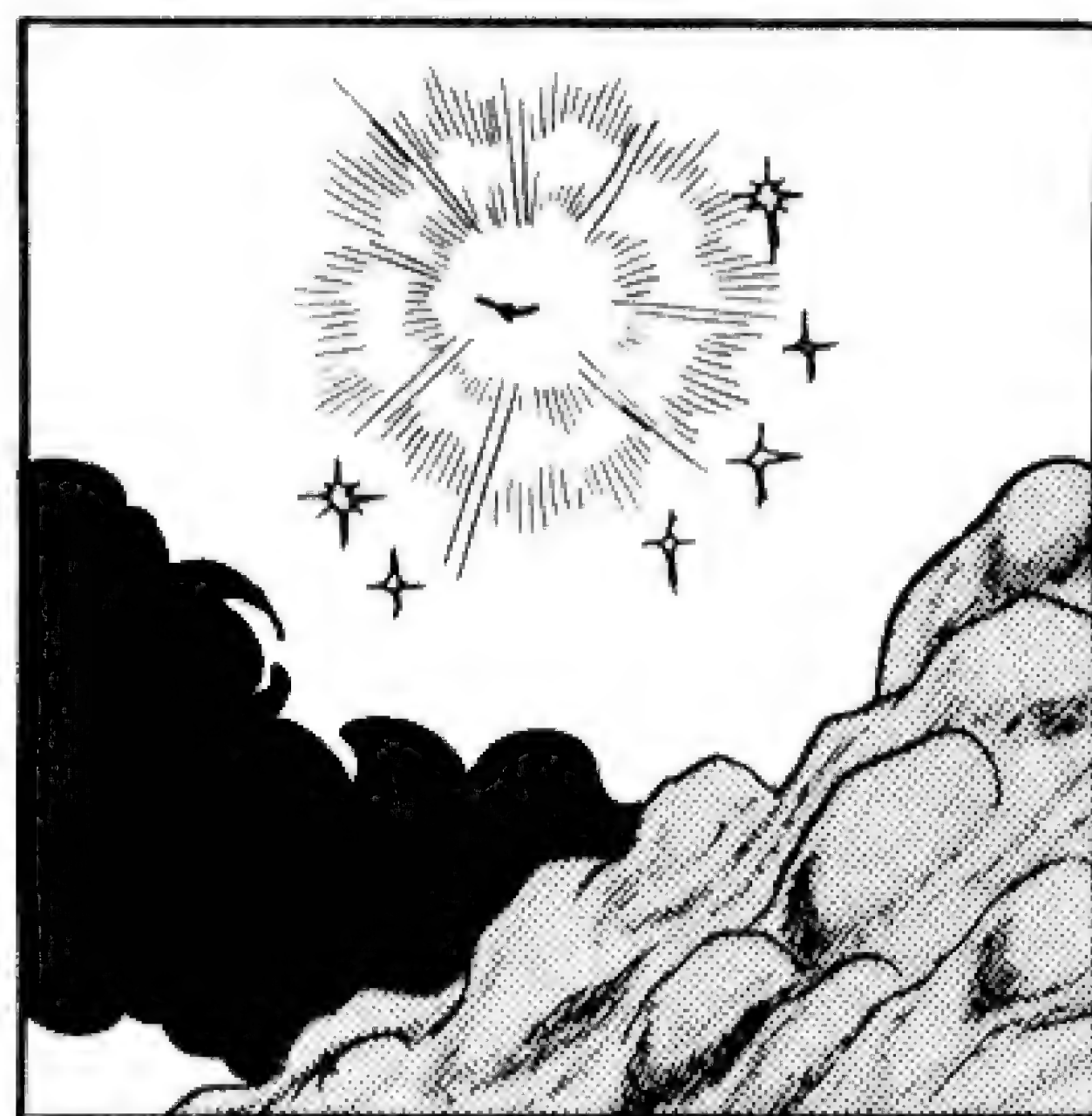




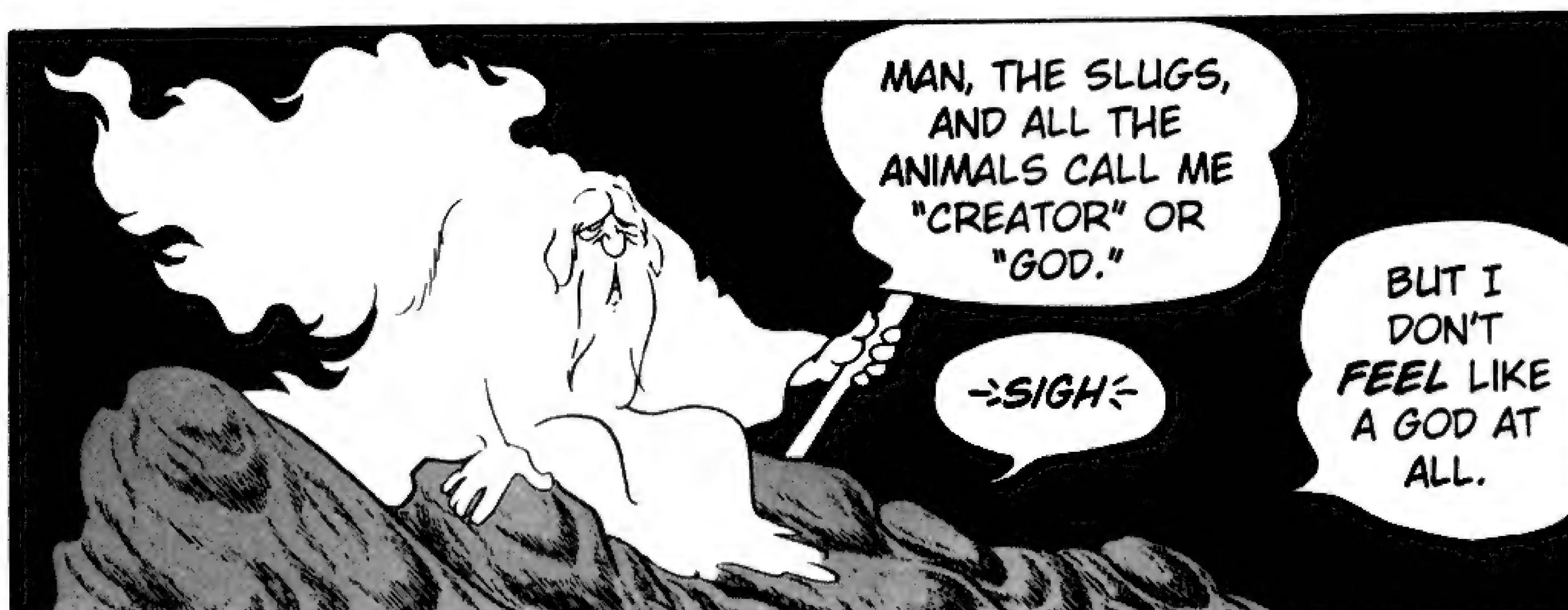
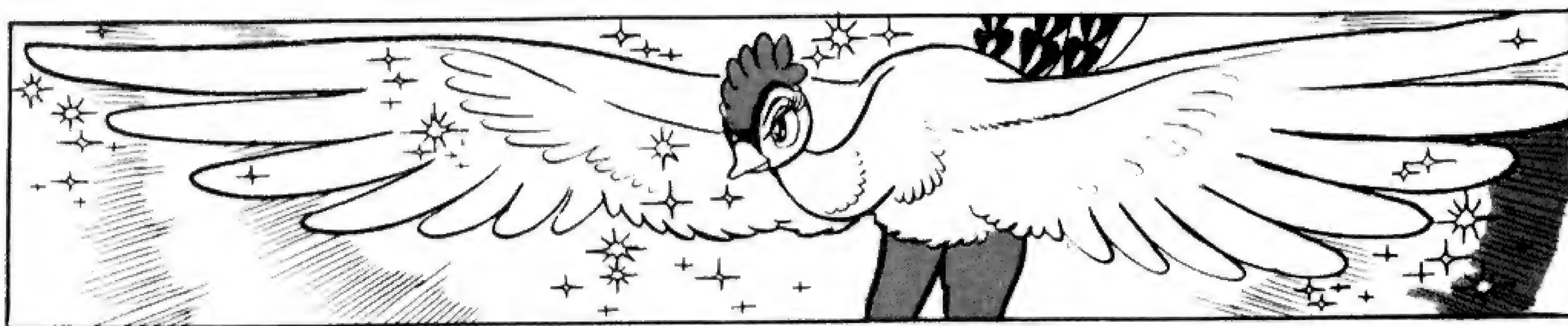




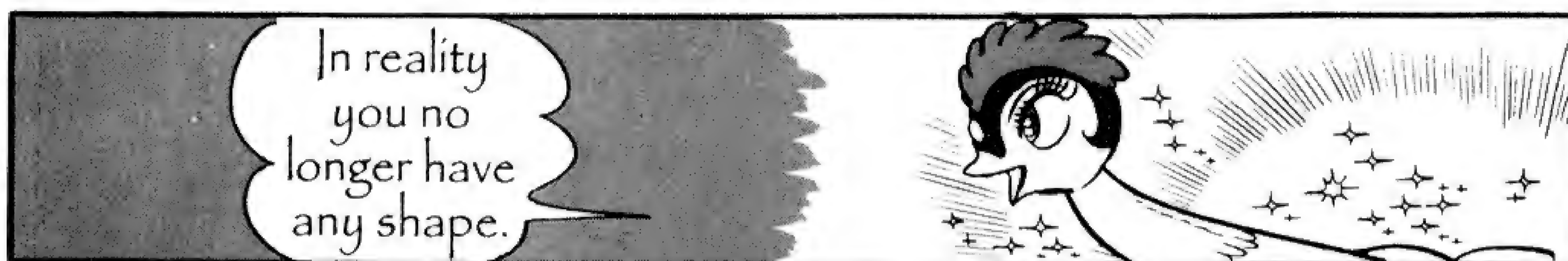
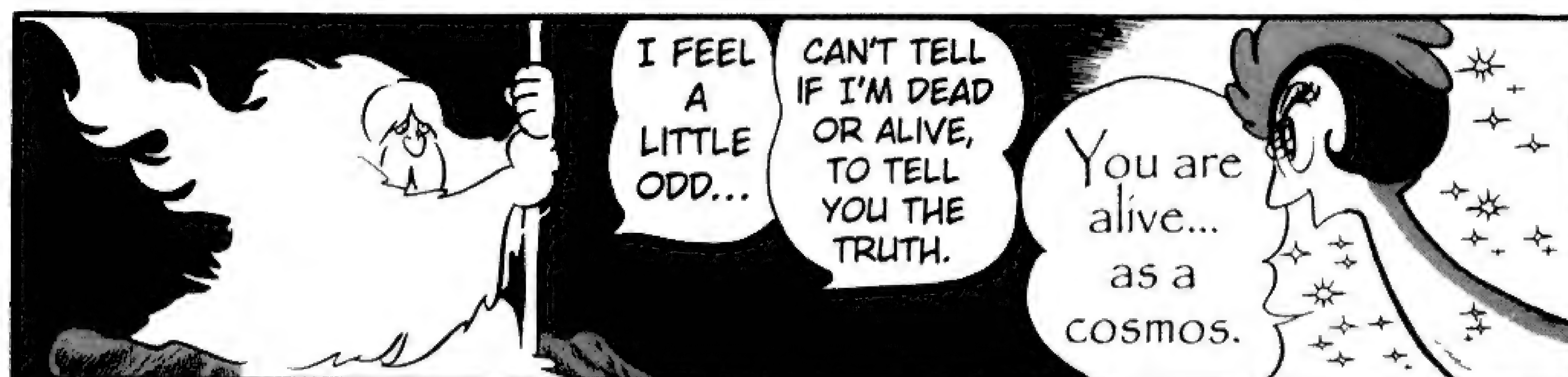








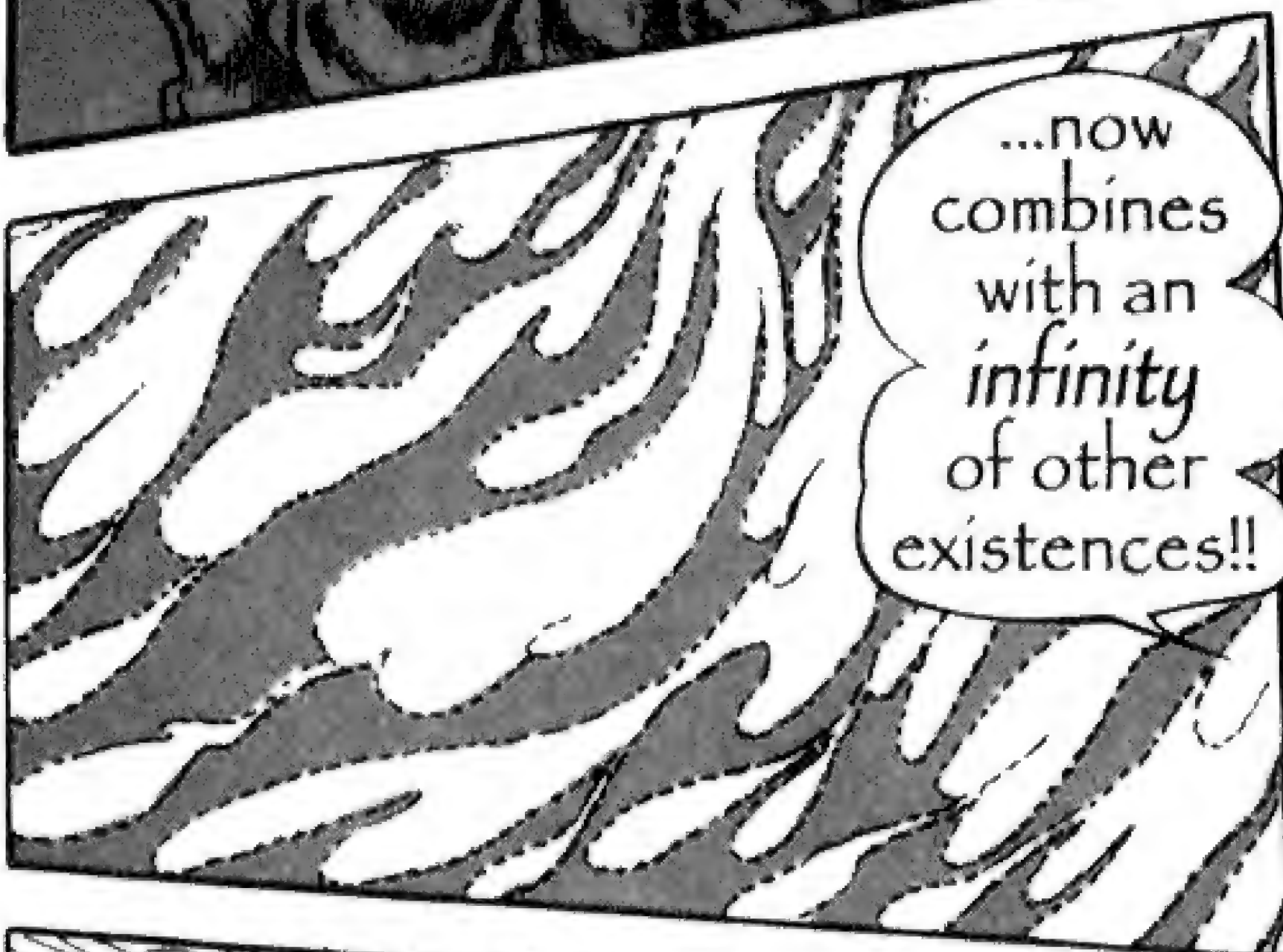




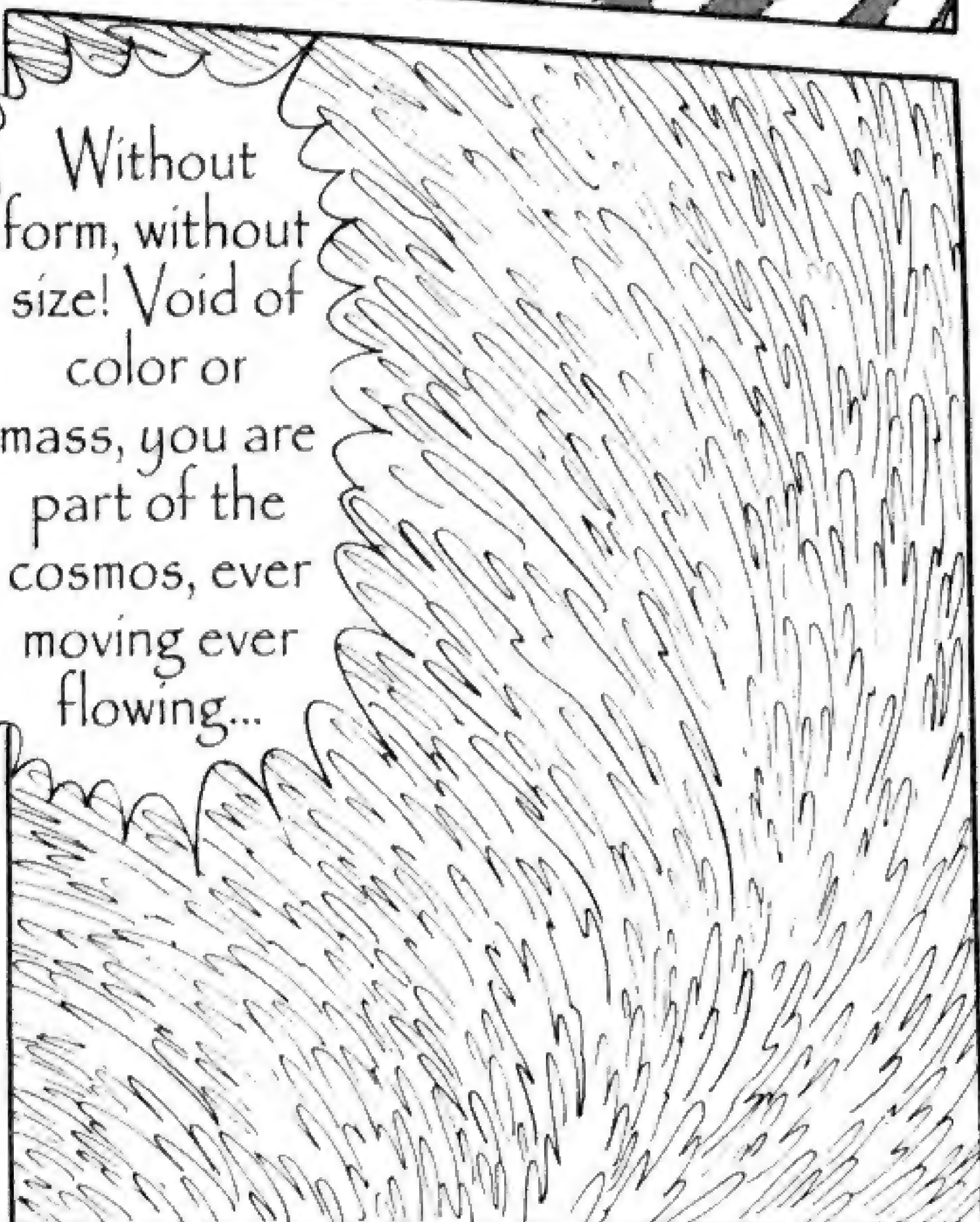




See it?  
Feel it?  
Your new  
existence...



...now  
combines  
with an  
*infinity*  
of other  
existences!!



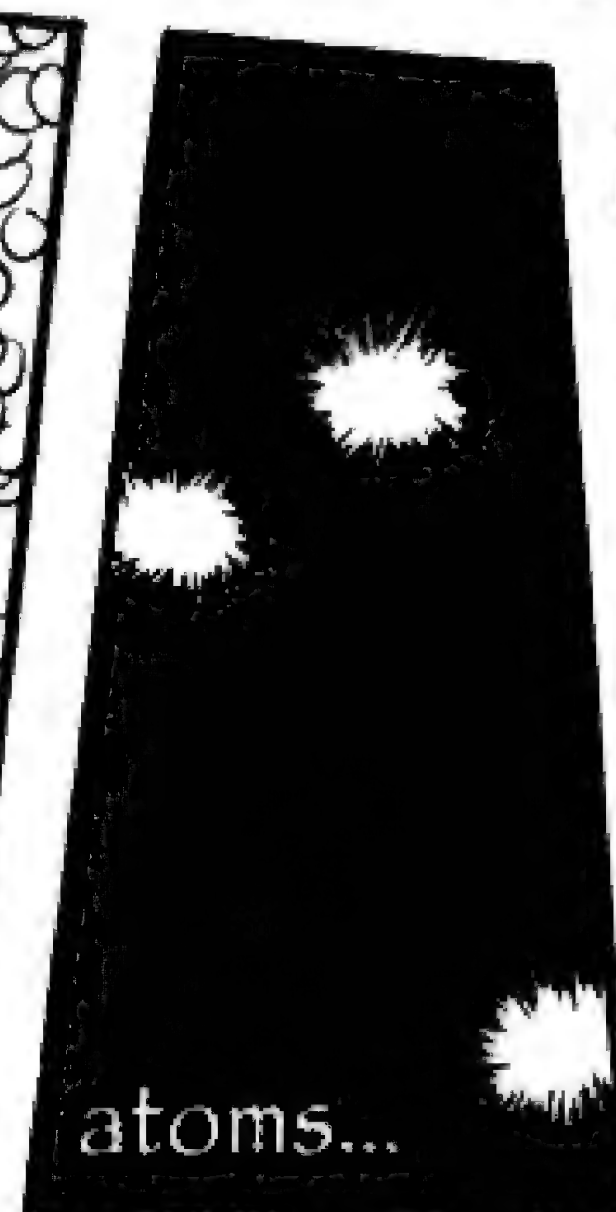
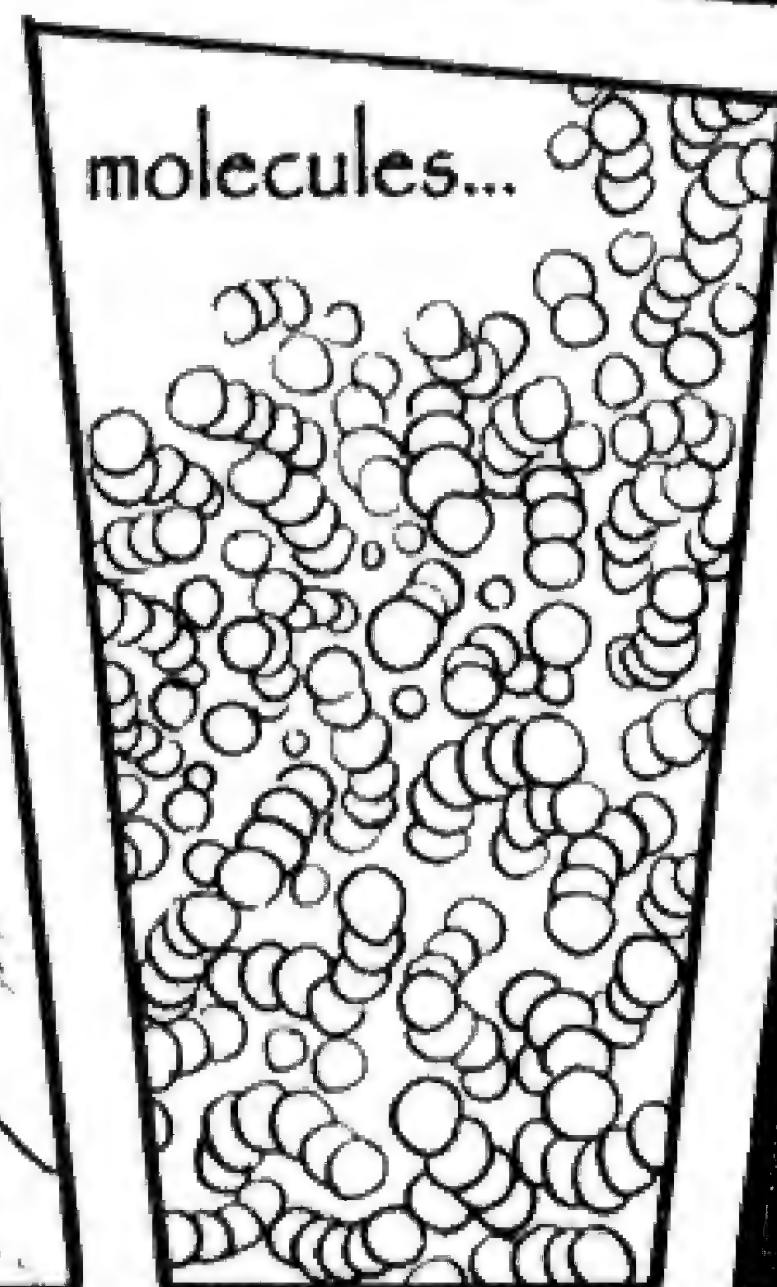
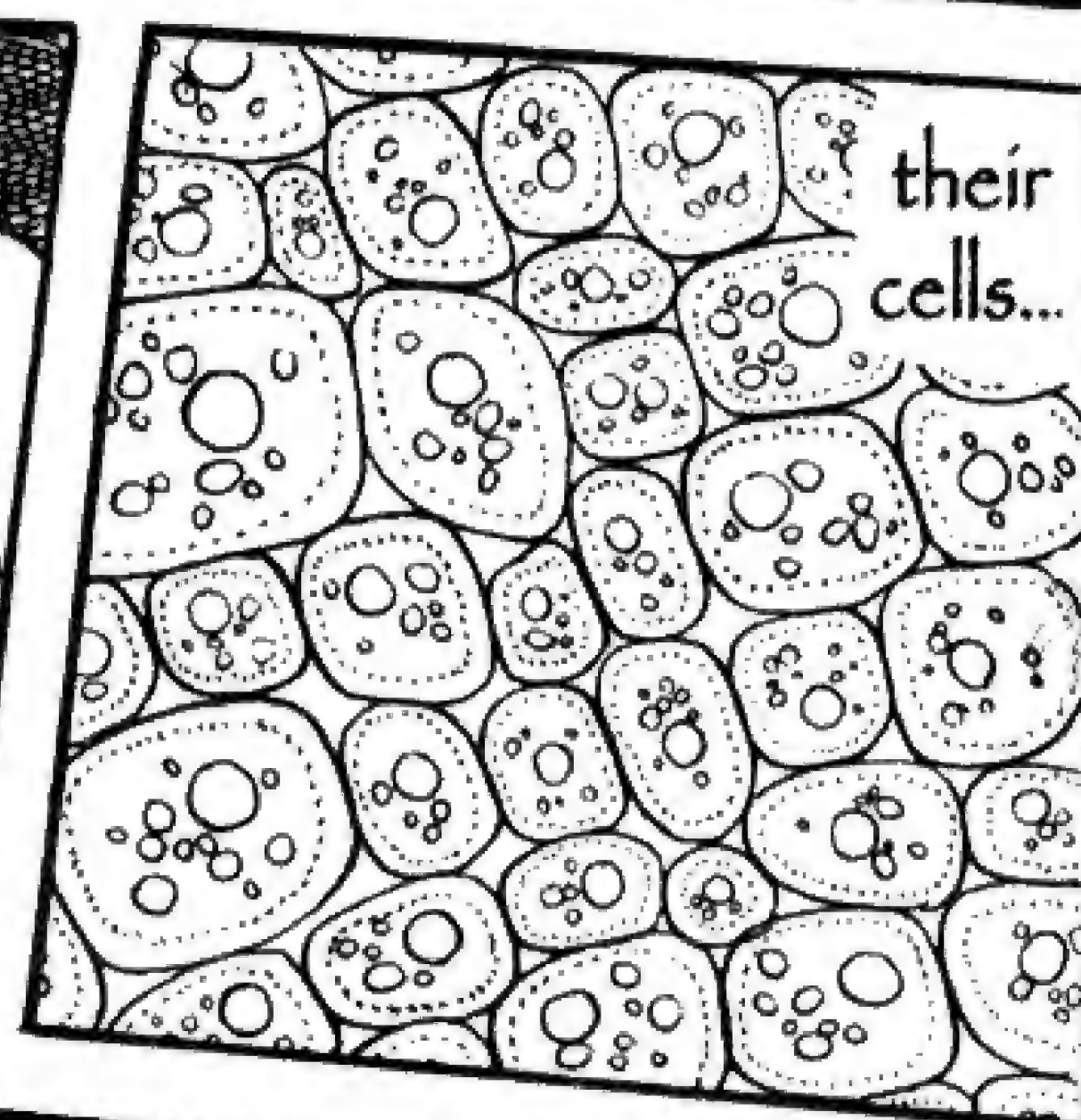
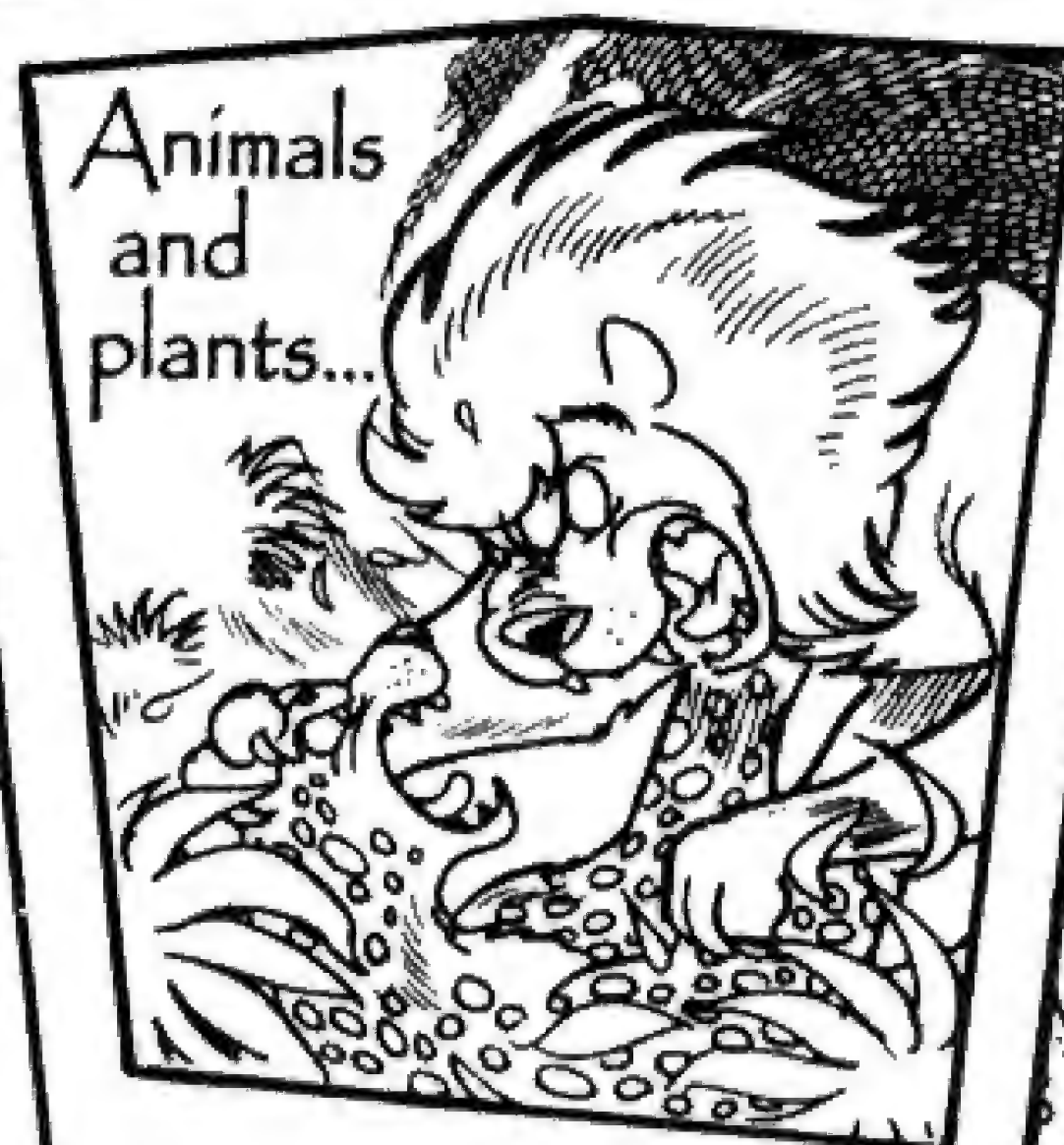
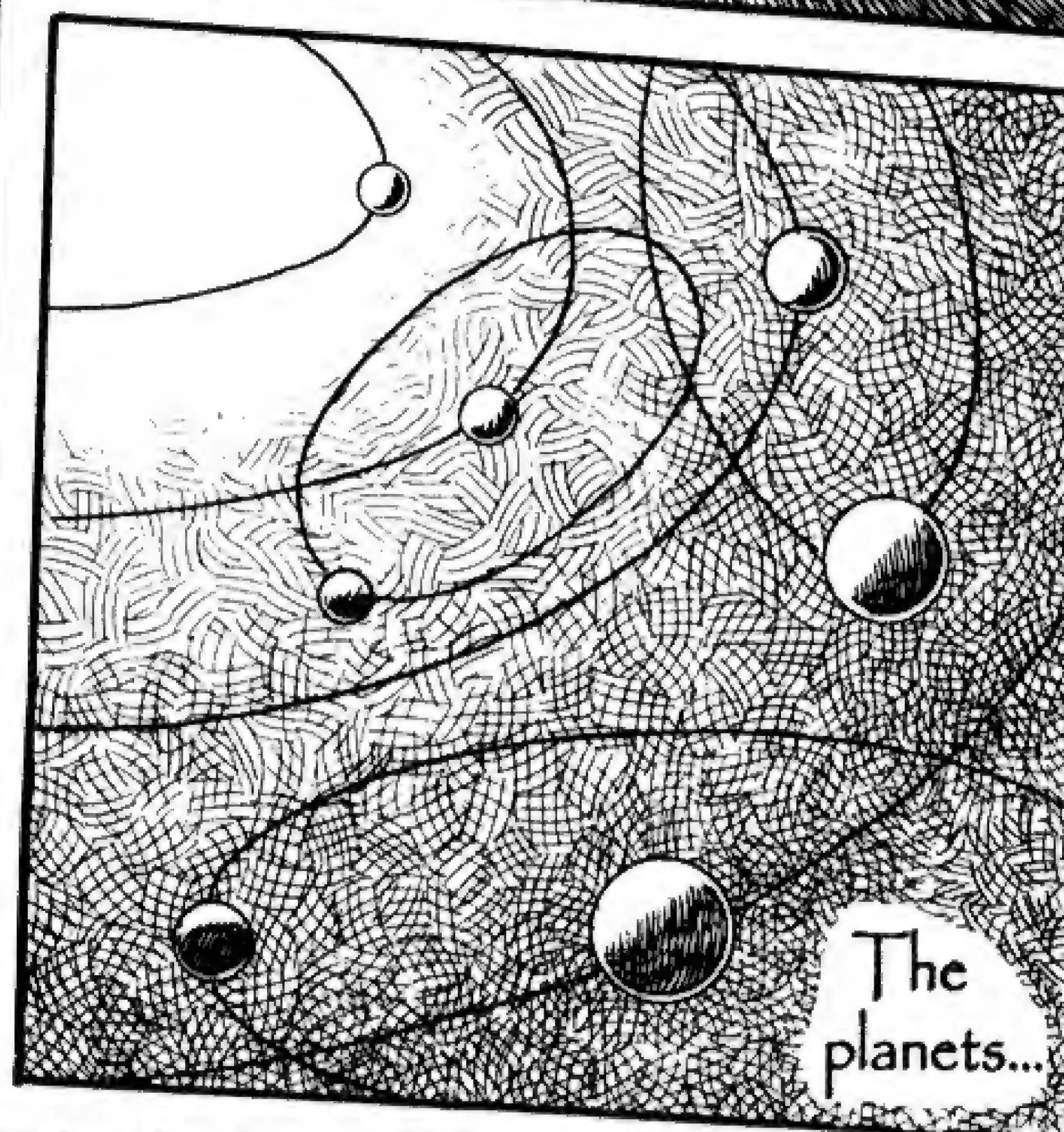
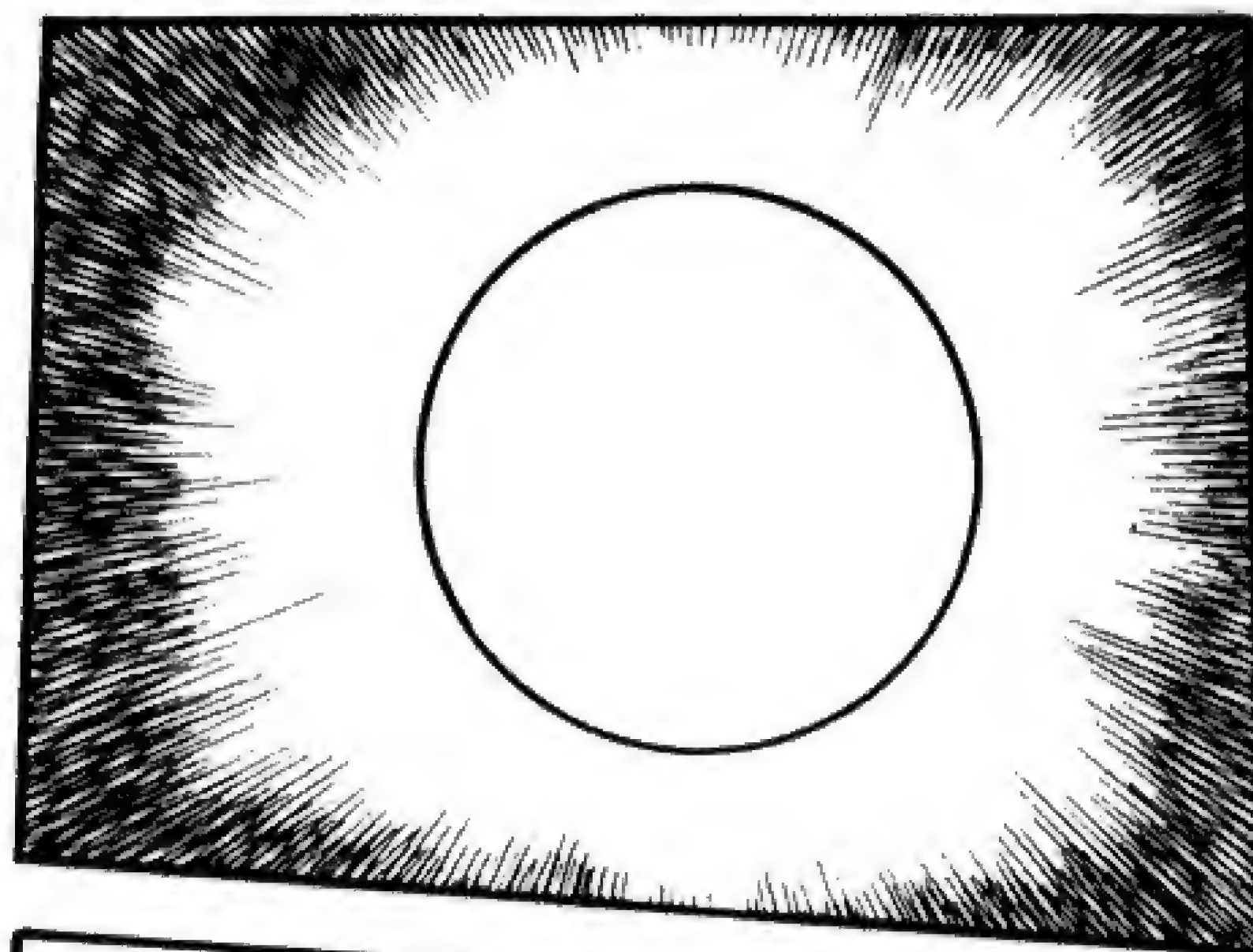
Without  
form, without  
size! Void of  
color or  
mass, you are  
part of the  
cosmos, ever  
moving ever  
flowing...



At times  
it flows into  
physical  
matter...

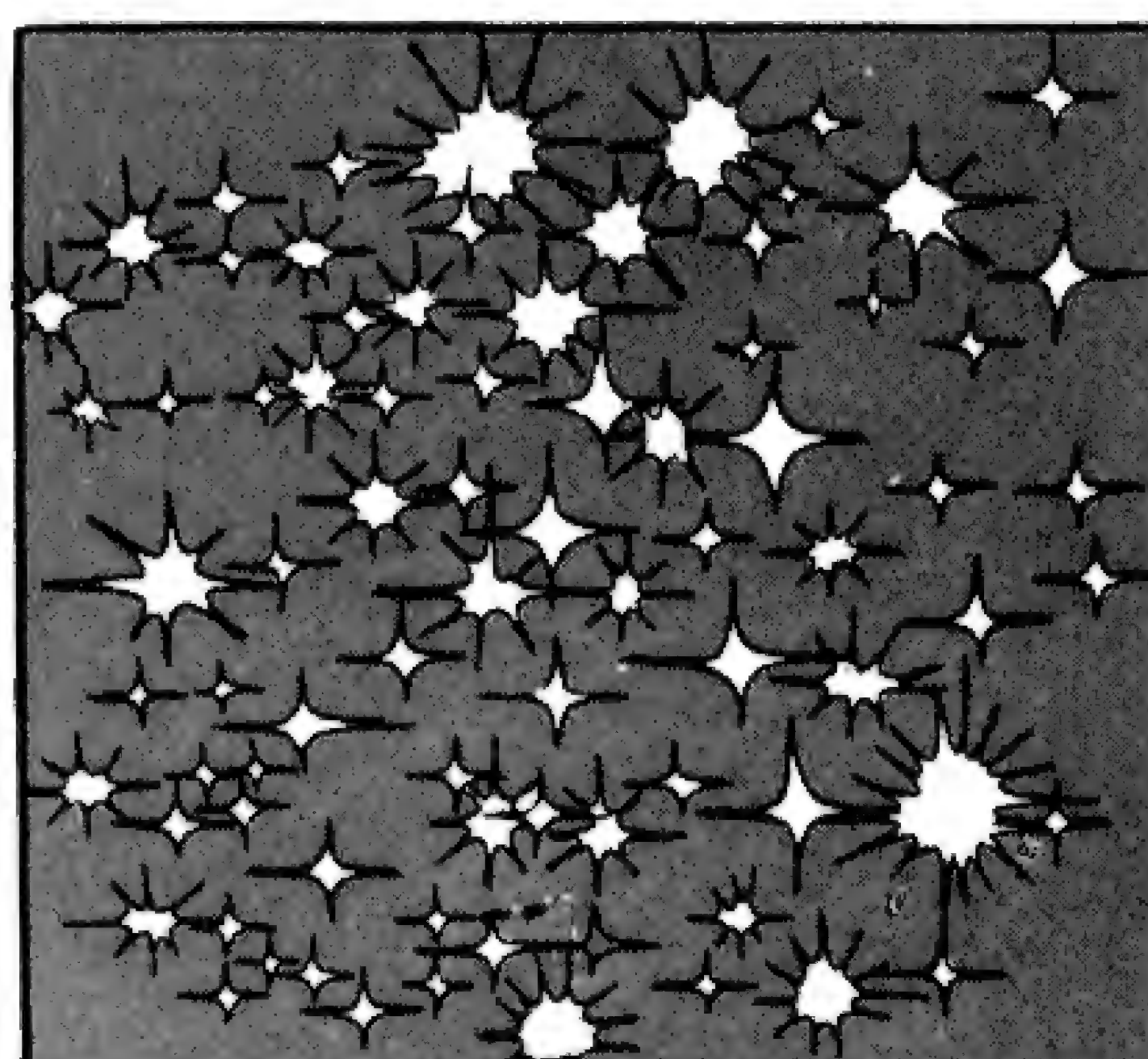
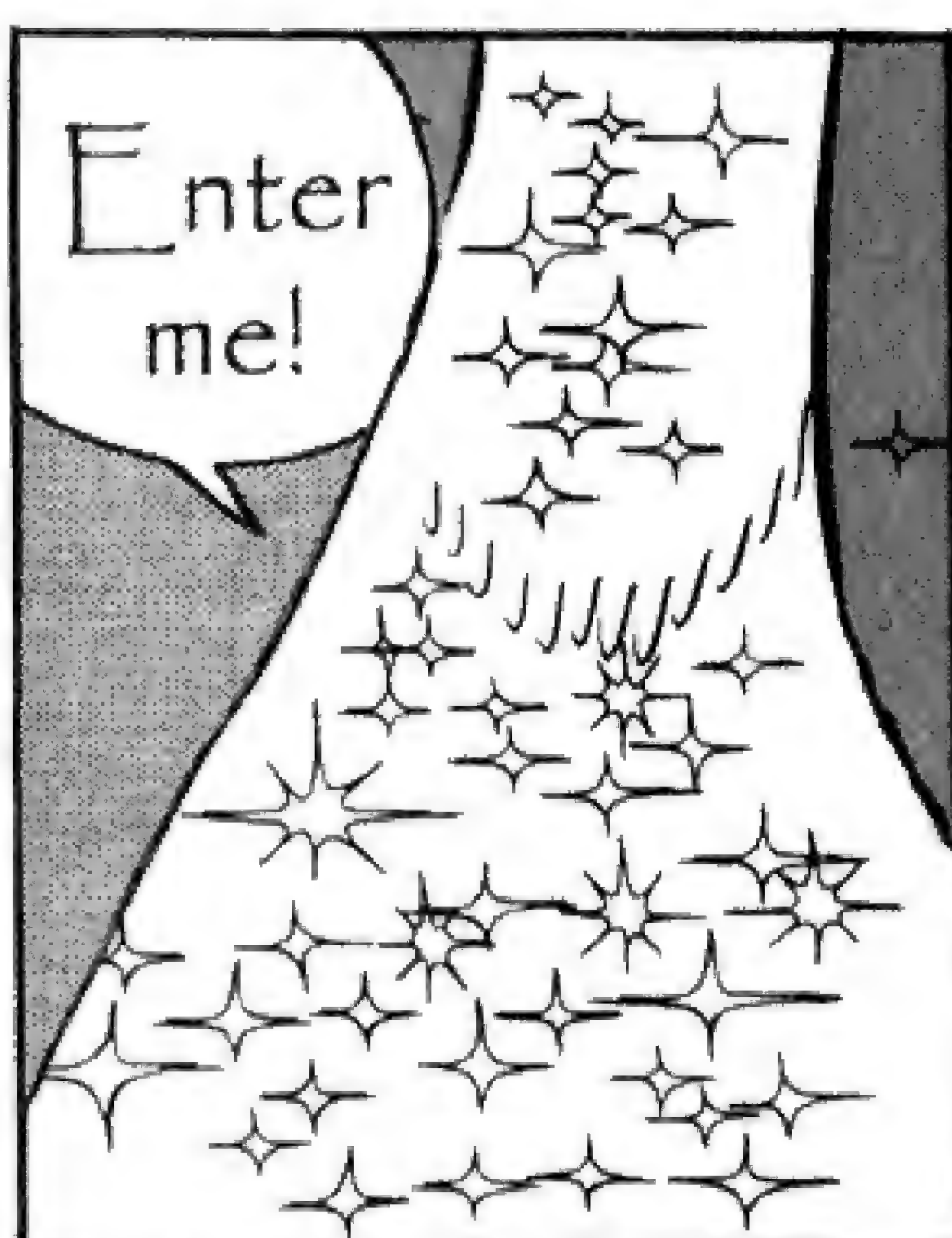
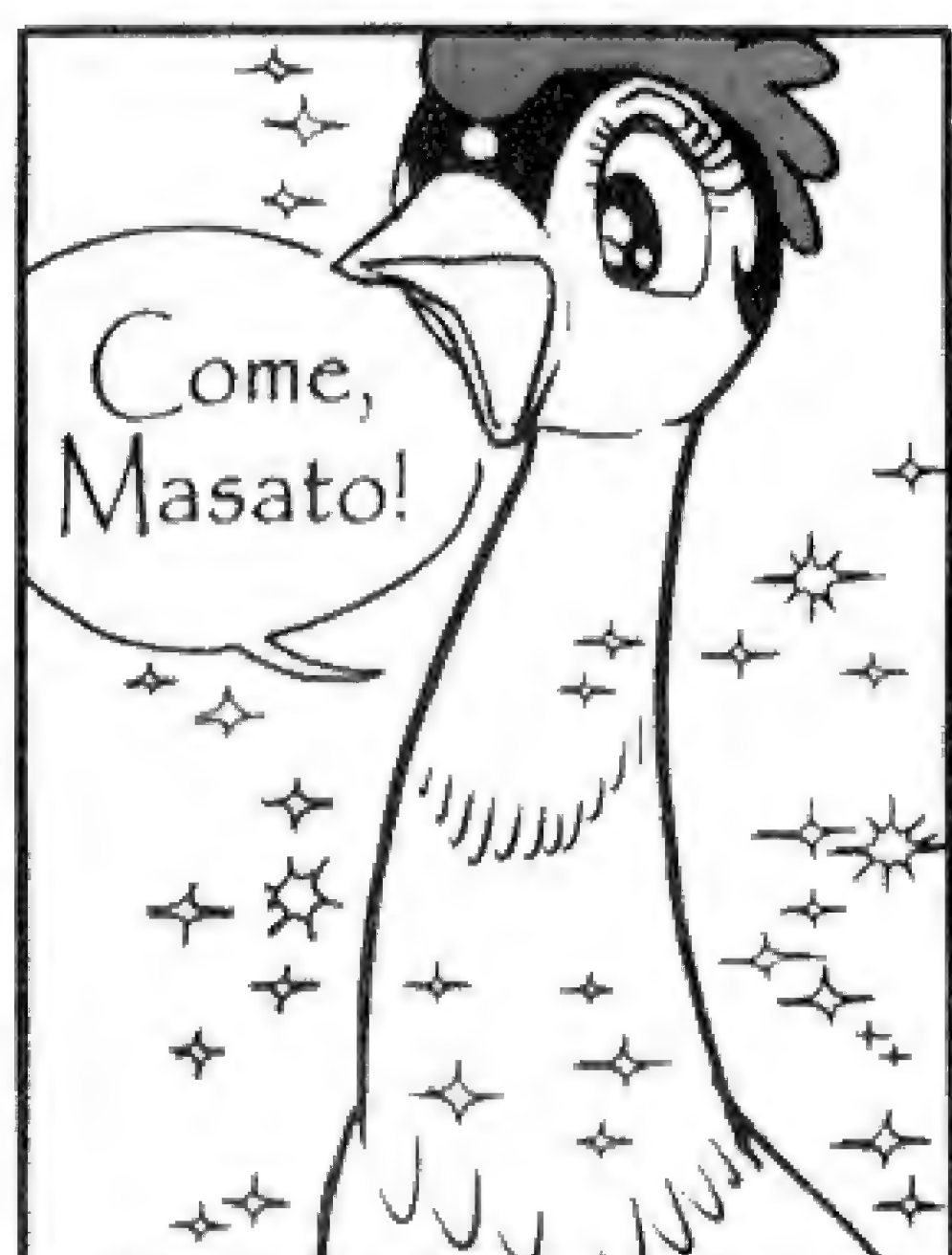
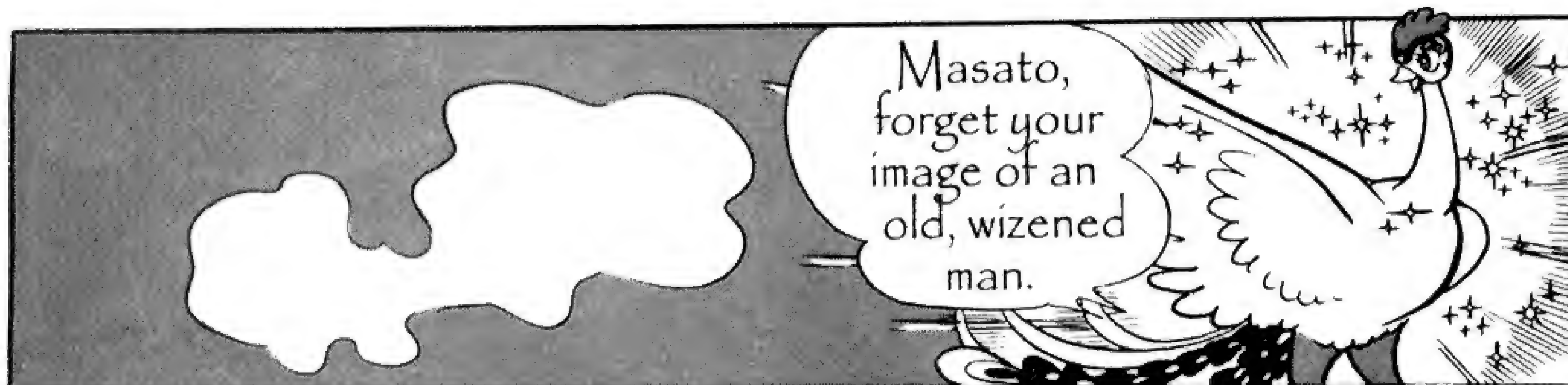
and at that  
point it  
becomes alive  
for the first  
time!



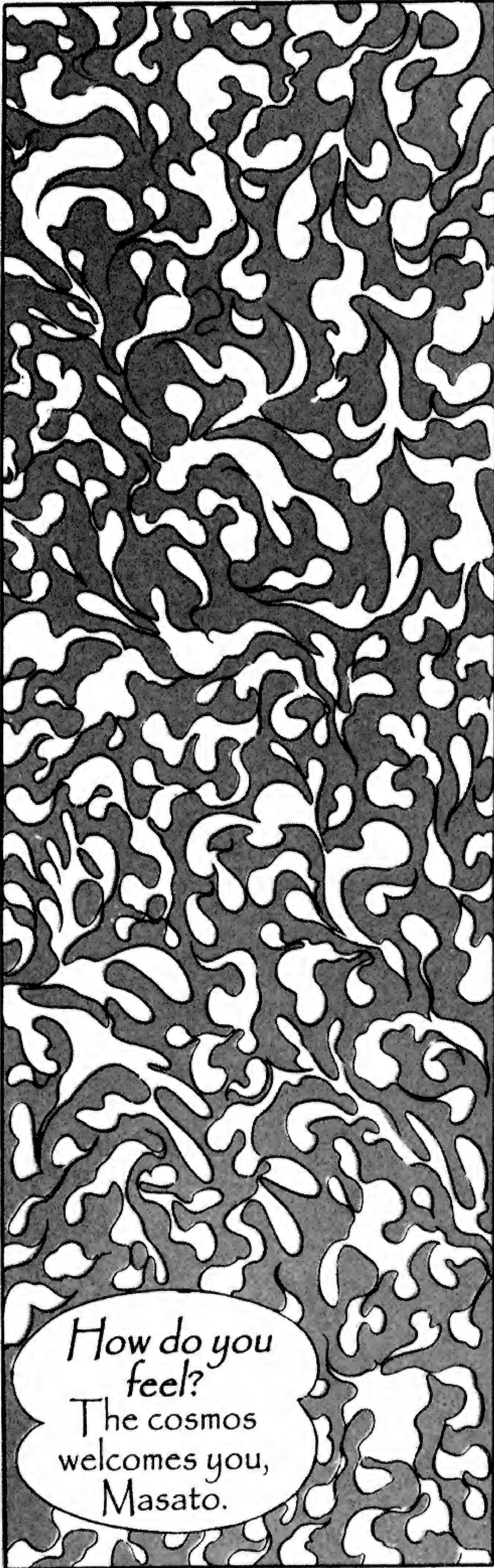


are imbued  
with the living  
cosmos!

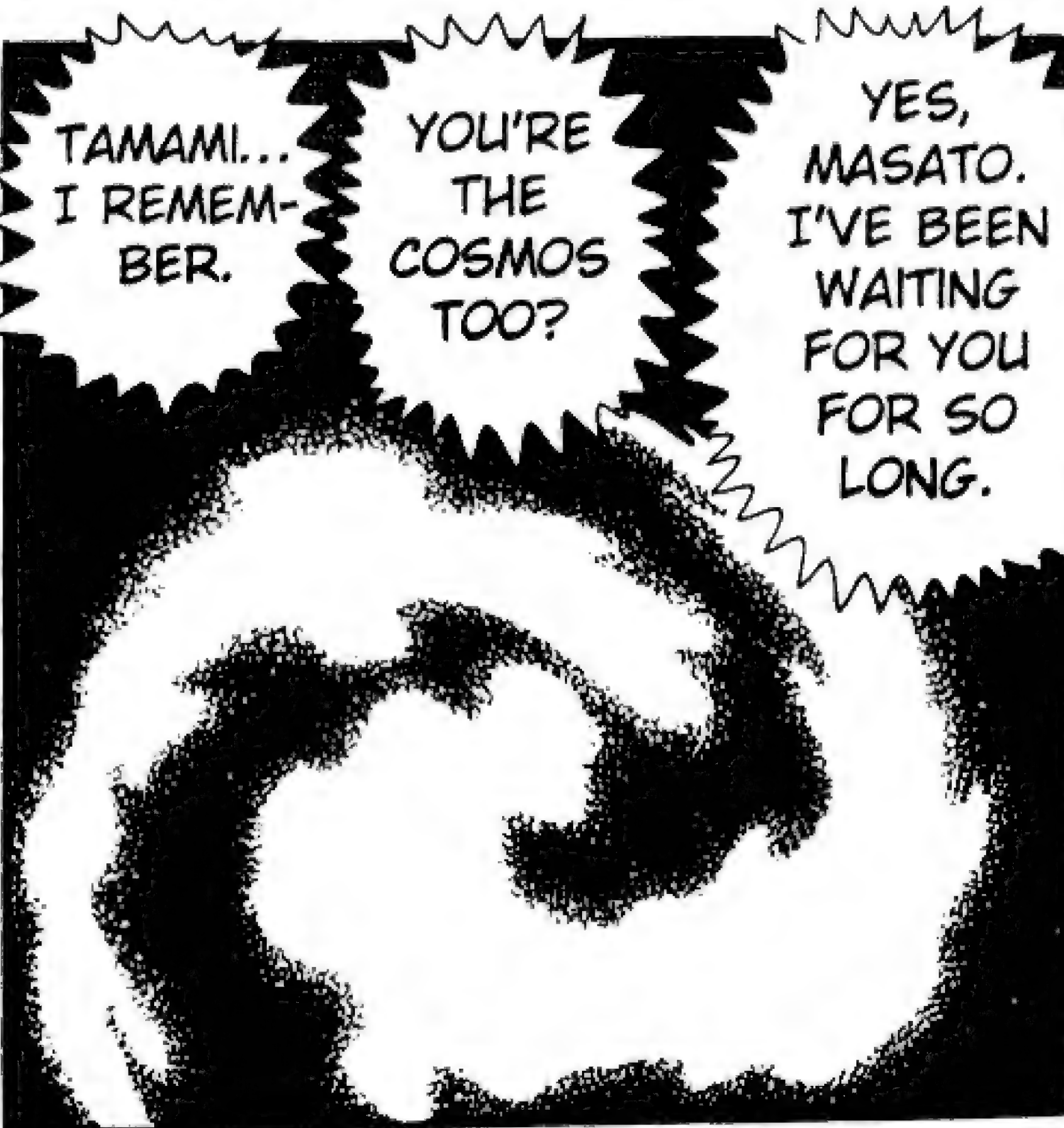
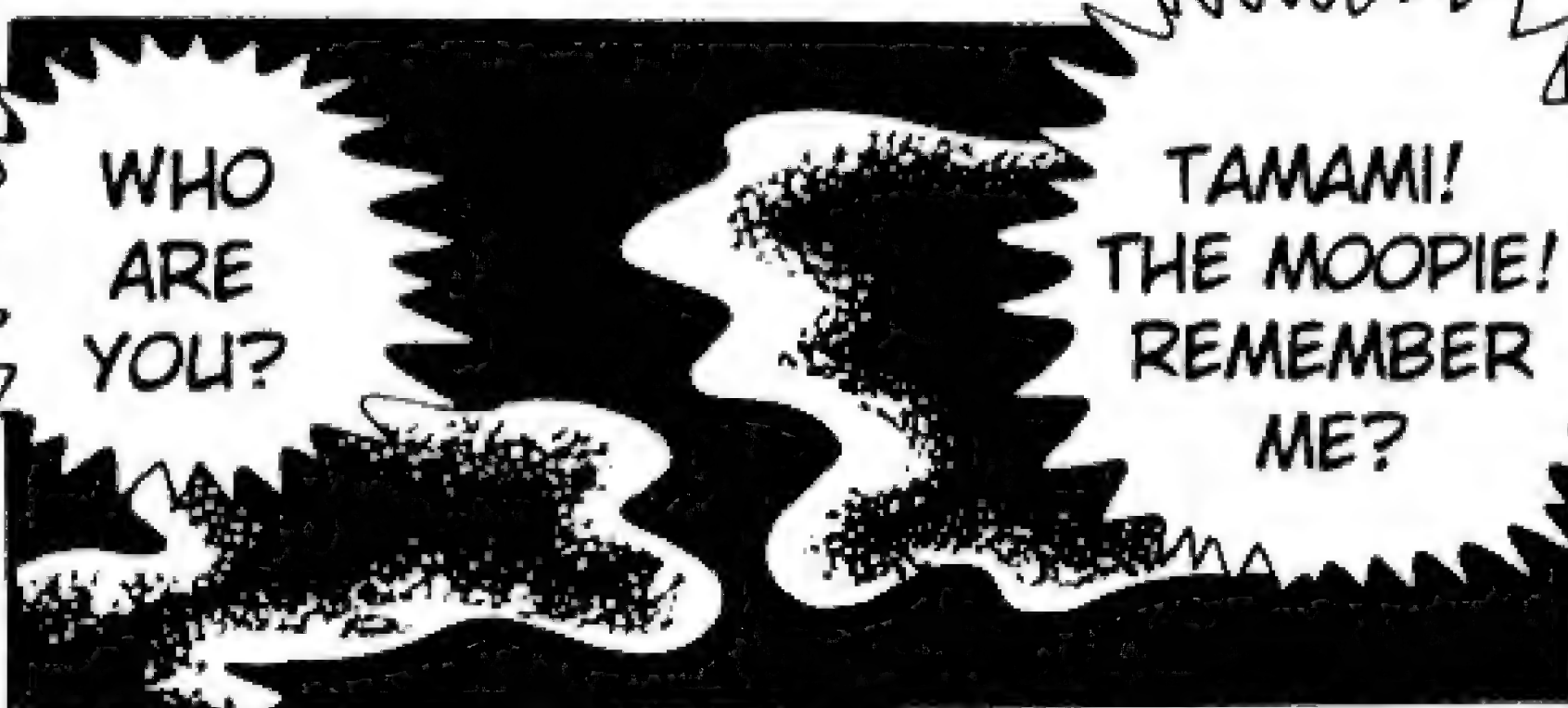
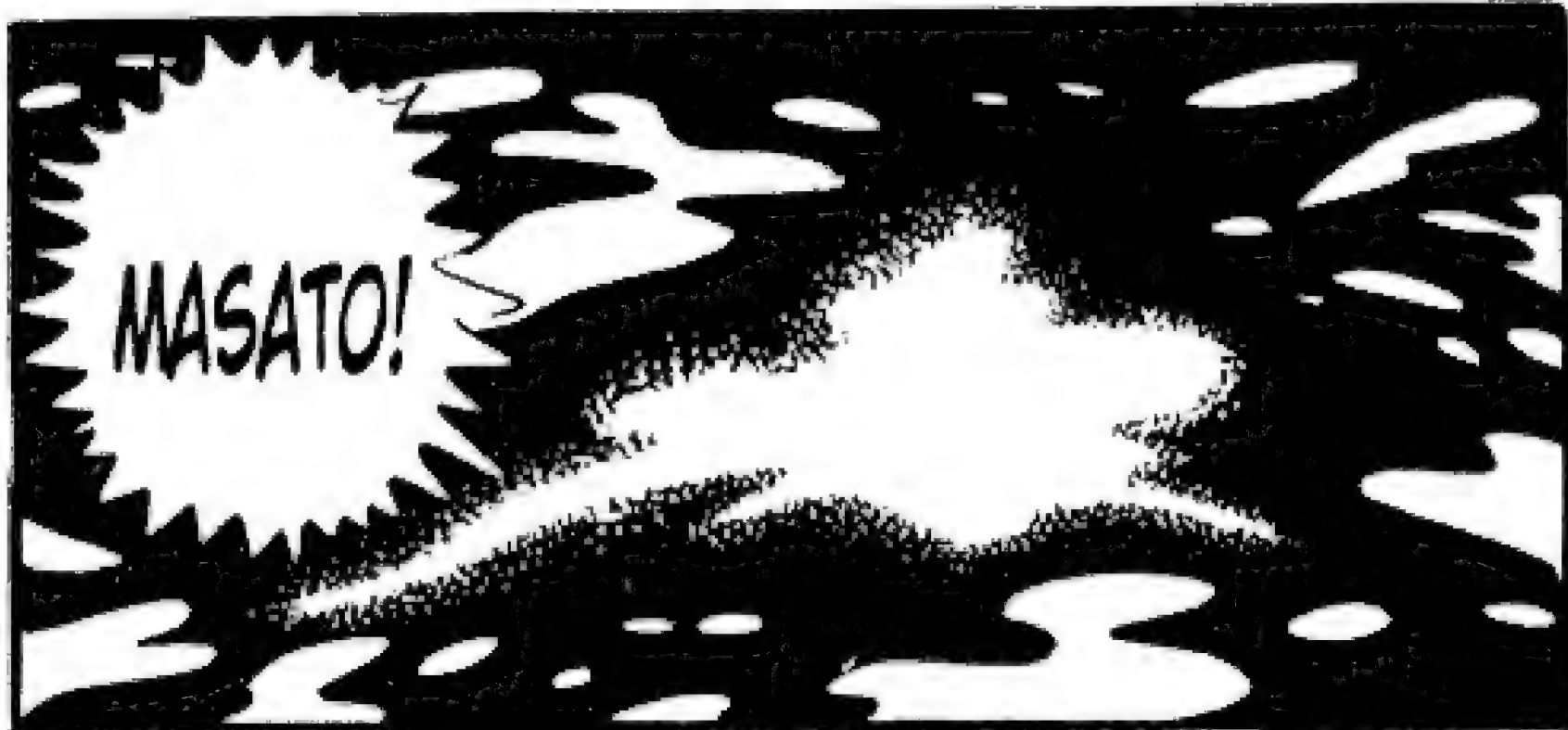








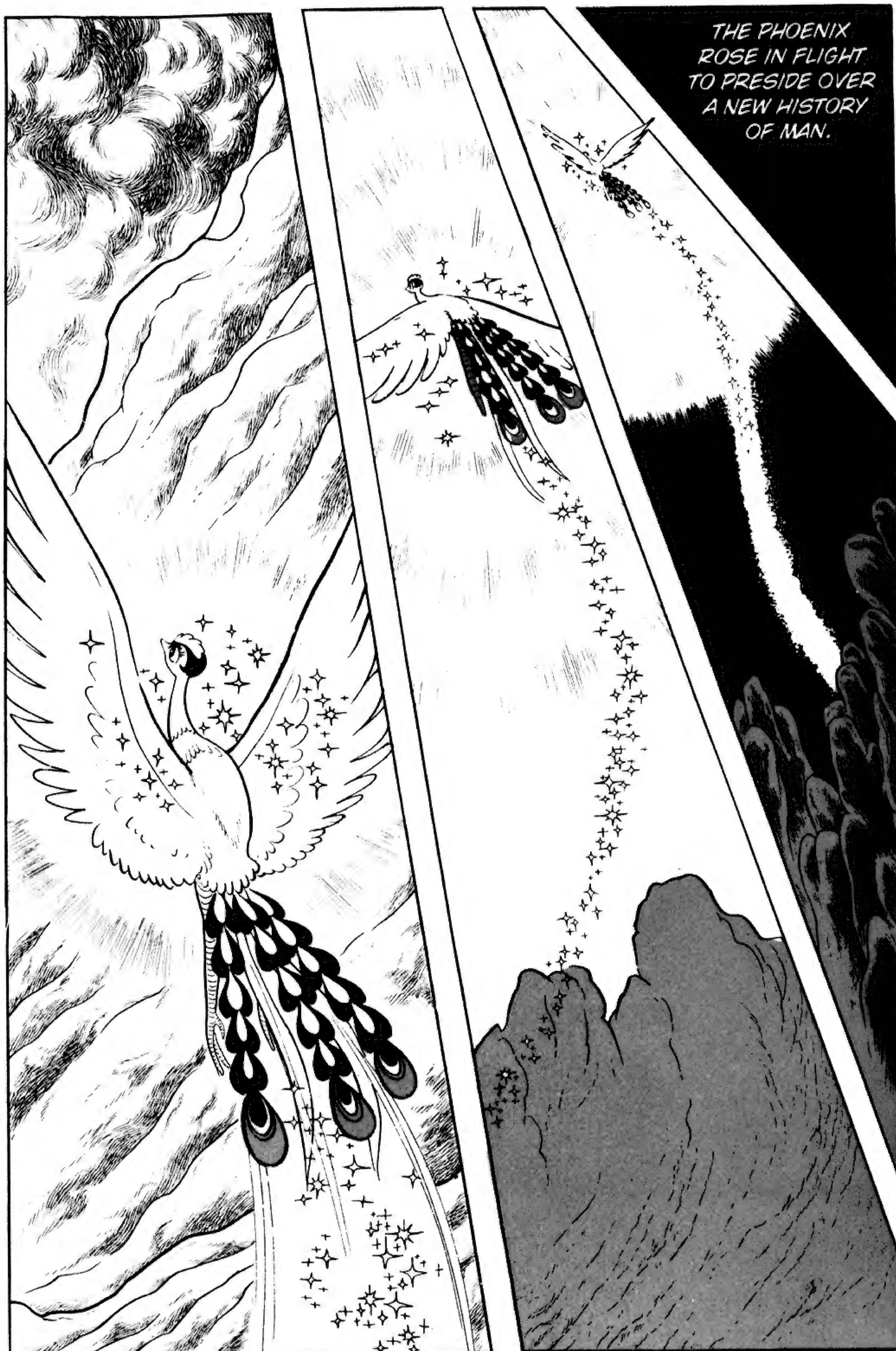
There is a friend who has been waiting for you here.



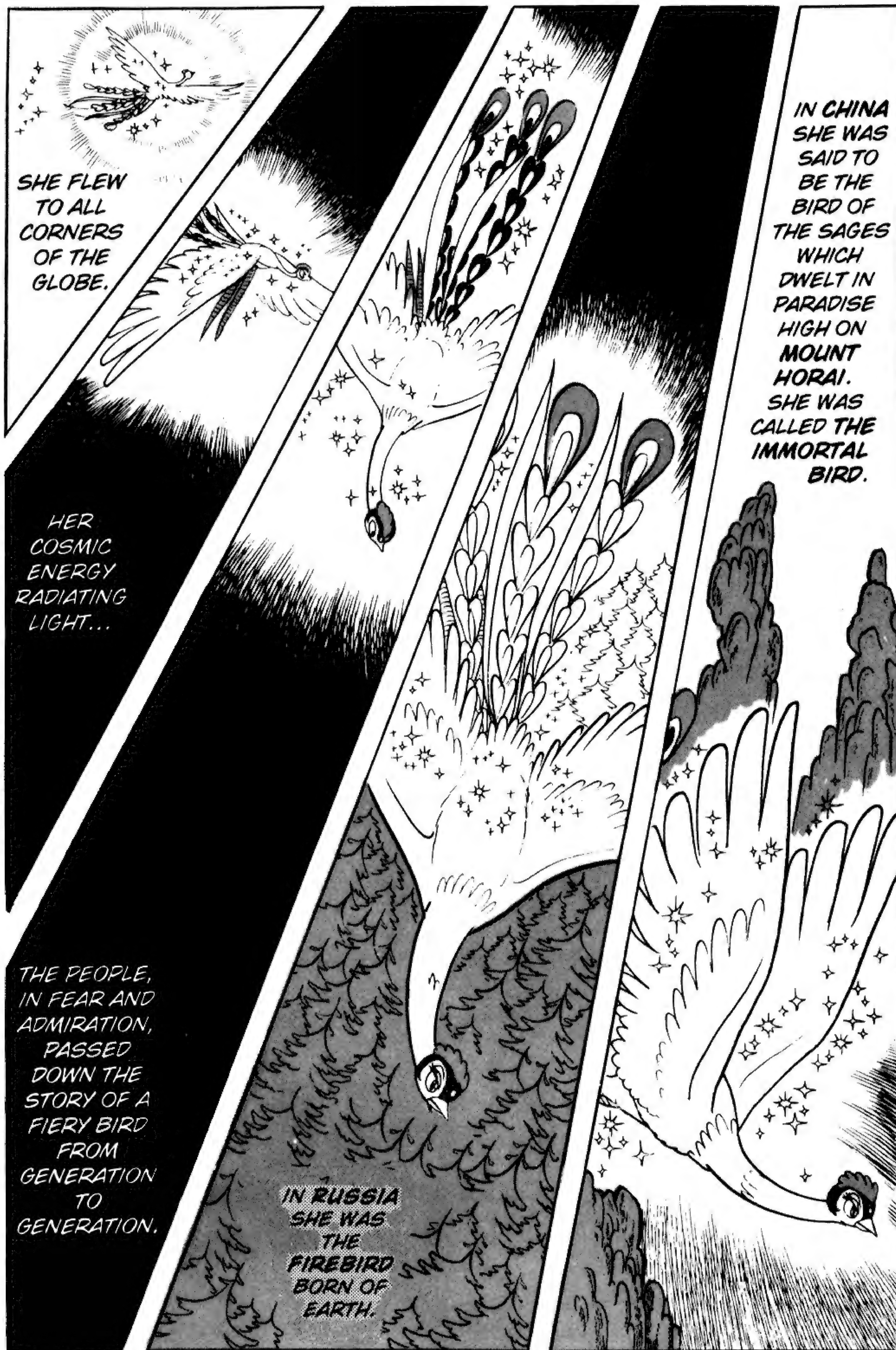












SHE FLEW  
TO ALL  
CORNERS  
OF THE  
GLOBE.

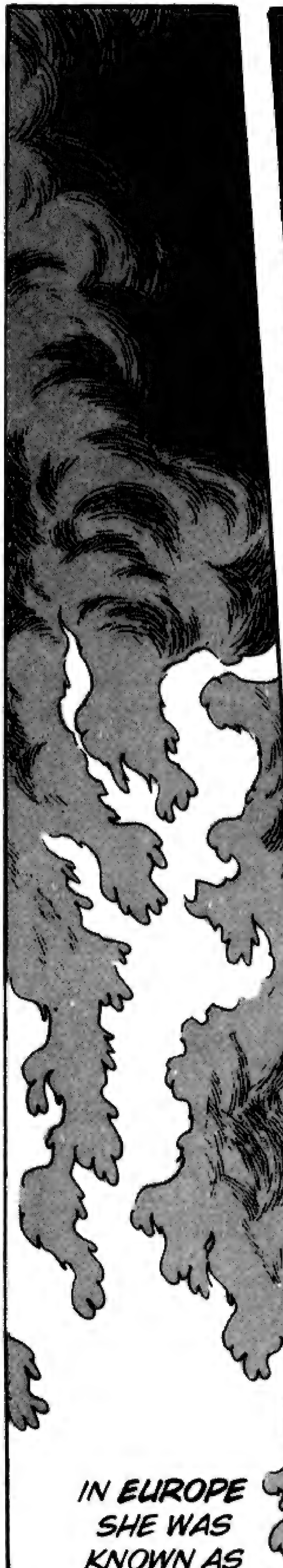
HER  
COSMIC  
ENERGY  
RADIATING  
LIGHT...

THE PEOPLE,  
IN FEAR AND  
ADMIRATION,  
PASSED  
DOWN THE  
STORY OF A  
FIERY BIRD  
FROM  
GENERATION  
TO  
GENERATION.

IN RUSSIA  
SHE WAS  
THE  
FIREBIRD  
BORN OF  
EARTH.

IN CHINA  
SHE WAS  
SAID TO  
BE THE  
BIRD OF  
THE SAGES  
WHICH  
DWELT IN  
PARADISE  
HIGH ON  
MOUNT  
HORAI.  
SHE WAS  
CALLED THE  
IMMORTAL  
BIRD.



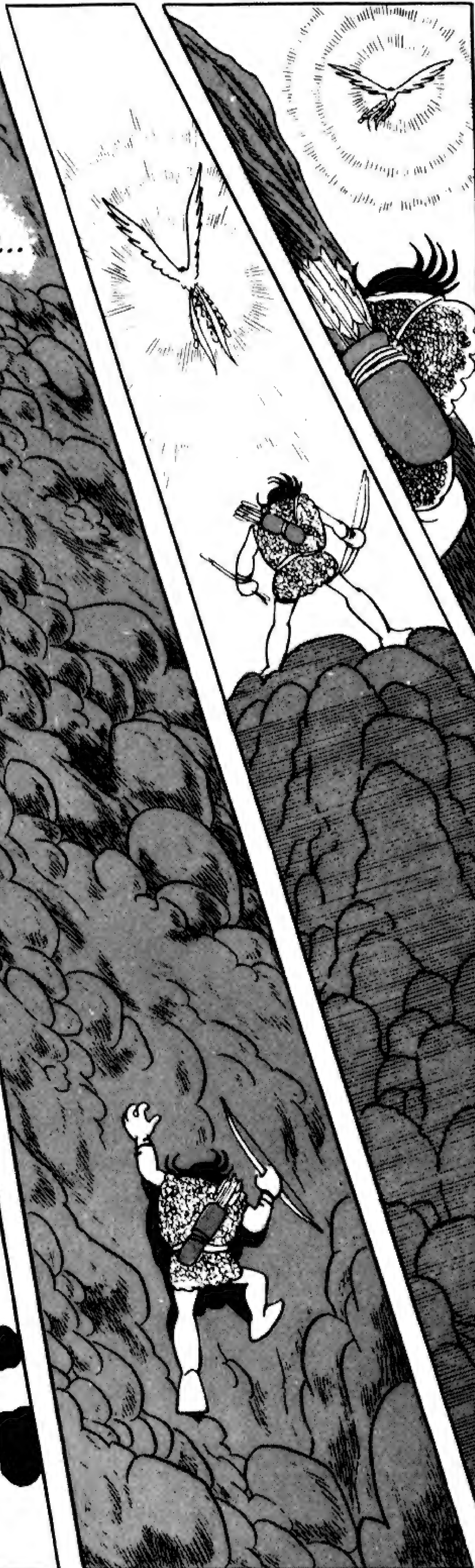


IN EUROPE  
SHE WAS  
KNOWN AS  
THE BIRD THAT  
PERIODICALLY  
DESTROYED ITSELF  
IN FLAMES, ONLY  
TO RISE AGAIN  
FROM THE  
ASHES.

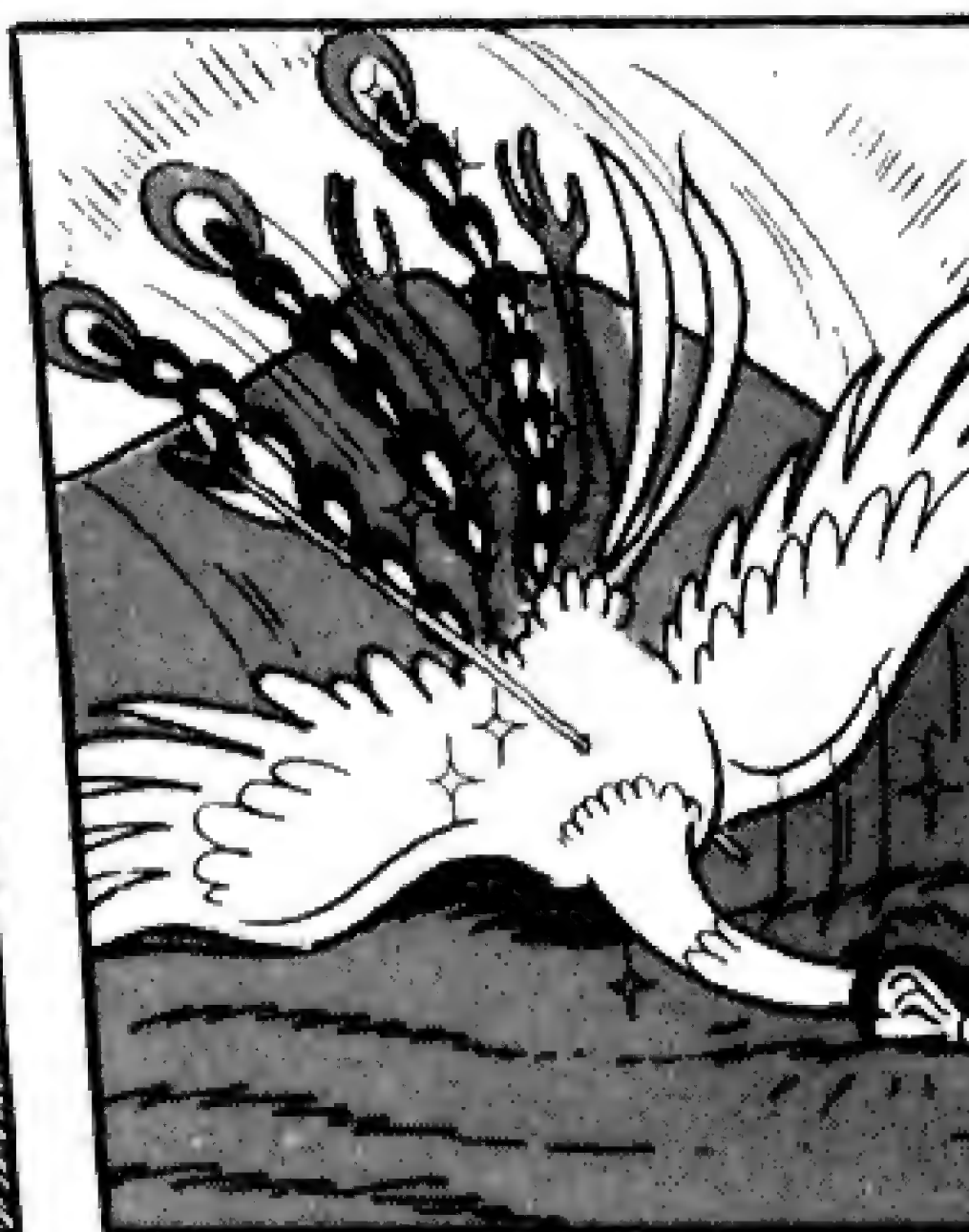
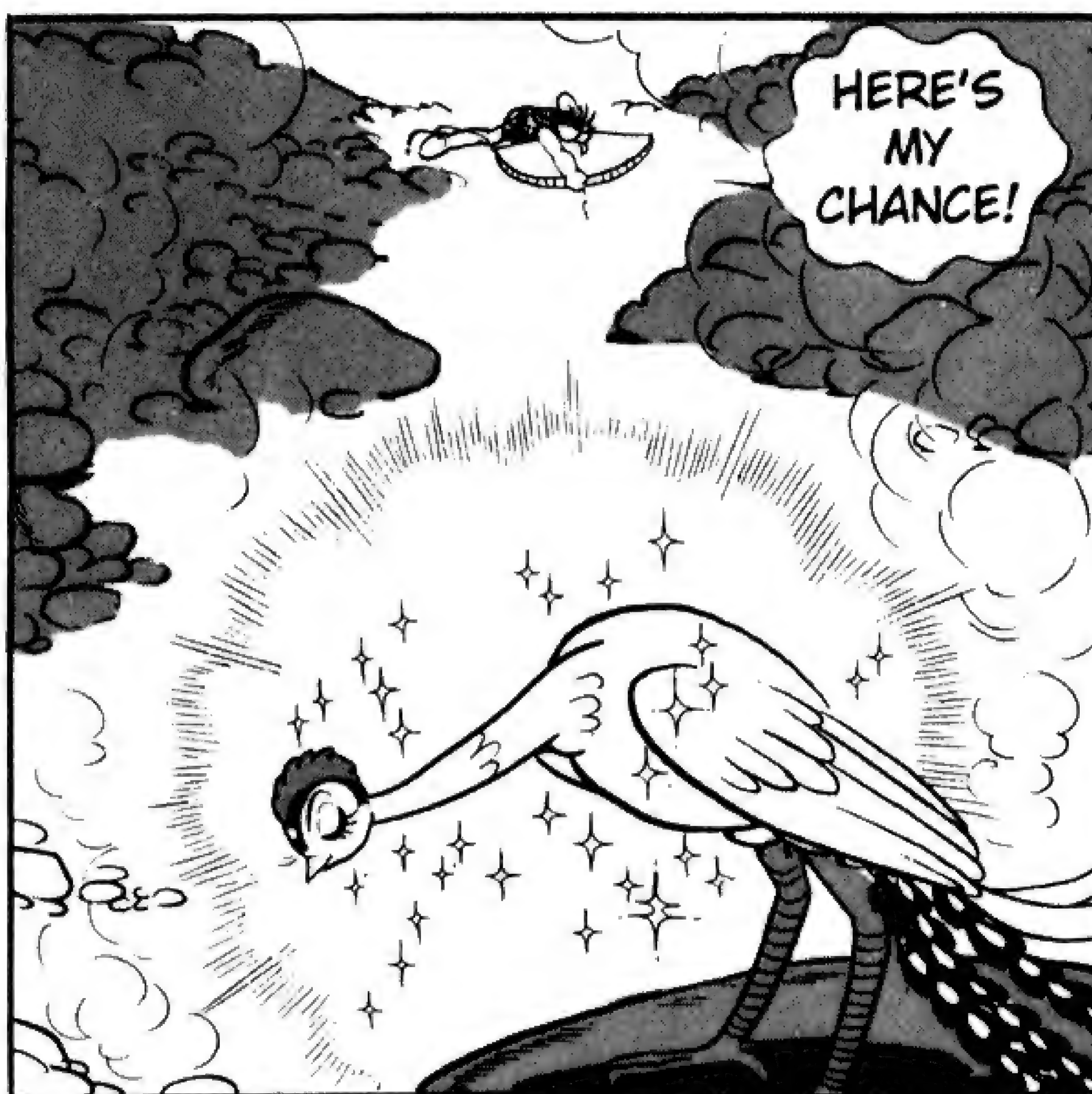
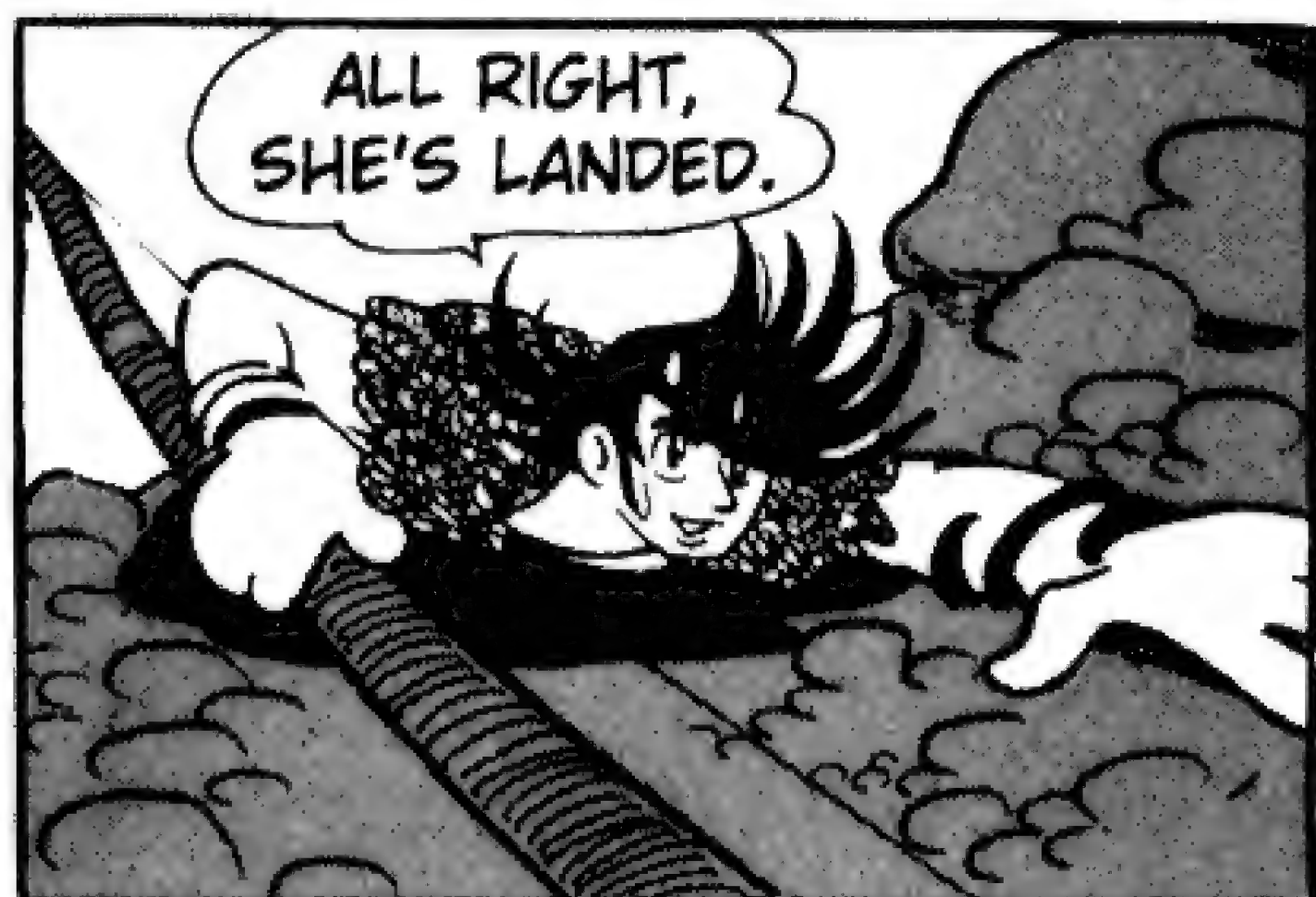
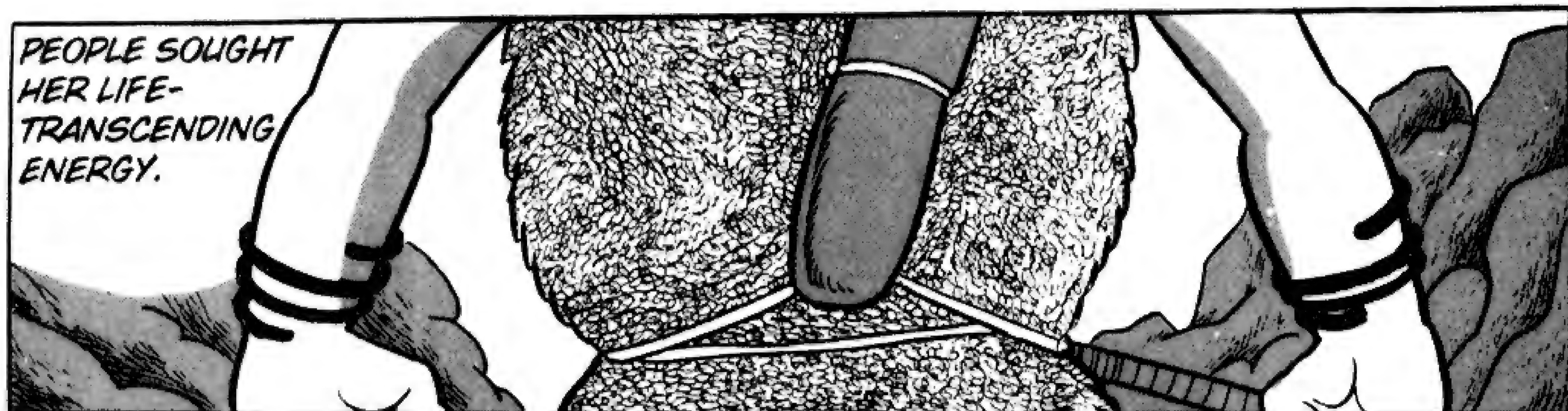
SHE WAS  
CALLED  
THE  
PHOENIX.



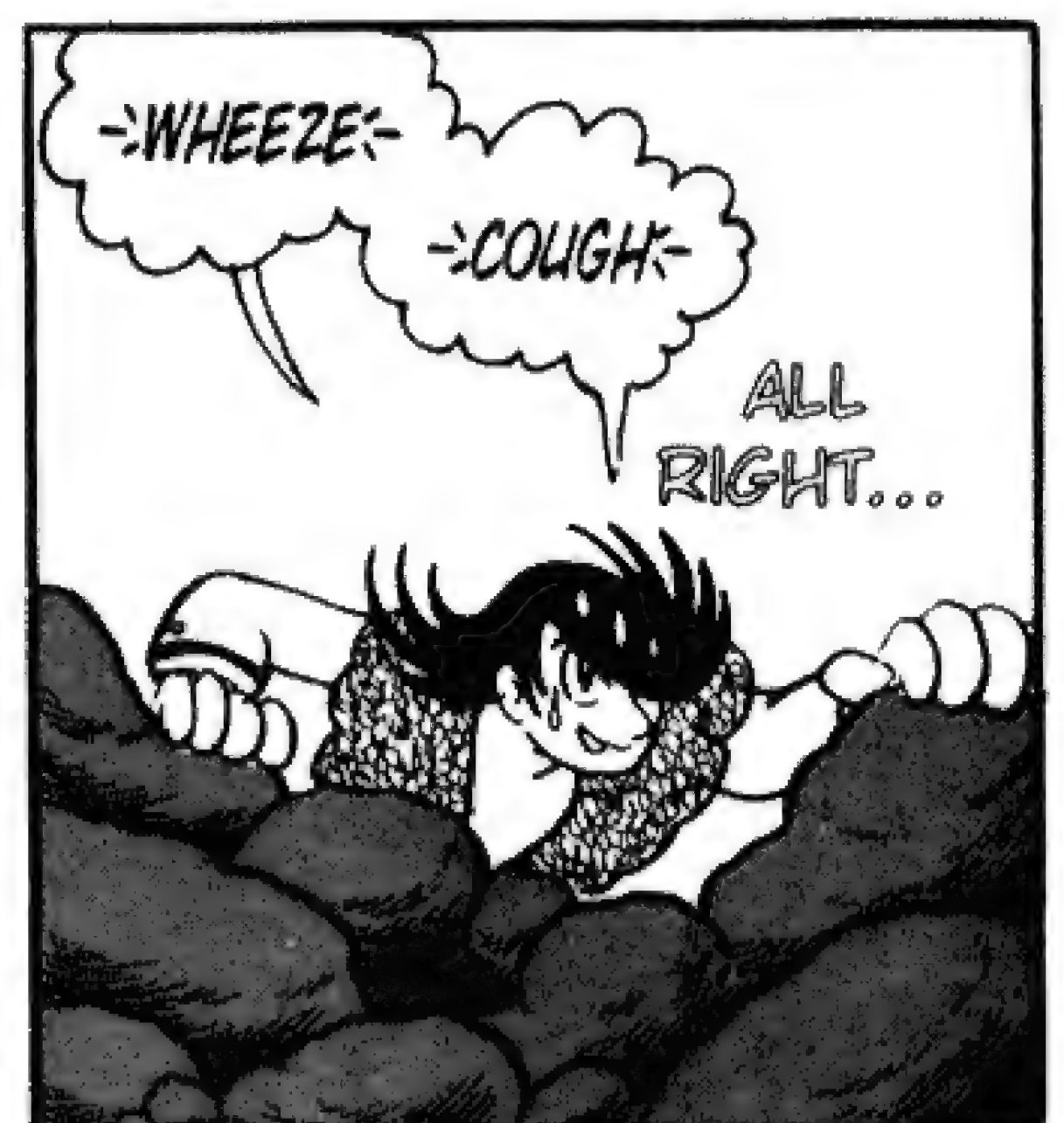
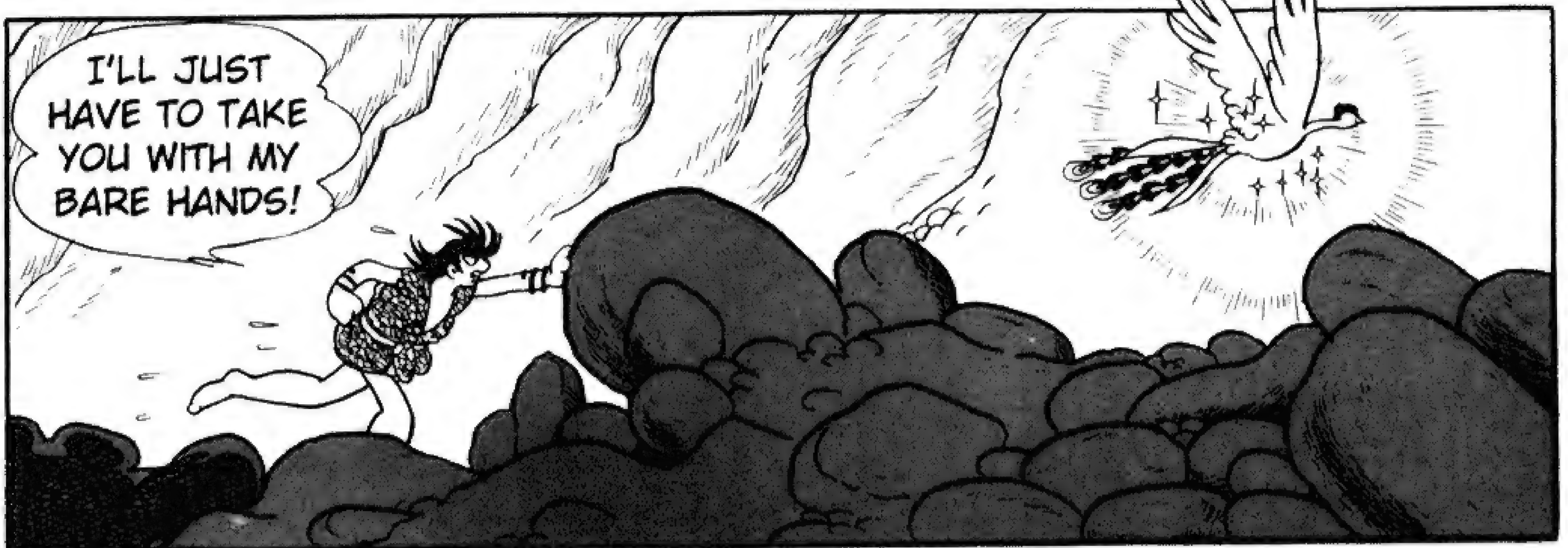
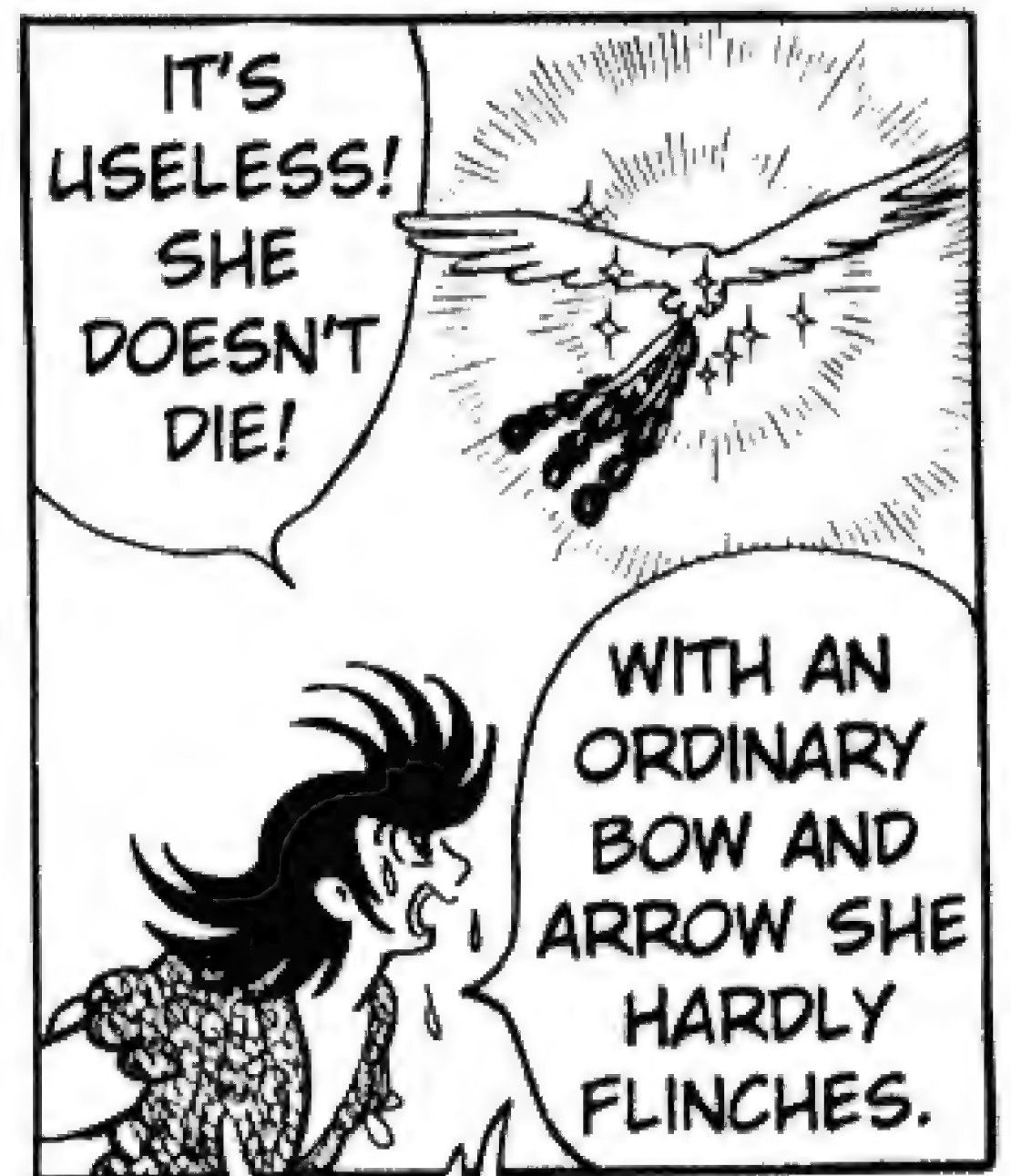
ALL  
OVER  
THE  
WORLD...



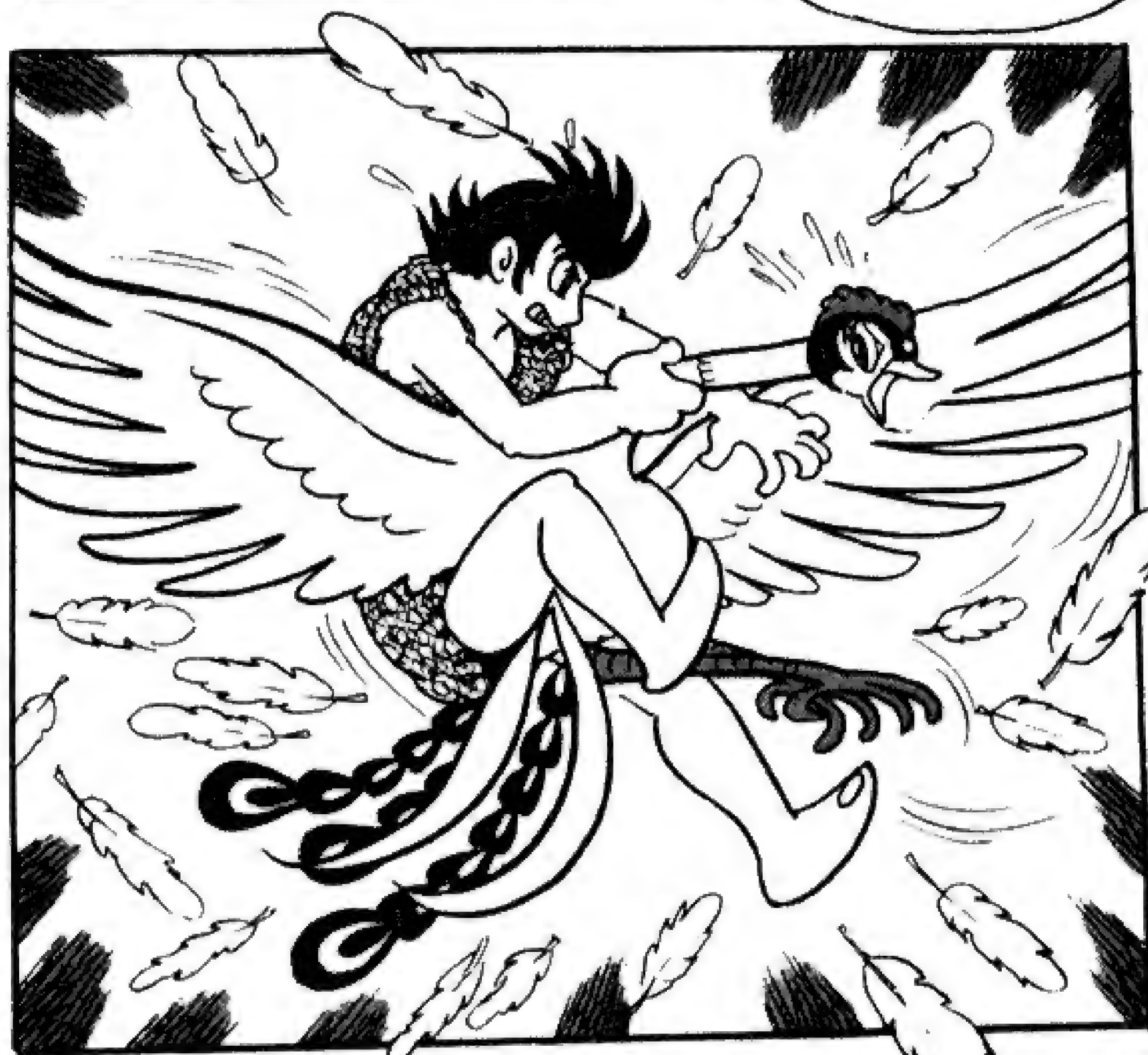
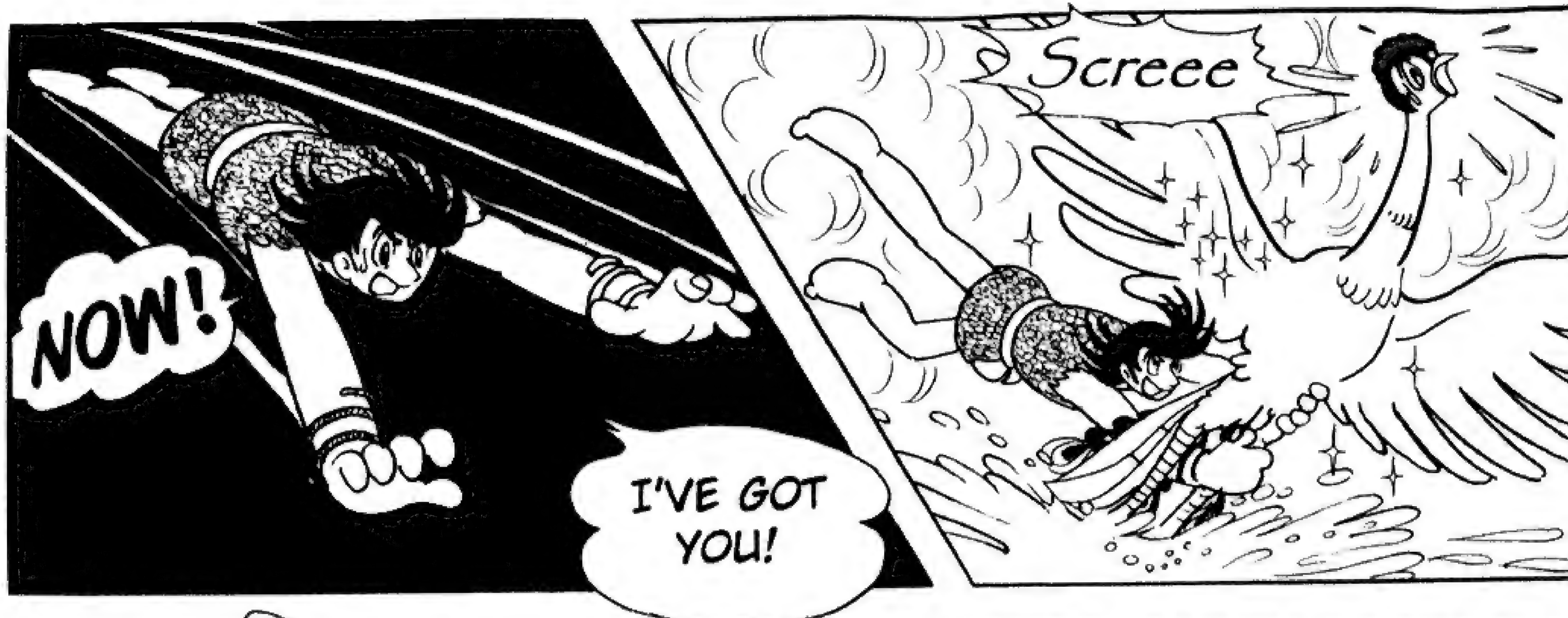




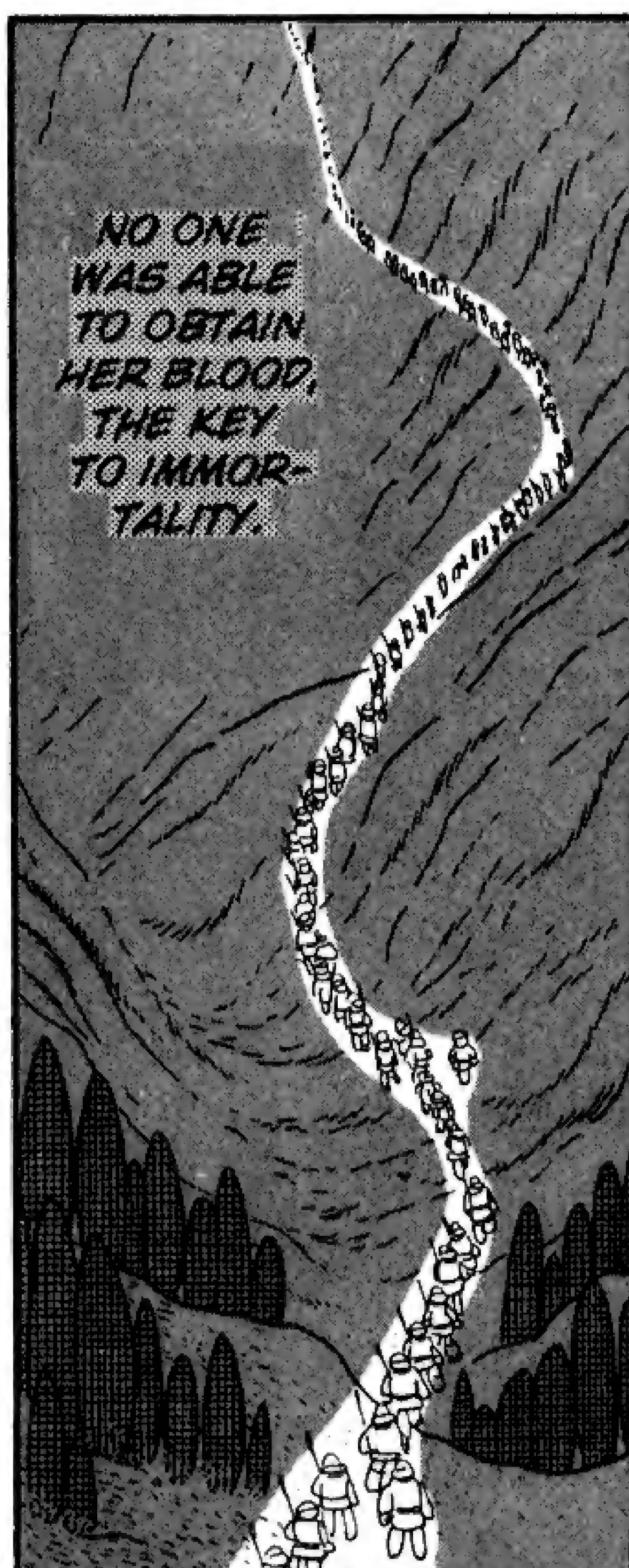




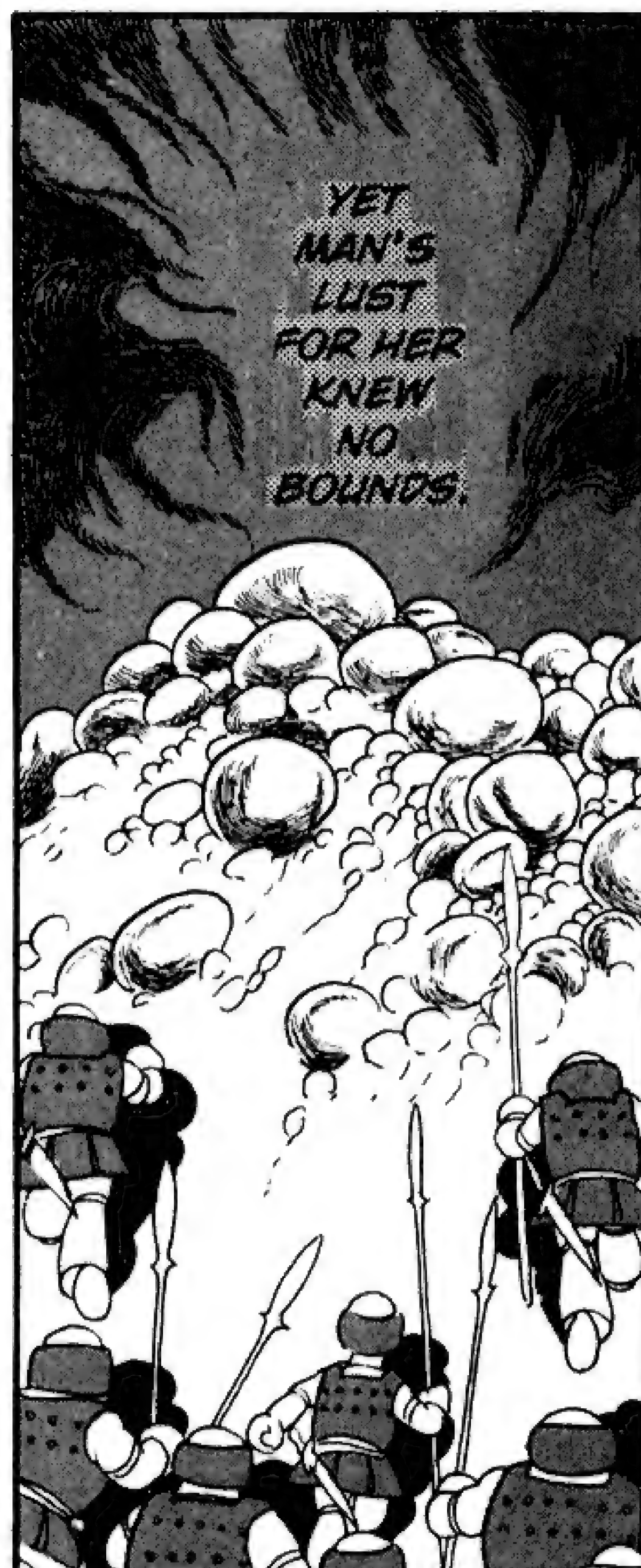








NO ONE  
WAS ABLE  
TO OBTAIN  
HER BLOOD,  
THE KEY  
TO IMMOR-  
TALITY.



YET  
MAN'S  
LUST  
FOR HER  
KNEW  
NO  
BOUNDS.



I WANT THE BLOOD  
OF THE PHOENIX!  
I WANT THE  
ETERNAL YOUTH  
IT CAN BESTOW!

LISTEN  
WELL!

TO ANYONE WHO  
BRINGS ME THAT  
BIRD, I SHALL GRANT  
AS MUCH LAND,  
AS MANY SLAVES,  
AND ALL THE FREEDOM  
THAT HE WISHES!  
DO NOT FAIL!

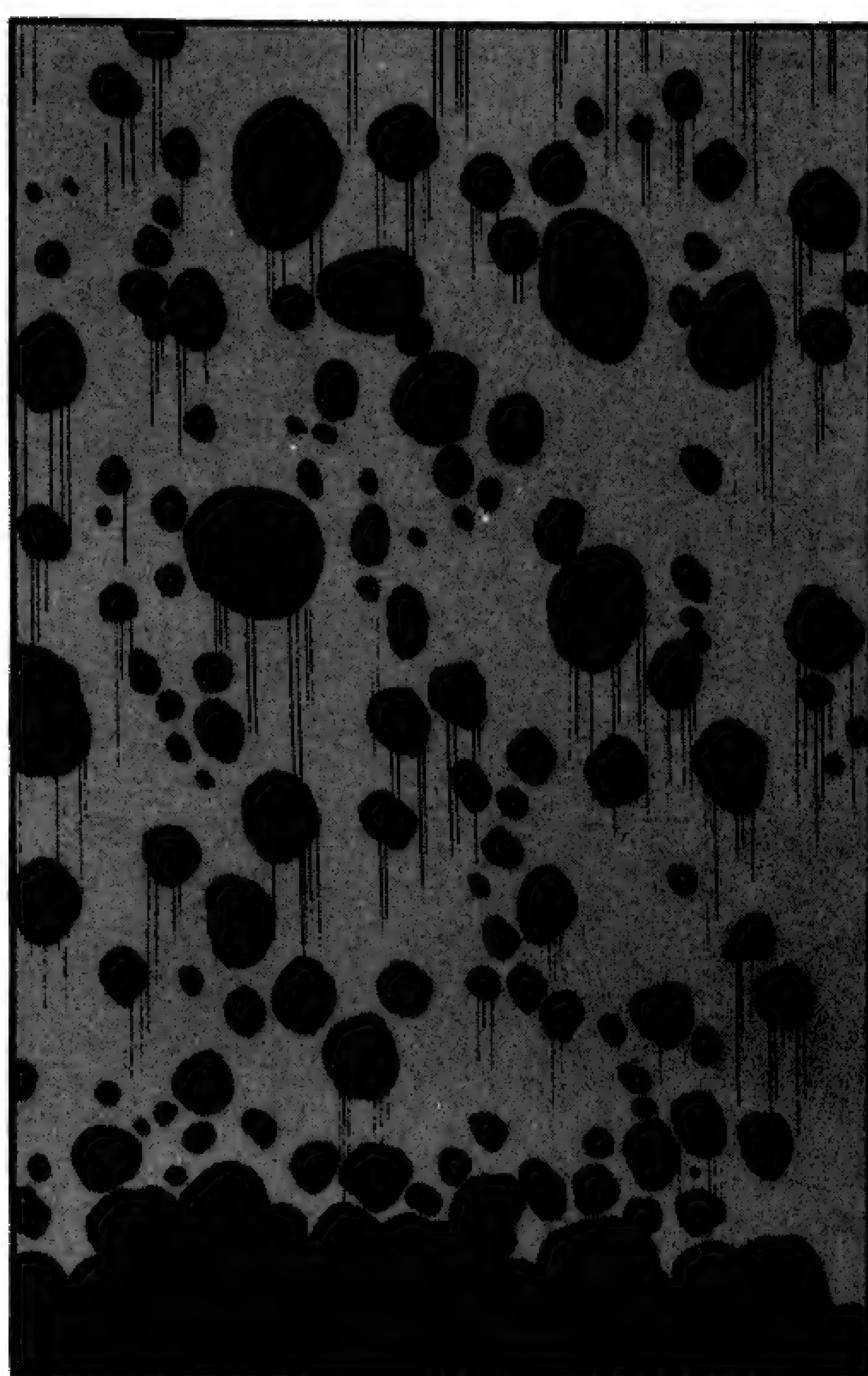
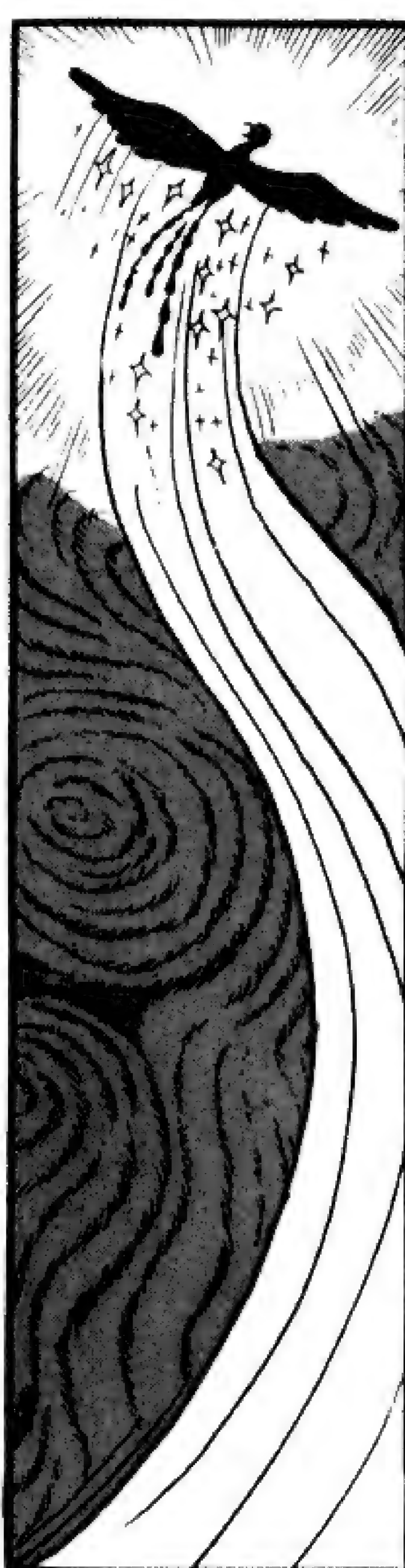
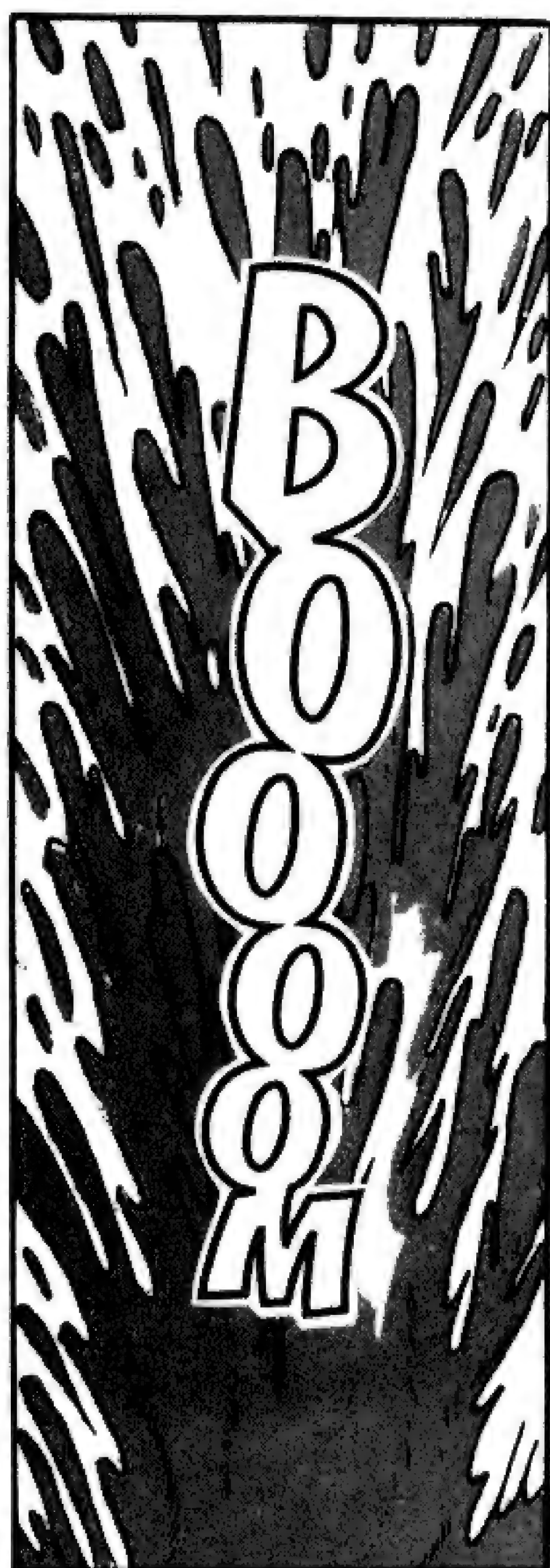
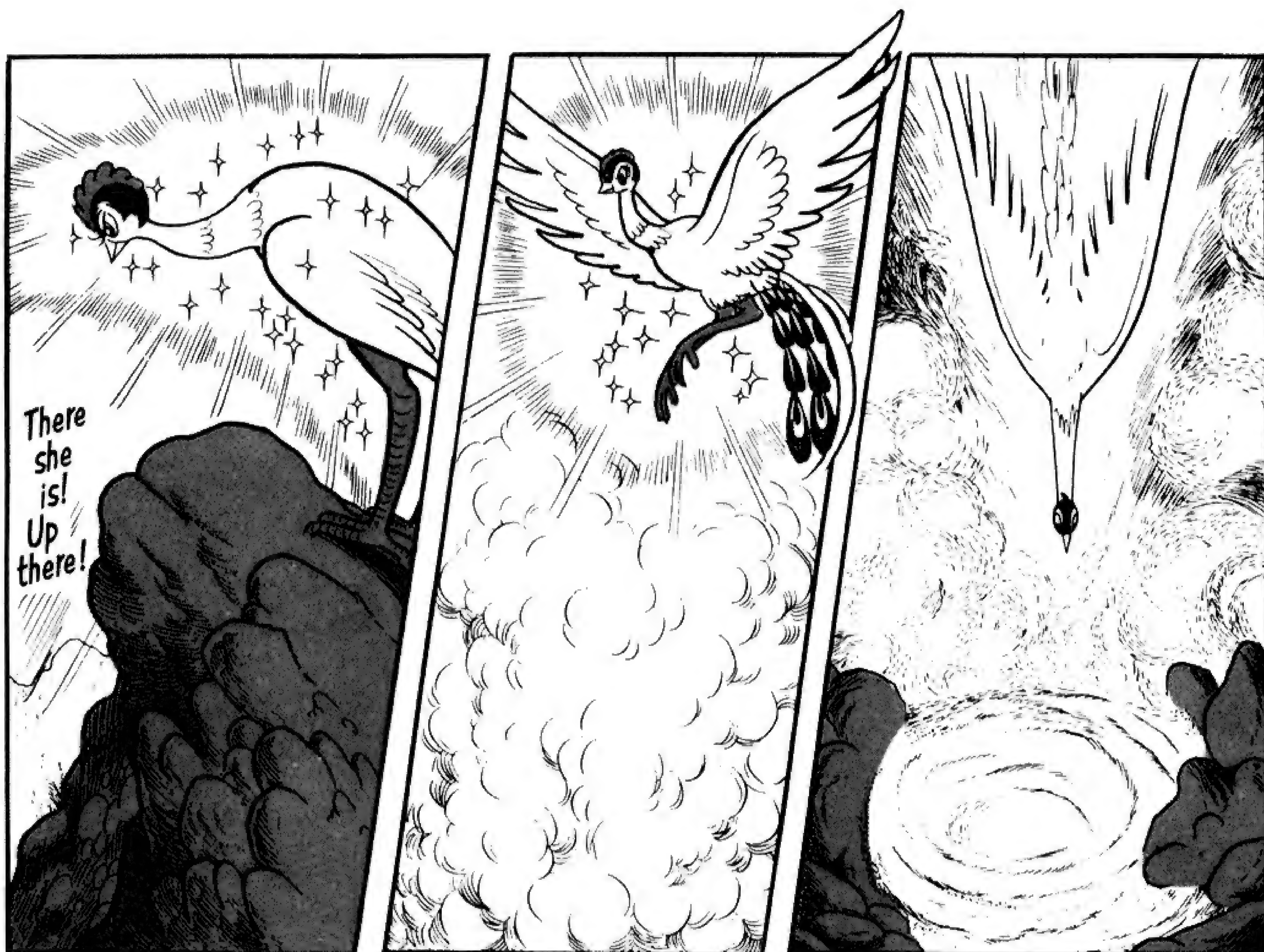


ALL  
TROOPS  
ADVANCE!

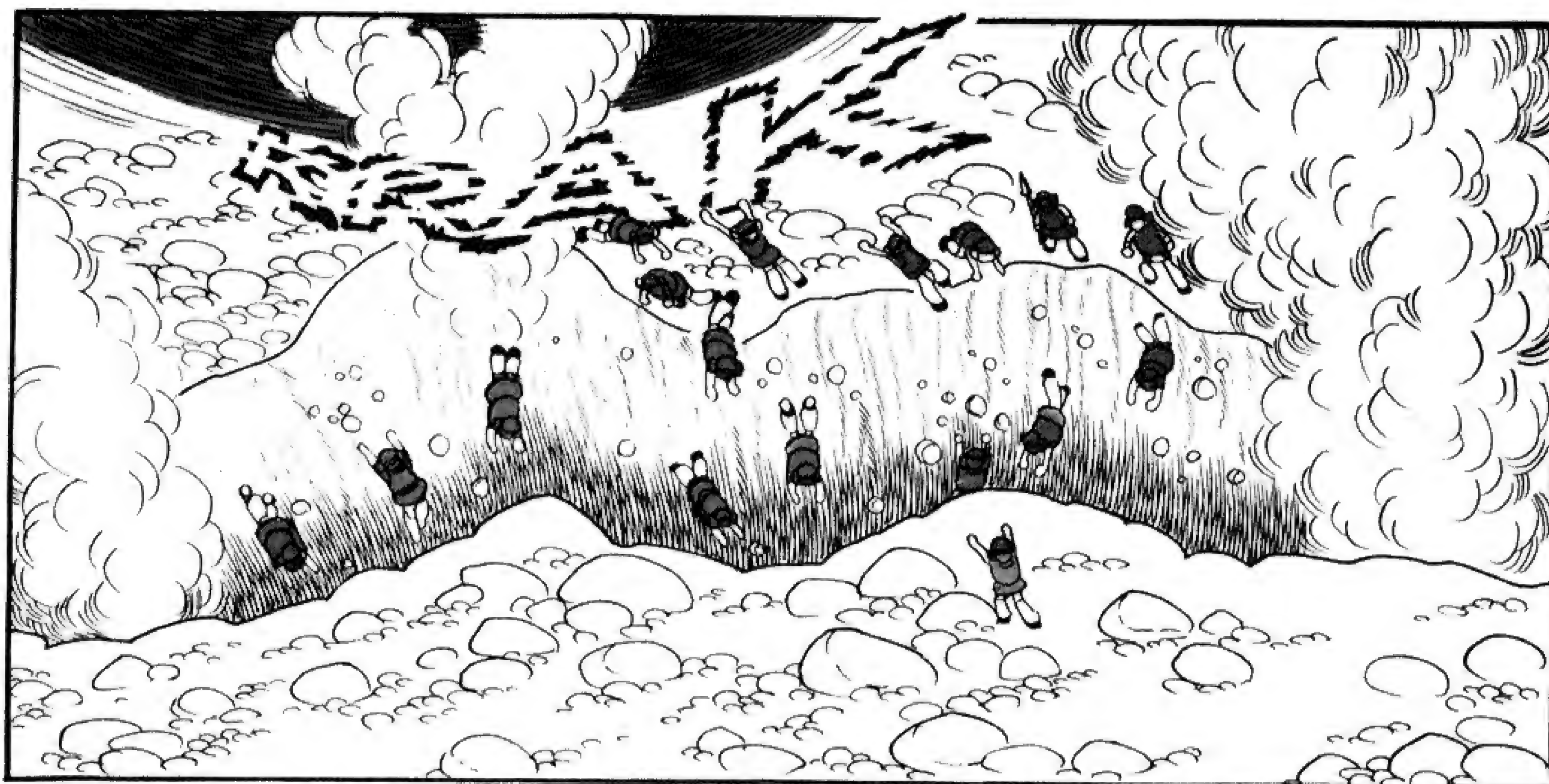
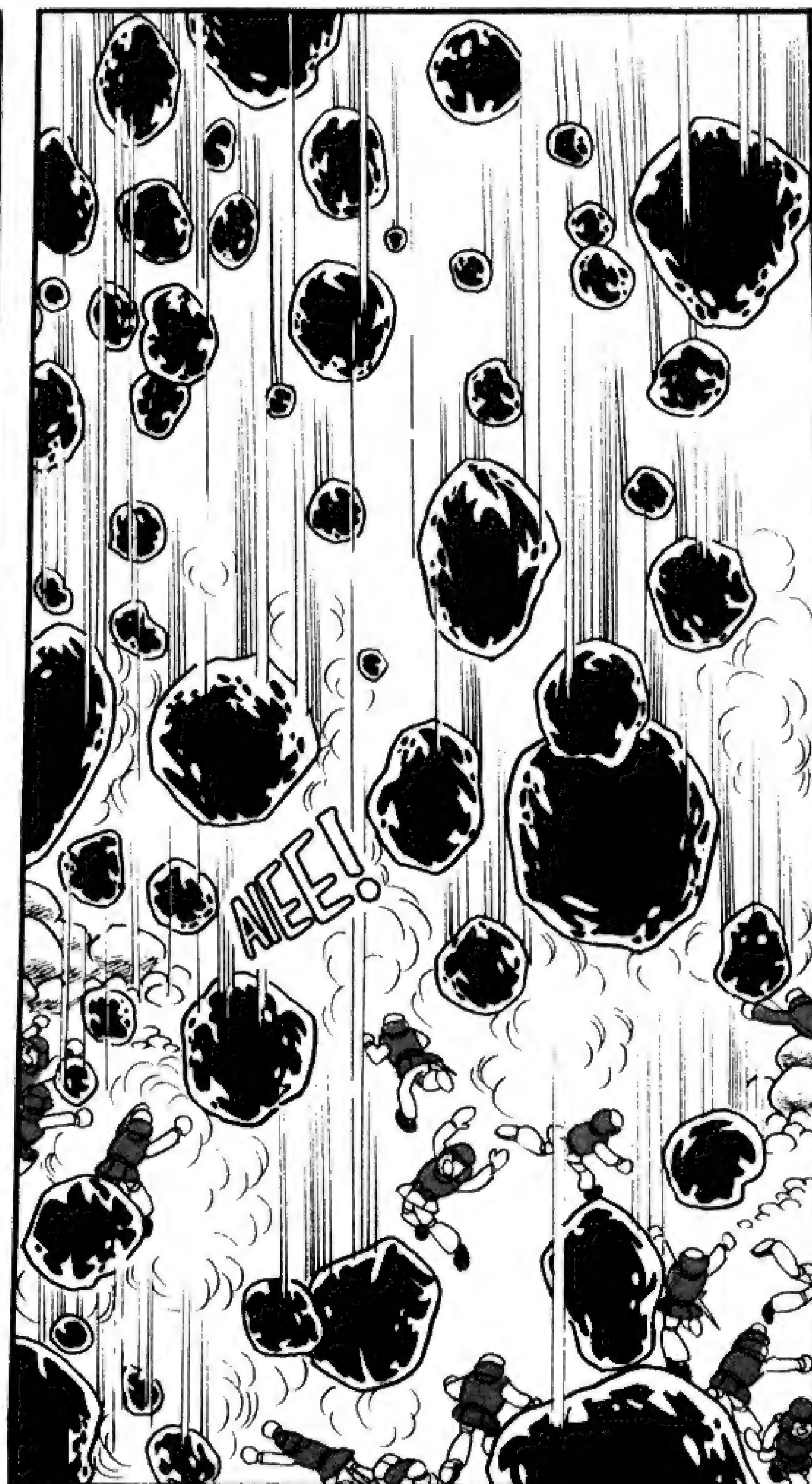


COUNTLESS, FRUITLESS  
ATTEMPTS WERE MADE  
TO CAPTURE THE  
PHOENIX...













THOSE  
WHO  
PURSUED  
HER  
MERELY  
HASTENED  
THEIR OWN  
DEATHS.



THE PHOENIX BUILT A NEST  
NEAR THE MOUTH OF A  
VOLCANO AND SAT IN  
MEDITATION.

LIFE HAD BEEN DESTROYED,  
REAPPEARED, EVOLVED,  
FLOURISHED, AND THEN BEEN  
DESTROYED AGAIN, COUNTLESS  
TIMES, AND THE PHOENIX HAD  
WITNESSED THIS.



MAN ONCE  
MORE WAS  
TREADING  
THE SAME  
PATH.

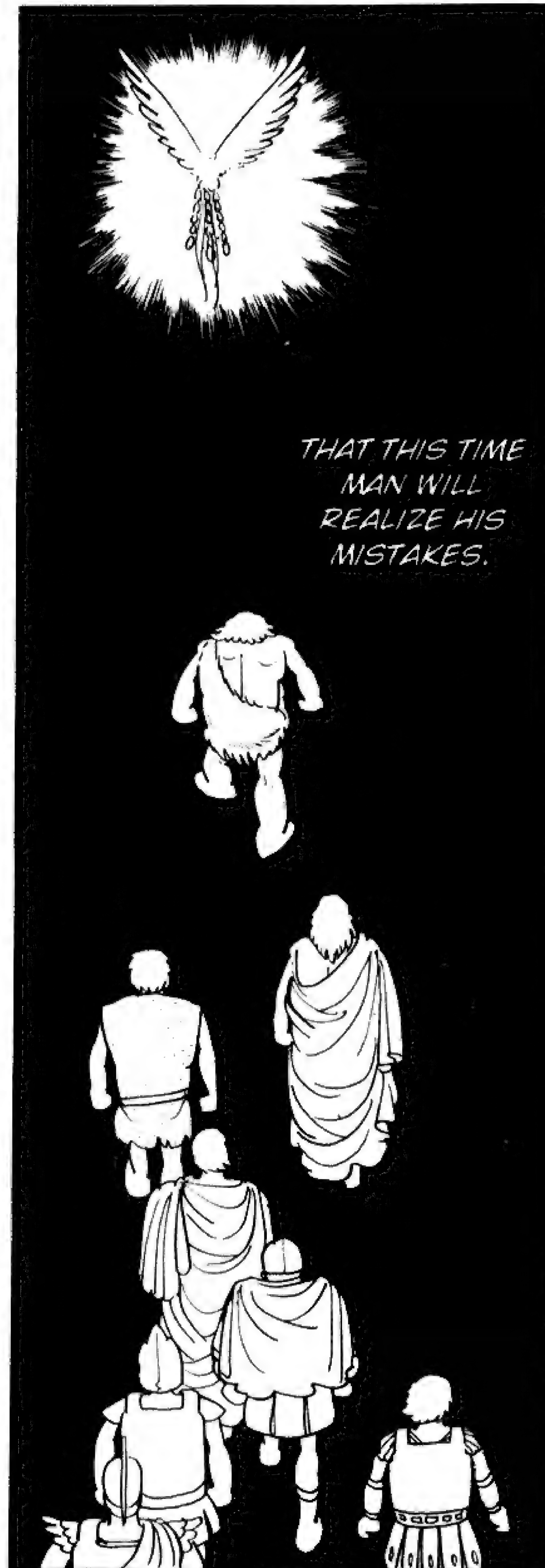
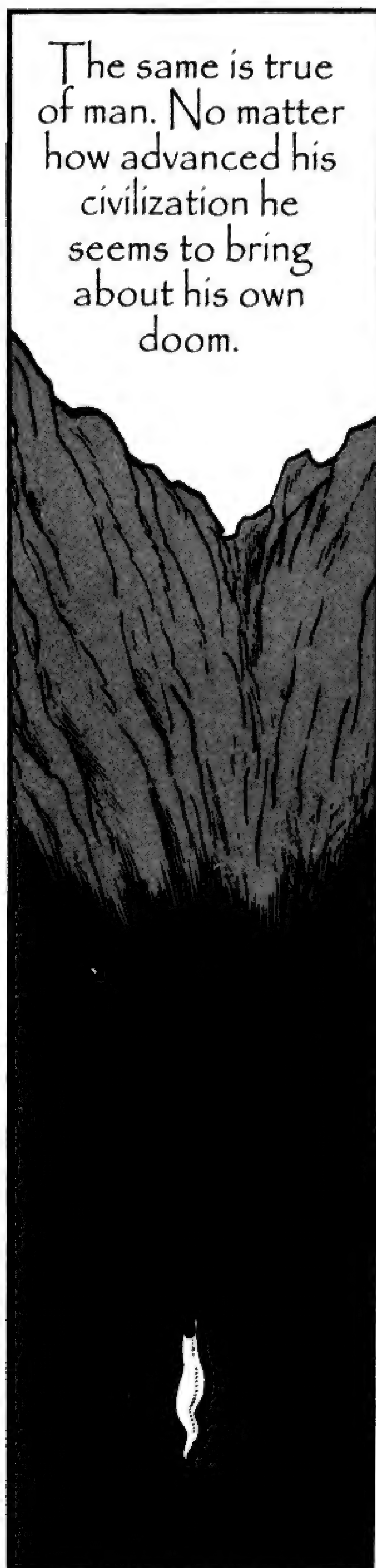
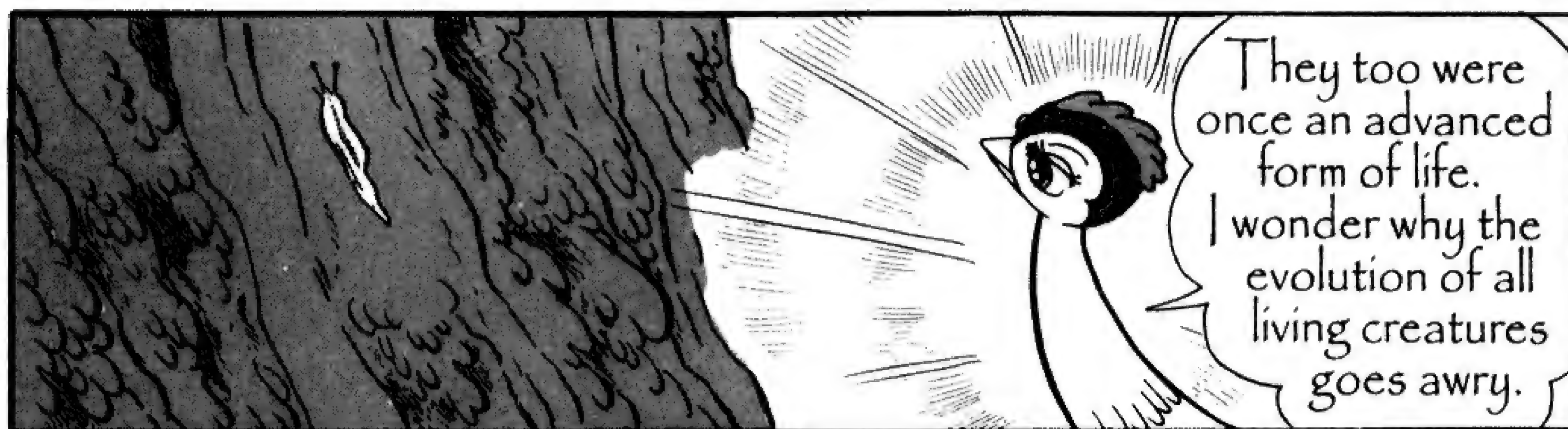


SHE OFTEN  
THOUGHT...

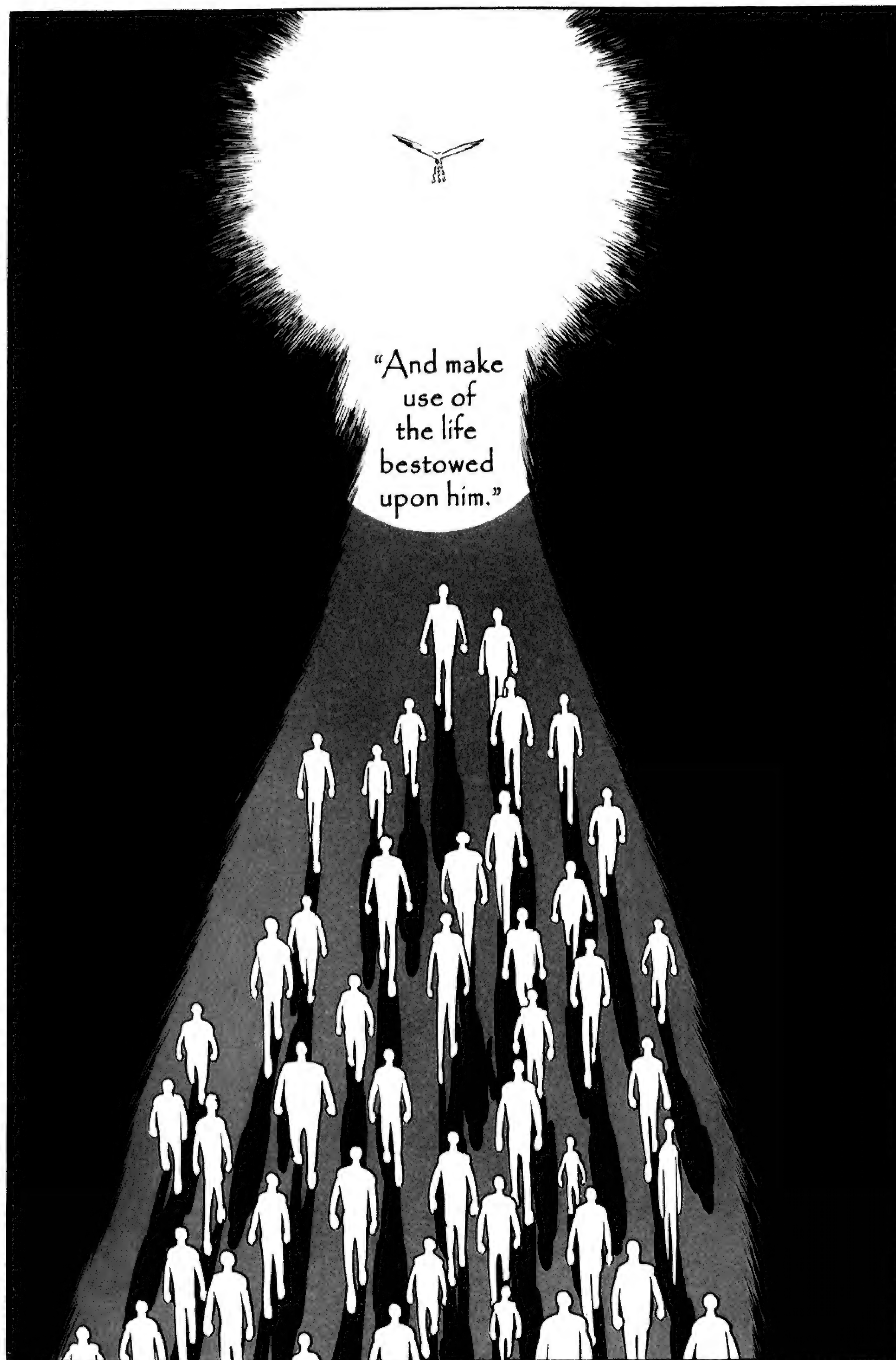


...OF THE  
SLUGS.

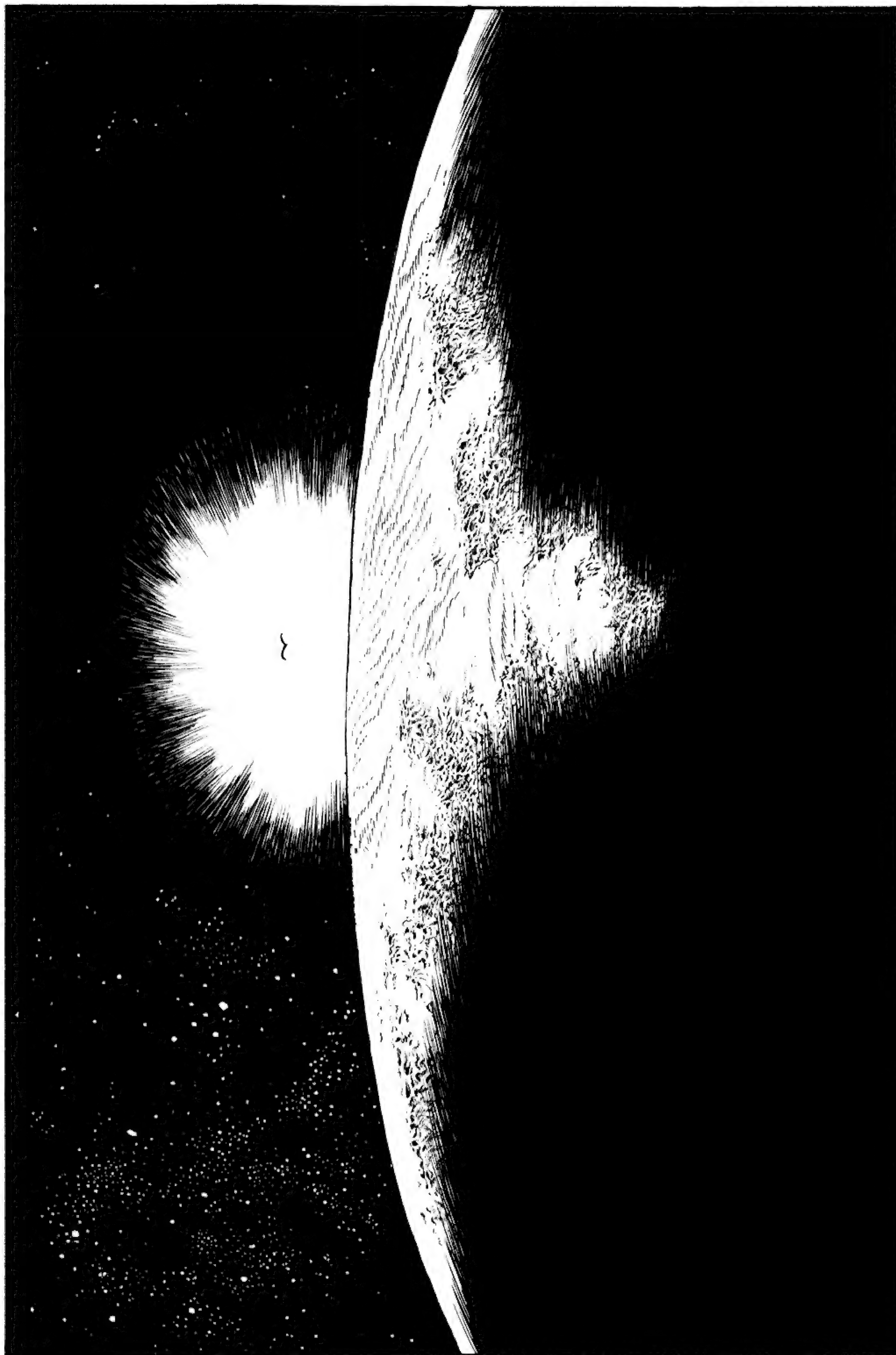














# ABOUT THIS EDITION OF PHOENIX: A TALE OF THE FUTURE

The twelve self-contained yet interlinked stories that compose *Phoenix* (*Hi no tori* in Japanese, literally “Firebird”) is considered by many to be the summit of Osamu Tezuka’s artistic achievement. Tezuka himself referred to *Phoenix* as his “life work.” Painstakingly composed over a span decades (initial versions appeared as early as 1954), serialized in a number of venues, and left incomplete with Tezuka’s death in 1989, *Phoenix* represents Tezuka’s ambitious attempt to push all he knew about the comics medium to address fundamental questions about existence.

All twelve stories in *Phoenix* are linked by the presence of the mythical bird, an immortal guardian of the universal life force. Read in order, the separate stories jump across time, alternating between a distant future and a distant past, converging on the present, with characters from one story being reincarnated in another. The existing twelve stories, totaling over three thousand pages of work, are sub-titled “Dawn,” “Future,” “Yamato,” “Universe,” “Hou-ou,” “Resurrection,” “Robe of Feathers,” “Nostalgia,” “Civil War,” “Life,” “Strange Beings,” and “Sun.”

This edition, *Phoenix: A Tale of the Future*, is an English translation of the second of the twelve *Phoenix* stories (“Future,” or in Japanese, *Miraihen*). “Future” was first serialized in 1967-68 in the monthly magazine *COM*, which was published by Tezuka as a venue to feature work too challenging or experimental for inclusion in mainstream manga magazines. The only other portion of *Phoenix* to appear in English previously is a 27-page excerpt from Dadakai’s translation of “Hou-ou,” which was printed in Frederik L. Schodt’s *Manga! Manga! The World of Japanese Comics*.

## AFTERWORD

By Takayuki Matsutani

*“Tezuka-sensei came to Earth from a distant universe, and when his mission here was accomplished, he returned to outer space...”* This notion was expressed several times in the tremendous flood of condolences given by intellectuals, artists, and others active in the fields of manga, film, music, and publishing when Osamu Tezuka passed away thirteen years ago. At the time, my grief over his death was so fresh I dismissed the idea as mere science-fiction fancy. Later, however, as I began sorting through Osamu Tezuka’s legacy, I truly came to believe “Tezuka was a space alien”—it was the only adequate way of explaining his extraordinary artistry.

Look at *Phoenix*. I won’t go into an analysis of the story; rather, I will just point out that it is one of many manga series he created, that during his career of forty-odd years, Tezuka drew 150,000 pages like those you see here. Simple arithmetic shows this comes out to ten pages a day—without a single day off! That’s not all: Tezuka also produced over sixty animation titles (and *Astro Boy*, for instance, a TV series with two hundred episodes, is counted here as just one title!). Add to this over thirty books of prose, frequent television and radio appearances, lectures, interviews, and travels, not to mention stints as producer or director at various expos and other events...It seems impossible that one person could have done it all, yet Tezuka did. Moreover, he did it all himself, virtually without any help. Then consider the breadth of subjects and genres he tackled: historical works, contemporary issues, science fiction, politics, culture, education, character-based drama, epics, short stories, picture books for toddlers, mysteries, psychodramas, fantasy, nonsense, satire, and stories for boys, girls, young adults, and mature readers...in other words, everything under the sun.

It is extremely unfortunate that Tezuka did not live to see the 21st century, where so many of his stories are set.

In 2001, Japan entered an unprecedented



economic recession, while the U.S. was assaulted on September 11 by terrorist attacks that far surpassed our wildest imaginings. These attacks then triggered the retaliatory war in Afghanistan, while in the Middle East the Israeli-Palestinian conflict escalated to new heights of violence. The 21st century has gotten off to a horrific start, and now in 2002, the countdown to Armageddon seems only to have accelerated. As globalization moves forward, the world is getting smaller and smaller. If Tezuka were alive today, how would he feel about all this? What kind of message would he send out to children through his works? Sadly, this is something we cannot know.

Although this *Tale of Future* takes place far beyond our time, in the third millennium A.D., Tezuka set Astro Boy's birthday in the opening years of the 21st century—April 7, 2003, to be exact—only fifty years ahead of the time *Astro Boy* began serialization in 1952. Just seven years after the devastation of World War II, when Japan was still a poor, scrabbling country, Tezuka imagined high-rises and underground cities, expressways snaking between skyscrapers, TV phones, trips to the moon, masses of industrial robots, and even a revolt by robots. Many of these things now actually exist in today's world, lending proof to Tezuka's astounding visionary powers. But even more extraordinary to my mind is the fact that, at a time when Japanese cities were still in ruins, when the Japanese people were living day-to-day and hand-to-mouth, and as such put economic recovery above all else, Tezuka—in such works as *Jungle Taitei* (which began serialization in 1950) and *Astro Boy*—was addressing environmental issues, calling for coexistence between human beings and other animals, and reminding us to take care of our precious planet Earth. These themes, which also dominate the *Phoenix* series, are the most pressing and relevant issues facing humanity today. That Tezuka's imagination could reach so far amidst the reality of 1950s Japan is the mark of genius.

Tezuka continued working up to three weeks before his death. As his strength waned, and he became too weak even to sit up in bed, he would still struggle with all his might to rise.

"I'm begging you, let me work!" were his final words. His wife desperately tried to calm him down, but Tezuka had always been a workaholic, a man who worked without rest. What made Tezuka

so compulsively creative, so urgently obsessive about his work?

Tezuka experienced World War II as a teenager. He spoke of having seen entire neighborhoods turned into a sea of flames by bombs and charred corpses lying on the streets afterwards. He remembered the deeply comforting sight of lights shining brightly in people's homes the night of August 15, 1945—the first night of peace. The war was finally over, the blackouts a thing of the past, and he savored the return of peace with profound gratitude. But at the same time, he swore to himself never to forget the tragic consequences of war, and to pass on his own experiences of war to the children of the future.

The next year, 1946, Tezuka was studying medicine at Osaka University and also made his debut as a professional manga artist. Although he did brilliant manga work and met with success, Tezuka finished his studies as well and obtained a physician's license. Medicine was, then as now, a highly respected and economically stable profession. In contrast, children's manga were dismissed as cheap entertainment; moreover, only a handful of people could make a living from drawing them. Even so, and in spite of the social conditions of the time, Tezuka chose manga over medicine.

Of course he loved drawing manga, probably loved it more than anything else. But I believe he was driven by something more than that: he chose manga because he felt it was his mission to spread the message of peace and respect for life to the children of the future. And Tezuka probably knew, better than anyone else, that he had staked his future on an amazing medium. Today, computer-enhanced Hollywood movies are taking the world by storm. With computer graphics, people can morph easily into different shapes and interact in the same frame with dinosaurs. Some say that manga and animation have lost their advantages and been surpassed. But for those of us who have read Tezuka's works, Hollywood has only now caught up, just barely, with the expressive capacity of manga. Over fifty years ago, Tezuka knew that manga—back then an art form still in its infancy—could express anything and everything the imagination could conjure, from the mundane to the utterly fantastic.

However, and this is probably the same all over the world, manga has always been viewed as



inferior to other art forms, such as painting, prose, music, and theater. Manga was denounced by adults, who claimed it had a bad influence on children. Tezuka battled against the censure of these adults all his life, and this fight for acceptance was another driving force in his passion for work.

Some years ago, Japanese newspapers reported an incident in which children were told to bring all their manga books to school so they could throw them into a big bonfire in the yard. Yes, recent book-burnings in Japan focused on manga. I don't claim that all manga are good. As with any other art form, there is good work and bad work. But Tezuka, conscious of the average adult's bias toward manga, worked indefatigably to change that bias. Most important, of course, he created high-quality manga, but he also appeared frequently on TV, wrote essays and articles for magazines and newspapers, and did everything else he could in his crusade to bring manga the recognition it deserved as a legitimate art form.

In the year Tezuka died, a national art museum held an Osamu Tezuka exhibition. No museum of that stature had ever mounted a manga-related exhibition before. The culture of manga has been supported by many talented artists, most of them inspired by Tezuka, and today, there are numerous manga works that far outstrip novels and films in popularity, scope, and ambition.

The day after Tezuka passed away, a major newspaper eulogized him in an editorial, "Why do Japanese love manga so much? Foreigners apparently find it very strange to see adults engrossed in weekly comic magazines on the train...One explanation for this is that, in their countries, they did not have Osamu Tezuka." Not only was it extremely unusual for a major newspaper, let alone in an editorial, to discuss manga or a manga artist, but this was praise of the highest sort. Yes, manga in Japan today have earned a secure place as a respectable art form.

Osamu Tezuka devoted his entire life to manga, and *Phoenix* is one of his representative works. I hope you enjoy it.

*Takayuki Matsutani*  
*President, Tezuka Productions*

Translated from the Japanese by Akemi Wegmuller

## PHOENIX AND ME

By Osamu Tezuka

The serialization of *Jungle Taitei* in *Shonen Jump* ended in 1954, and I was at a loss as to what to create next.

Then I saw Stravinsky's famous ballet, *L'oiseau de Feu*. Of course the ballet itself was excellent, but I was especially intrigued by the prima ballerina dancing as the spirit of the phoenix.

The ballet is based on an old Russian legend about a prince that has been captured by a demon. The spirit of the phoenix saves the prince by acting as a guide for his escape. I thought that this passionate, elegant, and mysterious bird would make a wonderful main character comparable to the likes of Leo from *Jungle Taitei*.

Actually, every country has a legend about a mysterious bird such as the phoenix. In these legends, the symbol of supernatural life force takes form as a bird, such as the immortal bird called the *Hou-ou* from the legend of Hourai-san.

I wanted to utilize this phoenix to portray Japanese history in my own way. The theme would be about man's attachment to life and the complications that arise from greed. The phoenix would be the vehicle that would bring it all together.

As a new challenge, I wanted to start by creating the beginning and then



the end of a long story. The story would then return to an ancient period right after the dawn of man. I would then continue to go back and forth, between past and future. In the end, I would set the story where past and future converge—the present. This story, set in the present, would tie all the previous stories together to form a long drama running from the dawn of man all the way to the distant future.

Each story would stand on its own and seem to have nothing to do with the other stories, but the final story would tie everything together—and for the first time, the reader would realize that the structure of the series is such that each story would be just one part of a much longer story. After all, man's history does not have clear divisions or breaks.

Each episode would portray life from various angles and set up different problems. Moreover, the style of each of the episodes would vary from one another, covering a range of genres: science-fiction, war story, mystery, comedy.

I don't know how many more years *Phoenix* will continue, but after it is completed, please go back and read through the whole series again. Otherwise, it will be difficult for me to respond to criticism.

*Osamu Tezuka, December 1969*

Translated from the Japanese by Andy Nakatani

## ABOUT THIS TRANSLATION An Interview with “Dadakai” —Jared Cook and Frederik Schodt

*The story of this translation of Phoenix: A Tale of the Future is an epic tale in and of itself. It is twenty-five years old. When Viz Comics licensed the English-translation rights from Tezuka Productions, we were told that translations of the first five volumes of Phoenix had already been done. Commissioned a quarter of a century ago—but never published—the translations existed only as dim photocopies of the original Japanese publication, with word balloons whited out and written over in English. When we received the manuscript in the mail, the dust had not yet been completely shaken off. The credit: a mysterious outfit known as “Dadakai.”*

*Since then two men have stepped forward to identify themselves as former members of Dadakai. Jared Cook is a television producer, primarily of Japanese commercials, running his own film coordination company, the Chiari Cook Co., since 1985. Frederik Schodt is an interpreter and author of several books, including the groundbreaking tomes Manga! Manga! The World of Japanese Comics and Dreamland Japan: Writings on Modern Manga. Schodt has translated Tezuka's manga adaptation of Crime and Punishment and is working on a book of history, as well as translating the English publication of Tezuka's Astro Boy manga for Dark Horse Comics. This interview was conducted by Carl Gustav Horn and Alvin Lu.*

**Frederik Schodt:** I was thinking the other day about what Tezuka would have thought about *Metropolis*, because I went to see *Tron* with Tezuka.

**Q:** What was that like!?



**FS:** He wasn't so impressed. He was a very competitive man, and he wasn't very impressed with the future of computer graphics. I think that when he saw *Tron* he thought it was too cold and too sterile, that computer graphics would never be able to achieve the warmth of hand-drawn animation. But he was always interested in what was going on and what other animators were doing. We also went to see Ralph Bakshi's *Lord of the Rings*, for example.

**Q:** *Can you go into the history of your Phoenix translation? Why didn't the translation get published at the time?*

**Jared Cook:** We translated *Phoenix* around 1976-77. Fred and I were a little ahead of our time. We knocked on a lot of doors, but the seventies just were not the right time to introduce manga to English speakers. I remember meeting with a rep from Marvel Comics who happened to be in Tokyo. His reaction to our idea of translating Japanese manga into English was not at all inspiring.

I don't think there was much awareness of Japanese culture in America. I visited several animation clubs and groups with Osamu Tezuka in the eighties and became aware of the few but intense followers of Japanese animation, but the phenomenon of Americans starting to collect and appreciate Japanese manga and animation didn't gather steam until the nineties, I think.

I still have relatives that ask me to speak some "Chinese." Americans, in general, don't seem to have a good grasp of geography, except maybe for the areas that we happen to be bombing at the present.

**FS:** We realized after doing all this work that it was basically too early. People had no idea what Japanese comics were. The attitude was still, "Japanese comics? Are you kidding?" When I wrote my first book, *Manga! Manga!*, I actually had a dispute with my editor about the title, because I was afraid it would be stuck in library card catalogs with "manganese." At the time there would have been no association with comics at all.

**Q:** *The form of the translation is...unique. It's very*

*carefully handmade.*

**JC:** We were working in an age when copiers were just making their appearance. No computers. The only way we could translate the work and have it live together with the pictures was to white out the dialogue balloons and handwrite the English translation into the boxes. This required some serious editing to make the words fit into their respective "containers," but it also forced us to constantly refer to the pictures and make sure the language was reflecting the drama on the page. It was definitely a hands-on process, requiring the disassembly and reassembly of the books. We regretted that we were unable to flip the pages, so that we could make the English volumes follow the English-style, left-to-right reading direction rather than the right-to-left, Japanese style.

**FS:** It was all done by hand. With *lots* of Liquid Paper. This was as close we could get at the time to a readable prototype, and it was expensive to make copies. You can tell it's not a real high-quality copy, but we went to a great deal of trouble. I'm embarrassed to say this, but we actually took what we thought was the strongest of the first photocopied five volumes to a printer. We did this because we wanted to conduct a survey of readers, to see what they thought of the story and of manga in general, and we needed multiple copies to do so. But what we took to the printer was one of our rather poor quality originals [*points to manuscript*], so we wound up with a second-generation bad copy. At that time, it wasn't cheap to take a book of over two hundred pages to a printer, but it was still cheaper than trying to use a copy machine.

**Q:** *Do you draw comics yourself?*

**FS:** I do some cartooning, but I don't claim to be a comic artist. Still, in my book *Manga! Manga!*, where I have an excerpt from one volume of *Phoenix*, I really tried to do a semi-professional retouch and lettering job. I was crushed because one reviewer at the time said he liked the selections, but thought the lettering wasn't very professional! It was true, of course, but I had just spent ages and ages trying to get it right. There used to be this clear plastic lettering guide which



people used with a blue pencil to draw reference lines in the balloons before lettering. It had little holes in it, and by rotating part of it, you could basically adjust the height of the letters, the middle line of the letter, the line spacing, and so forth. All comics artists, or at least all the letterers, used it. You would take a ruler, put it on the page, then put this plastic thingamajig on top of it, and with the blue pencil you would draw three or more guide lines which wouldn't show up when the pages were printed. I spent a lot of time on that. Now nobody letters by hand, right? It's all computers, I suppose.

**Q:** What was "Dadakai"?

**JC:** Fred came up with the name, a play on the Dada art movement and the Japanese word for fret/nonsense. We had a fellow named Shinji Sakamoto who was our "quality control" guy, who checked our translations and also helped on the business end, negotiating contracts, and making phone calls. There was a Japanese woman named Midori who was also an initial member who helped with translation, but I recall that only Fred, Sakamoto, and myself stayed with the *Phoenix* project until completion.

We had absolutely no experience or credits to bring to Tezuka. Tezuka and Matsutani were kind enough and indulgent enough to take a chance on some crazy college students. I think they realized that we were sincere, however. And I think we understood that *Phoenix* was a work that really should be introduced to English readers.

**Q:** What other works did you guys translate?

**FS:** *Phoenix* was the first work we did. We did the *Battlefield* series by Leiji Matsumoto after that. I've never asked Matsumoto what he thought of us. Shinji Sakamoto was really into motorcycles, and he knew Matsumoto was really into motorcycles. In fact Matsumoto was the pioneer of *mecha*; he almost invented the whole concept of *mecha* in manga. He was really into guns and motorcycles and machines—with an aura of romance. That was what the whole *mecha* concept was about. So we went to Matsumoto's place on motorcycles. I had a Honda 750, and I wore a huge sheepskin-lined leather jacket. Sakamoto was into

antique motorcycles, and I don't know what motorcycle he went in on, but he was wearing knee-high boots. I can't remember whose bike Jared was on. We roared over to Matsumoto's place and must have looked very strange.

When I was later working at a translating and interpreting firm in Japan, they knew I had this side-thing with manga. Somehow they were approached by a production company in Tokyo. There was a movie being made of Riyoko Ikeda's *The Rose of Versailles*, a live-action film, and they needed the whole manga series to be translated—in a hurry. The film was to be called *Lady Oscar*. It was one of the most convoluted co-productions in the world. Maybe worse than that. It was based on a Japanese manga about the French Revolution, but the manga had androgynous gender-bending Japanese *shojo* manga characters. Since the producers were going to make a live-action film based on this, they needed the whole manga series—which is thousands of pages long—translated and sent to the screenwriters in LA, who would then turn it into an English screenplay, which would then be used by the French director, Jacques Demy, who would use English actors acting on location in Paris and in Versailles. It was kind of a Mobius-strip-Klein-bottle-mirror-image thing. A real happy cultural goulash. And ultimately the film would be shown in Japan for the Japanese market. The actors themselves were British, they all spoke in English, and they were later subbed into Japanese. No one was speaking French to my knowledge. It actually showed in San Francisco at the Castro once. I know because my postman was raving about it.

Most of the stuff I was doing at this company consisted of incredibly boring business and government reports. Since they knew I was into manga they said, "Hey, you're the man, here you go," so Jared and I sat down and in maybe ten days we did the whole thing—the whole *Rose of Versailles* series. It was quite an extraordinary feat. We wrote in pencil right on copies of the pages of the graphic novel. We may have whited out the balloons, or because of the time factor we may have just written in between the lines of the Japanese. I can't remember. Anyway, that was sent to Hollywood and then to England. The readers must have just been flabbergasted. I never heard anything about our translation again. What



was really tragic is that I never made a copy. We submitted the only copy. It'd be a true historical artifact today. If anybody finds it, I'd like to have it.

What's really funny is that many years later I was approached by a company in Tokyo and asked to translate *The Rose of Versailles*. Two volumes of the series were published in English in Japan, but I had to do that translation from scratch.

**Q:** Which of Dr. Tezuka's works are your favorites? What are some of your favorite manga overall?

**JC:** The first few volumes of *Phoenix* are absolutely the best. I think these are the core of Tezuka's "lifework"...The brilliant way Tezuka jumps through time, while still binding the stories together through reincarnated characters, was at its best in the first six volumes. They introduce a cinematic perspective to Japanese manga that was revolutionary. The manipulation of time and character are still absolute works of genius. Some of the visionary aspects are still remarkable for their accuracy. The architecture of the Tokyo Prefecture office building in Shinjuku existed in a volume of *Phoenix* long before the building was actually built. Maybe the architect was a reader of Tezuka, but I think Dr. Tezuka was also inspired in the way he could envision the future.

My favorite manga when I was rummaging through used bookstores in Tokyo were *Ashita no Joe*, *Otoko Oidon*, *Notari Matsutaro*, and the sentimental series *Yuhi no Sanchome*. Leiji Matsumoto's *Battlefield* series was also a favorite of mine. I was also a big fan of *Hagure Gumo*, and even made silk screen T-shirts with the character from *Gaki Deka*. I'm not sure if any of these would translate well into English. They all have very distinct Japanese cultural themes that would be difficult to render into English. It's almost like trying to translate the information we get from "body language."

**FS:** I was going to university in Japan in 1970-72. It was a very political time, and lots of university students were reading manga. It was a kind of generational badge: "We read manga." Manga were also getting much more interesting. *Gekiga* were appearing; some of them were very political and a lot of the artists were experimenting heavily.

A lot of the most interesting stuff around today still comes from that period. Many of my Japanese friends were reading manga, so they started telling me what they thought was great. I had this one friend, Shuichi Okada—he's a Japan Airlines pilot now, flies jumbos and what-not. I remember he came to me and said, "There's this really cool manga. You gotta read it! It's called the *Phoenix*!" I said, "*Phoenix*? Yeah, right! Will you loan me some copies?" He presented it almost like this religious thing. You know, like a holy work. And when I read it I just thought it was amazing. I never had read anything in manga that grabbed me like that. So Okada has a lot of responsibility for what he did to my life.

It was a special era. The Vietnam War was still going on, the hippie era was still around and hadn't imploded completely, so something with a cosmic theme like *Phoenix* was pretty powerful stuff for someone 20, 21 years old. I was probably reading Herman Hesse, Kurt Vonnegut, Jack Kerouac, the usual stuff the hippie generation read, and then I read *Phoenix*...

**Q:** How did you go about approaching the artists for permission to translate their work?

**JC:** One phone call to Tezuka Pro and a quickly arranged meeting with Mr. Matsutani, Tezuka's manager, started the ball rolling. Tezuka himself was just getting back on his feet after the dissolution of Mushi Pro, his first company. I think Matsutani, who was also fairly new to the new Tezuka Productions, was eager to start a new project and begin the "resurrection" of Tezuka's manga/animation enterprise. We also spoke to Leiji Matsumoto and Go Nagai, but Tezuka was our best and most foremost contact in the manga world.

**FS:** We made many visits to Tezuka Pro. They had a tiny reception area, and the rest of the place was totally chaotic. There was all this work going on, and Tezuka himself was always being besieged by editors, so he was off in a room locked away somewhere. We would talk to Mr. Matsutani initially, and then Tezuka would come out, say hello, and we'd talk to him. He had at that time twelve, maybe thirteen assistants. He had one of the largest manga production studios in Japan. In



addition to his assistants, he had his father, who was the president; Mr. Matsutani, who was his manager; and there were office people. Matsutani was his personal manager, which means he sacrificed the best years of his life for Dr. Tezuka. He's the president of Tezuka Productions now. Back then he very rarely slept in his own bed. He usually slept in the office on the sofa. We would go there, and he would be pattering around in his slippers, like everybody else looking really sleepy. He would ward off the editors when they were trying to break down the door, and he would try to take care of Tezuka's schedule to make sure he could get his work done by his deadlines. It's just amazing—he very rarely got a chance to sleep. Anyone who worked with Tezuka very closely, their lives were not exactly made hell, but they didn't sleep a lot.

**Q:** *What was it like meeting and working with Dr. Tezuka?*

**JC:** It was amazing to work with Tezuka. I can recall dinners, plane trips, car rides, conferences...The man had an amazing energy. He was truly driven to create. I don't think he slept more than three hours a day. A typical trip to the U.S. would start with a trip to a local movie theater, directly from the airport, to see a new animated film. From there, a bite to eat, and then directly to a meeting for some new project. After that, perhaps he'd go to a meeting of fans, arranged to coincide with his visit. Tezuka would talk and listen for hours without showing any fatigue. From there, he would return to the hotel to continue drawing manga, usually with an editor waiting outside his hotel room door, preparing to hand carry the finished pages back to Japan the next morning. He was truly an amazing individual.

I can recall Fred and I interpreting for him at a comic book convention. We'd interpret in shifts because we could not individually maintain the pace and intensity of Dr. Tezuka's dialogue.

**FS:** He was very polite and very kind. I've never understood completely why, but he once told me that when he first saw me he thought I was a little scary. I think it's because I'm tall, my hair may have been a bit long, and we didn't have very good Japanese business manners then. We must have

been kind of a shock. Here, out of the blue, were these two foreigners speaking fluent Japanese. There weren't quite as many foreigners speaking Japanese in those days, and I'm sure in the world of manga, other than a few indirect approaches from American publishers or something, they probably had very few foreigners ever coming to the office.

Tezuka was an extraordinarily kind man when he was dealing with friends, fans, or the general public. To his staff and people who were really close to him, he could throw a fit and make life miserable for them, but to us especially, he was extraordinarily kind.

Tezuka had a huge influence on my life, in every way. If you've ever met one person in your life who changed you, you know what I mean. I never would have done so much with manga if I hadn't known Tezuka, and both Jared and I had a long relationship with him that lasted many years after translating *Phoenix*. Having worked with Tezuka made everything possible, because in Japan human relations are so important. I wouldn't have been able to do *Manga! Manga!* if I hadn't known Tezuka. Knowing him opened the door to interviewing so many artists, not only for *Manga! Manga*, but for *Dreamland Japan* and everything else I've subsequently written. Because of my writings, in 2000 I won the Asahi Newspaper's Special Prize category of their prestigious Osamu Tezuka Cultural Award. I had to give a speech in Japanese on stage in front of hundreds and hundreds of industry and media people, and I nearly choked. I was trying to explain what Tezuka meant to me, but I couldn't do it justice. He changed my life forever.



# A Journey through Time and Space: An Overview of the Complete *Phoenix* Saga

The complete *Phoenix* saga is a story about mankind that features a historical-narrative structure unlike anything that has come before it. The first volume depicts the dawn of civilization. The second volume jumps to the far future. The setting for the third story shifts back to early history, and so on, back and forth, from past to future; the amplitude decreases as past and future converge to meet in the present.

## Dawn (1967) 240-270 A.D.

The era of Queen Himiko of the Yamatai Koku. The work quotes from the accounts of the *Gishiwajinden*. Also uses accounts from the legend of *Jinmu Tousei*.



The scene in the Amano Iwato myth where Himiko compares herself to Amaterasu-Omikami and a solar eclipse occurs.

## Yamato (1968-69) 320-350 A.D.

Based on the legend of Yamato-takeru-no-mikoto. The dates above were inferred from the account of Old Man Takeru, and from information in *Dawn*.



Disguised as a woman, Prince Yamato Ogura approaches the Chieftain of the Kumaso and stabs him. As told in the Kiki myth, the prince gets the name "Takeru" from his opponent right before he dies.

## Karma (Hou-ou) (1969-70) 720-752 A.D.

The complicated drama of the spirit of two Buddhist sculptors. Set in the Nara Period (710-794) during the national enterprise of the construction of the Great Buddha. Here, the Hou-ou (a Chinese myth) is the Phoenix.



Akanemaru, who has been ordered by the authorities to be in charge of the construction and design of the Great Buddha, is shocked when the statue sheds tears. The workers become frightened, and the bizarre phenomenon halts construction.

## Robe of Feathers (1971) 937-941 A.D.



The spirit of a fisherman is bewitched by the beauty of the woman and he hides her clothes...

A sci-fi version of the Hagoromo Legend of Miho no Matsubara in Enshu (modern day Shizuoka). Set during Taira no Masakado's rebellion which occurred during the Heian Period (898-1185).

The spirit of a woman swimming in the ocean is captured by the beauty of the white sand and green pine.

## Civil War (1978-80) 1172-1189 A.D.

The time of the Genpei Kassen (War between the Taira and the Genji) after the fall of the Heishi (Taira Clan). Using the *Heike Monogatari* and *Gikeiki* as a backdrop, this story depicts "combat" as the fate of living things.



Kiso Yoshinaka defeats the Heishi and takes control of the capital. He cuts down the famous monk Myoun. He came to the capital because he is after the Phoenix.

## Strange Beings (1981) 1468-1498 A.D.

The Sengoku Period (1482-1558). Sakonnosuke, the heir of General Yagi Iemasa, cuts down the nun, Yaobikuni, who seems to be 800 years old. But she doesn't realize the true relationship between herself and the nun.

The banner bearer is saying that "now" is the beginning of the Sengoku Wars and they are in the middle of the Onin Rebellion. In other words, they are in a time before Sakonnosuke was born!



## Sun (1986-88) 663-672 A.D.

The story begins after the defeat of the Japan-Kudara alliance at Hakusukinoe and Japan's withdrawal from the Korean peninsula, and ends with the struggle for the imperial throne during the Jinshin Rebellion.



Emperor Kobun, formerly called Otomo no Miko, is the cousin of Takachi no Miko, who is the son of Oama no Miko.

## Future (1967-68) 3404 A.D.-infinity

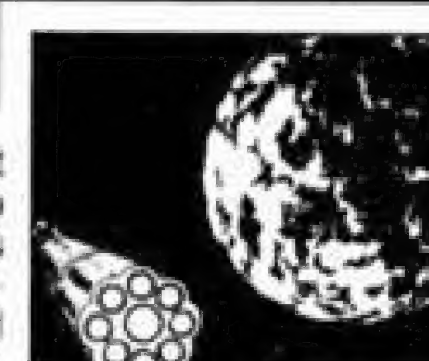
The end of the future. Mankind is in decline and has become very conservative. The earth is run down and faces devastation. Eventually a nuclear war breaks out causing the end of everything.

The Yamato Central Main Building Megalopolis. Yamato is one of the five remaining underground cities of mankind.



## Universe (1969) 2577 A.D.

In Orion, a sub-light speed rocket heading towards Earth crashes into a meteorite. The ship becomes unable to fly and four people manage to escape, including Saruta and Nana.



Each of the passengers escapes in an individual escape pod. However, the pods only have enough food for half a year and enough air for a year and a half. Possibilities of survival are...

## Resurrection (1970-71) 2482-3344 A.D.

In the year 3344, Prof. Saruta lands on the moon. He meets and acquires Robita in his final form. Spanning 860 years, the end of this episode goes beyond *Universe* and close to the beginning of *Future*.

Robita and this rocket also make appearances in *Future*, where Robita stops Rock and then gets shot by him.



## Nostalgia (1976-78) Indeterminate (approx. 25th century)

A Japanese woman named Romy establishes a civilization and history for the formerly uninhabited planet, Eden-17. Her husband dies an unnatural death, but the life she carries inside her...



The spaceship is headed for Eden-17. The shiny object in the foreground is its sun. The planet is surrounded by a revolving ring of space dust held there by gravity.

## Life (1980) 2155-2170 A.D.

Human clones are being created. It's all for high ratings and a public-killing TV game show called *Clone Man Hunt*.

Animal clones were created for food. Human clones are created for a TV show—the cloning company president speaks as a sponsor. A terrifying plan for a TV show!



## Sun (1986-88) 2008 A.D.

The "Light Tribe" acquired the Phoenix in space. However, they turn it into an icon and come to control society through religion. Non-believers are called "shadows" and are chased out to live underground.

The head temple of the "Light Tribe." A young shadow boy named Suguru endeavors to climb the great tower and steal the Phoenix.

